

LONDON

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, IO, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.4

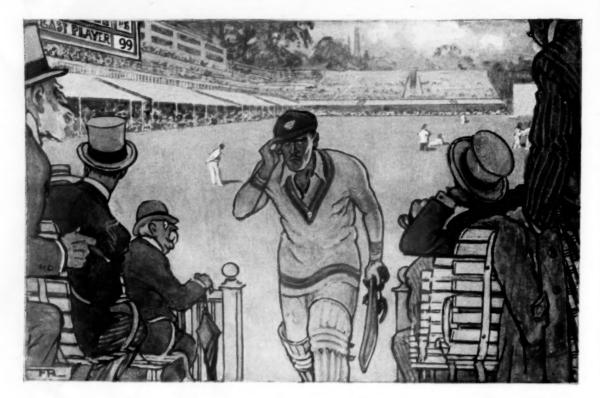
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Made and Printed in England



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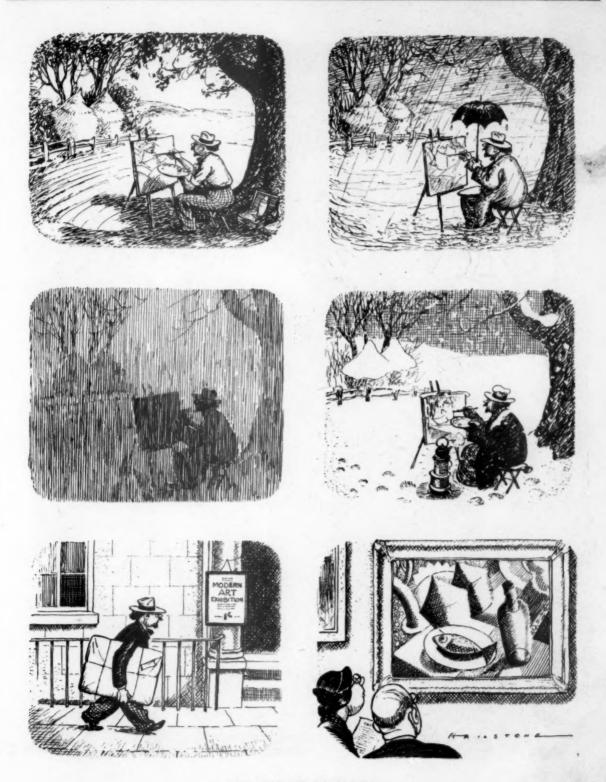
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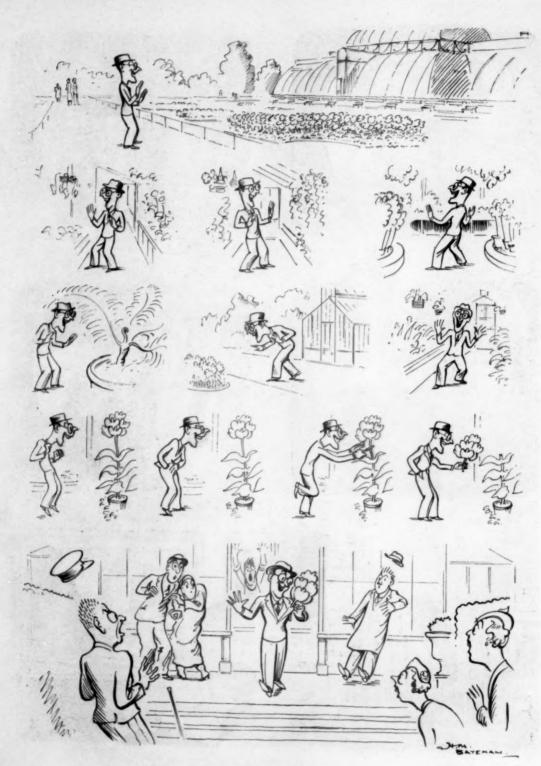
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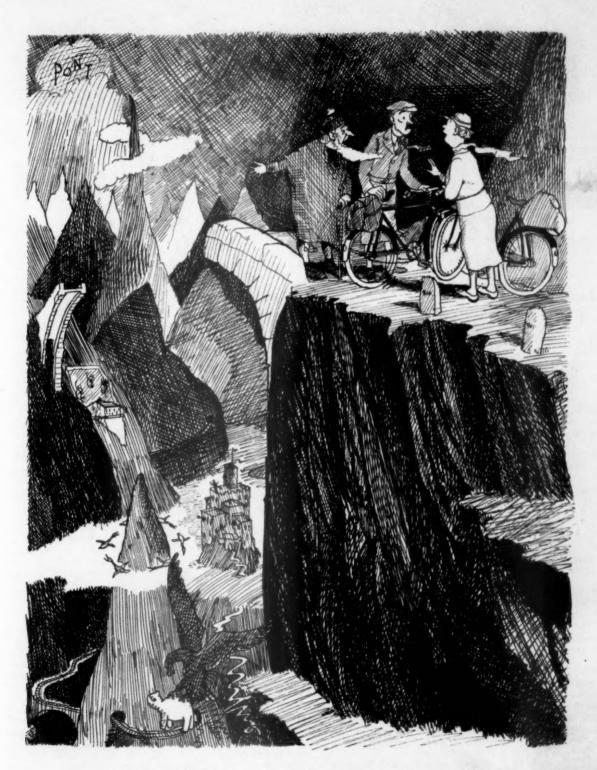
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THE PURSUIT OF TRUTH



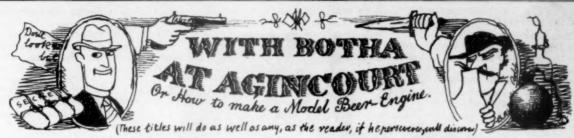
VISIT TO KEW



"I've got it, Frank dear—he means we'll have to go bound another way."



WE VISIT THE ZOO



### PROLOGUE

Five men sat round a table in an underground room in one of the more disturbed countries of Central Europe. One was a tall dark man by the name of Russell Sprautz (the biggest villain unhung). Three of the others were his henchmen, or stooges. The fifth was the man who owned the place: he was there to see that they didn't scratch their initials on the walls or introduce pets into the room.

Russell Sprautz leaned forward, twisting his moustache, which had

come untwisted.

"Then we are all agreed?" he said. There was a guttural chorus of assent. "Good," said Sprautz. "Then——?" "Exactly."

The first henchman said, "You mean—?"

Sprautz nodded. There were three stifled gasps and a shuddering intake of breath. The men looked at each other.

"But that will-"

"I know."

The owner of the place said "How—?"
"That," said Sprautz,

"is taken care of."

"You mean—!"

"Yes."

"Good God!"

And so it was arranged. . . But they were reckoning without Panther Piedish.

#### CHAPTER I.

"You know why you are here?"

Panther Piedish

nodded grimly. The cold eyes of the man behind the desk (this was in London)regarded him without emotion. He found this a nice change.

"You know what you have to do?"
Panther Piedish nodded grimly again.
"I have to get through at all costs,"
he said.

"Precisely. And you must expect no help from us if you get into difficulties, and no reward if you succeed." "Why is that?" Panther asked curiously.

"Oh, it's the traditional thing. Besides, according to the new Act official money must be spent only on things that will explode. You know why you are here?"

"You said that."

"We like to make sure it sinks in. You wouldn't believe the boneheads we get for these unofficial secret service jobs sometimes. Not an idea in their heads except to sock people."

Piedish looked doubtful. "I say," he said, "you don't expect me to act like a confounded highbrow, do you?"

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"Ha!" said the other. "You know

what you have to do?"

Panther Piedish went back to nodding grimly. Then, bowing to the man behind the desk, he ran out and hailed a taxi.

"Victoria!" he cried.

When he got to Victoria he realised that it was the wrong station. It was the work of a moment to leap A tall man with a face the colour of stale mustard, at the next table in the café, watched him covertly. Piedish covertly watched him. In the background a waiter watched them both covertly.

A beautiful woman walked past and gave all three of them a covert

glance.

Piedish felt that there was something in the air. He gave a half-smile, a grim nod, and then the other halfsmile. The tall man rose and took a seat at Piedish's table.

"There is no need, I think, for me to introduce myself," he said significantly.

Piedish narrowed his eyes. "You

imply that-"

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trifled with."
"I also have the

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"You flatter yourself."

"By that you mean ?"

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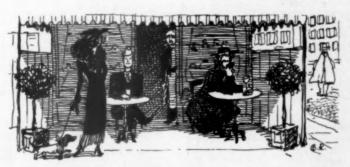
"You speak in riddles," said Piedish scornfully.

Sprautz said, "You're telling me."

The stem of Piedish's wineglass snapped. The tall man rose, bowed and walked away, watched covertly by three waiters and a seller of Turkey carpets. The owner of the café came out and walked across the road to get a haircut, all unaware that he was destined also to receive a shampoo.

But Piedish remained at his table as if turned to cement, staring ahead with blazing eyes.

Sprautz had left him to pay for both !



"A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WALKED PAST AND GAVE ALL THREE OF THEM A COVERT GLANCE."

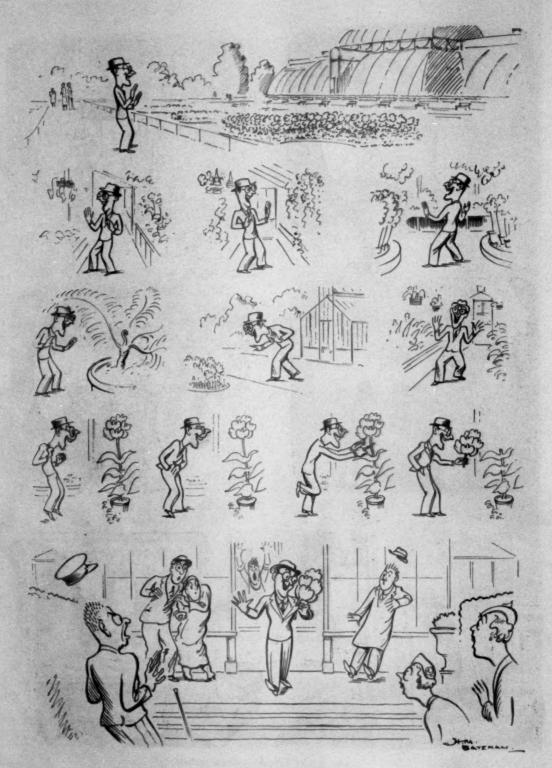
back into the taxi and cry "Liverpool Street!"

The adventure had begun.

#### CHAPTER II.

On arrival in Tetrahedronia he realised that he would have done well to bring his topee. In England it had been summer, but here the weather was sunny and hot.

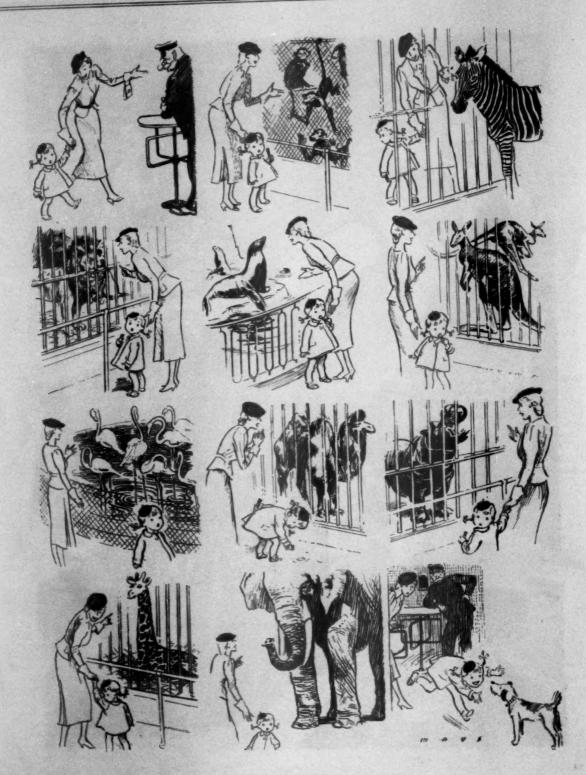
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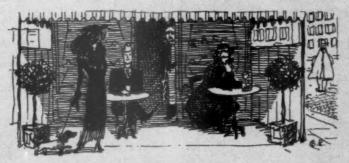
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#### CHAPTER III.

Next morning, disguised as a beggar, he set out. The sun had not long risen but the air was already shimmering with heat as he strode past the sentries at the south-east-by-south gate of the town and padded along the dusty road.

All that remained of Panther Piedish were the lithe figure, the rippling muscles, the piercing eyes, the firm jaw, the fists like hams, the chest like a barrel, the thick head and the little scar on the calf, mute wit-

ness to an occasion in 1923 when he had scratched his leg on a nail sticking out of the wheel of a municipal water-cart. The rest was pure beggar.

He had been walking for some hours when his trained senses told him that all was not well. Surely he was being followed?

He was not wrong. Along the road behind him, about two hundred yards away, came what looked like a detachment of infantry, with a band in front.

He drew into the side of the road as the column of men approached. As he did so he realised that there was something familiar about the man who was carrying the big drum in the band. Yes. It was Russell Sprautz.

What could he be doing with a drum? Piedish hardly dared to think. However, this was not necessary anyhow, for it was now obvious that Sprautz was beating the drum, albeit somewhat amateurishly.

As he marched past he threw a covert leer of triumph in the direction of the beggar. Piedish realised with chagrin that Sprautz had penetrated his disguise.

#### CHAPTER IV.

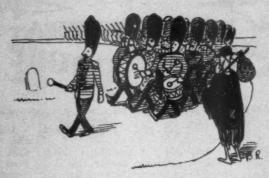
Many hours later Piedish crashed through a cordon of police and went to the man he had to see, whom he found behind a desk.

"You have not done badly," the man admitted in a somewhat grudging tone. "But the worst part of your task is still to come. You know what you have to do?"

Piedish nodded grimly.

"When you get there give him this," the other went on, handing over a sealed packet.

"I understand. And if you may give me one piece of advice—"



"WHAT COULD HE BE DOING WITH A DRUM?"

"Eh?" said the man behind the desk.

"That comes next, doesn't it?"

"Ah, yes, I was forgetting the proprieties. And if I may give you one piece of advice—beware of a woman who calls herself La Belle."

"La Belle what?"

"Just La Belle. Plenty of crust, these adventuresses. She won a beauty competition once and she's never got over it."

There was a slight sound in the room (this was a room, although I haven't previously said so) and the man behind the desk held up a warning finger. At the same time he scribbled a few words on a slip of paper—with the other hand, of course. Piedish read them:—

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT I THINK THE MAN HAS CALLED ABOUT THE DRAINS.

#### CHAPTER V.

Piedish recognised this instantly as a passage from the (Unofficial) Secret Service Code Book. It meant, "There is someone else present probably a spy."

Without hesitation he

Without hesitation he pulled from his pocket another slip of paper and wrote on it:—

It was about time, or does my nose deceive me?

This meant, "You are right; there is."

However, when the man behind the desk took it from Piedish he read the wrong side first. It bore words in a foreign tongue:—

Dépôt de Bagages. Etiquette à coller sur le colis.

When he read this his face grew grave. "This means death!" he ejaculated.

"Does it? I haven't kept up my French."

"You misunderstand me. This—but one moment." He pressed a concealed bell, and to the uniformed man who came in: "De-spy the office, Watkins."

The man saluted, and after nosing about a little, removed a small spy from behind the arras.

"We keep that there for this very purpose," the man at the desk explained to Piedish. "It attracts them. It's like putting a rubber mat on a lawn to collect leather-jackets.... As I was about to say when we were interrupted, you misunderstood me. This," he tapped the slip of paper, "was what you got when you left your things at the station?"

"Yes."
"I thought so. It's the wrong half.
This is the bit that should be stuck on
the bag. The bit you should have got
is—God knows where. They're out to
get you, Piedish."

## CHAPTER VI.

Piedish and the man behind the desk stared at each other for a little (though not for a full minute—we authors have found out how long a minute is, in the last few years).

Presently the other shook himself and said: "However, that is by the way. You know what you have to do?"

"Well-

"My dear fellow," the other said, and his tone was very soft (or, at least, fairly soft), "do I have to tell a man whom it took eleven successive oversights to



"'WE KEEP THAT THERE FOR THIS VERY PURPOSE."

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"No," Piedish interrupted proudly.

The interview ended with a firm handshake, a brisk backclap, and a sly

Piedish set out. In his pocket was the packet. In his heart was a great

determination. On his head was a small round hat he had once bought in the Strand for twentyseven-and-ninepence.

From time to time a ruffian barred his path and Piedish knocked him down.

He stopped for the night at an inn. The landlord looked villainous, and the native barmaid did not understand his badinage.

In the middle of

the night he woke, convinced that there was someone else in the room.
"Who's there?" he cried. There

was no answer.

Gripping his revolver, he fired at the water-jug. It broke. He heard a low

He struck a match and lit the primitive candle, and as the flame rose he gave a gasp. A tall figure stood beside his bed.

"Russell Sprautz!" he cried.

#### CHAPTER VII.

The figure by the bed made no reply (just you try to think of a reply to that), but slowly put up one hand and removed its moustache.

"I am La Belle," it said in a low voice.

The name struck a chord in Piedish's memory. Had someone mentioned her to him?

"Did we meet at Lady Zootle's last season?" he said politely, anxious not to appear ill-mannered. But her next words undeceived him. Holding out a hand she hissed: "Give me the papers!"

He now saw that her other hand held an automatic pistol, snub-nosed and wicked-looking, like herself, but with a less attractive figure.

"What papers?" he said, playing

All seemed lost. But suddenly Piedish remembered something. He had fired at the water-jug, and-he had



"I AM LA BELLE,"

not let go of the pistol. It was still in his hand, under the bed-clothes (where he had put it immediately after firing, to scratch that old wound in the calf with the barrel).

He fired again, through the bedclothes, knocking the automatic out of La Belle's hand. At the same moment he blew out the candle. For a few seconds the bedroom was full of the sounds of activity. Then the door opened and a flood of light poured in from outside.

The villainous landlord stood there. "Did you ring, Sir?" he said. Without a second's hesitation Piedish replied "No!"

La Belle had disappeared. But although he still had the packet there was no time to be lost. He therefore added "My bill, please."

Ten minutes later he was once more on his way.

Fifteen minutes later he had reached his destination. This surprised him as much as it does us, for he had misjudged the distance. He handed over the sealed packet with a sense of relief.

"You have done well," said the man behind the desk. (This was still another desk, rather more sumptuous than those we have hitherto found men behind.) "You know what you have

"I thought that was all," Piedish said a little sulkily

"I beg your pardon," said the other. "Force of habit. Yes, it is all. Well done! Well done!"

### EPILOGUE

Five men sat round a table in an underground room in one of the less disturbed countries of Central Europe. One of them was Russell Sprautz, but three of the others were replacements. The fifth was that landlord again.

"All might have gone so well," Sprautz grated, "but for this accursed Piedish. He has consistently foiled our plans. Something must be done about this accursed Piedish.'

A silence fell. The candles flickered in their bottles. The landlord assessed the damage to the ceiling which had been shot at once or twice. A rat ran across the floor. Above in the street an automatic drill sounded where gaspipes were being laid to the new Town Hall.

A slow smile travelled over Sprautz's face and slid off at the other side.

"Here," he said, taking a package out of his pocket. "This will settle the hash of our friend Piedish."

He held it out to-

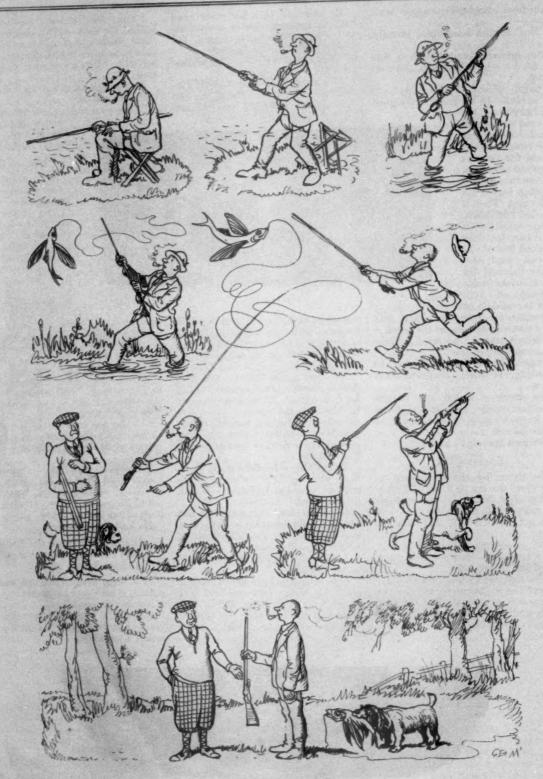
[Editor. Hi! This is the Epilogue. Kindly remember where you are. Author. Sorry.]

Oh, well, never mind," he added, putting it back into his pocket.

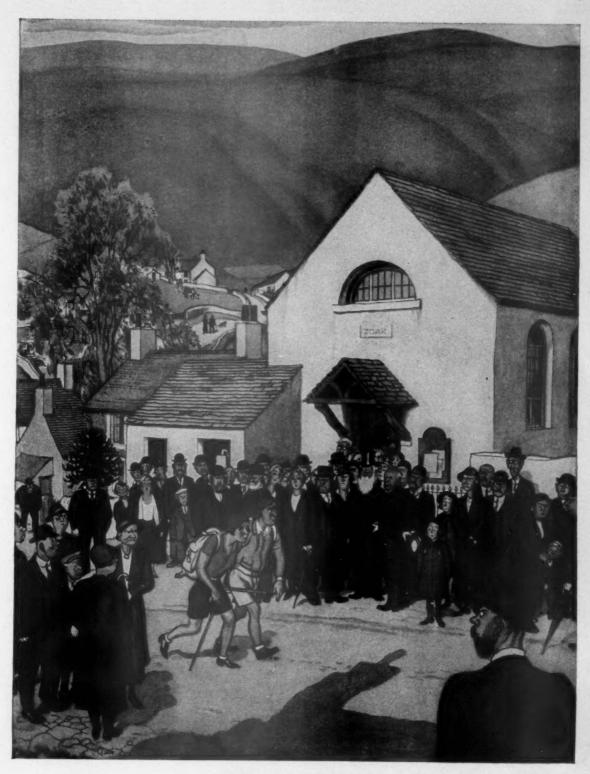
Another silence fell.

Outside, a sunset of unparalleled beauty illumined the sky. That always makes a good end. R. M.

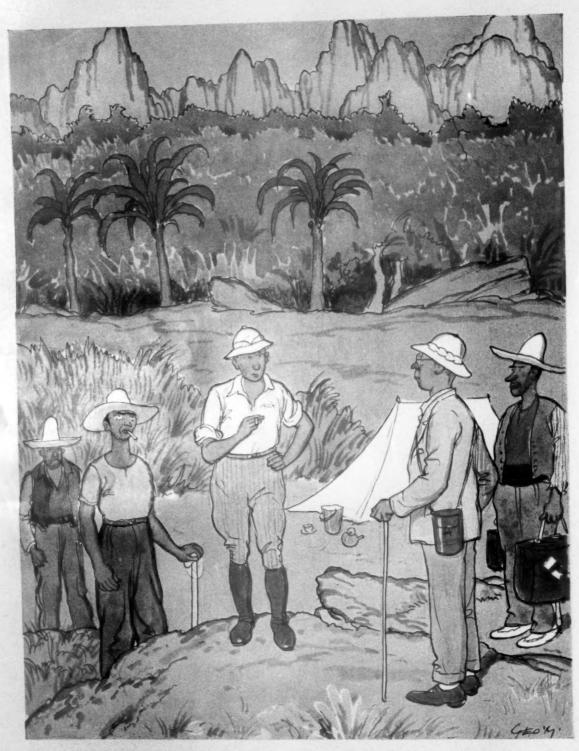




FLYING FISH STORY



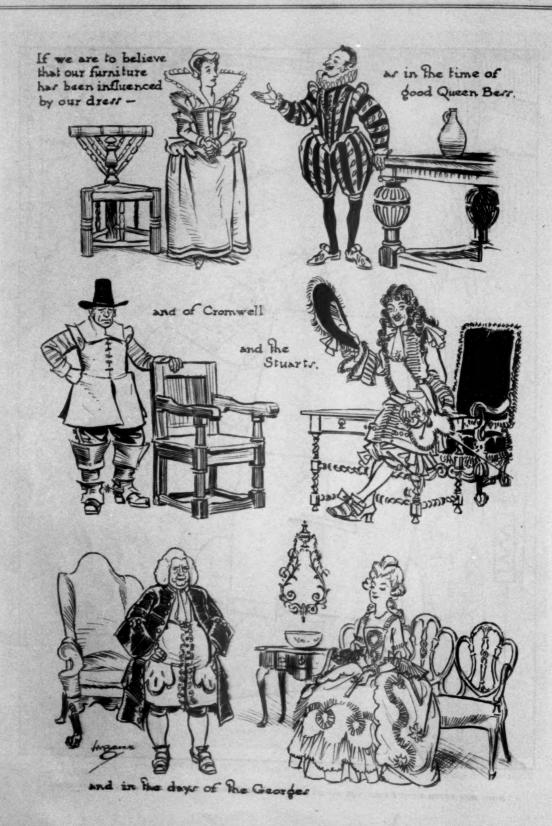
SUNDAY AT LLANCULGWN



"YOU REMEMBER THE LOST CITY YOU DISCOVERED LAST YEAR, SIR? WELL, I'M SORRY BUT WE'VE LOST IT AGAIN."



"Now, how often have I told you for to talk to Daddy when he 's overtaking on a blind corner."





### Protection

"Do you know there's a most extraordinary thing at the bank?" Laura asked.

"If you mean my overdraft," I said rather coldly, "it isn't any more extraordinary than it's been for a long

"But I don't. This is something quite new.

The implication, whilst failing to make any appeal to me personally, was not unjustified.

"Well," I said, "what is this novelty?"

"You know they're building a new

I pointed out that as the new bank building is in the High Street, and the High Street is the scene of practically every shopping activity of the inhabitants of Little - Fiddle - on - the-Green, myself included, and has been for years, it would have been wholly impossible that I should not know about the new bank.

"Don't tell me it's finished, Laura!"
"Oh, no," said Laura, sounding rather shocked. "It isn't anything like that. But do you know, they're using a tiny bit of it to keep Mr. Holly and the money—and of course the overdrafts—in? Only there's no

And no canary either, I suppose?" I said with a touch of caustic humour.

It was, however, wasted. "Honestly, that isn't funny," said aura earnestly. "I'd be the first Laura earnestly. person to laugh if it was. You know perfectly well that in a real bank they always do keep the manager or the cashier or whoever it is that

one sees about one's cheques behind

Then do you mean that Mr. Holly is out in the open, surrounded by money and cheque-books?'

"Practically that. At least there's a counter between him and us-but that's all. You see what it means?

I thought for a minute. "It means that the bank isn't yet

finished but that part of it is in use," I Well, naturally. But what else?"

"That they've left the grille to the last?" "And what else?"

I didn't know what else, and said so. "It means," Laura remarked impressively, "that Mr. Holly is absolutely at the mercy of anyone who chooses to walk in and stage a hold-

up."
"I see. You mean any of the farmers, or the Rector, or perhaps one of the children when they go in to get their savings-banks opened. Or were you just thinking of yourself or me?

Laura said she wasn't thinking of anybody specific but of gangsters in

general.
"I quite understand. In a small Devonshire market-town gangsters, it goes without saying, are the very

first thing to spring to the mind."
"Well," said Laura defiantly, "they've sprung to the mind of the bank people all right. That's just what I'm coming to. They've told Mr. Holly that he's got to have a man there all the time.

"What kind of a man?" "A tough," said Laura.
"A tough?"

"Yes; the kind of man that looks as though he might shoot from the hip at any moment."

"And might he?"

"Well, no, he hasn't anything to shoot with. I asked Mr. Holly that particularly."

"Do you mean he's there already?" "The tough? Oh, dear, yes! That's why I said there was something extraordinary in the bank. He's sitting on a chair near the door, and at first I I quite thought he must be a gangster himself. He looks just like one. But Mr. Holly told me about him. He's an ex-heavyweight boxer and he comes from Bristol, and he's left a wife and four children there and is only too glad of the job. He's forty-six.'

I began to see why Laura, who had left the house soon after ten o'clock saying that she wanted some petrol and a postal-order for four shillings and elevenpence, had apparently taken the better part of an hour and forty minutes to obtain them.

"Is he going to be there permanently?

"No, only until the grille's up and Mr. Holly is safe.

It was impossible—at least it was impossible to me-not to feel impressed. I even admitted to Laura that I should like to see the tough for myself.

"I expect he'll be there for some time, judging by the rate the bank buildings are going up. And the grille is sure to be left to the last with the other finishing-touches. I think I might go to the bank to-morrow.

I'll come with you," Laura de-clared enthusiastically. "I'd rather like to see him again myself."

When we did go the glimpse was a disappointment. As Laura and I left the scaffolding on our right, negotiated the two planks and the bucket, stepped over the heap of shavings and pushed open the swing-door of what would one day be the new bank, a large man with averted face rose from a small bench near the door and shot out into the street.

"Wasn't that the tough? Where's he gone?" inquired Laura. "Good morning," replied Mr. Holly, brightly and kindly as usual, so that the rebuke was only implicit. It was lost upon Laura.

"I thought you said they had him here in case of hold-ups so that you shouldn't be single-handed," she cried.

Mr. Holly gazed at us thoughtfully cross the counter. "The bank's across the counter. clients would hardly care to have all their private business overheard by a stranger, I'm afraid," he explained, "so he has orders to go out at once whenever anybody comes in.



"HA! THE PROVERBIAL STRAW."

E. M. D.

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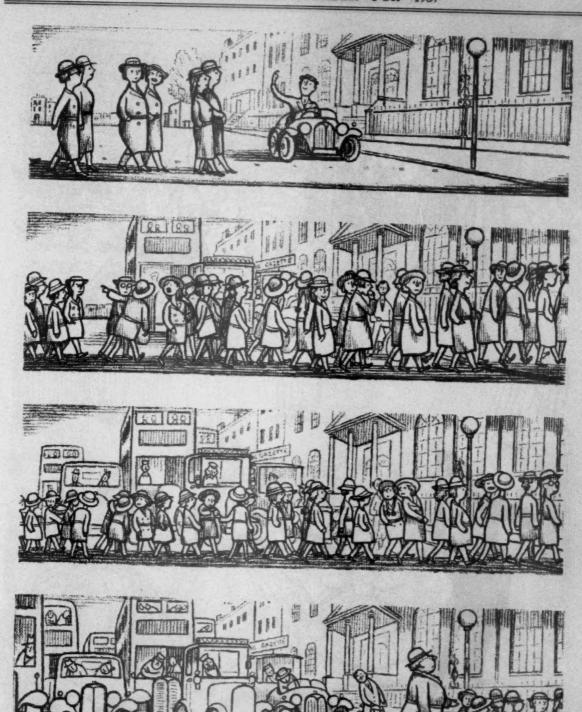
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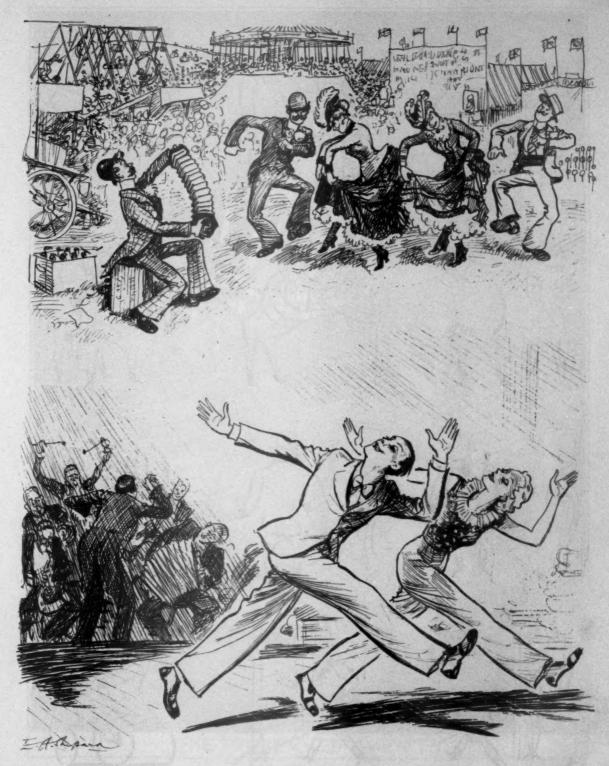
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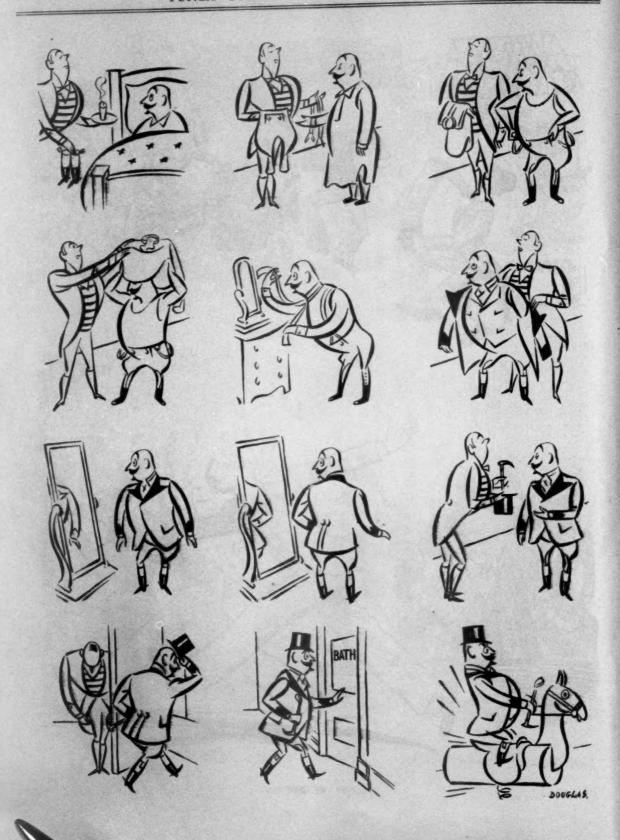
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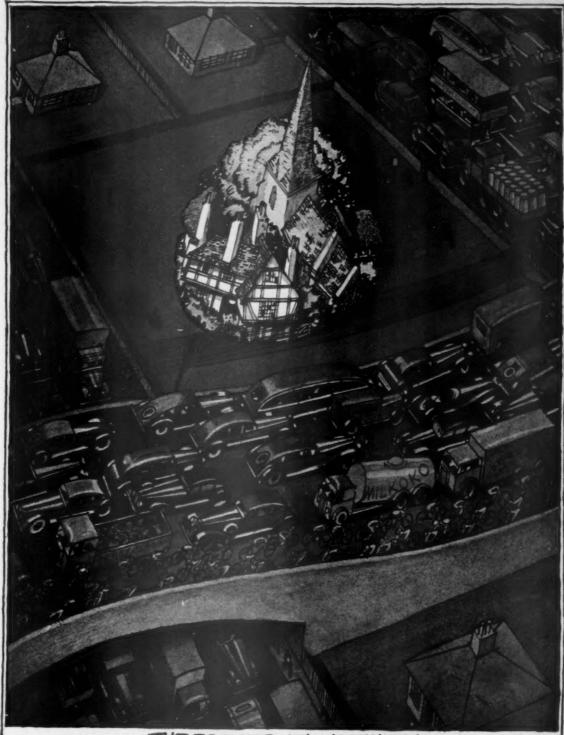


THE SEARCH FOR-

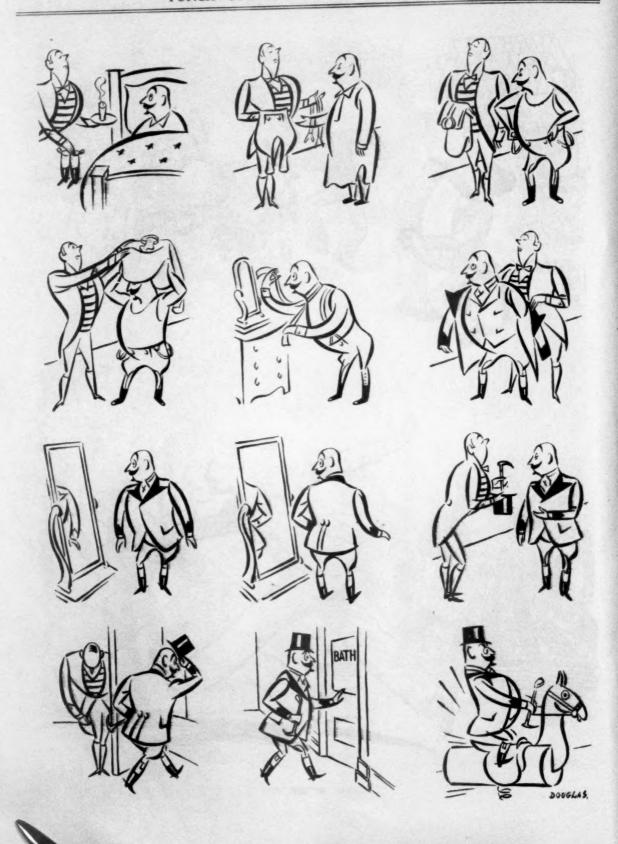


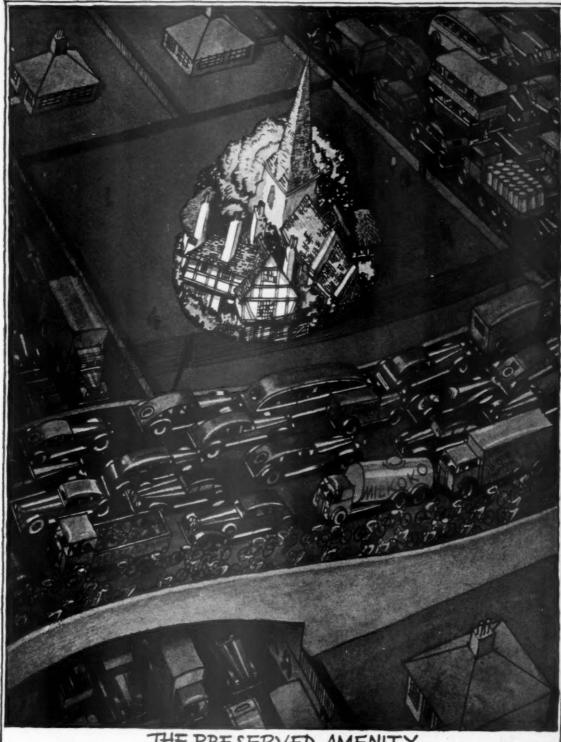
- " SWING "



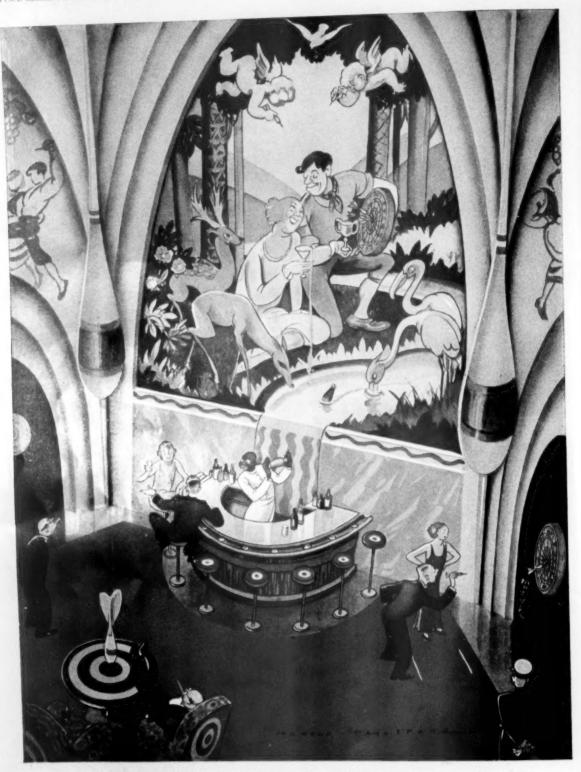


THE PRESERVED AMENITY

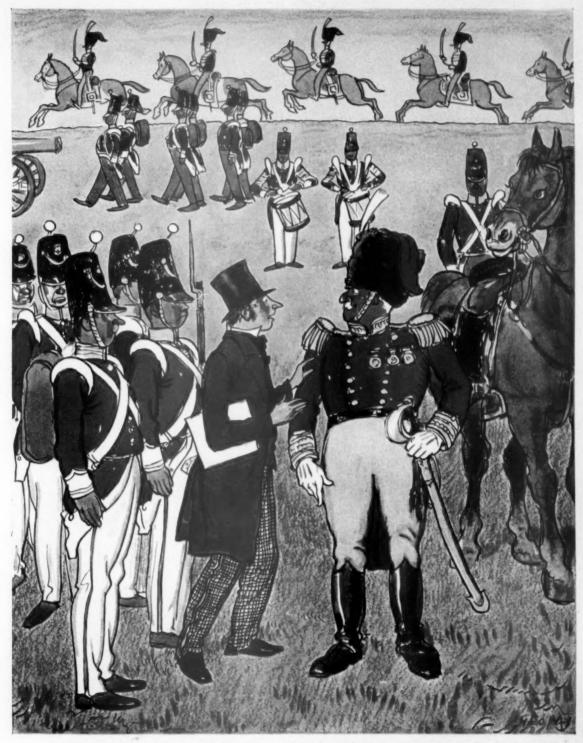




THE PRESERVED AMENITY

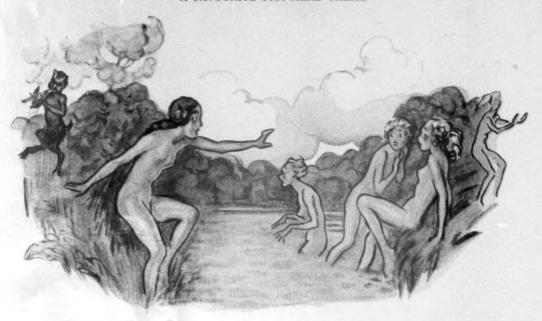


SUGGESTED SCHEME OF DECORATION FOR A COMBINED COCKTAIL BAR AND DARTS PARLOUR IN THE NEXT SUPER-LINER



War Correspondent. "I'M SORRY, MARSHAL; I KNOW YOU ARE IN A HURRY, BUT BEFORE YOU GO I WISH YOU WOULD TELL ME HOW MANY L'S THERE ARE IN 'HOSTILITIES,' "BELLIGERENT' AND 'GENERALISSIMO'?"

## THE DISORDER OF THE BATH A FAVOURITE PICTORIAL THEME



NYMPHS DISTURBED



LA MARQUISE EMBARRASSEE

# THE DISORDER OF THE BATH A FAVOURITE PICTORIAL THEME



THE STARTLED BATHERS



. . . . 1

## THE CHAMELEON



WHENEVER I READ A NOVEL AND COME ACROSS PHRASES LIKE-



"HE WENT GREEN WITH ENVY."



"THE MAJOR BECAME QUITE PURPLE WITH ANGER."



"THE PARLOUR-MAID STOOD LOOK-ING ON, YELLOW WITH JEALOUSY."



"THE CHILD TURNED WHITE WITH FRIGHT."

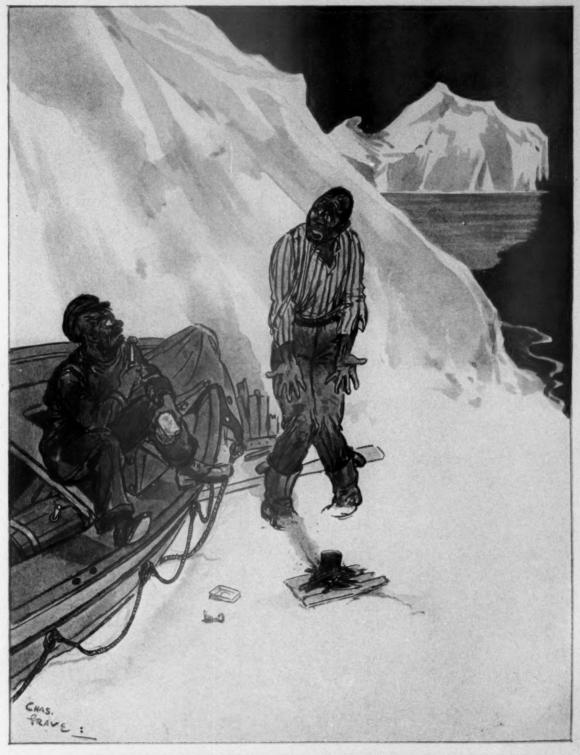


"HIS FACE WAS DISTORTED AND BLACK WITH FURY."



"THE WRETCHED FELLOW WAS AB-SOLUTELY BLUE WITH COLD,"—

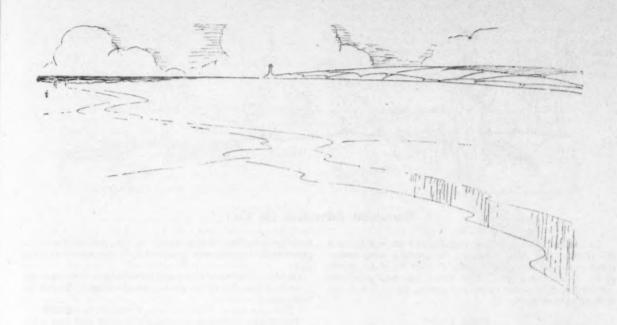
I IMAGINE MYSELF HAVING AN INTERVIEW LIKE THIS.

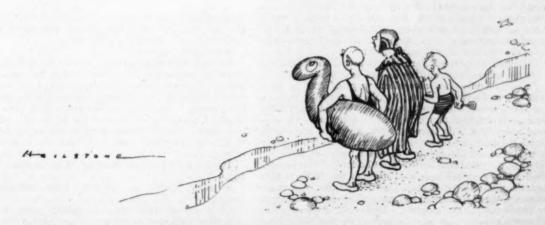


"QUIT MOANIN' ABOUT THE COLD. YOU'VE GOT A FIRE, AIN'T YOU?"
"SURE, BUT DOES DAT MAKE IT EVEN LOOK LIKE DE WEST INDIES?"



". . . SO I SAID YES, MRS. WIMPLESTRAW, I SAID, I THOUGHT I WAS VERY PARTIAL TO SAGO-PUDDING, I SAID. BUT THE SAGO-PUDDING I'M USED TO, I SAID, DOESN'T TASTE LIKE WARMED-UP CODS' EYES AND TREACLE, MRS. WIMPLESTRAW, I SAID. AND THAT SEEMED TO GET HER BACK UP—SEE? . . ."





" He said we'd have to go a long way to heat it."



Vermilion Adventure (& Co.)

An account of an intrepid Englishman's attempt to reach the Marble Arch from Salisbury, the journey being undertaken partly in the spirit of Mr. P-T-R FL-M-NG, partly of Mr. D-RNY-RD Y-T-S, whose vowels have been painlessly extracted in deference to established custom, not (it is believed) with any intent to deceive.

#### PART I

#### DEEDS OF FL-M-NG-DO

(To be read with a certain cynicism)

The bus, which had just started, creaked to an ominous halt in the centre of Salisbury Market Place. I got down and asked the driver what was the trouble.

"Engine-trouble," he said laconically.

I showed him the signed paper I had secured from the Company guaranteeing my arrival in Marlborough within four hours of the advertised time of departure from Salisbury, but he only scratched his head with the typical disinterestedness of the Wiltshire Plainsman.

"There's another bus in half-an-hour," he told me.

It was maddening to be delayed like this at the very start. Already I had wasted a day making energetic but inconclusive preparations for the journey. A pair of cowhide boots, for which I had sent an urgent wire to Torquay, had been put on the train at Exeter, derailed somewhere between Honiton and Axminster and unaccountably lost. In any case they would have arrived too late, but the canvas sand-shoes I bought at the last moment to replace them made an ineffective substitute. Gloucester, which I had hoped to reach in a single stage, was already beginning to fade into the mists of the unattainable.

I decided to walk to Marlborough rather than kick my heels for half-an-hour waiting for the next bus.

There are only two recognised ways of getting from Salisbury to London. One may strike up through Andover and Basingstoke or one may take the old wool-route through Winchester and Guildford to Kingston. My own plan, which had little to recommend it, was to bear north across the Plain to Gloucester, skirt the northern footbills of the Black Mountains and thence attempt to force the passes of the Cambrian massif into Cheshire. From Chester itself an easy route runs down through the Midland Gap into the well-watered Central Plain. The plan was in no sense a pioneering one, still less was it likely to be dangerous or even particularly arduous. Bechofer's Anglo-German Expedition went that way in 1926, and two years later the redoubtable Hoggin got through to Chester with four-

teen army lorries. But it would be fun, in a mild way, to prove that the route was practicable for one man travelling light.

On the outskirts of Salisbury I overtook a carter driving a load of pigs to, of all places, Marlborough! Would he take me?

"You can get in along o' they, if you're so minded."
Thankfully I crawled beneath the netting and fought for a vacant niche among the Middle Whites. The driver



"WAITING FOR ME ON THE PLATFORM AT GLOUCESTER."

whipped up his horse, the sun blazed down out of a cloudless sky into the stuffy pen, slowly the spire of the great cathedral sank behind the hill.

It was great to be off.

We had a disappointingly uneventful journey. Four times the near-wheel fell off and had to be lashed on with string, clouds of dust rose up and choked us, and once a weasel, maddened by the heat, ran out and bit the horse in the pastern. None the less we made good time and had passed Upavon before swine-fever broke out among the passengers. I held the horse while the driver despatched them with his pocket-knife and threw the bodies into the river.

"Finished?" I asked when he returned from the final

He came towards me with the knife still open in his hand.

"You were in there with 'em, weren't you?" he snarled. Neither then nor at any time during my entire journey was I in the slightest real danger, but I confess to a conventional feeling of relief when he put away his knife and accepted my present of a packet of cigarettes and a secondhand gyroscope. We entered Marlborough just before midnight the best of friends. He told me there was a train

for Gloucester at half-past five.

That night I spent in the waiting-room of the Great Western Station at Marlborough with Clifford of the Monocle. He had been in the Isle of Wight during the Shanklin riots and was going over the Cotswolds into the Forest of Arden to try to find out what was happening in that remote region.

"What is happening there?" I asked.

"Nobody seems to know. Nothing perhaps."

After that we talked of cricket at Horsham and pheasants flying high on a November day and the scent of a Sussex lane when the manure-carts are coming home. I said good-bye with genuine regret when my train came dubiously

into the station. But he was asleep.

At Stroud there was a rumour that an anarchist was on the train, and an official came into the carriage and asked to see my papers. I gave him The Daily Express and The Times and he appeared to be satisfied. There was nothing to be alarmed about, he otiosely assured us. Anarchists were not allowed on the Great Western system.

It was pleasantly thrilling to see the Town Clerk waiting for me with a couple of camels on the platform at Gloucester. He had got them, he told me, by special arrangement

with the Clifton Zoo.

Have they got great sores all over their humps?" I asked anxiously

"No," he said.

This was a bitter disappointment. All the camels I have



" IT WAS A LUCKY SHOT."

ever bought have had great sores all over their humps and I am conventional enough to dislike changing my habits. But transport of some kind I had to have if I was to reach Builth Wells, the object of my second stage. In the end I managed to exchange the camels for a map of Wales and a pre-War bicycle. The bicycle had only one pedal and the brakes were missing, but it looked a serviceable machine, and I mounted it in excellent spirits.

Gloucester gave me a great send-off. The Bishop presented me with an eighteenth-century fowling-piece which would only fire down-wind; the Mayor added fourteen rounds of spent revolver ammunition. (These, with a catapult, comprised all the armaments I took with me into Wales.) There were handshakes and cheers. The Dean blew up the back-tyre of my bicycle, and I pedalled sedately away, like patience on some abstruse monument.



MY BROTHER-IN-LAW ROSE OUT OF THE GRASS."

Three miles from Builth my front-wheel hit a stone and went down suddenly with malaria.

Another day had dawned before I regained consciousness and I cursed the wasted hours bitterly. My head was aching violently, and my ears and nostrils were choked with dust, but apart from a twisted ankle I felt no discomfort. Slinging the now useless bicycle across my back and shouldering my fowling-piece and suitcase, I started on what was to be the hardest stage of all, the forty-mile climb over the Cambrians

to Welshpool.

There is no need to describe that day in detail. It differed only slightly from hundreds of other days which I have described elsewhere. The sickening pain in my head and the agony of dragging my damaged leg up screes and over boulders troubled me hardly at all, for after the first four hours I was conscious of nothing but the intolerable weight on my back and the gnawing pangs of hunger. I had eaten nothing, for some reason, since I had left Salisbury fortyeight hours before. Soon the path became noticeably steeper, giant peaks barred my way and a sudden blizzard drenched me to the akin. I staggered blindly on, slipping into ice-cold streams, butting against mountain-rams and now and again crouching beneath an overhanging rock when an ominous rumbling warned me of an approaching land-slide. Once when I fell down a precipice I damaged the bicycle so badly that I was forced regretfully to leave it where it had fallen. But by four o'clock the storm had blown itself out and I brought down a buzzard with my catapult. It was a lucky shot at eight hundred yards, but the flesh was rank, and after eating some of the feathers and a little couch-grass I pushed on. Six hours later I saw the lights of Welshpool.

It had been an enjoyable fourteen-hour stage. At no time, save possibly when a thunderbolt carried away my fowling-piece on the eastern buttresses of Plynlimmon, was I in the slightest real difficulty or danger, Hunger and pain and cold and an occasional fall must be expected by those who try to reach London from Salisbury by the route I

The landlord of the "Pelican" greeted me with an offer of ham and eggs and coffee, or pigeon-pie washed down

with old ale.

I stepped forward into the light and he caught sight of my sand-shoes and the Old Etonian ribbon which, with a snobbishness I cannot conquer, I still wear round my battered straw-hat.

"Why, Sir," he said, "you must be Mr. ——!" and without another word he went out and brought me some

pulverised oats from the stable.

These, pounded up with rancid butter and baked in a

paraffin-tin, made a magnificent supper.

No one who has not spent one night in the waiting-room at Marlborough Station (G.W.R.) and the next unconscious in a ditch near Builth Wells can realise the luxury of a proper bed and practically clean sheets. I was almost too comfortable, and my sleep was troubled by the thought that this expedition was proving too easy, too much like a conducted tour. I felt a fraud. It was a relief when the springs of the bed broke and I found myself lying with my head on the linoleum and my feet entangled in the wiring. One felt somehow less like a Duchess on holiday

At breakfast I met C. By a piece of inconceivable good fortune he was going to Chester by car to trade harmoniums.

I asked if he could get me there that day.

"Yes," he said carelessly, "if the road over the Berwyn

Mountains hasn't been blown up.'

Does that often happen?

"No," he said.



"'I'N MAKING FOR LONDON,' I SAID."

The landlord of the inn was childishly grateful for the second-hand barometer I presented to him on leaving. Some hours later, as we drove into Chester, I saw with an indescribable thrill a sign-post pointing "To London." A back-tyre burst derisively.

#### PART II.

CAME THE D-RNF-RD (To be read breathlessly)

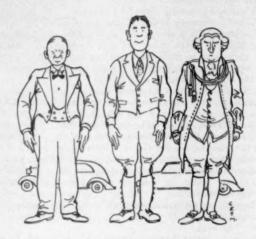
My wife was waiting for me in Chester with the Rolls. As soon as I saw her-

"I would fall at your feet, my darling," said I, "but that would be casting swine before pearls.

This was a fact. For my wife is a jewel among women while I had not washed for three days.

Beryl laid a slim finger on my lips.
"I'm taking you to the Castle," she said, and with that she let in the clutch.

We had taken Castle Migraine for a fortnight and furnished it to suit our desires. The demesne is most fair, and besides we had fallen in love with the name.



" DOGLIKE DEVOTION."

As we turned in at the gates my brother-in-law rose out

of the grass and fired six shots in the air.
"That's the 'All Clear,'" said Beryl, and lifted the car up the hill. As we turned into the garage the speedometer registered sixty. I confess that my blood ran cold.

My wife's second cousin was hanging upside-down from

the roof.

"Always greet a baboon," said he, "in a way he will understand." And with that he began to pelt me with And with that he began to pelt me with pieces of eight.

My cousin's second husband was speaking.

"Before you do anything else you must wash, and then

There, in a sentence, you have my cousin's second husband, Jeremiah. Quiet, masterful to a fault and unearthly swift, he can make a decision before he knows what it is he is deciding about. And therein lies his strength.

When I had cleansed myself I told them the truth. 'I'm making for London," I said, "from Salisbury; and I've come out of my way.

"What are you carrying?"

"Only a catapult and some second-hand scientific instruments."

'To shoot the moon with ?" asked Currant, my wife's second cousin.

When the laughter had subsided-

So that's what Uncle Vanya is after!"

In the pregnant silence I begged him to tell me who Uncle Vanya might be.

"The second most ruthless collector of second-hand scientific instruments in England," said Jeremiah quietly. In four minutes our plans were laid.

As I took my seat in the Rolls my father-in-law's aunt laid her beautiful hands in mine and gave me her lips. "Be careful," she whispered.

"My precious," I said, "I would not dim the light that graces your eyes for ten times the price of the jewels your proud throat honours by wearing.

This was no common compliment, for her necklace alone was worth thirty-eight thousand pounds.

Ten minutes later I was slipping through Shrewsbury

at eighty-six.

By great good fortune the road was unusually clear. The speedometer needle flickered round ninety-nine. touched a hundred-and-five and steadied at a hundred-andtwenty-four. I stormed through Wolverhampton, flashed between two steam-rollers, lifted the car over a flock of sheep with my heart in my mouth, and turned on two wheels into Birmingham. Then, with the open road before me,

As I topped a narrow bridge at a hundred-and-seventy a huge hay-wain turned broadside on across my path

thirty-five vards away

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There was only one thing to be done. I sounded my hooter and put down my foot.

As I crawled out of the wreckage the driver of the haywain lifted his hat.

Well done!" said Jeremiah quietly. "Uncle Vanya is waiting round the next corner.

In spite of myself a shiver went down my back at the name of this terrible man.

"Where is my wife's second cousin?" I asked shortly. From a pile of hay by the roadside Currant thrust out his head.

"Does anyone want a paliasse?" he asked excitedly, "because I'm already stuffed if they do. Oh, and never mind the straws in my hair. All my friends say they suit me.

We all began to roll about with laughter.
"We must take to the by-roads," said Jeremiah. "It's
our only chance. Bell, Book and Candle are waiting with

the Daimlers two hundred yards back.

These were our three menservants, who have served us with doglike devotion in all the forty-eight shooting affrays we have had with the criminal classes. To my cousin's second husband I take off my hat. No other man I know would have had the foresight to purchase two Daimlers in place of the Rolls he knew was about to be wrecked. But when I attempted to thank him for what he had done he would have none of it.

For," said he, "any man can take a hay-wain to the water, but only a fool would smash it to bits with a Rolls.

Three hours later we slipped unnoticed into London. At the gates of Hyde Park my cousin's grandmother was

waiting to see us arrive.

I have been in strange places and seen many things, I whispered as she gave me her lips. "I have seen the waiting-room at Marlborough Station and the Bishop of Gloucester and the long road that leads to Builth Wells. I have fought with a blizzard on Plynlimmon and heard the landlord of the "Pelican" at Welshpool offer me ham and eggs. I have had the gloves off with Uncle Vanya and beaten him at his own game. I have come by the sweat of my brow from Salisbury to London. And now I have had my reward. For a gracious grey-eyed fairy has given me greeting with a smile on her precious lips.

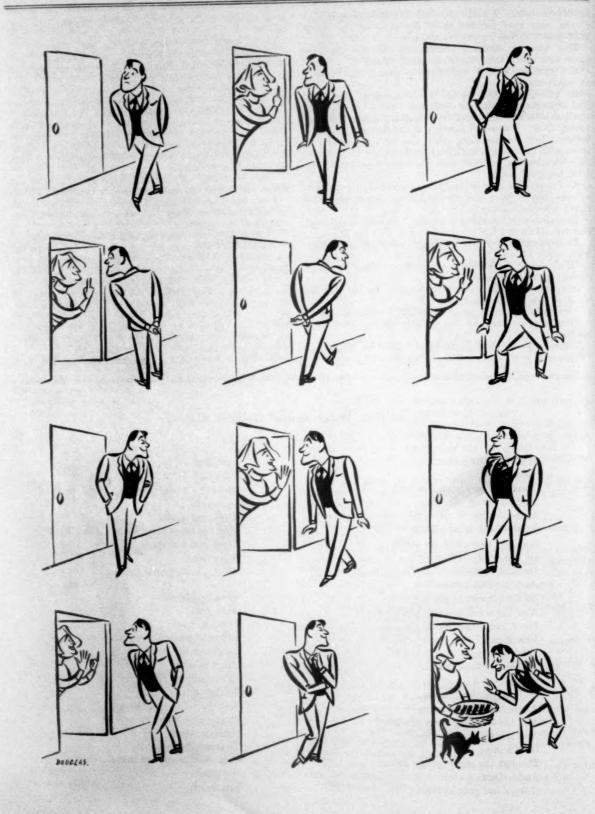
The Marble Arch began to shake with laughter. H. F. E.

## To an Irish Water-Spaniel Gone to Malaya

HAVE you forgotten, Valentine? Have you forgotten the bog? And confiding In our hiding As the duck went gliding. And the moan and the drone Of the wind's undertone, On that moonlight night 'neath the pine? And the high-pitched cry Of the curlews in the sky, And the wand'ring sea-birds' whine? Have you forgotten, Valentine? Have you forgotten the bog? And the high-pitched cry Of the curlews in the sky, Welcoming the dawning As we both lay yawning And the fat slimy body of a frog? And the short sharp pipe Of the snipe Through the reeds, such a flash And a dash (Like a leaf gone swinging,

Winging, Flinging)-Mounting round the peat-banks to the Back and forth: And the brent geese stretched in a line? Have you forgotten, Valentine? Have you forgotten the bog?

Nothing more, Valentine. Nothing more; Only the curlews' cry To remember you by, And the pipe Of the snipe As they fly: And the moan and the drone Of the wind's undertone-Nothing more To remember you by, Only that moonlight night 'neath the pine-G. C. N. You and I.



### THE MONSTER



MR. SMITHSON SAID IT LOOKED LIKE THIS-



MANY PEOPLE, ON THE OTHER HAND-



VERY DIFFERENT AGAIN-



SEVERAL WERE PERFECTLY SURE THAT IT WAS ONLY AN ORDINARY SEA-SERPENT—



WHILE MISS JONES GAVE IT QUITE ANOTHER DESCRIPTION.



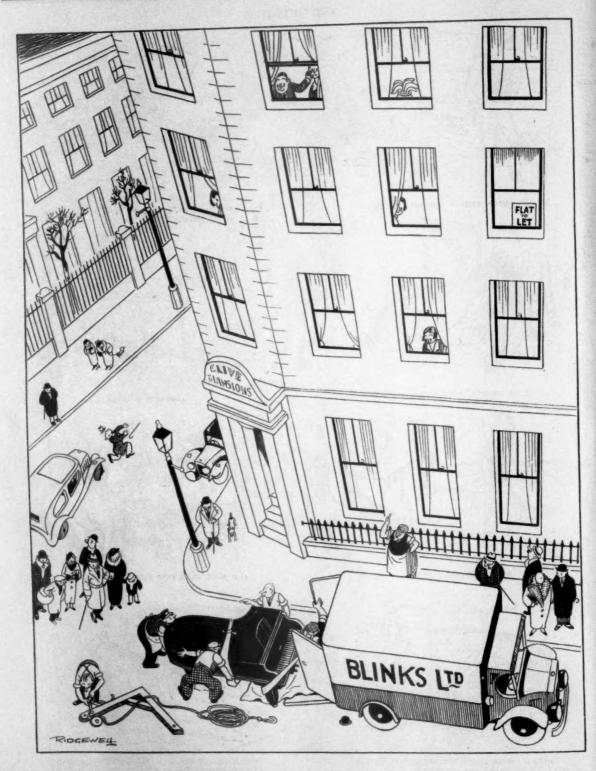
THOUGHT IT LOOKED-



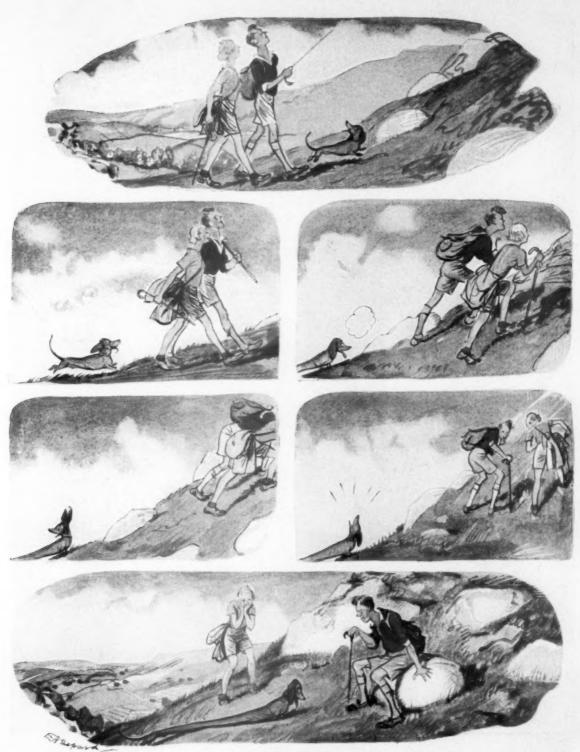
AND SOME EVEN SAID THERE WERE TWO OF IT.



BUT MOST UNPOPULAR OF ALL WAS MR. PARKINSON, WHO CLAIMED THAT IT WAS HIS TERRIER WHO HAD FOUND A BARREL-HOOP IN THE SEA.



"Don't look, Enid-fr's my birthday surprise for you."



UP-HILL WORK



OVERDUE



"JUST GO AND TELL HIS GRACE TO STEP OUT OF THE FOURTH SMOKING-BOOM A MINUTE, JACKSON, AND HE'LL SEE EXACTLY HOW WRONG HE IS IN THAT TIRESOME STORY ABOUT THE SEVENTH EARL."

## Nice Neighbours

It was Marie, our maid, who started the whole thing.

She came into the bedroom where Joan and I were considering the question of getting up and said, "Please, Sir, there's a rabbit on the Colonel's lawn."

Joan sat up abruptly. "Bring up the air-gun," she commanded. "My husband will shoot it."

"Not now," I said, turning over. "If you leave it a little while that rabbit will multiply and be much easier to hit."

"Bring the gun," said Joan firmly. In a moment Marie was back with my gun. I climbed out of bed and took it from her. Pulling back the curtain I saw that there certainly was a rabbit on the Colonel's lawn next-door. Obviously the rabbit had never seen the Colonel.

Joan hopped out of bed and looked over my shoulder. "Go on," she urged —"shoot!"

"But the Colonel-"

"Never mind the Colonel. You can't let Marie down now."

Much against my better judgment I took aim and fired. Whether Joan jogged my arm or Marie's presence made me nervous, I don't know. But something went wrong, for when I opened my eyes after pulling the trigger the rabbit was still there. What wasn't still there, however, was one of those nauseating earthenware gnomes with which the Colonel insisted on ruining his rockery. My shot had shattered it.

I went and sat down on the bed and covered my eyes. "The Indians," I said, "have got me."

"They can keep you," replied my

"I never was much good with a gun," I explained. "My mother was once frightened by a water-pistol." "I should like to see the waterpistol that could frighten your mother," said Joan harshly.

What might have developed into a first-class row, made all the more bitter by being fought out on empty stomachs, was averted by a sharp report from the direction of the Colonel's house. We ran to the window and looked out. Widening circles on our ornamental pool showed where the Colonel's shot had struck.

"He's got one of our goldfish," I said.

"If he's got one he'll have got both," said Joan. "You know they've been going about together for a long time. Here, give me that gun."

She snatched the gun from me, loaded it and took careful aim. The next moment the Colonel's sun-dial disintegrated before my eyes.

We were having breakfast before the next shot was fired. Determined to fight fair, we decided to hold our fire until the Colonel should retaliate.

We consider that the Colonel rather took advantage of our lenience at this point, for a series of shots, indicating that he had enlisted the aid of his staff, rang out from behind the enemy barricades. A magnificent row of runnerbeans in our kitchen-garden wilted and sagged.

Joan rang the bell.

"Marie," she commanded, "bring the gun."

Marie brought the gun, and I patted Joan encouragingly on the shoulder as she moved to the window. Those runner-beans had been .like children to us.

When the smoke cleared I noticed that the Colonel's aerial had severed all connection with its mast,

"Nice work," I said, putting another kidney on Joan's plate.

There was a certain amount of desultory shooting from the Colonel during the morning, to which Joan, stationed in the attic with Marie loading for her, replied with devastating effect. By mid-day there was hardly a complete bloom left standing in the Colonel's garden, except for one elusive hollyhock which seemed to be able to see the shot coming and would sway out of its way in the most tantalising manner.

We didn't have it all our own way, however. While I was sitting at my desk trying to work and watching the undulations of some articles of clothing that were hanging out to dry, I heard a shot and saw a neat round hole appear in one of my shirts which at that moment was doing a rather effective danse du ventre with a night-dress of my wife's.

The Colonel then turned his attention to an item of Joan's underwear and gave it both barrels, rendering it unfit for wear on any but the warmest days.

Evidently this outrage did not go unnoticed by my wife, for I heard her gun bark from the attic-window and two panes in the Colonel's greenhouse splintered to atoms.

In the afternoon there was a lull while we allowed our guns to cool and recruited our spent energies. Marie even went so far as to take the lawnmower out for a canter but was sent scurrying for shelter by a stray bullet from the Colonel.

The mower, stranded in mid-lawn, appeared to infuriate the Colonel, for it became the target for a perfect fusillade of shots. They pinged against the bright green of its grass-catcher. They rattled among its keen new blades. They pitted the pristine brilliance of its gleaming handle. They made, in short, a mess of that mower, and just to complete the destruction the Colonel himself crept up to the fence under cover of approaching dusk and hurled a brick straight into the machine's vitals.

Joan and I watched from the window.

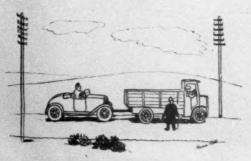
"He forgets," said my wife, "that we only borrowed it from him yesterday."

day."
"We will deny all knowledge of the Colonel's coup," I said, "and carry on."

The early evening was uneventful. Occasionally the Colonel would put a whiff of grape-shot over our summerhouse, and Joan left the dinner-table once to extinguish a light which she saw bobbing about in the Colonel's potting-shed.

As we were having our coffee after dinner the front-door bell rang. Joan jumped to her feet. I grasped a cutlass from the wall. Marie came in.

"Please, Sir," she said, "the Colonel wants to know, can he borrow some ammunition?"



". . . AND MY WIFE WOULD LIKE YOU TO STOP AT HARRODS."

"But, my dear good man, if one had to pay for all the damage one did, what would be the point of futting 'L' on one's car?"

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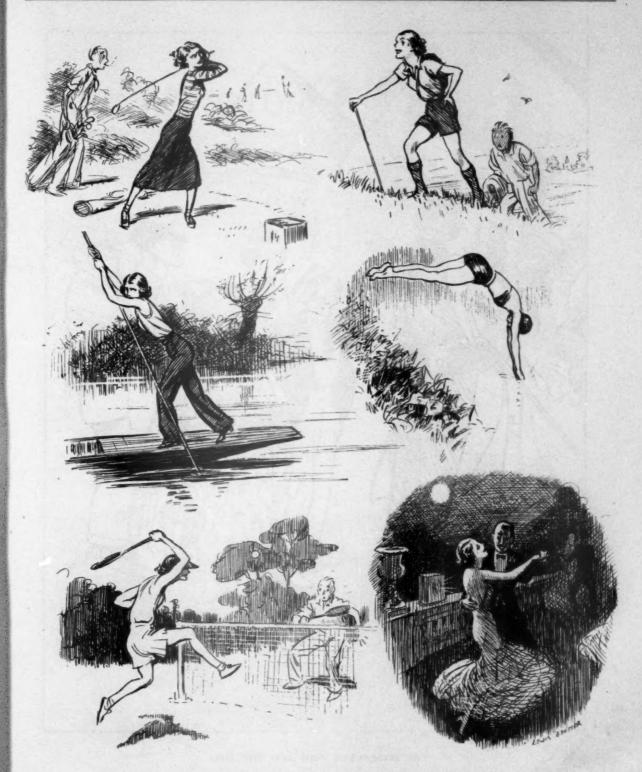
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THE STRAIN OF LONDON LIFE WOULD UNDOUBTEDLY BE MORE THAN ONE COULD BEAR-



IF IT WASN'T FOR THE QUIET WEEK-ENDS IN THE COUNTRY.



THE DRAGOMAN WHO SAW THE JOKE.

"BUT WE WERE TOLD THAT THE COST OF THIS TRIP INCLUDED TIPS."



THE POSTER INVITED US-

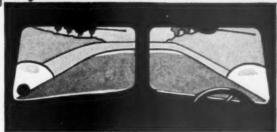


SO WE WENT.

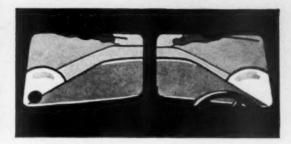


"YES, SIR, TREY 'VE HAD SOME BAD CASES OF SHOPLIFTING IN THE STORE, BUT NOT IN THIS DEPARTMENT."

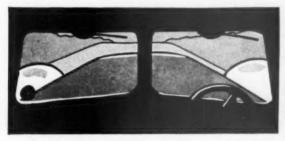
1937



LAST SUMMER I MOTORED THE FAMILY THROUGH FRANCE—THEY TOLD ME I MISSED A LOT THROUGH HAVING TO DRIVE.



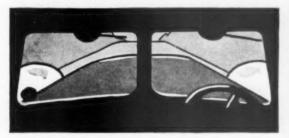
The summer before I motored them through Germany—they told me I missed such a lot through having to drive,



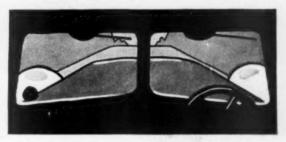
THE ONE BEFORE THAT I MOTORED THEM THROUGH BELGIUM
—THEY TOLD ME I MISSED QUITE A LOT THROUGH HAVING TO
DRIVE.



And the one before that I motored them through the Italian Lakes—they told me I did miss a lot through having to drive.



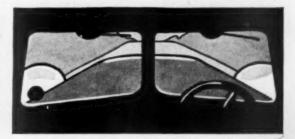
Before that it was Switzerland, where they said it was terrible how much I missed—



—and Norway, where they said I'd never forgive myself for all I missed—



and Austria, where they just couldn't tell me how much I missed—all through having to drive.



Now this summer I'm going to take them to the Highlands, and I'm just all impatience to get back again and hear about what I shall have missed—just through having to drive.



"I SAID I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR, BUT IT ISN'T AT ALL WHAT I MEANT."



### Thoughts in a Garden

Why, where erstwhile I sowed my choicest seeds, Come up but weeds?
Why do large docks
Appear where should be stocks
And phlox?
Why flaunts the dandelion's brazen face
In zinnia's place?
What makes the groundsel flourish
In patches which should nourish
The useful parsnip and the onion mild?
Why does the thistle (child
By rights of Caledonia stern and wild)
Invade the peaceful South?
Why do all these defy

Both frost and drouth
When dahlias die?
Why does the buttercup
Incessantly come up,
And things like salvias perish at a touch
But not the scutch?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To importune thus the air?
Full well I know
I'll rout
These growths detested out
With toil and pain—
And next week with a hoe
I'll do it all again!

C. F. S.

### Charivaria

British cinemas are visited by something like 30,000,000 people every week. And most of them file past us at the most thrilling moment of the film.

A five-ton statue of the famous Canadian cow Springbank Snow Countess is to be erected in Ontario. A motorist thinks it would look most natural in the middle of a road.

The latest news is that football is becoming popular in Arabia. The referees, we understand, employ a genie to seal them up in a bottle directly after each match.

"It is reported that the Osaka iron works will launch on May 11 a new 19,000,000-ton whaler, the Tonan Maru No. 2."

Brisbane Paper.

Would they like the Queen Mary as a lifeboat?



City police officers who made a surprise raid on a night club in London were driven up in a large furniture van. Members are now complaining that it was not a plain one.

"The average pupil soon finds his feet in the air," says an instructor of aviation. The same remark may be applied to roller-skating.

"Mrs. Virginia Cogswell, of Chicago, who has been married eight times, says she doesn't think she will marry again." News Message.

If she doesn't it will be the first time.

A gentleman is travelling from Australia to Manchester to thank a man for saving his son from drowning. Nobody seems to trust the Post Office these days.



"Why," asks a psychologist, "do women hate snakes?" They possibly confuse them with ladders.

A nature student writes to say that while walking near Hollow Ponds the other day he didn't hear the cuckoo.

"WISH FOR BETTER RELATIONS."
"Manchester Guardian" headline.
We never wish for a better than Aunt
Matilda.

The ghost of a sailor of Nelson's day is said to have been seen in Portsmouth Dockyard. We wonder whether the Marines have been informed.



"There are many things to watch when one backs a horse," points out a racing expert. One of the most important, of course, is the form of the bookmaker.

A correspondent puts forward the surprising suggestion that the buttons on new shirts ought to be fixed on with the same loving care as the price labels.

The name of the Dalai Lama of Tibet is reported to be Ah-wang-loup-tsang-to-pu-ian-chia-ta-chi-chai-wang-chu-chuwh-lo-lang-chieh. This is much more difficult to pronounce than it is to play on the ukulele.



Part of the Italian army is to engage in night manœuvres. We hope that IL DUCE will be specially floodlit for the news-reels.

It was stated in the Commons recently that twelve thousand rural cottages have been renovated during the past six years. It is not, however, absolutely certain that all of them have become Olde Worlde Tea-roomes,



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A TOSS-UP



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

PREFERENCE FOR DRIVING ON THE CROWN OF THE ROAD

# One Night of George

No one knows the name of the maker of George's car, and he himself has forgotten it. It is getting on now and its age, like a woman's, is difficult to determine.

Its outside features have no ordinary appearance. There have been many renewals and transformations, but the one door remains. It has a hood, but it is neither the original one, nor is it complete, and only George can put it up and take it down. Wear and tear (particularly the latter) have taken their toll, and by dint of patches removed from the better portions of it, the driver's seat is the only one that can be considered waterproof.

Even when I first knew it its steering used to develop a terrifying swerve, but George refuses to sell it. His long association with it has made him familiar with all the ups and downs of its adventurous career, and it is certain that none but he could, or would, drive it. His wife generally travels by train.

About once every month I dream I am driving with George. I am told that dreams last a few seconds only, but this I cannot believe. Knowing the car as I do, I say it would be impossible to make the journey from the Clock Tower at Lewisham to an inn some miles along the Wrotham road in less than an hour. The route is always the same, and I am familiar with every yard of it.

I don't live anywhere near Lewisham, but for some unexplained reason George is always waiting for me there, and it is always raining. I can hear the engine running before I arrive, and after I have taken my seat George's head disappears below the dashboard, the increasing roar telling me that he has pushed down the accelerator. I always ask him why he has no lever on

the wheel, and he invariably replies that he has but that it sometimes sticks down below.

The roar continues for a minute or so, and he shouts to me that he is warming up the engine. I am quite sure of this, for I can feel the warmth under my feet, and through every crack in the floorboards the heat becomes visible. He assures me that what I smell is only burnt oil. He leans down again and the noise sub-

As he takes out the clutch the foot-boards on my side rise. The various wheels in the gear-box unwillingly meet as George pushes the lever forward for "first," and the clutch is gradually put in, my feet slowly sinking as the point of contact is reached. Like a cat that leaps on its prey we spring forward. I replace my hat and my fingers grip the underside of the dashboard. The floorboards rise and fall until the fullness of the gear-box is reached, and we

move forward with no steering effort on George's part, as our wheels form part and parcel of the tramway system.

A break in the traffic gives George his opportunity. One half-turn of the steering-wheel to the left breaks the grip of the lines, and by an instinctive sense he knows the moment of release and is prepared for it. With perfect judgment a complete turn of the wheel to the right is firmly held until the car, after first continuing to the left, answers to the helm and gracefully straightens out. Successive halfright and half-left turns are sufficient to keep us on a moderately straight course.

I am, however, always dreading the advent of traffic from a side-street, when the brakes may have to be used, and once regularly every trip this happens. I know it is coming, but I am none the less terrified. The long bonnet of a sports car appears, intent on crossing our bows, but George has seen it, the footbrake is instantly applied, and one back wheel begins to feel the effect. As the brake is pressed more firmly we begin to skid, but this one-sided motion is eleverly rectified by the application of the hand-brake, which grips the other wheel similarly, and we straighten out again. While the joint pressure of hand and foot increases, the vibration of the body of the car follows suit until, shivering and shaking, the back wheels lock and the engine stops. By the smallest possible margin a collision is averted.

George and I leave the car by its one exit. He gives five or six turns with the starting-handle, and we are soon on our way again. After looking at his wristwatch and momentarily taking his eye

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"HE USED TO BE IN THE GUARDS."

off the road, George turns to me and says always, "We can just do it—if we hurry." Horrors! Pray Heaven for a smooth passage.

Once away from the tramlines, George's head disappears again, and I hear what seems like a blow from a hammer. He tells me he has now "set" the accelerator, and at full-speed, regardless of cross-roads, cyclists or pedestrians, we hurl ourselves to our destination.

I look down and see a bolt, which I feel sure ought to be tight, distinctly wobble. I test it and find I can remove it, as there is no nut. But I know it is

one which holds the body to the chassis and in my cold wet state I wonder how many other bolts are so loose. Through the windscreen I see the radiator shaking from side to side like a restive horse's head—there must be loose bolts there too. There are other places which I cannot see, but which I know are secured by bolts.

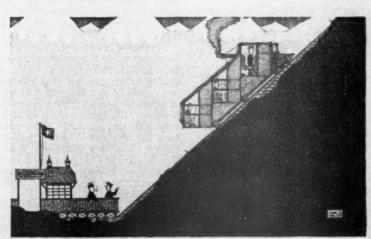
My fears grow and I am about to scream, when I see George lean down again, and thankfully I know what that means. Our destination is at hand; one by one the brakes are applied and we come to a stop as before. I always get out here.

All of which is why, about once every month, I have to remake my bed during the night and, cursing George, try to snatch a little sleep from the few hours left

## Close of Play Scores

Bugs Ironmonger has left Tiny Truber and his Ten Truberdours to join Scats Schneider's Six Swingtimers, while Happy Hutchinson, formerly with Monty Maraschino's Melodious Maniacs, has left Toots Tulliver's Trumpeteers to join Screwy Schaffer and his Solfa Streamliners. Jake Jellinek's Jazz Jeniuses have acquired Gay Gladsmith, who recently forsook Streaky Bacon's Harmonious Hambones. . . . .

Have a bottle of strychnine when you're tired.



"ARE YOU QUITE SURE THE TRAIN IS THE WRONG WAY ROUND, SIR ?
"UP'VE BEEN RUNNING IT LIKE THAT FOR OVER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS"

### G.B. v. N.Z.

THE first Test Match is over and England virtually won it; but no one could withhold praise from those who secured a draw and constantly made our crack bowlers look mediocre. And it was an exceptional match for other reasons, one being that the KING came to wish the two sides well, and with charming tact postponed the inevitable pause in the game which his presence involves until the New Zealanders had saved the follow-on; and another was that the sun shone most of the time, and although the wind was in the north-west everybody was warm. This quarter means that Father Time, high up over the scorers' box, consistently had his back to the game and therefore saw nothing of it, but he was the only person at Lord's who was not excited.

As the new captain of England Mr. ROBINS began his career well by winning the toss. I watched him do it and had no fault to find. The coin was spun into the air in a manner beyond reproach and it fell on the turf with the right side uppermost. No one could have done it better.

Will it be credited when I say that the game began too soon? How could a match long looked-forward to, between England and New Zealand, begin too soon? I have no means of explaining the mystery other than by the figures of the clock. Everybody was in his place; JAMES PARKS was ready to bat; Cowie, the fast bowler from Auckland, was beginning his run to the wicket. And then, suddenly, CHESTER, the umpire, shot out that mobile left arm of his and stopped proceedings. What could be wrong, we all wondered? Is it possible that Cowie is not a genuine New Zealander at all? Can James Parks not be qualified for England? Ought we all to leave Lord's and go to the Air Pageant? But these were not the reasons. The reason was that the time was still a minute short of the advertised half-past eleven. Another umpire might have overlooked this minute. But not CHESTER. And so we had to wait sixty seconds before Cowie really began, Parks put a very straight bat behind the ball and the Test was in being.

CHESTER, by the way, is alone worth a visit to Lord's. No other umpire scrutinizes with such intentness the boots of the bowler, lest there should be a no-ball; while, to establish the ineffectualness of an appeal, no other umpire looks away with such disdain.

A little while ago I said something about going to the Air Pageant. But there was no need, for during the Saturday afternoon the Air Pageant came to us, in the shape of a series of planes, each in a formation of five, which soared and roared over Lord's and then soared and roared back, stopping play for a few moments. And then, later, I watched a little company of pigeons flying over the ground in the same formation, but, to prove their superiority, flying silently and stopping no play at all.

By their long partnership on the first day HAMMOND and HARDSTAFF secured the necessary advantage; but neither struck me as being quite at the top of his form. HAMMOND, however, could not make 140 without often being HAMMOND the superb. In England's second innings the true HARD-STAFF was there, playing every ball as though it should reach the boundary, and BARNETT came to his own, with hitting even more vigorous. But in both of England's innings the most cheering spectacle was the captain, who is the nimblest of runners and the most expedient and audacious of batsmen, urging the ball wherever fieldsmen are not.

"Am I right in thinking," said a spectator to Sir Pelham Warner, who knows all, "that certain of Robins's strokes are unorthodox?" "Quite right," replied the Oracle; "but why not?" and that is, with fervour, what

we all thought.

Next to Robins I should say that no player communicated such a glow as WALLACE, who treated the deliveries of Verity, which had been holding up

KERR, with no reverence whatever and twice hit him for six. One of these sixes is made doubly memorable by the fact that a spectator in the north stand, into which it was so gloriously hit, stood calmly up and caught it.

Although the popular vote is for batting, and preferably for hits, like WALLACE'S, over the ropes, and although bowlers have their admirers too, the day is not lost even when batting and bowling are dull. There is still fielding; and the fielding of the New Zealanders is remarkable. I cannot remember an out side more skilfully placed than theirs, or a more untiring set of fieldsmen. On the Saturday England, in course of time, in good weather and on an easy wicket, assembled in six hours 370 runs; but there would have been 200 more if the New Zealanders had not so often been in the way. It was not only their gathering of expresses that delighted us, but the speed and accuracy of their throwing-in. Our own cricketers do their moderate best as fieldsmen, with a few outstanding models of anticipation and alacrity, of whom the most notable is ROBINS, but, for the rank and file, returning the ball has become almost a lost art. After the stroke the wicket-keeper ought to be a fixture behind the stumps, facing whatever direction the ball has taken, until it is thrown back. But is he a fixture? Far from it. Too often he has to run yards from his post, and nobody seems to mind. It should be a point of honour to collaborate with this overworked servant of his side, but that seems to be an eccentric idea. New Zealanders, however, keep that point of honour in mind. At any rate TINDILL was far more static when waiting for the return than our own AMES was able to be, and particularly so when DONNELLY

In running between the wickets the New Zealanders did not seem to me to be so good. There used to be an old maxim which insisted that the first run should be run fast, with the hope of a possible second always before the batsmen. But this maxim is no longer respected, and too often our visitors took the first run so slowly that any chance of another was lost. I hope that Robins has taught them a lesson in this department, just as I hope that DONNELLY was teaching our men a lesson in his.

And now for Manchester, where the second Test match will be begun on July 24th, by which time I hope the Selectors will have thought of one or two other bowlers.



"I DON'T KNOW WHY I EVER MARRIED YOU; WE HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON."

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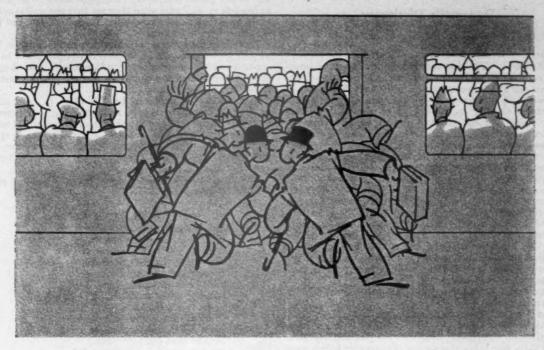
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"OH, YES, I'D ALWAYS GIVE UP MY SEAT TO A LADY-IF ONE EVER SUCCEEDED IN FIGHTING HER WAY IN."

### Gold

THERE's some sort of scare About gold, I'm told; I don't know what and I don't know why. Rumours of ruin oppress the air And one says "Sell" and the next says "Buy." And all my beautiful shares have flopped And I think it ought to be stopped. But whenever I ask, poor ignorant Bard, Of the elegant stockbrokers Swanking in first-class smokers Or strolling the boulevard, "By whom Has this horrible blow been dealt? Is it BLUM? Is it ROOSEVELT?" They will not open their hearts to me as a brother, But some say one thing and then some say another. And the pundits in the Press Allege that we want more gold (or less), That gold should be cheaper (dearer), That things are all right (all wrong)-Not making the case much clearer. The CHANCELLOR does his best But it all gets queerer and queerer, And the Bard and his song Remain-like his shares-depressed.

Yet why should Bards bother Or struggle to understand?

The gold of their stock-in-trade Will never go done; Not Russia nor the Rand Can thieve it out of their hand. A truce, a truce to all this puzzle and pother! There shall not alter nor fade The gold of the setting sun, The gold of the daffodil, Buttercup, cowslip-any old flower you will: Exchanges spell no doom For the whin gold or the broom: No sort of scare Shall dull that rarer sheen (Assisted a little perhaps by the artist's skill) That glows on my lady's hair . . . And then, I mean, What about oranges? The gold of mellowing corn? The bright golds that adorn Belisha crossings? . . . Need I at all invoke More instances than these ! I needn't? You've got me? Oke.

Bother the mouldy metal!
Let it perish beyond recall,
The Bard may still disburse
From an aureate universe:
And after all,
When Fates are lenient
And editors deign to settle,
A cheque's just as convenient.

Н. В.

# Doggerel's Dictionary

HABITS .- The only rhyme to "rabbits" until the publication of Babbitt. This fact rather limits the range of verses about rabbits: makes them rather arch and naughty as a rule, like that one by the young man in the Ronald Firbank book. This fact in its turn has probably had something to do with the general attitude to rabbits. I've always thought it would make a good research subject for an American University graduate: The Influence on Daily Life of the Exigencies of Rhyme. It is, I think, generally agreed that the young lady of Riga could have avoided her unfortunate encounter by simply giving another address—Par, for instance (a Cornish scaport 41 miles SSW. of Lostwithiel), in which event her adventure would have been the comparatively innocuous one of getting her head stuck in a jar. Similarly with the young fellow of Goa, whose features resembled a mower. The case of the man whose name will go down to posterity without any stigma because at the battle of El Teb he defeated Osman Digna is still under consideration. This concludes my remarks about Habits, and I will present a small valueless prize to anyone who can show me where they began.

HAYSTACKS, EXTRACTION OF NEEDLES FROM.—This is

my own method:

First I take the haystack and place it beside a fairly sluggish stream; or, if this is impossible, I find a fairly sluggish stream and divert it until it runs past the haystack. About three feet below the surface of the water I then erect or suspend a large flat, or more or less flat, surface—usually a strong closely-woven sheet. Then, using a pitchfork or something equally convenient, I shovel the hay from the stack on to the water. The hay floats away downstream and the needle sinks and is caught by the sheet.

My needle-harvest from haystacks has been considerable: the walls of Doggerel Castle are covered with crossed needles. The one thing that distresses me is that practically nobody can see them. After dinner sometimes I wave a hand and



"MOTHER, I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE. I APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN AT THE STRAWBERRIES AGAIN."

say to my guests modestly, "I bagged those little fellows in Norfolk in '31," and when they see that the wall is apparently bare they think I'm drunk. Probably I am, but that is neither here nor there.

A rattling good sport. The most expensive item (so long as you grow your own haystacks) is compensation to the captains of steamers whose paddle-wheels get elogged. It is not always easy to convince them that they have strayed into the Sargasso Sea.

HAZARD.—This seems to be the place to talk about betting and gambling, which I forgot before. If I were little less interested in a few other things I might bet more: I like betting; but at the moment I haven't time to spend deciding what to bet on or remembering that I have bet, and there's no point in losing your money if you don't even get a few anxious thoughts for it.

Here, incidentally, and not under SHIRT, I put in a poem I wrote on March 23, 1933:

> APPEAL TO RODOLFO It is evident to me, Rodolfo, that you wear a new shirt.

The stripes thereon, Rodolfo, though they disconcert, steal back and forth, I will admit, silently, without haste, like a caged tiger: but I cannot admire your taste. Stretch forth, Rodolfo, that hand, inspect that cuff: what passion-see! what pain! Is it not enough?

Your position is untenable, Rodolfo. I appeal, be rational: you have a chance to do the considerate thing: to-morrow there is the Grand National.

The whole point of that effort being not the shirt but the adjuration to Rodolfo to put it on a horse. As a matter of fact he did, but he put it on the winner; the result being that he got a different flags-of-all-the-nations to wear every day of the week. No taste, Rodolfo. The girl he married can't have had any either, of course. I await with trepidation their first Christmas card.

HEART, THE WARM, OF THE G.B.P.—This is commended mostly by those who have succeeded in profitably touching it. Their opinion is worth no more than the opinion of those who, having tried for years without success to touch it, declare that it doesn't exist.

Myself, I daresay it's there, but I wouldn't call it warm. More like an electric fire-red-hot when you turn the right switch, cold as a paddock so long as you don't.

HIGH SEAS FLEET.—An acquaintance whose name it is probably just as well I have forgotten once told me he used to have three friends in the High Seas Fleet: Cap'n Stormalong, Cap'n Swoopbetween and Cap'n Unrestamong. When they settled down ashore, he said, they became referees—or rather two became referees and one became an umpire ("the greatest umpire the world has ever seen").

There was a lot more in the story of these mariners (for instance, I recall a long anecdote about a camel which the umpire was said to have ruined his career by leading on to the pitch after the tea, ha ha, interval), but I am chiefly concerned with the term High Seas Fleet. It is pretty clear to me that these alleged Cap'ns had nothing to do with the High Seas Fleet, and I have grave doubts whether there were more than two of them either.

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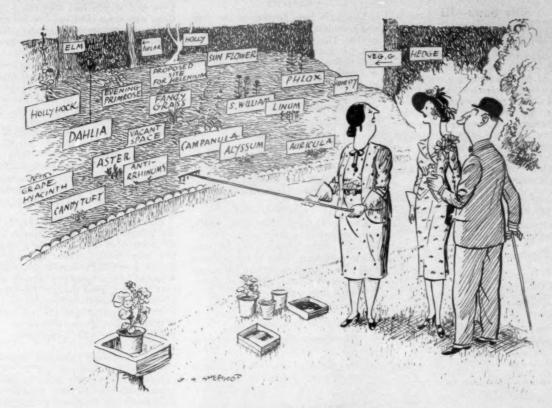
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"ISN'T MY HUSBAND ABSURD? HE WON'T GO TO THE OCULIST'S."

HYPERPLATYRRHINE.—See? I did remember how to spell it. (See Dolichocephalic.) I also still remember what the word means. It is applied to noses that are broader than they are long, and I should imagine at once falls off again, just as anything else would.

## Hot Rhythm;

or, Movie Madness in our Suburb

I go to the movies, I know the stuff.

I go to the movies, and I could be tough.

I'm Mrs. Tweeting, I run the Mothers' Meeting,

I'm a deacon's wife,

I live in Lilac Crescent-I don't say it isn't pleasant, But I'm wa-a-asting my life.

I could be hard and blonde; I'd make the right man fond

Give him my heart to wear; give him my soul to tear . . .

Hotcha, hotcha, I know the stuff.

I go to the movies, and—I—could—be—tough. Just get this, folks, some time I'm going to say

To a Mothers' Meeting:

"See here, you great big stiffs, I'm going gay-Yes, ME, Mrs. Tweeting.

Some of you women are deacons' wives . . .

Well, put 'em up-stick 'em up, if you value your lives.

Listen to me for a spell.

I got a MAN out there. And you bet he's swell.

I gave him my heart to wear,

Gave him my soul to tear,

And—he—gives—me—HELL.

He's wanted for theft, he's wanted for arson;

HE'S OUT THERE NA-A-OW, GUNNING THE PARSON.

I'm a bad girl, I'm a mad girl,

But I'm backing my man.

Some day we'll go to gaol; maybe we'll kick the pail,

Me and my MAN.

Wouldn't you good folk stare if you could see me in the

'chair,'

And hear me cry, 'Do what you can. .

You can put me on the spot for my MAN'?"

But I live in Lilac Crescent; I'm a deacon's wife.

I got to go on being pleasant and wa-a-asting my life. I go to the movies, I know the stuff;

I go to the movies, but—I'LL—NEVER—BE—TOUGH.

D. C.

#### Take Your Choice

"'It is difficult to fit bearded men with gas-masks, and, should an emergency arise, those with beards more than a hand long might be faced with the alternative of cutting their heads off or being gassed. "—Captain L. C. Schlotel, anti-gas expert."—Daily Mirror.

## Silly Saws-III

### PENNIES AND POUNDS

On this topic the proverbian is hardly seen at his best. His mind is confused and his teaching, so far as any can be discovered, is paltry.

As I think I remarked in a previous lecture, the proverbian, by caution and cunning, has saved some money and lives comfortably on Wimbledon Common and the four per cents. So that he is all for thrift, or parsimony, or whatever you like to call it. And we begin, of course, with,

"Look after the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves,"

which is supported, I suppose, by the profound Scottish saying that

"Many a mickle makes a muckle."
How true!

ow dide.

And then there is

"He that will not stoop for a pin will never be worth a pound,"

which explains, no doubt, those tiresome persons who will always pick up a pin "because it is lucky."

There is also

"In for a penny, in for a pound."

I have never been quite clear about the meaning of this, but it seems to carry the same message, that if you spend a penny without due care you will end by spending a pound, which is undesirable.

An admirable doctrine, no doubt, for the very poor. Unhappily, it is practised with the greatest rigour by the rich: and the very rich who "look after their pennies" are a revolting spectacle.

Butthen, no sooner has the proverbian instilled into us this wholesome but low-spirited lesson that we must all, rich and poor, subject the smallest item of expenditure to the closest scrutiny—including, presumably, the purchase of flags and poppies—than he gives us another and a bolder barrel—

"Penny wise, pound foolish."
He follows that with—

"Don't spoil the ship for a ha'porth

And, more spirited still, the same wise-acre says

"As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb."

Well, what are we to think?

#### EXERCISE

You have been betting on the dogs and have lost seven shillings and eightpence. The last race is about to be run. A friend who knows about dogs says that a dog called April Folly will win and suggests that you back him each way. The odds are about sevens. By which of the following wise saws will you guide your conduct?—

- (1) Look after the pennies, etc.
- (2) Don't spoil the ship, etc.(3) As well be hanged, etc.
- (3) As well be hanged, etc.(4) Penny wise pound foolish.
- (5) It is better to have a hen tomorrow than an egg to-day.
  - (6) De minimis non curat lex.

#### WORDS

The proverb-maker, rather oddly, has a great contempt for words. Oddly, because words, after all, are his only stock-in-trade. There is no evidence that this three-foot-nothing of smugness has ever done a thing for anybody. Believing firmly that

"Charity begins at home,"

and muttering cynically,

"Lend only what you can afford to lose,"

he gives nothing to the world but little strings of words. And how he dislikes them!

"Speaking is silver, silence is gold."

A ridiculous observation. It is like a brewer saying that cider is best. A proverb pretends to have a general application: it is difficult to think even of exceptional cases where this one is veracious. What should we think if a man went to the Vicar for advice, or the Lord Chief Justice for an injunction, or the Prime Minister for his policy, and he replied,

"Speech is silver, silence is golden,"

"Least said, soonest mended,"

or even

"Word is but wind,"

or
"Words are for women, action for men,"

"Great talkers are little doers"?

And then there is the old but imbecile

"A man of words but not of deeds Is like a garden full of weeds."

"Words are for women" indeed! As I have hinted in a previous lecture, I wonder what Messrs. Gladstone, Abraham Lincoln, Milton or Lloyd George, Sir John Retth, the Reverend

Spurgeon or Cardinal Newman would have said if you had told them that there was some clear-cut line between words and action, and that one side of it was only fit for the inferior breed of women.

And, when that consideration is forgotten, how odd it remains that these, so to speak, misological proverbs should arise and flourish in England the land of the free, the nest, the fortress, the very home-town of democracy!

Who is so proud as the English of their literature and laws? Yet these consist entirely of words. How we despise the barbarous foreign states which equip their infants with bayonets instead of books and set them marching in the streets instead of learning to read and write words!

And what do we value so highly as the (alleged) rights of free speech and the freedom of the Press, which means that any man, however ignorant or foolish, is entitled to distribute as many words as he can upon any subject, and that this is a good thing? The whole life of these islands is founded on the committee-system: and the committee is nothing but an institution for the multiplication and glorification of words!

And then—our glorious boast—
"modern communications"! The
capacity to transmit from house to
house, from town to town, from nation
to nation, from continent to continent
—what? Well, partly music. But in
the first instance, and, except for the
wireless, the last, words—words.

I can think of no period in our history when the proverbian could have been said to be sound upon this subject: for the English, though accused by their enemies of a sort of surly silence, have always been a voluble and literary people, delighting in the plentiful use of good words, whether for poetry or politics. But at the present time he is almost indecently out-of-date: for we have never been so fond of words. And words were never so powerful. "Words" do everything: "action" hardly exists.

### SOFT WORDS

But we have not quite done with words. There is the "Soft Words" department. And here the proverbian is more than usually self-destructive. We all know that

"Soft words butter no parsnips,"

though we may not all know what it means. What does it mean? How the —— do I know? Why should soft words butter parsnips? One might as well say that

"High tides butter no parsnips,"

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"Post-dated cheques butter no parsnips."

This conceit, I am glad to say, is not confined to the English: for the Germans say

"Fine words do not grease the cabbage,"

But it could be said with equal justice that

"Fine words do not flood the carburettor,"

or

"Fine words do not start the gramophone,"

or indeed

"A shut mouth does not pay the income-tax."

The intention, I suppose, is once more to assess the comparative value of words and deeds, the talker and the doer. The man who, when requested to butter parsnips, remembers that silence is golden, remains mute and surly and goes off to butter the parsnips without a word—this lout is more to be praised than the smooth-spoken fellow who says, "Certainly I will butter pars-nips," before he departs to the parsnipbuttery. But why? I cannot imagine. For in the first case one has no security, no guidance: one has not the faintest notion whether the dumb fool really proposes to butter parsnips or not. He has made no undertaking; so that one cannot proceed against him if he fails to butter parsnips. Meanwhile one cannot decently make other arrangements. And I repeat that

"A sulky silence butters no parsnips."

So we may never get our parsnips at all!

That may be equally true in the second case, where the soft words are spoken. But here at least we have an assurance, we have a hope; and, if we are men of the world, we may be able to put a shrewd valuation on the soft words from the way in which they are spoken. At least, if they do not end in the buttering of parsnips, we can proceed against the fellow, get him shot out of the club or ejected from Parliament at the next election.

And then, take the thing a stage further. Interpreted in one sense, and a very proper one, the saying is simply untrue. For, indirectly, at least,

"Soft words do butter parsnips."

We all know that they do. I need not dwell upon the literal example of the cook who declines to butter parsnips on Tuesday but by soft words about an extra half-day off on Thursday is prevailed upon to butter parsnips. I pass to the figurative field for which these fatuous propositions were clearly de-



"ARE YOUR HADDOCKS DEFINITELY FRESH?"

"QUAITE, MODOM."

signed. And I remark that the whole machinery and practice of democracy is made workable by the belief, the fact, that soft words do butter parsnips. Watch a tactful chairman of a joint committee of farmers and milk-distributors: watch an able Minister averting a division on a nasty amendment, or wishing a dubious new clause upon the House. "Soft words butter no parsnips"? Why, if they did not, what marriage could survive a fortnight?

What a blithering ass is the maker of proverbs! And the sad ridiculous thing is that in the end, as usual, he confesses the fact. For having told us

"Soft words butter no parsnips" he mutters in the next breath,

"Soft words win hard hearts," and also.

"'Softly, softly,' caught the monkey" (Negro).

Of course! But why not say so before? A. P. H.

### Our Hard-Hit Farmers

"Three farmers in the Bentham district came under the hammer at a property sale held by Mr. Richard Turner, of Bentham, in the Bentham Town Hall on Wednesday afternoon and were all disposed of." Local Paper.

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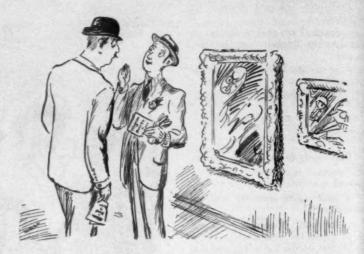
## **Correct Opinions**

The Balletomane's Guide

No, no, dear lady. Most civil of you, indeed, to offer one a spare ticket for the stalls. But one is forced to refuse. Throw it away, please. The ballet should be seen only from the gallery: otherwise it is mere dancing. Let us assemble.

Ballet, Madam, is exciting, delightful, even charming. One crows with ecstasy. Alone among the arts, ballet may be enjoyed. So little has been written about it that one can say almost anything one likes about itwithin reason, you understand. One may laugh aloud, sentimentalise, even set aside a great deal of discrimination. Music which it is normally proper to dislike becomes "exquisite," though one should be careful to avoid giving the impression that one is listening to it. One need not be over-familiar with the composers: it is sufficient to remember that those English peers who do not write gossip-columns compose balletmusic. In any case, do not fail to draw attention to the badness of the orchestra—"a mere assemblage of instruments," dear lady.

One does not admit that the story is silly. One either takes it extremely seriously or ignores it. No halfmeasures are allowable. Above all, one does not consult one's programme: one should not have bought a programme. The artists one knows already. Affectionate abbreviations such as "Shabby," "Woizy" and "Tcherny" will make it abundantly clear that one is conversant with the main people. This also gets over the difficulty of not being able to accent the right syllables of Shabelevsky, Woizikovsky and Tchernicheva. "Of course, his real name's MacTavish-we were at Harrow together," will reveal both sophistication and inside knowledge.



"WHAT IS HIS PLANCEE LIKE?"

One does not confess to never having been to the ballet before. It is always safe to say of most dancers that one "saw them in Massine's company last year, or was it the year before?"—since every dancer has belonged to every company at some time or other. For this reason the ballet is never so good as it was last year, or was it the year before?

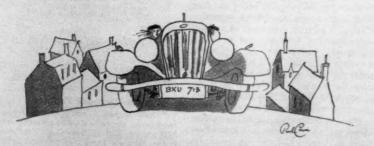
One has heard rumours about the prima ballerina. It is bon ton to believe them. "I hear they quarrelled—professional jealousy, you know" (spoken in a loudly confidential whisper, tapping the nose smartly three times with the forefinger to bring out the fullest implications) is a reliable and credible allegation for the interval.

It is advisable to know somebody who remembers NIJINSKY, and to remember having met somebody who once met ISADORA DUNCAN. Of TILLY LOSCH, or of any choreographer connected with Cochran revues, one has never heard.

One should, of course, support a School of some kind. If the ballet consists of a mere gaggle of dancers, attired in what appears to be diaphanous sports-chemise or divided tennis-skirt and mincing about slowly with flat feet, this is the Greek School. We all go through this phase, and every faun has his après-midi. The comment "A bit too lardy-dah for me" is, however, hopelessly unconstructive. If, on the other hand, you think that the more a dancer spins on her toes the better she is, then you are entitled to call yourself an obstinate adherent of pre-Foking classicism." Most people call this kind of thing "pirouetting": it will therefore be much more original to use the phrases "fouetté tournant" or "tour en l'air." This should not be confused with a "tour de force," which, nevertheless, is another indispensable expression applicable to almost any ballet or part of a ballet. The great thing to be avoided is the exclamation, "Isn't she clever!" Ballet-history is bound to crop up

Ballet-history is bound to crop up in the bar. Having shouted angrily but unsuccessfully for vodka and bortsch, try the effect of launching one of the following statements: (1) That of course the ballet died with PAVLOVA; (2) That of course the ballet died with DIAGHILEV, who at the best was no more than a potential Trotskyist wrecker; (3) That of course these two or MASSINE or FOKINE "revolutionised choreography."

On second thoughts, one should recall that revolution is a sore point



"I BELIEVE THIS HILL IS SUPPOSED TO BE ONE-IN-SOMETHING."

<sup>&</sup>quot;SHE'S AS PRETTY AS A PICTURE."

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with the descendants of Old Russia; and a wise modification would be: "—after all, what is revolution but evolution writ small?"

A daring innovation is the assertion that "the future of ballet undoubtedly lies in the hands of FRED ASTAIRE."

A few points of deportment: One knows better than to giggle at or otherwise draw attention to the trombonist who, during a quiet passage for massed fairies and muted strings, halves his instrument and unconcernedly shakes out moisture from it. If you sneeze, pretend you were merely uttering the name "Petrouchka" in violent ecstasy. At the final curtain, when the bald-headed conductor of the orchestra takes his bow upon the stage, hand-in-hand with the ballerina, making a sudden self-conscious appearance in incongruous shatteringly eveningdress, it is customary to stand, bawling either "Bravo" or "Encore." Observe that in English both these words are produced from the stomach and pro-nounced "Yawp!"

Thoroughly bad remarks are: "Tst, tst!" "Ooh, I say!" and "What a big jump!" during the orgy-scene in Schérazade. Much better is the opinion that "only a ham dancer can get away with it, anyway." The naIve question, "Do you think they enjoy doing it?"

is just embarrassing.

The comments "Isn't she sweet!" and "So restful to watch, don't you think?" cannot be permitted between the ages of eighteen and eighty. A sturdy "I'm always ready for a good leg-show myself" is, one fears, beyond the pale, except from the lips of a veteran balletomane. On the other hand, to announce brazenly that one "only goes for the sake of the music," uttered with ruthless philistinism, may prove sensationally effective.

A blindingly original attitude for next season will be that "ballet is improper," to be classed with striptease; that in such a work as Les Cent Baisers the depths of turpitude have been plumbed.

Enthusiasm for Les Présages should be very lukewarm now that it is no less than four years old. One can even dismiss it as "a vulgar display of acrobacy," or "sheer Swedish drill worthy of a Siberian awkward squad," valuable only as Fitter-Britain propaganda.

Indeed, one periodically doubts whether it can ever hope to compete with the unspoilt perfection of line and natural grace of a policeman directing

Choreartium, however, is still in vogue; and of this one must admit that "as an opus it is pretty magnum." Of

outstanding topical interest, however, is the fact that Réné Blum is the brother of France's ex-Premier. This should cause one to speculate whether Colonel DE BASIL has not politico-choreographic designs on the Front Populaire, and whether the whole Russian Ballet is not insidious Leftist propaganda, exclusively symbolic of the struggle for self-expression of the moujik. . . .

But soft! the Overture is finished. Madam, you are now a fully-fledged Balletomane. It is permissible to bounce uponone's seat with expectation, for have we not Sylphides? Wake up, dear lady, I beseech. But can it be

that one has been talking to oneself? Can Madam have slept throughout the Overture? Ah, spectre de rose! nom d'un chien! it is too much! One has taken umbrage. One despairs.

### Mr. Punch Recommends-

An exhibition of Mr. Ernest Shepard's drawings illustrating Victoria Regina and The Golden Sovereign, the groups of plays by Mr. Laurence Housman—which is opening next Monday, July 12th, at the Sporting Gallery, No. 70, Jermyn Street.



"SO GLAD, DOCTOR, WE WERE IN TIME TO SEE YOU HIT THAT PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL CATCH!"



- "WE'RE JUST CHRISTENING THE KITTEN, AUNTIE."
- "AND WHAT IS ITS NAME?"
- "BEN HUR.' 'BEN' FOR IF IT'S A BOY, AND 'HUR' FOR IF IT'S A GIRL."

### Black Luck

How grave was my error this morning;
Nay, blameful no doubt 'twill appear,
But the crisis was one without warning
And begs the considerate tear;
You can feel for me, readers, now can't you,
Who have shooed from my dwelling a cat
Unattractive in person, I grant you,
But black as your hat?

It came, be it urged, uninvited;
We met, as it chanced, on the stairs,
And, being no little affrighted,
I landed it one unawares;
Averse as I am from things feline
(Uncanny, I think, as a race)
I was glad as it fled in a bee-line
And vanished in space.

Yet now on maturer reflection
I own to a growing regret
For a cat of that ebon complexion
Brings fortune, if courteously met;

So oft has this doctrine been told me
As to leave not an inkling of doubt
And I am that monster, behold me,
Who's boosted one out.

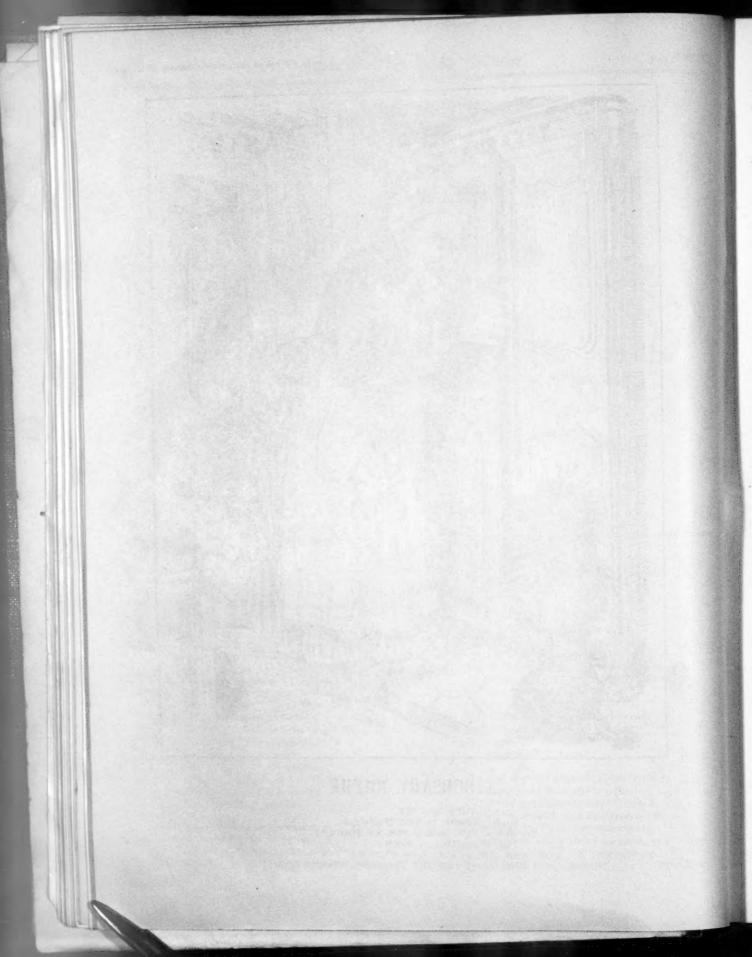
Who knows what a mort of high blessing
My days might have gathered therefrom
Bar only a deed as distressing
To me as I hope to that Tom?
Who can say what accretion of income
Might even have reached me, alas,
And Lord knows I wanted it, nincompoop, idiot, and ass?

But, cat, if you'd meet with your heyday,
Return, and I'll do you to rights;
I'll charm you with saucers of Grade A,
With cods' heads and succulent lights;
Come soon, for I wait you with wooing
Of cushions and quilts of the duck;
I could even put up with your mewing
If you'll bring me luck.
Dum-Dum.



# A BURSARY RHYME

OLD MOTHER BONNET
SAID, "WHERE IS THE MONNAIE
TO GET A FEW BONES FOR MY POODLE?
THE CUPBOARD IS BARE,
SO THE STOCKING IS WHERE
I MUST LOOK FOR THE REQUISITE BOODLE."



# Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week

Monday, June 28th.—Lords: Marriage
Bill given Second Reading.



A BRACE OF BABIES

LORD DAWSON OF PENN GIVES A HELPING

Commons: Exchange Fund discussed.

Tuesday, June 29th.—Lords: Debate on Physical Training Bill.

Commons: Agriculture.

Wednesday, June 30th.—

Lords: Debate on Reform of the League.

Commons: Debate on the Exchange Fund.

Monday, June 28th. - The Marriage Bill has found plenty of influential friends in the Lords and its chances of reaching the Statute Book, probably in a more useful form than that to which the political compromises of the Commons reduced it, appear good. In the main such opposition as there is comes from the Bishops; but since this is tempered in most cases by the admission that, humanly speaking, there is much to be said for the Bill, it is unlikely to prove any great impediment, especially as two Bishops have already come out as champions.

To-day the Bill got a Second Reading, and of

a number of interesting speeches three stood out. Lord Salisbury was alarmed at what he conceived as a threat to the stability of the Marriage Law, and refused to vote for a measure which in his view would lead to unrest and immorality. He considered that adultery was the only solid basis for divorce.

To the Bishop of DURHAM'S defence of the Bill last week the Bishop of BIRMINGHAM added powerful arguments. He insisted that although Christ had set forth the ideal of lifelong marriage, he had left his followers free to give relief from intolerable unions, provided that social morality remained undisturbed; and he held that the Bill, which was in harmony with the views of an overwhelming majority of enlightened Christian opinion in the country, would actually promote morality by lessening the number of irregular unions amongst working people.

The best speech, in matter rather than delivery, came from Lord Dawson, who reminded Lord Salisbury that immobility was by no means the same thing as stability, and recalled the sad fate of the first men who had the courage to declare, contrary to scriptural teaching, that the world was round. As a doctor he warmly supported the Bill, but he was against the five-year stipulation (the period which must pass before divorce can be sought) as too long, and he hoped that some method

of attempting conciliation would yet be included.

Two Judges, Lord WRIGHT and Lord MAUGHAM, also expressed strong approval, though the first objected to



"EXCELLENT-IN PARTS"

"Some parts of the resolution were very commendable."—Mr. Tom Williams on the new proposals in the Government's agricultural policy.

the unnecessary severity of the fiveyear clause.

In the Commons Sir John Simon had a cordial reception for his explanation of the increase of £200,000,000 in the Exchange Equalisation Fund, the Opposition being friendly to a proposal which will help France to keep on an even keel.

Tuesday, June 29th.—When Lord STANHOPE moved the Second Reading of the Physical Training Bill, he suggested that one good reason why the younger generation was so anxious to get fit was that the scantiness of modern clothing did nothing to obscure bodily defects. He emphasised the voluntary nature of the Government's scheme.

Lord STEABOLGI and Lord ABERDARE were both grateful for the Bill, but while the first demanded that better nutrition should precede training, the second denied that any child in



"STIRRING UP THE BRITISH LION"

(After a cartoon of the Duke of Wellington by Leech, in "Punch,"

January 15th, 1848.)

"Lord CECIL OF CHELWOOD had displayed a rather Early-Victorian bellicosity."—Lord Ponsonby in the debate on League Reform.



"HE INHERITED IT FROM HIS ANCESTORS, AND THE FOO-CHOO HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS HAVE NOW PRACTICALLY GIVEN UP ALL ROPE OF EVER BUYING HIM OUT."

the country need be under-fed. In Lord Dawson's view, and many will agree with him, the chief obstacle to proper feeding lay in the ignorance of so many housewives of either how to choose the food within their means or how to cook it; and he made the excellent suggestion that the Government should send out a fleet of travelling lecture-vans to bring light to British kitchens.

In the Commons the Money Resolution for the Government's new agricultural proposals was agreed to, after the Minister had described the strategic attack he was planning on the diseases of animals and poultry, which will be the most ferocious germicidal affray our farms have ever known, and after Mr. Price had congratulated him on the closeness of his fertilisation programme to that recommended by Virgil in the exhortation "Be not ashamed to feed the dried soil with rich dung or to scatter grimy ashes over the exhausted fields."

Wednesday, June 30th.—Lord RENNELL'S motion in the Lords, asking if the Government intended submitting definite proposals for the reform of the League of Nations, clarified the attitude of several Peers but, as was to be

expected at the moment, drew no very solid answer from the Front Bench.

The Commons greeted with shouts of merriment Sir Walter Womers-Ley's announcement that in future



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO
Mr. GALLACHER is said
To be a Red,
But he's perfectly tame
All the same.

any telephone subscriber in dire need had only to dial "999" to get instant attention from the exchange. As Sir Sidney Herbert pointed out, the innovation will be of doubtful value to a lady with a burglar in her bedroom, but to others it should be a comfort, and invalids will find it trips readily to their fingers.

After Sir John Simon had told the House that he was keeping in close touch with the Treasuries of France and the United States, and that he had received the assurance of the French Government that they were seeking no exchange advantage from the proposed adjustment of the franc, the House turned again to discuss the Exchange Equalisation Account Bill. Mr. DALTON registered the Opposition's approval, and welcomed what he took to be the growing ascendency of the Treasury over the Bank of England; Mr. Воотнву urged that the franc should not be bolstered up above its true level; Mr. LANSBURY contributed the magnificent suggestion than an island should be converted into an international vault for gold; and Sir John Simon protested against unfair attacks on the Governor of the Bank.

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## Problem

["I am constantly hearing of quite large men who are always trying to throttle very small women, and they never succeed.

It is a marvel to me."—Mr. Justice Langton.]

- I HAVE called on my friends to explain it; not one of them can.
- Mystery shrouds it around like the dust on a bottle.

  I refer to the curious case of the quite large man
  Who finds the very small woman so hard to throttle.
- The odds on him would appear to run into millions.
  What is her secret? Can it be nothing but bluff?
  Is it because she is little, but full of resilience:
  Slight, but implacably bellicose: small, but tough?
- Notice how Hercules, pompous and unsuspecting, Gazes around him with one of those confident smirks, And, spying some miniature female no man is protecting, Spits on his hands and advances to give her the works.
- "Call a policeman!" But, Madam, there 's not the least danger.
  - "Send for the ambulance!" Sir, you'll be sorry you spoke.

- That very small woman is able to deal with the stranger; In spite of his efforts, he cannot induce her to choke.
- She's getting him rattled; he feels like the merest beginner.
- Something is wrong, though he cannot remember a slip. Is it his health? (Am I over-indulging at dinner?)

  Or is it a technical fault? (Should I alter my grip?)
- Could the lady elucidate? Power of mind over matter?
  Or passive resistance conducted with desperate skill?
  (It might be the former; it certainly might be the latter.)
  - Ju-jitsu perhaps? Or some new and omnipotent pill?
- Citizens, flat in the sun to be roast or boiled! Here is a puzzle to solve—a hot-weather trifle:
- Think of the quite large men who are always foiled
  By very small women they never can manage to
  stifle.
  R. M.



"HAS HE GOT ANY VICE?"

"AH! YOU SHOULD 'EAR IT SOMETIMES OF A NIGHT."

# On the Impressiveness of Lists

HERE is some fodder for the psychologists.

A few years ago, if an ox escaped from its custodian while on the way to market the matter was reported in the popular Press something in this manner: "An ox, which made a sudden dash for liberty in the streets of Clumber yesterday, eluded its pursuers for nearly half an hour and did considerable damage before being recaptured. It ran into a builder's yard, jumped the hedge into a neighbouring garden and took refuge in Mrs. R. T. Mason's kitchen, where it was with difficulty secured." There followed a short interview with Mrs. Mason and perhaps a photograph of the good lady standing in her dishevelled kitchen. What happens if an ox indulges in the same liberties to-day? The interview and the photograph remain, but the opening paragraph (you may have noticed) reads rather differently:

"For nearly half an hour yesterday a runaway ox at Clumber (Wores.) defied every effort at recapture. During

its spell of liberty it

Ran into a builder's yard Knocked over two trestles and a pot of paint

Jumped a five-foot hedge

Flattened a bed of prize dahlias

Entered a room in which an elderly widow was sitting alone

Overturned a quart jug of milk and Put its foot into a beefsteak pie."

This journalistic habit of making a list, simply for the sake of making a list, is now so common that it seems to me clearly a case for the psychologists to look into—and goodness knows they don't need much encouraging. I mean of course that it's the psychology of the public they ought to look into, not of the journalists. Anybody who looks into a journalist's psychology does so at his own risk. It's the great boneheaded public, the "Constant Reader"

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. AND WHEN I WOKE UP HE WAS GONE."

and "Admirer of your Great Paper" that is responsible for the degraded practice. The newspapers merely supply what their readers demand. So we have got to face the fact that the public (of which I am proud to be a member) is list-conscious. Its communal intellect has now sunk so low that a mere aggregation of facts, however trivial, is enough to impress it that events of great weight and moment have been stirring. To read that a gale of unparalleled strength and ferocity has swept the coasts of Britain means nothing to that mighty mind, but when it learns that this same gale

Removed the hats of eleven licensed victuallers at

Turned a night-watchman's hut inside out at Blackpool

Blew the feathers off a duck belonging to Mrs. Eliza Crook of Sandown, Isle of Wight,

then it wipes its brow and puffs out its cheeks and says,

"Phew, what a night!"

If anybody is inclined to argue that the rush of modern life, the need for news in an easily readable form, the improved appearance of the newspaper page, or any cause whatsoever other than the charm of lists for lists' sake is at the back of this phenomenon, let him consider what happens when B. B. Thrupp of Slopshire (that great cricketer) makes 522 not out—

"Thrupp's magnificent innings, the highest ever put together in first-class cricket, broke many long-standing records, among them being

Highest individual total in first-class ericket

Highest score for Slopshire

Highest score recorded against Parkshire

Biggest innings on Dumford Ground

His own individual best."

Four-fifths of that list adds nothing at all to the sum of human knowledge, but it *looks* good. It has the same cumulative effect on the imbecile reader as those advertisements for Dr. Gulliver's Powders, so familiar to us all. You might have thought that Dr. Gulliver, having announced that his powders

Restore Perfect Health to All,

would rest content with that ample recommendation. But no, he knows his public. So he adds

Give abounding vitality

Banish ill-health

Ensure the proper functioning of the digestive organs Eliminate indisposition

Bestow that priceless "Well" feeling,

and all we miserable invalids, carried away by the thought of getting all that for sixpence, fill in the coupon right away.

What the future has in store for us, when literature and letters (in the postal sense) and perhaps even the very speech of common men is infected with this virus, I dare not think. I prefer to dwell thankfully on the fact that we can always find freedom from it in the literature of the past. If it were not so, if VIRGIL and CICERO and SHAKESPEARE and GOETHE and DANTE and all your other favourite authors had hit on the idea that a list is always more impressive than a properly constructed sentence, their work would have lost, it seems to me, something of beauty. Try rewriting Hamlet on this plan and you will see what I mean. The very thought

Harrows up my soul

Freezes my young blood Makes my two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres

Parts my knotted and combined locks and—
Causes each particular hair to stand on end like quills
(as you have probably guessed) upon the fretful
porpentine.

H. F. E.

## At the Revue

"FLOODLIGHT" (SAVILLE)

Mr. Beverley Nichols is oversorry for too many people. His sym-



ANOTHER SONG OF THE SHIRT The Washerwoman . . MISS HERMIONE

BADDELEY

pathies do him credit, but they impede his success as a writer of revue, if it is agreed that the object of revue is to entertain rather than to edify the public

In the space of this programme he records his commiseration, in separate items, with:

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(1) Unmarried women, for having to sublimate their affections on dogs;

(2) Girls who, in the absence of swains, are driven to the pathetic expedient of buying their own flowers;

(3) Lift-girls, for constantly having to act as agents in the furnishing of domestic bliss, in which they may never participate (though of course they may);

(4) Washerwomen, simply for being washerwomen, and

(5) Paid hostesses, for being responsible for the success of parties attended exclusively by degenerates and boors.

Now, although it may be argued that (1) and (5) are genuine cases, it seems to me that Mr. Nichols throws his compassionate net recklessly wide. Lift-girls work pretty hard, but on the other hand their job is at least kaleidoscopic; and so do washerwomen, but many of them take a tremendous pride in their skill. A glance through the fascinating lists in the G.P.O. Buff Book suggests any number of infinitely

more objectionable occupations. The lot of the Offal Dressers and of the Licensed Horse Slaughterers, to mention only two, compares very unfavourably with that of Mr. Nichols' selections; and this uncertain discrimination between real and false sentiment is a weakness evident in much of this programme.

As a result the stuff is extremely At the top of the credit column comes a clever song, witty and crisp and immensely shoutable, which will surely girdle the Englishspeaking world and earn the brief fame of its kind; while at the bottom of the debit column come several sketches so poor that a concert-party could scarcely hope to raise a laugh with them. The song, which is the reproof of a host to a guest who has profaned his table by passing the port anti-clockwise, shows how funny Mr. Nichols can be; yet certain sketches show how curiously immature is his sense of humour, drop ping occasionally to the kind of fourthform innuendo which is as ineffective as it is unexpected from a writer of his distinction and in a programme which is otherwise most laudably antiseptic.

As a satirist he is here sometimes very nearly good, but he suffers from an inability to disguise the depth of his own feelings. He is apt to blunt his cutting-edge, so to speak, by putting too much force into the stroke. A per-



INTRODUCING A POET NAMED WORDSWORTH

MISS FRANCES DAY

fect example of what I mean is the sketch in which a Varsity cox finds himself, elated with victory on the evening of the race, amongst a group of unwashed intelligentsia. They mock his manly transports, and, having put up with their bad manners for a decent interval, he turns and rends them. It is an excellent situation, and the cox has everyone's full backing; but he disappoints us sadly by being angry instead of ironical.

Mr. Nichols' music seemed to me



WHAT A HOUSE-AGENT'S CLERK HAS TO PUT UP WITH

She. . . . MISS FRANCES DAY
Clerk . . . MR. MICHAEL ANTHONY
He . . . . MR. JOHN MILLS

to maintain a very fair level; there are a number of easily-singable tunes, which are what is wanted.

After "The Port Never Goes to the Right" I put on the credit side a first-rate little comic ballet, beautifully staged, in which Sir Thomas Becton conducts a kitchen staff in the execution of a culinary nocturne—a neatidea; an ingenious use of Wordsworth for a daffodil-song; a scene from the Duchess of Richmond's ball before Waterloo, which provided a fine spectacle and a good song; décor, by Mr. René Huber, distinctly above the average; and a production by Mr. Denis Freeman, which, though too slow in starting, was marked throughout by a most intelligent use of lighting.

Miss Frances Day graces the revue exquisitely with her delicate metallic beauty and her gentle charm. I liked the way she sang the Waterloo and the daffodil songs. Miss Hermione Baddeley is as clever as always and comes as near as is possible to disguising the inadequacy of her material. Mr. John Mills once more shows himself a light comedian who can shoulder the main burden of an evening, and Mr. Lyle Evans takes his limited chances of being funny in a very sure manner.

# Mr. Silvertop's Nephew's Acquisition

While Mr. Silvertop was performing a major operation on my toasting-machine, which had lost what little influence it had ever had over bread, we discussed regretfully the decline of the horse.

"What I finds 'ighly stignificant of the times," he said, "is the way all of a sudden an animal's almost been for gotten, if you bars 'unting and racing, what's done more than arf man's work for 'im ever since the beginning. If you take what 'appened the other day to my nephew 'Arold at Noomarket it about sums the 'ole thing up. It wasn't 'Arold's fault that 'e'd never so much as stroked an 'orse in 'is life. 'Is dad's a foreman in the screwstopper trade, and 'e'd been brought up in the 'eart of London, where it was nat'ral enough 'e come to think only in nuts and bolts.

"Well, being a mechanic at a gararge in Suffolk and 'aving picked up the 'abit of 'aving an occasional bob on a nag—a very 'uman boy, 'Arold is, I'm thankful to say—'e reckoned it was time 'e 'ad a dekko at the races in person to try and figure out why it was 'is 'orses always come in last. So 'is first free day 'e scraped 'is cash together and 'eaded 'is old bike for Noomarket.

"As it 'appened the first race that afternoon was one of these 'ere selling-plates where the three 'orses what run quickest 'ave to be sold off, and 'Arold found 'imself standing in a crowd round a sort of auction. The nag what 'ad won, a natty-looking brute, soon runs up to a couple of 'undred guineas, and the second, 'aving only missed the post by the fluff on its eyelid, goes for an 'undred-and-seventy. But when they come to the third the crowd lets out an 'ell of a laugh, like as if George Robey 'imself was being walked round the ring.

"'What's the joke?' ses 'Arold to the next chap.

"'Take a look at 'im, old boy,' see 'e. 'E can't rightly stand up without 'is cab to lean on.'

"Well, of course the nag looked much like the others to 'Arold, except, 'e ses, for the 'urt, 'umiliated look in its eye at the way the crowd was a-carrying on. 'Arold ses 'e'd never felt so sorry for any creature before. All of a sudden it spotted 'Arold, and a queer spikic current seemed to pass between 'em. It let out a kind of dull yelp, and 'Arold felt a quick prickly feeling run down 'is spine. The next moment 'e'd determined to start the bidding, just to give the pore brute a bit of encouragement. 'E reckoned 'e could safely go a fiver.

"'Nah then,' shouts the bloke on the rostrum, 'ere's an animal for you, gentlemen. The only reason it 'asn't won the Derby's because it's always been too busy elsewhere.'

"'Up an' down from the station!' cries a wag.

"'Come on, gents,' ses the auctioneer. ''Oo said a thousand guineas?' The crowd 'ad a good laugh at that, and they 'ad a bigger still when 'Arold piped up with 'is bid of five quid. 'Any advance on five?' asks the auctioneer. 'Aren't there no butchers amongst you?' The crowd went on laughing, and 'arf a minute later, feeling proper dazed, 'Arold was 'anded



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"FRIGHTFULLY SORRY, I THOUGHT I COULD JUST SQUEEZE PAST YOU."

a receipt for 'is money and a bit of rope with the 'orse on the other end.

" 'What's 'e called?' asks 'Arold.
" 'One of them French names,' ses
the auctioneer, 'they all sounds the
same to me.'

"'Then I'll call 'im George,' ses 'Arold, and the 'orse 'imself seemed quite pleased at that.

"Well, 'Arold 'adn't 'ad 'is lunch, and 'e could see George could do with a bite after 'is long walk in the country, but for the life of 'im 'e couldn't remember what 'orses eat.

"'Can you tell me what 'orses run on, mate?''e asks a bandy little cove.

"'Sometimes it's turf and sometimes mud,' was the answer, 'but yours'd 'it its reel form on cobblestones.' That's the trouble at Noomarket, as 'Arold was to find outhese 'orsey little blokes fancy 'emselves something chronic as wags. After 'e'd stopped another and been told as 'ow 'orses lived on 'orsedervrers,' e took George off to an openair bar and split a dozen beef sandwiches with 'im, which the 'orse didn't 'arf lick 'is lips over.

" 'Thirsty, old boy?' asks 'Arold.

"'You bet I am!' ses George in all but word.

"'Pint for me, Miss, and a quart for my chum,' ses 'Arold. 'You'd better put it in a basin so 'e can get down to it proper.' 'Arold ses by the time George 'ad sunk it all the 'umiliation was wiped off 'is dial as if by magic. 'E was like a new 'orse, and 'e just stood there sort of giggling down 'Arold's neck.

"By then 'Arold 'ad 'ad time to think over 'ow 'opeless it was for 'im to keep George, even though they was getting so pally. 'E was living in digs, you see, with a reg'lar old 'arpy of a landlady 'oo wasn't too keen on 'im 'aving a puppy, let along a full-grown racing-'orse. So, 'Any of you blokes care to buy 'im cheap at a tenner?' 'e asks. 'You ought to let 'im out for advertising as a sandwich-'orse,' somebody shouts, and there was an 'earty laugh. 'A fiver?' see 'Arold. 'Come on, 'ow about two-pun-ten? Oh, all right, 'ell to the lot of you! 'E's too nice an 'orse for the likes of you.' And 'e stalks

off with George to watch the rest of the racing, what 'e ses it was easy to see George would far rather watch than run in.

Well, by the evening, when 'e'd tried George as a gift on nearly everyone in Noomarket, things was beginning to look black, for 'e 'ad to be getting back a matter of eighty miles and 'e knew 'e couldn't take the nag on 'is pillion. Though it went against the grain 'e come to the conclusion there was only one thing to do, and so 'e did it. 'E walked George round to the quietest of the locals, filled 'im up with all the beef-sandwiches 'e could 'old, stood 'im a quart, and then, 'aving steeled 'is 'eart, took 'im along to the copper-station and tied 'im up to the railings.

"When 'e come past on 'is bike a few minutes later the last 'e saw of the old 'orse 'e was a-trying to beat time with 'is 'ooves to a dance-band over the road. 'Arold ses 'e wasn't quite up to JACK 'ULBERT, but 'e showed promise.

"Did you ever?" asked Mr. Silvertop.

# The Robbery

Spenlow's house lay a little outside Cairo. It was surrounded on three sides by trees, and its agreeable seclusion, besides affording its owner a legitimate pride, had long been a subject for favourable comment among the local burglars.

One day in May, accordingly, when a nocturnal robbery could be executed without the discomfort of cold, an informer called Mahmoud presented himself at the local police-station.

Addressing the sergeant-in-charge, Mahmoud said that he was an honest man, that his conscience invariably prompted him to tell the truth, and that he had overheard four of his acquaintances conspiring to rob Spenlow's house that very evening between nine and eleven o'clock, while Spenlow was out at dinner. The sergeant-incharge was naturally most incensed to hear this news. Leaping to his feet he struck Mahmoud in the face, as is the custom of policemen, and rebuked him severely for not having overheard the plot the previous day, instead of ineptly leaving everything till the last minute. Then, having dismissed Mahmoud with menaces, he sent for a reinforcement of six constables from Cairo and went to call upon Spenlow, He first expressed to Spenlow his amazed indignation that such an outrage should even be contemplated in his district, and then proceeded to outline the protective measures he proposed.

"For the sake of the evidence," he said, "it will be necessary to catch these sons of dogs red-handed. At half-past seven therefore I shall bring the four policemen who are attached to my own station and the six whom I have summoned from Cairo, and I shall conceal them, some in the sugarcane which grows on three sides of the house and some in the bushes which border the road on the fourth side. In this manner the house will be completely encircled, and once the thieves have started their work my intrepid men will be upon them like lightning. As for ganabak," added the sergeant, "it will be better for you to dine out as if you had heard nothing."

As no better plan presented itself to his mind, Spenlow accepted the strategy of the sergeant, and punctually at half-past seven the ten policemen arrived. They did not appear to Spenlow to be very agile policemen, and their faces, far from expressing a courageous determination to baffle the enemies of order, exhibited an anxious melancholy. They took up their allotted posts with an air of reluctance and foreboding, and their trembling was so marked as visibly to agitate the bushes and patches of sugar-cane in which they concealed themselves. Spenlow surveyed their preparations with a certain disquiet, and by way of an extra precaution privately instructed his servant Awad to remain on the premises and prevent the thieves from doing any actual damage to the house before their arrest. He then departed in his car, leaving matters to Awad.

This Awad was a large fierce man, who had spent his youth in smuggling hashish across the desert, and the thought that any town-bred burglar should dare to harbour designs on a house of which he was the guardian filled him with the utmost rage and contempt. He stropped the chopper on the palm of his hand and concealed himself behind the kitchen-door to await the robbers.

For some time, however, nothing happened. The night was warm and moon-lit, and save for an occasional rustling among the sugar-cane and the sound of a muttered prayer in the bushes, no sound broke the stillness.



"YOU CAME ROUND CAPE HORN, CAPITAN! VY NOT THE PANAMA CANAL?" SHIVER ME TIMBERS! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT."

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Lady Barrister. "What is your age?"
Witness. "About the same as yours, Madam."

The clock in Spenlow's dining-room struck ten and Awad began to fear that the thieves had thought better of their plan. But at last, just as he had laid down the chopper with a disappointed shake of the head, he saw four men approaching along the road. The men walked circumspectly, and when they reached the garden-gate they paused and held a furtive consultation among themselves. apparently satisfied from the darkness of the house that the coast was clear, they began to creep across the lawn, and Awad noted that they were armed with a variety of carpenter's tools, such as chisels and hammers, which would be useful for prising open a window.

Grasping his chopper with a grim satisfaction, Awad waited until the robbers had actually inserted a chisel into the frame of the drawing-room window and then leaped suddenly out upon them with a terrifying roar. The robbers were aghast. Without hesitation they turned and fled at full speed, uttering loud and dolorous cries and hotly pursued by Awad. At the same moment the ten policemen, on a signal from the sergeant, rose from their places of concealment and advanced slowly upon the house. But when, instead of four robbers peacefully engaged in their occupation, they saw five desperate villains armed with chisels, hammers and choppers and apparently charging them at full speed their hearts failed them. Realising with dismay that they had no instructions to cover this contingency, they turned and fled.

Mahmoud the informer observed this scene with interest from the shelter of a nearby tree. When the sounds of the chase had grown faint in the distance he cautiously descended and looked about him. Finding himself alone and unobserved, he softly approached the house. The chisel which the robbers had left sticking in the window-frame was still in position. To Mahmoud the opportunity seemed too good to miss. He drew a hammer from the folds of his galabiya and set to work.



"This one, Madam, is worn over the left eye, with the hair done in ringlets and the mouth slightly open."

## Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Iliaci Cineres

A NOTABLY fine American novel of the War of Secession, None Shall Look Back (Constable, 8/6) opens on a Kentucky plantation whose sons have just returned from their seminary to enlist. You get to know, rather tortuously perhaps, the Allard family and their Confederate neighbours; and you are undeniably recompensed for a rather dilatory prelude by such delightful genre painting as the Allard family banquet (with its slices of peacocks' breast) and such enchanting feats of characterisation as the portrait of Susan Allard, devoted servant of her slaves. But once charming Lucy has married Rives, her cousin, and, after an austere honeymoon, despatched him to fight for General FORREST, the pace—a superb and heroic pace—quickens and is maintained to the end. The point of view is Southern throughout; and the spectacle of runaway slaves returning to the mistresses who have nursed and tended them, and Yankee prisons and their negro guards bullying the champions of Secession, renders not only credible but vivid that English sympathy which-cotton and gun-running apart-was so notoriously with the South. Miss CAROLINE GORDON'S narrative has undeniably a graceful way with it, and her gratefully picturesque imagination is kept sensitively in hand.

## The Green Pulse

The south-west wind goes glorious and rainy
And sunshine hunts the flying shower;
This is their book—My Ireland; Lord Dunsany
Has made it of a fairy fortunate hour.
Here are a hundred memories, chaplets strung
As pearls upon a string, white dawn, grey eve,
And here, as when in Tara Conn was young,
The leprechaun still plucks the passer's sleeve.

The bards are here and here are the fox-hunters—Yes, here a man may set his teeth
And face the black fence, the black ditch, confronters
Of all who'd follow Warson and the Meath.
And now the fowl are flighting and the dusk
- Is full of bugles and of pinion-pant;
The wisps of teal dip down the void's wan husk,
Sound the grey lag, afar and jubilant.

This is a Jarrollos book, which you will order,
Of sport and poetry, while at hand
The kingdom is that lies beyond Man's border
Which some folk call The Shi, some Fairyland,
And all, as I suppose, The Land of Youth
Where maid Kilmeny came through the green
glen

To meet—I'd not say whom, save that, in sooth, Those waiting her were "not Duneira's men."

#### **Imaginary Conversation-Pieces**

Bored, perhaps, by its rather self-conscious audacities and lured by its discernment and wit, readers of Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN'S latest batch of Victorian playlets will get their maximum of pleasure out of a second reading. Their appreciation will then be selective, governed, probably, by a recognition that the literary is Mr. HOUSMAN'S strongest suit; that personalities interest him more than politics; and that he is at his (admittedly rare) worst when treating the improprieties—and proprieties—of the Victorian age with a kind of Shandean snigger. The result is that "Echo de Paris," with its charming reminiscence of the days and dialect of "Oscar"; "The Fire-Lighters," with its unspoken hint of the real fate of Carlyle's French Revolution MS.; "The Bed-Chamber Plot," providing good



"I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT-WE'RE KEEPING TO THE FOOTPATH."

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THE CRINOLINE



Chair Proprietor. "Would you please to pay for the cheers, Mum?" Lady. "How much?"

Chair Proprietor. "Well, Mum-how many might you be a sittin' on?"

John Leech, July 9th, 1859.

straight parts for Victoria and Melbourne; and "The Man of Business," in so far as it exhibits the retrospective mind of Chamberlain, are, in their different ways, little masterpieces. Yet it would almost seem that their creator has elaborated a technique whose best results are still to come; and that *The Golden Sovereign* (Cape, 10/6) should beget a still happier line of successors.

#### Fisherfolk

Mr. Leo Walmsley's Sally Lunn (Collins, 7/6) has no connection with the celebrated damsel who introduced, so we are told, the delicacy bearing her name to the teatables of eighteenth-century Bath. She is the daughter of one of two rival families of fisherfolk in the Yorkshire village of Bramblewick. Tom Fosdyck, one of the opposite faction,

plays in a sense Romeo to Sally's Juliet, though her comment on anything perfervid in the way of wooing would probably have been, "Don't talk so daft!"; and the fortunes of their love-affair provide one of the main interests of the story. It is, however, the scenes in which Sally actually plays no part which are the best in the book—those incidents in the East Coast fisherman's daily life which Mr. WALMSLEY so well knows how to describe. He never has recourse to sensationalism, but the very quietness and lack of anything in the nature of "fine writing" which characterise his style have an effectiveness of their own. There is an unhappy tendency in the work of many modern novelists to depict the lives of the world's "Saturday's children" in drab and depressing hues, a tendency which is refreshingly absent in this chronicle of the wholesome lives and loves of hardy, homely, courageous and kindly people.

## **About Films**

The admirably-produced book called Footnotes to the Film (LOVAT DICKSON, 18/-) contains articles by seventeen contributors on matters connected with the technical, artistic, commercial and sociological aspects of the most popular modern entertainment. Mr. ALFRED HITCHCOCK writes about directing, Mr. ROBERT DONAT about acting; Mr. PAUL NASH, the painter, is candidly critical about the shortcomings of colour photography; Messrs. GRAHAM GREENE and JOHN BETJEMAN deal faithfully, in different ways, with the poverty of the background detail in British films; Mr. ALISTAIR COOKE is brilliantly sensible about the function of film criticism. Other subjects treated by experts are the irksome and unsatisfactory censorship (largely to blame for that triviality of subject which is one of the worst faults of films made here), public taste, film music, the technique of handling the camera, the film in education; and the editor, Mr. CHARLES DAVY, sums up at the end. There are nearly sixty photographic illustrations (mostly "stills" from films mentioned in the text), beautifully reproduced-thirty-two of them in collotype. The book is a valuable and entertain-

ing collection of information and expert opinion, most emphatically worth having.

#### "For Ever England"

For John Drinkwater, as for Rupert Brooke, love of country was a ruling reality, and his posthumous book, Robinson of England (Methuer, 8/6), otherwise difficult to place, is one of those tributes of which the poets among her sons have offered not a few. The book is fiction deep-rooted in fact, the story of a man who found in the exhaustive study of his country, its history its heauty, its ways

its history, its beauty, its ways, a life's occupation. This Robinson Dare has two nieces and a nephew to spend a winter holiday with him in the Cotswolds; from thatvantage point he shows them a hundred aspects of England's past and present: a great house, Edgehill battlefield, Black Country slums, Aston Villa playing Arsenal, a village church, hounds in full cry. Mr. J. H. Down has illustrated this story with a fitting and lovely simplicity of line and pattern, and it will be strange and sad if many a reader does not realise through it his own love of England, and perhaps too that the poet who wrote it was in very many things his own lovable Robinson.

## A Tale of Two Cities

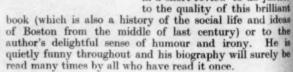
The Marsh (Cassell, 8/6) which gives Mr. Ernest Raymond a title for his new novel is the East End of London; and in a few swift pages history is epitomised from the days when the first settlers on the little hill which was one day to be crowned with St. Paul's looked across wastes of swampy fen to the Thames estuary. And the miasmas of the marsh, in Mr. Raymond's fancy, still seep up through the stones of those mean streets which have hidden it, making a new city juxtaposed, alien and hostile to the city on the hill, where the palisade has given place to the palace. The

symbolism, however, is not unduly stressed in this sincere and moving story of a young denizen of those drab flats, who, with an imagination too big and nerves too sensitive for his circumstances, drifts from a blind-alley job through unemployment, casual labour, the doss-house and the influence of crude subversive propaganda into crime and its wages. From the docks to the dock Mr. RAYMOND has painted a vivid picture of the underworld of destitution and desperation, and he portrays Danny Counsel with such understanding that the boy retains our interest and our sympathy to the tragic end. On the other hand, the implied indictment of the social scheme is never allowed to upset the artistic balance of a book in which, if a fault is to be found, it is due to a certain over-conscientiousness of treatment, a refusal to leave a single "i" undotted or "t" uncrossed.

## Correspondence Course

The Late George Apley (ROBERT HALE, 7/6) is a mock biography, and the author, Mr. John P. Marquand, posing as the contemporary of George, who was born in 1866, "edits" the letters of a Bostonian family and adds necessary

comment. He has done his work so cleverly that it is difficult to remember that George Apley is an imaginary character. He shows in his letters that he is a snob and a prudish humbug but also generous and (before his death in 1933) rather pathetic in his assurances, to the children whom he has thwarted and who puzzle him so much, that he is not really narrow-minded. He shows wisdom too sometimes "I believe that a large part of life consists of learning to be unhappy without worrying too much about it." It is impossible in a short review to do justice





"ROUGH OR SMOOTH?"
"OH-SMOOTH, PLEASE!"

#### Family Affairs

Todmanhawe Grange (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, 7/6) was not finished when Mr. J. S. FLETCHER died, and TORQUEMADA has most unobtrusively concluded it. Indeed the story as it stands is an excellent example of the care and craftsmanship which made Mr. FLETCHER's position assured among our writers of detective tales. Presumably this is the last opportunity we shall have of meeting Mr. Camberwell, an investigator who is the more attractive because he has not been encumbered by mannerisms. In these efforts to solve a complicated problem Camberwell was up against the reticence of Yorkshiremen, and for some time both he and the police were groping in an atmosphere of mystery and murder. But so ably are all of these Yorkshire folk described that, quite apart from problems, interest in their actions and reactions never flags. Of its type a very sound tale.

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## Charivaria

Some people, we read, have the wireless in their bathrooms. Presumably it saves them the trouble of singing.

"What have HITLER and MUSSO-LINI up their sleeves?" asks a writer in a daily newspaper. Whichever way one looks at the question, the answer still seems to be arms.

In some circles it is thought that the worried look that occasionally flits across Signor Mussolini's face may be due to fear that the King of Italy will one day

ask for promotion.

A woman whose husband was last heard of in Australia twenty years ago has inquired if she may presume him dead. Or at least very upset about something.

"When will a really exceptional film be offered to the public?" demands an impatient

critic. The answer to that one is always easy—all next week, of course.

\* \* \*

A retired butler says that there is an art even in opening a door. When both hands are holding a heavy tray the door should of course be gently pushed open with the front of the butler.

There is nothing, according to a learned judge, that makes a man feel more ashamed and foolish than the discovery by his wife of a letter that he has forgotten to post. Add, perhaps, the discovery of one that he has forgotten to burn.

"Why not sort through and catalogue the books you own?" asks a librarian. Personally we should hesitate to go bursting into the homes of all our friends like that.

A burglar who broke into a Highgate hosiers and outfitters put on a complete change of clothes. The police say he is dark and stands fivefeet-seven in somebody else's socks.



At the time of going to press the exact date when next the heavyweight championship of the world will not be decided has again not been decided.

"Wimbledon and Henley are over," remarks a gossip-writer, "and the next great sporting event to look forward to is Cowes week." Meanwhile Bulls Week is calmly carrying on at Bisley just as if nothing had been said.

According to Dr. Renshall, an hour or two spent by a man in the garden should be a pleasant relaxation from work. Many jobbing gardeners seem to agree with him.

Our idea of a labour-saving expert is one who always waits to make up a four before passing through a revolving-

Many wealthy overseas visi-

door.

tors claim to be of Highland descent. Some, on the other hand (say "When" if you've heard it), grow Scotch by absorption.

In some parts of China is found a form of flute from which the music is produced by inhaling. A Scottish piper

who recently tried one became so inflated that he drifted out to sea and hasn't been heard of since.

At a reception held by the winner of a large sweepstake prize, a toast was drunk to absent friends. Just in case any of them were.

Endeavouring to avoid a black cat at Peterborough, a farmer swerved, his car skidded and fifty gallons of milk were spilt on the road, the cat remaining to drink some of the milk. Black cats are of course lucky.

A fire-engine has been christened with a bottle of champagne. Until the effect has worn off it is naturally attending only the very best fires.





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#### **About Films**

The admirably-produced book called Footnotes to the Film (LOVAT DICKSON, 18/-) contains articles by seventeen contributors on matters connected with the technical, artistic, commercial and sociological aspects of the most popular modern entertainment. Mr. ALFRED HITCHCOCK writes about directing, Mr. ROBERT DONAT about acting; Mr. PAUL NASH, the painter, is candidly critical about the shortcomings of colour photography; Messrs. GRAHAM GREENE and JOHN BETJEMAN deal faithfully, in different ways, with the poverty of the background detail in British films; Mr. ALISTAIR COOKE is brilliantly sensible about the function of film criticism. Other subjects treated by experts are the irksome and unsatisfactory censorship (largely to blame for that triviality of subject which is one of the worst faults of films made here), public taste, film music, the technique of handling the camera, the film in education; and the editor, Mr. CHARLES DAVY, sums up at the end. There are nearly sixty photographic illustrations (mostly "stills" from films mentioned in the text), beautifully reproduced—thirty-two of them in collotype. The book is a valuable and entertain-

ing collection of information and expert opinion, most emphatically worth having.

#### "For Ever England"

For John Drinkwater, as for Rupert Brooke, love of country was a ruling reality, and his posthumous book, Robinson of England (Methuer, 8/6), otherwise difficult to place, is one of those tributes of which the poets among her sons have offered not a few. The book is fiction deep-rooted in fact, the story of a man who found in the exhaustive study of his country, its history, its heauty, its nearly

its history, its beauty, its ways, a life's occupation. This Robinson Dare has two nieces and a nephew to spend a winter holiday with him in the Cotswolds; from thatvantage point he shows them a hundred aspects of England's past and present: a great house, Edgehill battlefield, Black Country slums, Aston Villa playing Arsenal, a village church, hounds in full cry. Mr. J. H. Down has illustrated this story with a fitting and lovely simplicity of line and pattern, and it will be strange and sad if many a reader does not realise through it his own love of England, and perhaps too that the poet who wrote it was in very many things his own lovable Robinson.

#### A Tale of Two Cities

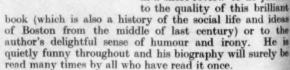
The Marsh (Cassell, 8/6) which gives Mr. Ernest Raymond a title for his new novel is the East End of London; and in a few swift pages history is epitomised from the days when the first settlers on the little hill which was one day to be crowned with St. Paul's looked across wastes of swampy fen to the Thames estuary. And the miasmas of the marsh, in Mr. Raymond's fancy, still seep up through the stones of those mean streets which have hidden it, making a new city juxtaposed, alien and hostile to the city on the hill, where the palisade has given place to the palace. The

symbolism, however, is not unduly stressed in this sincere and moving story of a young denizen of those drab flats, who, with an imagination too big and nerves too sensitive for his circumstances, drifts from a blind-alley job through unemployment, casual labour, the doss-house and the influence of crude subversive propaganda into crime and its wages. From the docks to the dock Mr. RAYMOND has painted a vivid picture of the underworld of destitution and desperation, and he portrays Danny Counsel with such understanding that the boy retains our interest and our sympathy to the tragic end. On the other hand, the implied indictment of the social scheme is never allowed to upset the artistic balance of a book in which, if a fault is to be found, it is due to a certain over-conscientiousness of treatment, a refusal to leave a single "i" undotted or "t" uncrossed.

## Correspondence Course

The Late George Apley (ROBERT HALE, 7/6) is a mock biography, and the author, Mr. John P. Marquand, posing as the contemporary of George, who was born in 1866, "edits" the letters of a Bostonian family and adds necessary

comment. He has done his work so cleverly that it is difficult to remember that George Apley is an imaginary character. He shows in his letters that he is a snob and a prudish humbug but also generous and (before his death in 1933) rather pathetic in his assurances, to the children whom he has thwarted and who puzzle him so much, that he is not really narrow-minded. He shows wisdom too sometimes-"I believe that a large part of life consists of learning to be unhappy without worrying too much about it." It is impossible in a short review to do justice





"ROUGH OR SMOOTH?"
"OH-SMOOTH, PLEASE!"

#### Family Affairs

Todmanhawe Grange (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, 7/6) was not finished when Mr. J. S. FLETCHER died, and TORQUEMADA has most unobtrusively concluded it. Indeed the story as it stands is an excellent example of the care and craftsmanship which made Mr. FLETCHER's position assured among our writers of detective tales. Presumably this is the last opportunity we shall have of meeting Mr. Camberwell, an investigator who is the more attractive because he has not been encumbered by mannerisms. In these efforts to solve a complicated problem Camberwell was up against the reticence of Yorkshiremen, and for some time both he and the police were groping in an atmosphere of mystery and murder. But so ably are all of these Yorkshire folk described that, quite apart from problems, interest in their actions and reactions never flags. Of its type a very sound tale.

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## Charivaria

Some people, we read, have the wireless in their bathrooms. Presumably it saves them the trouble of singing.

"What have HITLER and MUSSO-LINI up their sleeves?" asks a writer in a daily newspaper. Whichever way one looks at the question, the answer still seems to be arms.

In some circles it is thought that the worried look that occasionally flits across Signor Mussolint's face may be due to fear that the King of Italy will one day

ask for promotion.

A woman whose husband was last heard of in Australia twenty years ago has inquired if she may presume him dead. Or at least very upset about something.

"When will a really exceptional film be offered to the public?" demands an impatient critic. The answer to that

one is always easy—all next week, of course.

A retired butler says that there is an art even in opening a door. When both hands are holding a heavy tray the door should of course be gently pushed open with the front of the butler.

There is nothing, according to a learned judge, that makes a man feel more ashamed and foolish than the discovery by his wife of a letter that he has forgotten to post. Add, perhaps, the discovery of one that he has forgotten to burn.

"Why not sort through and catalogue the books you own?" asks a librarian. Personally we should hesitate to go bursting into the homes of all our friends like that.

A burglar who broke into a Highgate hosiers and outfitters put on a complete change of clothes. The police say he is dark and stands fivefeet-seven in somebody else's socks.



At the time of going to press the exact date when next the heavyweight championship of the world will not be decided has again not been decided.

"Wimbledon and Henley are over," remarks a gossip-writer, "and the next great sporting event to look forward to is Cowes week." Meanwhile Bulls Week is calmly carrying on at Bisley just as if nothing had been said.

According to Dr. Renshall, an hour or two spent by a man in the garden should be a pleasant relaxation from work. Many jobbing gardeners seem to agree with him.

Our idea of a labour-saving expert is one who always waits to make up a four before

passing through a revolvingdoor.

Many wealthy overseas visitors claim to be of Highland descent. Some, on the other hand (say "When" if you've heard it), grow Scotch by absorption.

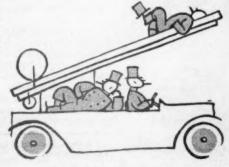
In some parts of China is found a form of flute from which the music is produced by inhaling. A Scottish piper

who recently tried one became so inflated that he drifted out to sea and hasn't been heard of since.

At a reception held by the winner of a large sweepstake prize, a toast was drunk to absent friends. Just in case any of them were.

Endeavouring to avoid a black cat at Peterborough, a farmer swerved, his car skidded and fifty gallons of milk were spilt on the road, the cat remaining to drink some of the milk. Black cats are of course lucky.

A fire-engine has been christened with a bottle of champagne. Until the effect has worn off it is naturally attending only the very best fires.





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## Sardine, Sir?

I HAVE lately discovered rather a nice place to have lunch. Its speciality is hors d'œuvre and its method of serving them is to place a hundred-and-ten varieties on a long table, give you a plate and let you go and dig for yourself.\* I mention this place because it seems to me to go far towards settling something which has haunted me all my life. I refer to the Great Hors D'Œuvre Problem. Consider. I am particularly fond of hors d'œuvre. A restaurant which will do me really proud in hors d'œuvre may feed me watery fish, an indescribably horrible entrée, a tough joint and a typical English sweet with impunity. Yet instead of making it easy for me, practically every restaurant in London makes the whole business of hors d'œuvre-eating so complicated, so nerve-wracking and so utterly infuriating that there must be thousands of hors d'œuvre lovers who regularly choose the grape-fruit cocktail or the melon simply because they cannot stand the strain.

I will pass over in silence those ghastly places where their idea of hors d'œuvre is a tired-looking sardine, a slice of tomato and a morsel of potato-salad, and speak only of civilised restaurants. One is lunching, say, with a friend. With a sinking heart but outward cheerfulness one says, "I'll have hors d'œuvre." One dismisses the waiter and begins to talk. Ere long there is a faint padding, mixed with a slight trundling noise. One's friend pauses significantly. At one's elbow have appeared two waiters—one dumb, the other, unfortunately, vocal. Upon the trolley repose a number of little dishes. There may be anything between eight and thirty. The game has begun.

Now theoretically it is all quite simple. There before you are hors d'œuvre more or less variés. All you have to do is to choose. But in practice there are a number of snags. With

\* Yes, yes; I know this is common enough in Scandinavia. But unfortunately I don't live in Scandinavia. I wish I did.



"HUSH, PERKINS, THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT."

everything else the management just gives you your share, which is presumably the amount it thinks it can afford and the amount which you will like. But with hors d'œuvre for some odd reason the whole thing is operated on a sort of gentleman's agreement. The charge is fixed, but the only thing which prevents you from having about half a pound of everything in sight is your gentlemanly instincts. And in the matter of hors d'œuvre my gentlemanly instincts are a stunted growth.

One is therefore wretchedly torn between desire and shame. If anyone produces thirty hors d'œuvre the odds are that at least twenty-five of them will be things of which I am passionately fond. Yet clearly—clearly decency demands that I shall have no more than six. I have tried having more, but at seven waiters tend to raise their eyebrows, at ten they rather pointedly go and get a bigger plate, and at fifteen I imagine they would fetch the manager.

I have never yet found a method of overcoming this difficulty. It seems to be a tradition of waiting that you shall be offered each item. The waiter begins by murmuring "Sardine, Sir?"\* and works steadily through the possibilities, with oneself saying "Yes" or "No," and finally, when one simply has not the nerve to say "Yes" again, indicating that that will do.

I have experimented with various techniques to overcome the embarrassment of that steady stream of "Yeses. I once tried cutting in on the first suave offer of a sardine by saying quickly and firmly, "I'll just have some tunny a herring a Bismarck herring an anchovy some egg some potato-salad some Russian salad some tomato a pickled walnut some pimento some pickled cabbage six Spanish olives some tongue some truffles and a section of smoked trout." But it didn't get me anywhere. The waiter just bowed gravely, picked up his servers and said softly, "Sardine, Sir?" Again, I have tried working by a system of elimination. At the first approach of the trolley I have said with decision, "I do not want any pickled cabbage or any onion," and have plunged into conversation, hoping against hope that that had made the position clear. But no. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the waiter standing patiently, but with an air of inevitability, ready to start popping the question about the sardine as soon as there should be a lull.

I cannot help feeling that with the trolley system the problem is insoluble. But even without the trolley it is not easy. I have known little restaurants in France where an order for hors d'œuvre variés (as opposed to the lump of turnip-like radish in butter which represented hors d'œuvre invariés, so to speak) brought forth some thirty little dishes which were for oneself alone. But even so it had its disadvantages. The dishes overflowed the table, and one's social sense rebels at plugging away with twenty dishes on the table and another dozen ranged round one's feet. Even in France someone might come in whom one knew. No. There is no doubt about it—my new place with the long table is the only comfortable method of serving hors d'œuvre.

Later. On thinking it over I am not quite so sure. I went to the new place to-day and did my worst amongst the hundred-and-ten varieties. But as I was returning to my table I caught the eye of the manager. He was looking at the grossly over-laden plate in my hand. He didn't exactly say anything, but I think I know what he was thinking. He was thinking it would be cheaper to go back to the trolley system. I suppose he hadn't reckoned on people who really like hors d'œuvre. . . .

<sup>\*</sup> I don't know why he always starts with sardine, but he does. You notice next time.



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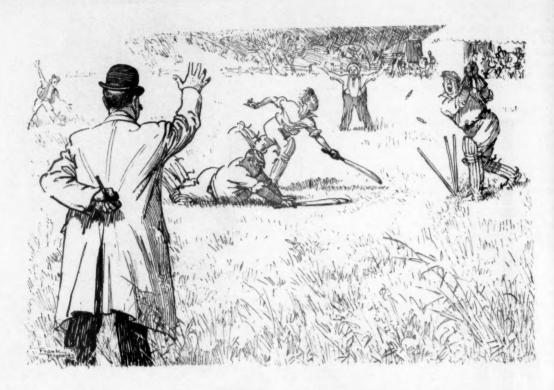
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NEW LONDON CRIES: "ANY OLD IRON!"

(With Mr. Punch's acknowledgments to a recent important S.O.S. from the B.B.C.)



"HOUT! THE BOTH OF YER."

# Keeping Healthy on Holiday: Is it Possible?

So many readers have written to inquire whether holidays are necessarily inimical to health that the time seems ripe for the publication of a few simple Holiday Health Rules, contributed by well-known medical men.

#### AT THE SEASIDE

A Medical Practitioner writes: One of the commonest causes of ill-health on holidays is over-enjoyment. Many people make the mistake of supposing that continued enjoyment is good for them. Nothing could be further from the truth. The mental state or condition which we call happiness is caused by the release of a stream of hobglobins into the blood, which tend, unless checked, to over-tax the heart and throw an almost intolerable strain on the abdominal wall. Two hours of uninterrupted contentment is probably the maximum which the average human system can stand without physiological deterioration. The old adage "Laugh and grow fat" conceals a truth which is now widely recognised by medical men.

Fortunately, once the danger is realised, the remedy is simple. Take your enjoyment wisely. After an hour or so's happy basking on the sand, a good plan is to go and look at the pier. When the tide is low, the vista of rusty iron heavily encrusted with barnacles has a saddening effect on the mind which acts as a valuable corrective. Or a scramble up the cliffs with the children may give the necessary relief.

The harmful effects of the sun, which is beneficial only in the early morning and late at night, are now fairly generally recognised by the public, but comparatively few appear to be aware of the injurious qualities of sand. Sand, it must never be forgotten, is really powdered rock and should be handled with great care by those who are unaccustomed to it. The presence of even a few pieces of flint in the ears may do lasting damage to the brain. Holding the nose and mouth and blowing outwards through the aural passages is a precaution that should never be neglected on the return to the hotel. It is a small price to pay for almost certain immunity from later mental derangement. Sand between the toes too, if casually treated, often leads to irritosis, a

kind of spasmodic twitching.

A word about bathing. Tests show that out of every to sea-bathing. Coastal municipalities are just beginning to take note of this fact, and the provision of fresh-water baths, preferably covered-in, where visitors may disport themselves without the risk of excessive salination or the devitalising buffeting of waves, constitutes a notable step forward in the direction of national health. For those who insist on entering the sea, a small waterproof first-aid box, containing a heart specific, sting-antidotes, etc., may make

all the difference between life and death.

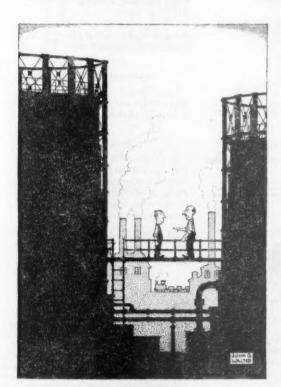
#### WALKING TOURS

Walking is perfectly safe, declares a famous Harley Street physician, so long as a number of elementary precautions are observed. For long or short journeys the ball of the foot should first be placed on the ground, then the toes, which must meet the surface with a definite gripping movement, and finally the heel. When the whole foot is firmly down the other foot may be brought up and placed in front of it in the same manner, the heel of the leading foot being raised at the moment the ball of the rear foot (which is now of course in front) touches the ground. To avoid confusion we generally speak of the right and left foot. Thus when the right foot is in front the left foot is brought up from behind and placed in advance of it, while when the left foot leads the process is reversed. Incorrect walking, such as the movement of both feet at once, particularly on sand and other yielding surfaces, leads to foot-rot or more serious pedal deformities.

Clothing must of course vary according to the structural peculiarities of the individual, but in general trousers are to be preferred to skirts, except of course in the case of women. Sandshoes, so often seen at the seaside, should be avoided by both sexes, as they tend to flatten the metatarsal arch. Hobnailed boots are better. Other points to remember when walking are: Don't walk uphill when it is possible to walk downhill. Don't cross rivers before you come to them; look for a bridge. Don't buy ices from strangers.

#### HOLIDAY GAMES

Medical men are not agreed as to beach cricket and similar seaside games. "M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P." writes: Beach cricket played with a soft ball is not harmful in moderation. The exercise and fresh air are beneficial, and



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"AND DON'T FORGET, MY BOY, THAT THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN A HEATHERINGTON IN THE SERVICE OF THE MUDDLEHAMPTON GAS COMPANY."



"WHICH WOULD YOU RECOMMEND FOR GREENFLY?"

for men on the right side of forty or even a little older the game can safely be recommended, provided care is taken not to prolong participation to the point of physical exhaustion. Gasping breath, trembling of the knees, foaming at the mouth, fainting fits or collapse of the nervous system—these are Nature's warnings that the player has had enough, and he should fall out and rest, even at the cost of forfeiting his innings. Here, as in so many departments of life, an ounce of commonsense will save a pound or perhaps two guineas of doctors' bills.

On the other hand, here is the view of a psychologist of international repute: I deplore every form of seaside ballgame. The sudden immersion of the feet—perhaps even the whole body—in water, when running for a high catch, demands from the delicate mechanism of the brain a violent readjustment to the player's altered environment which it may be unable to make with sufficient speed. The resultant shock may produce in the subject, at the best, hydrophobic tendencies, at the worst, an amphibian-complex, leading in extreme cases to an identification of the self with the seal tribe, with distressing consequences. Seaside ball-games should be played, if at all, actually in the water, when transition from one element to the other is necessarily more gradual.

## A FINAL WORD

Commenting on the Health rules supplied by these eminent doctors, Mr. Punch's own Medical Correspondent writes:

There is little to add to the excellent advice already given, but perhaps the following practical hints may be found useful.

- (1) Always carry an adequate supply of plaster and bandages. There is broken glass everywhere.
- (2) Avoid mountainous districts if high altitudes make you feel ill.
- (3) Don't forget that a change of food and scenery imposes a great strain on the nervous system. Breathe slowly and eat slowly.
- (4) Whatever you are doing try to remember that you will be back at work in a few days. This will help you to avoid over-excitement and may to some extent obviate the dangerous reaction on your return home.
- (5) Take plenty of warm clothing, look out for damp sheets, insure your life before starting, leave your address with the police, and above all DON'T WORRY. H. F. E.

# From the Ish Anthology

V.

#### TIME FOR A CHANGE

Is there any visible action With any drama in it In the whole realm of Science, Other than gazing keenly at a test-tube Held to the light?

Because if there is, Advertising men Ought to be told.

#### SLANDER

"Our foreign policy," said the cynic,
"Is the only safe kind
To have.
True, nobody in the Government
Knows from day to day
What it is;

But, by the same token, No spies know, either."

#### PEACE OF MIND

People who cannot bear An unhappy ending in fiction Read with little concern The daily tragedies of fact.

Perhaps because in stories They see themselves, whereas The newspapers deal exclusively With all those Other People.

#### EASY TO PLEASE

I don't think I am exacting. There are many things I don't want. For instance,

I am never troubled By that breakfast-time craving for Vienna waltzes played on a cinema organ Which seems to afflict

Which seems to afflict Some of my neighbours;

Nor do I demand, like the opossum, To be fed on alligators' eggs.

My wants are simple.

I think I might be humoured a bit more.

## No ECONOMY OF EFFORT

Late at night
By some dark shadowed crossing
Near the railway-arches,
When the streets stretch away
In all directions quite empty,
Almost silent,

You may still come upon
A pair of traffic-light standards
Humming and ticking to themselves,
Regularly winking at each other
With smart clicks,
Briskly and needlessly efficient.

One of Man's advantages Over the machine: He has the sense not to work When the boss isn't looking.

A YANKEE AT KING SOLOMON'S COURT

Buddy, Can you spare a dame?

#### ALL IS GRIST

"Punch as a rule,"
Writes an anonymous correspondent,
Probably a Lieut, Col.
(Postmark: Rye),
"Contains many good things.

But do close up The 'Ish Anthology,' Which is very Feeble Nonsense."

The fact that I am getting paid For copying that out Gives these lines, at least, A point That he should be able to grasp.

#### SYSTEM

"System! Efficiency!"
The manager cried.
"For instance, every week
I have a new set of these notices printed.
Brightness! Freshness!
Makes a good impression."

The notice he indicated Said "Lift Not Working."

#### SHOCK

Whenever an apparent bonehead (As sometimes happens)
Displays startling insight,
I am appalled.

Good heavens, I think, All these years All those other boneheads Have probably, after all, Been seeing through me.

#### PARDONABLE CONFUSION

"Loch Ness?
But surely——
I thought that was in Munster?"

#### MOST UNLIKELY

"Why, the odds against that—Yes, they were probably Very considerable. But just think too, Of the odds against Any combination of events.

I often marvel That anything happens At all.

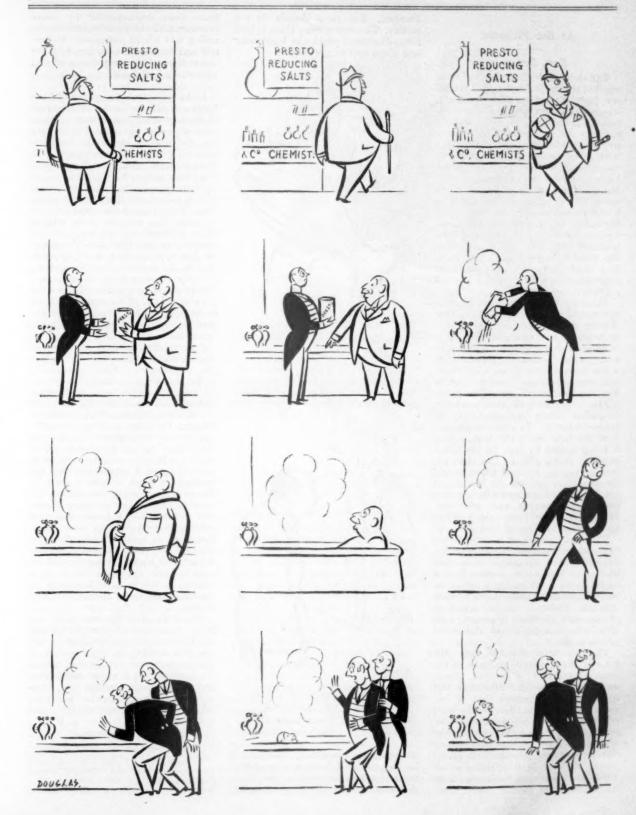
#### BY EAR

I could wish
That "A Toccata of Galuppi's"
Didn't sound so much
Like a noun of assembly. R. M.

A Complement

ON LIKEY MOOR WITH NO HAT ON, ON LIKERY MOOR WITH NO HAT ON, ON LIKERY MOOR WITH NO HAT ON, "I have not visited Henley for some years, but seem to remember that in the years before Agamemnon things were different." Letter in "Daily Telegraph."

Ah, the good old days, before there was all this confounded rowing.



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## At the Pictures

#### EMIL JANNINGS

THE claim of the Berkeley, to be the smallest theatre in London, is, I should say, justified; but once you are there, somewhere in the depths of the earth just off Lansdowne Passage (where highwaymen once rode), you are extremely comfortable; and if the films later to be shown, all "produced in countries other than England and the United States," are anything like Der Herrscher, now on view, the Berkeley's career will be distinguished indeed. For I had better at once say that Der Herrscher, in which that supreme screen actor, EMIL JANNINGS, plays the principal part, is nearly, if not quite, the finest picture I have yet seen. And incidentally it makes the most impressive, almost terrific, use of machinery.

The story, taken from HAUPTMANN'S Sonnentuntergang, here called The Iron Master, may be sombre; but there is no harm in that; rather, in these days of frivolous fakes, virtue. It shows us at first that Clausen, the industrialist, a fine commanding figure with ideals, and twenty thousand workmen under him, has lost his wife, and while watching the obsequies in the rain, and after, we gather certain facts concerning the bereaved family. In course of time we then see how the partly-broken man is being healed by love for his stenographer, Inken Peters; and then the trouble begins, because his sons and his daughters and his son-in-law and his daughter-in-law scent danger in a possible step-mother, and, after provoking Clausen to fury, agree to lodge against him a charge of lunacy.

The film consists of the display of Clausen's varying moods—his grief, his sense of justice, his delight in the new life before him, his rage when that is opposed, his final outburst when, on returning from his honeymoon, he finds that the Court is to be asked to pronounce a guardian necessary, and, after a certain period of illness, his return to peace.

There are some unjoined flats. We are told, for instance, no more of the secretary's father, a convict, whose secret was to have been influential; and it is difficult to believe that so important a person as Clausen, the head of twenty thousand workmen, who already had reason to suspect the ability of his directors and whose foundry was toiling for the Fatherland, would not have been informed of all that was happening at home, especially as he was not farther away than

Pompeii. But these details do not matter. The outstanding thing is that EMIL JANNINGS plays the ironmaster and plays him to perfection.



THE HOME-BREAKER

Herr Clausen . . . Emil Jannings

I thought the whole company adequate and beautifully subordinated, with the possible exception of Marianne Hoppe as Inken, who, in the scene



CUE FOR SOB-MUSIC: THE WALK-OUT GOOD-BYE

Fluff . . . . BETTE DAVIS
Nick Donati . . EDWARD G. ROBINSON

where she renounces both Clausen and his ring, seemed to me unconvincing. So tremendous an event in her life as this renunciation should, I thought,

have been accompanied by more emotion, and more particularly as her action was wholly repugnant to herself and concerned with her wish for the welfare of the man she loved and who was her all-in-all.

If the only other picture that I have lately seen, although a very different pair of shoes, as we say, has at times a certain sense of reality, the reason is that, here too, the leading performer has conviction. EDWARD ROBINSON is not an EMIL JANNINGS, but he is a very good film actor, and in Kid Galahad he does all that is possible to force us to believe in the seamy activities of the prizering. But if he is to continue to attract us, some day soon he must arrange for a different dénouement. At the close of every one of his films Robinson (of America) has been so consistently shot in the stomach that the element of surprise persists in us no more. Before we take our seats we know what the end will be. If, for once only, there could be a continuation of life for the poor man, everything would begin again and be changed.

I have indicated that Kid Galahad deals with the prize-ring, and in fact the appellation "Kid" practically states it. Bruisers may not always be kids, innocent and inoffensive, although with a deadly right, as this one is, but on the films Kids are always bruisers. Whether, however, even this sublimated bell-hop (and I am very doubtful if any bell-hop was ever over six feet in height) could come out of so many successful battles not only unscathed but fresh as dew, is unlikely. But he does. Never in the course of one evening have I seen so many knockouts delivered by a boxer, and such smiling imperturbability after them. So far as we could discern, the actor who plays Kid Galahad - WAYNE Morris-is really the person who engages in the fights, and if he is as capable as this he must be a very remarkable man and a menace to Holly-

This hero, and the two girls who hang upon him—Bette Davis and Jane Bryan, are capable enough; but the film is Edward Robinson's. I, personally, never tire of that impish face, alternating between satisfaction and malignancy, triumph and penitence. Long may he wave—but, for a while, he must arrange not to be shot in the stomach.

E. V. L.

#### Reassurance for the Bird World

"A misprint in my notes last week should have read blackcap, not 'blackleg,' singing at Hatchmere,"

Nature Notes in Local Paper.

## Aunt and Her Dream

Aunt always paid great attention to dreams, ever since six years ago when she dreamt, the night before the Derby, that someone in a white top-hat stood beside her bed saying, "And the twelfth horse wins!" It was so vivid that next morning she hurriedly counted down the list of runners in her paper and backed the twelfth horse. It happened to be Cameronian, which won. The fact that we later discovered she hadn't counted right, and that Cameronian was really thirteenth in her paper's list, only seemed in some obscure way both to confirm her faith in dreams and to give her a healthy contempt for superstition. She went about saying, "It only just shows," for days afterwards, and one felt it was a great pity she hadn't after all risked more than half-a-crown on the job.

The most recent, and one must admit the most extraordinary, of her dreams was that of the lift. She dream that she was shopping in Harridge's, a store she seldom used, and somehow or other found herself waiting on the ground-floor for the lift to take her up to the restaurant. She was not at the same time stark naked or leading a purple-spotted Dalmatian or anything like that—which shows how unusual the dream really was from the start.

The lift-gate opened and the attendant, a saucy blonde child in uniform, with a little mole on her chin, was just saying, "Going up!" when a commanding voice suddenly remarked in Aunt's ear, "No!" "But it is going up!" retorted Aunt, who hardly ever missed a reasonable chance of argument; whereupon the voice again cried "NO!" with such urgency that Aunt turned round to locate the importunate interrupter and probably, if I know her, to tell him a few things he didn't know about politeness, contradicting strangers, and so on. There was, however, no man at all anywhere near, and before she could turn back the gates had shut and the lift was humming upwards.

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Two weeks later a friend visiting London asked Aunt to meet her for



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This time there was no contradicting voice from behind, but it was there in Aunt's mind all right and she recognised it as a Warning. She tried to speak, to stop the innocent victims crowding in, but could not. All she could do was to stand dumbly frozen to the floor and watch the gates slide back across the doomed but unsuspecting faces. . . .

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Which, as Aunt herself would have said, only goes to show what extraordinary things dreams are. A. A.

# Epitaph for a Modern Builder

In view of what my medium was of late,
This solid stone is inappropriate:
My true memorial is rather found
In many a horrid edifice around.
Yet do not, though beholding them
aghast,

Be inconsolable; they will not last! W. K. H.

## Jungacoe-



"HULLO!-YES !!--YES !!!-



YES ?!!! -- WHO IS IT ?!!!!-



WHO IS IT !!!!!!-



On . . . IT's YOU . . .



MY DEAR, NOW PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL TO HEAR YOUR VOICE!!!"

## Le Lord Mayor

"The kilt," said Agnès Dupont decisively, "is at last démodé. The Lord Mayor is now the sensation of Paris."

That ended the matter. Agnès is the authority at our village parliament on all matters Parisian or English. She works in Paris, and sometimes spends odd fortnights at the London house.

"Nevertheless," said M. le Curé's nephew, "the kilt is a magnificent garment."

M. le Curé's nephew was natty in horizon blue, with spurs and black leggings, so that this tribute was in the nature of a magnanimous gesture from one professional man to another.

"However," he added enviously, "one is told that the Highlanders are corseted."

"That is not true," said Agnès
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"How dost thou know?" asked her

"I demanded the truth of one of them," replied Agnès simply, "and he told me."

"But this Lord Mayor?" asked Thérèse. "One hears much of him and his coachman. It is even said that it is the coachman who is sensational, not the Lord Mayor."

"The coachman is indeed a beautiful creature," admitted Agnès. "Gazing on him, one would say that the calves of the English are superb. Yet, living in London, one knows that it is not so. But in some mysterious way the Lord Mayor is sensational. The sight of the Lord Mayor in his coach is to an Englishman what the thought of the 14th of July is to us."

"That is strange," said M. le Curé's nephew, with heavy sarcasm. "Does the sight of this gilded coach then rouse them to republican transports?"

"That I do not know," said Agnès indifferently. As a modiste, she is concerned only with appearances.

"But I know," said the blacksmith triumphantly. "During the war I met an Englishman who came from London."

"Did he carry the word 'London' on his shoulders?" asked Agnès. "English soldiers have no numbers."

"This man carried the word 'HAC' on his shoulders," said the blacksmith. "He told me the meaning, but the exposition was long and confusing. However, I understood him to say that HAC is the private army of the Lord Mayor."

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"The private army?" said M. le Curé's nephew suspiciously. "Is there then more than one English army?"

"It comprised infantry, cavalry and guns," replied the blacksmith. "It was possibly a bodyguard. But he discoursed much to me of the Lord Mayor. He is really not a mayor at all. He does not wear a sash. He does not solemnise marriages. He is the King of London. Secure in his city, he can and does defy the King of England."

"And what follows?" asked Thérèse.
"Do the two kings wage war in the streets of London, the kilted men fighting the HAC? This is a story of fairies, my friend."

The blacksmith scratched his head. "The Englishman assured me," he said, "that the King of England is not allowed to enter London, except by favour of the Lord Mayor. When the King comes the Lord Mayor sends his servants to halt him in the street."

"That much is true," corroborated Agnès, "for I have seen it. They draw a cord across the roadway to stop the King's carriage."

"And suppose," said Thérèse, "that the King rode on and broke the cord. What would happen then? The English are supremely illogical."

"One would say so," admitted the blacksmith. "It is always convenable for the King to stop. Listen. The Englishman told me another fact concerning the Lord Mayor. His power is such that the King's soldiers, when they march through London, must unfix their bayonets and silence their drums. Did they not do so, the HAC would combat them and force them to turn back."

"Is this true, Agnès?" demanded Thérèse.

"It may be so," replied Agnès. "I do not know. The English are a curious nation. They love old customs. This may be one."

"It has always been so, since the time of the Duke of Normandy. The men of London rejoice to think that their forefathers were unsubdued. London fought the Kings of England and defeated them. The leader of the men of London was always the Lord Mayor."

"That," said old Dupont, the schoolmaster, "is why the servants of the Lord Mayor look on Paris with such a look. When I saw the photographs I said, 'Here is the cool insolence of the English menial.' But no, it is the aplomb of the tyrant-slayers. Was not a tyrant's head cut off in London? Did not your Englishman of the HAC mention this?"



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

ABSENCE OF ENTHUSIASM FOR ANSWERING LETTERS

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poor and distressed. No sooner does he hear of an accident, a disaster, a pestilence, than he calls to him the rich men of London and summarily demands a contribution. This money he gives freely to the widow and the orphan. Listen, my friends. This Lord Mayor and his coachman are not purse-proud aristocrats. They are defenders of the people against the King, spoilers of the rich, fit members of the Popular Front, one would almost say Communists. Long live the Lord Mayor and his coachman!" W. G.

## Creed of an Impoverished Gentlewoman

- I BELIEVE in the survival of the strongest,
- I believe in the power of wealth, believe that he who stays rich the
- Finds the most happiness and health.

- I believe in endless acquisitions,
- I believe in taking what I can.
- I believe in serving my ambitions
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  man.
- I believe in caviar and petits pois, The centre of the fifth row of the
- I believe in swimming-pools and fraises des bois.
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- I believe a fortnight in Gibraltar Encourages the tired or trembling heart.
- I believe, though virtue be applauded, That to be honest is to be absurd,
- I believe that good goes unrewarded, And he that hath shall have the final word. V. G.

## At the Pictures

#### EMIL JANNINGS

THE claim of the Berkeley, to be the smallest theatre in London, is, I should say, justified; but once you are there, somewhere in the depths of the earth just off Lansdowne Passage (where highwaymen once rode), you are extremely comfortable; and if the films later to be shown, all "produced in countries other than England and the United States," are anything like Der Herrscher, now on view, the Berkeley's career will be distinguished indeed. For I had better at once say that Der Herrscher, in which that supreme screen actor, EMIL JANNINGS, plays the principal part, is nearly, if not quite, the finest picture I have yet seen. And incidentally it makes the most impressive, almost terrific, use of machinery.

The story, taken from HAUPTMANN'S Sonnentuntergang, here called The Iron Master, may be sombre; but there is no harm in that; rather, in these days of frivolods fakes, virtue. It shows us at first that Clausen, the industrialist, a fine commanding figure with ideals, and twenty thousand workmen under him, has lost his wife, and while watching the obsequies in the rain, and after, we gather certain facts concerning the bereaved family. In course of time we then see how the partly-broken man is being healed by love for his stenographer, Inken Peters; and then the trouble begins, because his sons and his daughters and his son-in-law and his daughter-in-law scent danger in a possible step-mother, and, after provoking Clausen to fury, agree to lodge against him a charge of lunacy

The film consists of the display of Clausen's varying moods-his grief, his sense of justice, his delight in the new life before him, his rage when that is opposed, his final outburst when, on returning from his honeymoon, he finds that the Court is to be asked to pronounce a guardian necessary, and, after a certain period of illness, his

return to peace.

There are some unjoined flats. We are told, for instance, no more of the secretary's father, a convict, whose secret was to have been influential; and it is difficult to believe that so important a person as Clausen, the head of twenty thousand workmen, who already had reason to suspect the ability of his directors and whose foundry was toiling for the Fatherland, would not have been informed of all that was happening at home, especially as he was not farther away than

Pompeii. But these details do not matter. The outstanding thing is that EMIL JANNINGS plays the ironmaster and plays him to perfection.



THE HOME-BREAKER

Herr Clausen . . . EMIL JANNINGS

I thought the whole company adequate and beautifully subordinated, with the possible exception of MARI-ANNE HOPPE as Inken, who, in the scene



CUE FOR SOB-MUSIC: THE WALK-OUT GOOD-BYE

. . . BETTE DAVIS Nick Donati . . EDWARD G. ROBINSON

where she renounces both Clausen and his ring, seemed to me unconvincing. So tremendous an event in her life as this renunciation should, I thought.

have been accompanied by more emotion, and more particularly as her action was wholly repugnant to herself and concerned with her wish for the welfare of the man she loved and who was her all-in-all.

If the only other picture that I have lately seen, although a very different pair of shoes, as we say, has at times a certain sense of reality, the reason is that, here too, the leading performer has conviction. EDWARD ROBINSON is not an EMIL JANNINGS, but he is a very good film actor, and in Kid Galahad he does all that is possible to force us to believe in the seamy activities of the prizering. But if he is to continue to attract us, some day soon he must arrange for a different dénouement. At the close of every one of his films Robinson (of America) has been so consistently shot in the stomach that the element of surprise persists in us no more. Before we take our seats we know what the end will be. If, for once only, there could be a continuation of life for the poor man, everything would begin again and be changed.

I have indicated that Kid Galahad deals with the prize-ring, and in fact the appellation "Kid" practically states it. Bruisers may not always be kids, innocent and inoffensive, although with a deadly right, as this one is, but on the films Kids are always bruisers. Whether, however, even this sublimated bell-hop (and I am very doubtful if any bell-hop was ever over six feet in height) could come out of so many successful battles not only unscathed but fresh as dew, is unlikely. But he does. Never in the course of one evening have I seen so many knockouts delivered by a boxer, and such smiling imperturbability after them. So far as we could discern, the actor who plays Kid Galahad - WAYNE Morris-is really the person who engages in the fights, and if he is as capable as this he must be a very remarkable man and a menace to Holly-

This hero, and the two girls who hang upon him-BETTE DAVIS and JANE BRYAN, are capable enough; but the film is EDWARD ROBINSON'S. I, personally, never tire of that impish face, alternating between satisfaction and malignancy, triumph and peni-tence. Long may he wave—but, for a while, he must arrange not to be shot in the stomach. E. V. L.

## Reassurance for the Bird World

"A misprint in my notes last week should have read blackcap, not 'blackleg,' singing at Hatchmere.

Nature Notes in Local Paper.

## Aunt and Her Dream

Aunt always paid great attention to dreams, ever since six years ago when she dreamt, the night before the Derby. that someone in a white top-hat stood beside her bed saying, "And the twelfth horse wins!" It was so vivid that next morning she hurriedly counted down the list of runners in her paper and backed the twelfth horse. It happened to be Cameronian, which won. The fact that we later discovered she hadn't counted right, and that Cameronian was really thirteenth in her paper's list, only seemed in some obscure way both to confirm her faith in dreams and to give her a healthy contempt for superstition. She went about saying. "It only just shows," for days afterwards, and one felt it was a great pity she hadn't after all risked more than half-a-crown on the job.

The most recent, and one must admit the most extraordinary, of her dreams was that of the lift. She dreamt that she was shopping in Harridge's, a store she seldom used, and somehow or other found herself waiting on the ground-floor for the lift to take her up to the restaurant. She was not at the same time stark naked or leading a purple-spotted Dalmatian or anything like that—which shows how unusual the dream really was from the start.

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Two weeks later a friend visiting London asked Aunt to meet her for



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## Black Fairies:

or, Mr. Mafferty Deprecates a Drug.

"I SEE there's a new drug manufactured." said Mr. Mafferty, "by the name of energenerbenzine, or the like of that, for the comfort of the soul and the stimulation of the body when the times are hard."

"I know," said my poor friend Poker. "They say it's wonderful. I've been wondering whether I should try it next time I have to make a speech.

"I would not, then," said Mr. Mafferty, "for no good ever came of that. Did ye never hear the story of Holy Harkness, was at the Colonial Office?

We denied all knowledge of Holy Harkness.

"Well," said Mr. Mafferty, "it's a true tale, but I forget what year it would be and manny of the small particulars. Mr. Lancaster, I know, was Chancellor of the Exchequer, an' the cause of the trouble besides. For he had a great Bill to introduce in the House of Commons-I wouldn't swear what was the name of it now: but it was one of them long-winded, unintelligible, arithmetical, complicated, pantechnicons of Bills that no man outside the Civil Service understands from the day they're printed to the day they become law: an' after that there's only a section here an' there that even the judges understand. Annyway, it would be three hours or more, they thought, before George Lancaster would come to an end of speakin' on the Second Readin', an' he a sick and sufferin' man at that time by reason he was a vegetarian an' cluttered up his stomach

with vitamins an' the like of that. "So he goes to his doctor an' he says, 'What way will I be fit for this ordeal at all?' An' the doctor says, 'Why not a small Irish whisky on the Table?

"'Have you forgotten me fine principles?' says Lancaster. 'Isn't it the member I am for the Pembroke Boroughs?'—or some such place. 'I wouldn't be seen with whisky in the House, whatever accidents might hap-

pen in the home.'

"'Well,' says the doctor, 'it's a quare pernickety crowd you are. But I'll give you something in a glass will look like water an' smell like water, but has a kick like a mad mule. Take it when you're a dead man an' it's a live lion you'll be quickly. But don't take it before or I'll not be answerable for the consequences. Keep it, maybe, for the third hour of your fine oration.

'I will so,' says Lancaster, an' he does so, surely: for it's a quare small mouse of a man he was an' fearful of consequences all his life. Well, he speaks an' he speaks for an hour an' a half, or maybe more, feebler an' feebler with every clause, an' the glass of physic handy on the Table, but he won't touch a drop of it till the two hours is done. But about Clause 157 the poor feller's half-faintin' on his feet, as annyone can see, an' the Prime Minister pulls him down. They have the debate adjourned till another day, an' the next Order on the paper is called.

"Now the next Order was Drains

and Sewers-

"Are you quite sure of your facts?" said Poker. "I don't remember read-

"Why would I tell you a lie?" said Mr. Mafferty. "The next Order was the estimates for the Colonial Office-Class Two, Vote 8-I remember the details now-

'I thought you said it was Drains

and Sewers?

"It's a quare thing," said Mr. Mafferty, "if a man can't make a mistake without rudeness comin' to him. It was not the Drains but the Colonial Office: an' the Liberal Party had put the same down for discussion, by reason of the brutal treatment of the native population of the Protectorate of Tarawoa, especially the village maidens, an' they continually kissed an' cuddled by the coffee-planters an' public-school-boys. Or so the Liberals said.

"Well, then uprises Holy Harkness. is Under-Secretary, an' the whole House goes out, savin' a few Liberals an' a small Whip or two, an' the Speaker himself. For Harkness was a dull dog, an' that's a compliment to the feller. He was so dull he could fill the smokin'rooms an' bars with a couple of sentences. He was sodull you could see the Speaker wrigglin' in his Chair. When Harkness made a small speech the Strangers' Gallery was empty for days afterwards. It wasn't a mild kind of sucty dullness. you understand, but a malignant dullness. It gave you a pain. He was so dull the Serjeant-at-arms could hardly sleep through him.

Well, he began with a grand tale of the scenery of Tarawoa, an' he just back from a visit to the Colonies. An' out they went, sweepin' the Whips aside like men runnin' from a fire. Several Members fought their way out of the buildin' itself, screamin' for air, an' two applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, the way they'd be in no danger of hearin' Harkness again. An' the Speaker went out for his tea.

"Well, while the tumult was dyin' down, he sees a glass of water on the Table an' takes a great swig at it. An' he seems to stagger on his pins a little,

but he says:

"'An' now, Mr. Deputy-Speaker, with regard to the allegations of honourable Members in respect of the native women of Tarawoa an' the policy of the Government in relation to the same.

"Well, that sounded like the usual form, an' they began to stampede out of the galleries. But then he says:

"'I can assure you, Mr. Deputy-Speaker, that the women of Tarawoa are definitely the goods.

"Then there was a hush in the House the like of which had never been known, an' Holy Harkness speakin'. One of the Whips woke up, an' the people paused as they crept out of the

Gallery

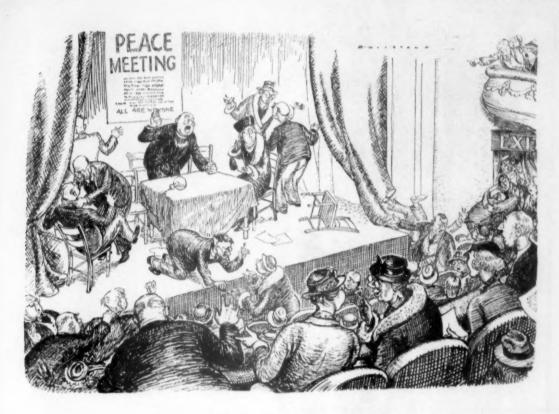
"'I've seen 'em dancin'!' says he. 'I've seen their beautiful black bodies in the moonlight. I've seen 'em dancin' the Poi-Woi Dance half-naked round the camp-fire. I've seen them in the Wo-Wo Dance. I've seen the Feast of the Sacred Ant. An', believe me, Sir-Mr. Deputy-Speaker, I find it difficult to find words the way I'd be describin' adequately the beauty of them dancers. Fairies, Mr. Deputy-Speaker. That's what they are.

'Black fairies?' says an honourable Member.

"'Certainly, Sir,' says Holy Harkness in a rage. 'Black fairies. Why



WE ALL HAVE TO MAKE MISTAKES SOMETIMES, MISS HISLOP."



"THE DEAR GENERAL WILL BE SO SORRY HE MISSED THIS."

not? Is it to be said that this great Empire, mistress—nay, mother of so many millions of coloured people, is going to confine the appellation of fairy to those delicious an' supernatural beins' which happen to be white? Never! Mr. Deputy-Speaker, Sir, in the Wo-Wo Dance—

"Feelin' a little dry, he takes another pull at the glass. An' then he starts wavin' his arms an' instructin' the Deputy-Speaker in the Wo-Wo Dance.

"Well, gentlemen, by this time the news has travelled round that Holy Harkness has gone mad, an' he rampagin' about the black women. The Members come crowdin' out of the smokin'-rooms an' libraries, the Press Gallery fills up, an' there's a very fair House for cocktail-time.

"One of the small Whips thinks it's due for action he is, an' he pulls at Holy Harkness's coat-tails, the way he'd sit down.

"Why would I keep silence?' says he, turnin'angrily. 'Isn't black women the subject of debate, an' the whole Cabinet behind me?'

"An' all the Members cry, 'Ear, 'ear

—'ear, 'ear,' as the quare custom is, urgin' him on to say some more.

"So the small Whip runs out for the Chief Whip an' the Deputy-Speaker sends for the Speaker.

"Well, on he goes, for it's never before has he had an audience the like of that one. The Chief Whip comes in at last, an' this is what the Chief Whip hears:

"'Sir, the policy of His Majesty's Government on most subjects is definitely multilateral. But here, Sir, there is no doubt. The women of Tarawoa being such as we have indicated in the White Paper, it's not surprisin' at all if from time to time they are kissed by an Old Etonian. An', be jabers, Sir, if I was an Old Etonian I should do the same.'

"Well, the Chief Whip pulls him down an' has him smuggled out of the precincts. One of the Whips takes him home. An' the last thing he knows is a great shriekin' an' tumult within the home, an' Harkness kissin' the servants on the stairs.

"They made him Governor of the Sea-gull Islands. "An' so," said Mr. Mafferty, reflectively, "it's deprecatin' the drugs I'd be."

A. P. H.

## Progress

I had a little scooter,
A red one with a hooter.
It did belong to Jim
But it got too small for him,
And so it was mine.

I had a little cycle,
It did belong to Michael,
But after a bit
He got too big for it,
And so it was mine.

I have a little car,
It's been rather far
And if it's still going
When there's nothing more owing
Then it will be mine.

## Challenge to Who's Who

"Dean Inge is a footballer who plays for Everton."—Schoolboy's answer.



"I WANT SOMETHING FOR THE JOURNEY. HAVE YOU ANY PAIRLY HIGHBROW TRIPE?"

#### This Week's Problem

Two English persons occupy a seat on a cliff walk above the Lake of Lucerne. There approaches an agitated lady, large, pink and alone. She seems to be trying to overtake somebody. Shortly afterwards she returns, now accompanied by a gentleman-not, however, the right one, for she is pinker and more distressed than ever.

To the horror of the two English, the gentleman addresses them on the lady's behalf. Their German is of the scantiest but they recognise the words "Hut," "Mann" and "Ver-loren." The lady repeats with nods all that the gentleman says, at the same time looking anxiously about her. Suddenly inspired, she taps her hat briskly, crying: "Seeksponce!" The gentleman also taps his hat. The English, utterly uncomprehending but anxious to oblige, tap their hats. The pantomime grows more frenzied. When it seems that the scene must end in mass hysteria or worse, the lady's face clears. With a whoop of joy she indicates a male figure in the distance. The gentleman also beams, and with many bows and expressions of thanks they both hurry away to a reunion which, unfortunately, takes place out of sight. They are never seen again.

What was the lady trying to say? Place a cross (block letter) against the answer you deem correct.

- 1. I have lost a hat and sixpence.
- 2. I have lost a sixpenny hat.
- 3. I have lost sixpence and now I can't buy a new hat.
- I have lost my husband, wearing a sixpenny hat.
- 5. Will you buy this hat, cheap at sixpence?

- 6. I have lost a man-only worth sixpence, it is true,
- 7. I have lost my husband's sixpenny hat.
- 8. I will give you sixpence if you can find my hat and/or husband
- 9. Will you sell me your hat for sixpence?
- 10. I have lost my all-husband, hat, money.
- 11. My husband is suffering from sunstroke.
- 12. This gentleman has undertaken to find my husband for a reward of sixpence, plus a new hat. Would you like to join in on the same terms?
- 13. I have lost a hat, worth only sixpence, but of sentimental value.
  - 14. I have lost a husband, worth only, etc.
- 15. I have lost sixpence which, from a whim, I am in the habit of keeping in my hat.
- 16. Do you think I am worth sixpence to anybody of the male sex? After all, I don't look too bad in this hat.
- 17. Please give me something towards the Hatters' Annual Outing.
- 18. My husband, now unfortunately mislaid, claims that in England hats cost only a few pence. Is this correct?
- 19. A sixpenny hat in the hand is better than any man in the bush. Don't you agree?
  - 20. Bet you sixpence you can't find me a husband!

RULES.—No German scholars eligible. No names and addresses required. No entrance fee. No prizes. The Editor's decision, if ever given, will be horribly final.



THE DUMMY THAT SPOKE BY ITSELF

ADOLF (together). "WHERE DID THAT ONE COME FROM-YOU OR ME?"



# Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week

Monday, July 5th.—Lords: Exchange Equalisation Account Bill given Second Reading.



"Here's a health to the barley-mow;
Here's a health to the man
Who very well can
Both harrow and plough and sow."
Old Suffolk Toast.

MR. MORRISON, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE

Commons: Agriculture Bill given Second Reading.

Tuesday, July 6th.—Lords: Number of Bills advanced.

Commons: Debate on Ministry of Labour Vote.

Wednesday, July 7th.—Lords: Committee Stage of Marriage Bill concluded.

Commons: Committee Stage of Finance Bill concluded.

Monday, July 5th.—The suggestion that the Exchange Equalisation Fund was being used not merely as a shockabsorber against exchange fluctuations but as a back-door return to a new kind of Gold Standard was made by Lord Arnold in the Lords this afternoon. His argument was that the pound was still indirectly on gold since, thanks to the operations of the Fund, it was being kept in a stable relation to the dollar, which was based on gold.

The Bill to increase the size of the Fund to £550,000,000 got its Second Reading, but not until Lord Mancroff (recently Sir Arthur Michael Samuel) had added an attack on the whole

principle of the Fund as artificial finance. He denied that over a period the Exchange damped down violent variations, and asked how much longer the American people would remain content to receive a useless commodity at the price of thirty-five dollars an ounce in return for their services?

When the Agriculture Bill was taken the Labour Party continued to attack the proposals for assisting the growers of cereals as being extreme, and to criticise the Ministry for doing nothing to raise the wages of the labourer; but the Government speakers insisted that an increase in our cereal crops was a vital point in the general programme of defence.

Tuesday, July 6th.—The Lords spent one of those dull but useful routine days on which a bunch of queersounding Bills get attention.

In the Commons, in reply to questions from Mr. Attlee, Mr. Eden said that a plenary meeting of the Non-Intervention Committee would be held on Friday and that in the circumstances he thought that "a little time for reflection on the serious issues involved might even prove useful." The Government had not only made their own proposals, but had offered to consider any others that were just and fair.

There is to be an inquiry into the cost of living in about 30,000 households in different parts of the country, Mr. Ernest Brown announced during his survey of the work of the Ministry of Labour. The aim of the inquiry will be to obtain material for an up-to-date revision of the cost-of-living index, on which many wage agreements depended.



WM. GALLACHER, ESQUIRE

(Hitherto known as Comrade Gallacher, but shortly expecting to become one of our Landed Aristocracy.) Mr. Brown was able to give the House some cheering figures: unemployment in the Special Areas has dropped in a year from 374,000 to 274,000, while unemployment over the whole country, which touched its peak figure of 2,933,000 in January, 1933, has dropped to 1,357,000. He predicted



"Men, my brothers, men the workers ever reaping something new: That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do." Locksley Hall.

["The figure of unemployed had gone down to 1,357,000. . . All the under-currents tended to show that this figure will be less by this time next year."—Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Labour.]

that by next year this would be still

It was Mr. Lawson's turn to lead the Socialist onslaught, and he asked the Government to recall that, while much of the reduction in unemployment was due to the rearmament programme, the Opposition had for years been urging expenditure on public works. Conditions would deteriorate again unless the Government were prepared to substitute these for rearmament when the time came.

This view was supported by Mr. W. ROBERTS, who pointed out that most of the Special Areas had only become derelict because their industries had been artificially stimulated by the armsdrive during the War; and Captain Balfour suggested the establishment of a Ministry to co-ordinate the social

Wednesday, July 7th.—Meeting very early and sitting very late, the Lords cleared the Committee stage of the Marriage Bill in the day. Their only



"THAT CHAP'S VICTOR LUDORUM, AUNTIE."

"Really, dear, how strange! There's a boy at John's school of the same name."

major revision of its shape was the reduction of the period of waiting from five years after the date of the marriage to three and to allow the Courts discretionary powers during it; amendments to abandon the period altogether, to remove incurable insanity from the list of permitted grounds of petition, and to include amongst these homosexuality and drunkenness, being defeated.

Lord ELTISLEY was in charge of the Bill, and the two successful amendments stood in the name of Lord MAUGHAM. Lord REDESDALE'S motion to delete Clause I (the period of waiting) showed the strength of the feeling that it would cause hardship out of proportion to its merits, Lord MOYNE going so far as to declare that if the Clause remained he would be obliged to vote against the Bill on the Third Reading, and Lord HEWART asking why an adulterous husband should be given a close season of three years; but the motion was negatived by 89 to 74.

The attempt to take incurable insanity out of the Bill was made by

Lord Elton, and he was supported by the PRIMATE, but the weighty opposi-



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO

Mr. Ede Is an unbroken rede In defence of the education Of the nation. tion of an expert, Lord Dawson, and a reminder from Lord ELTISLEY that the findings of the Royal Commission were entitled to respect, ensured the overwhelming rejection of the amendment.

A dull evening in the Commons on the Finance Bill was brightened by Mr. EVERARD's offer of a piece of land to Mr. Gallacher, who promptly accepted it. Squire Gallacher, as he will now be known, had been tilting at landlords who hung on to their land while pretending that it was an intolerable nuisance; and it will be interesting to see what exactly he does with his new estate, which Mr. EVERARD very honestly assured him was heavily rated and for most of the year under water.

## First Class

Like most of the old aristocracy I usually travel third-class on the rail-ways in these days, but having conveyed an extremely infirm aunt from Little Wobbley to London I found myself on

Paddington Station with the return half of a first-class ticket in my pocket. I looked forward to sitting on the soft yielding seat and resting my arm elegantly if uncomfortably in the strap-affair provided by a thoughtful company.

"Conkleshill, old boy!" said Colonel Hogg, clapping me on the shoulder. "You've been having a wild spree in town, have you?"

"If you call driving at a snail's pace in a decrepit taxicab with an infirm aunt a wild spree," I admitted, "I must plead guilty, but that is the full extent of my dissipation, except for twopenn'orth of orgy at a Milk Bar. Are you going home on the 6.3?"

"Yes," said the Colonel, "we've got time for a quick one if we hurry."

It was while we were strolling towards the bar that the thought struck me that if I went on the 6.3 with the Colonel I should have to waste my expensive first-class ticket—a sacrifice for which I reckoned the Colonel's conversation would be an extremely meagre reward; so after we had finished our drinks I left him with the excuse that I was going to phone somebody.

"I'll probably see you on the train," said the Colonel.

"Mmm," I replied non-committally. I went to a telephone-box and rang

I went to a telephone-box and rang up a friend and asked him how he liked the heat and whether business was good. I wasn't really interested to know how he liked the heat or whether business was good, but I wanted to prolong the conversation so that I could miss the 6.3 with a clear conscience and travel alone in lordly splendour on the 6.12. Luckily his wife had sprained her ankle and business was shockingly bad, so the 6.3 had comfortably gone by the time I emerged from the box. And the first person I met when I got outside was Colonel Hogg. He looked at me in a queer sort of way.

"I thought you were going on the 6.3?" he said.

I laughed falsely.

"The fellow I rang up kept me talking too long," I explained. "It's funny how some people when they get on the phone go on and on, isn't it? His wife has sprained her ankle, and he explained exactly how it happened and what the doctor said; and his business has been dreadful lately and he told me about all the orders he has just missed and why he just missed them and the unscrupulous methods of his rivals. But I thought you were going on the 6.3?"

"Certainly I was going on the 6.3," said the Colonel, "but after you'd gone out of the bar a man came in who was at school with me. I hadn't seen him for thirty years and he described in detail all that had happened to him during the interval and then tried to start an argument about bimetallism."

I felt that it would be impossible to shake the Colonel off again without being obviously rude, so we strolled down the platform together and I led the way with a sigh into an ordinary plebeian third-class carriage. We were both rather silent and moody on the journey, and just before we reached Little Wobbley the Colonel dropped his ticket on the floor.

"You've got a first-class ticket," I

The Colonel blushed.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "that's why I tried to dodge you at Paddington. I went to the first-class booking-office by mistake and I didn't change it because I never like looking a fool. That was irritating enough, and when I met you and realised that I should have to travel third-class after all, it was the last straw."

But the real last straw was when I showed him my own ticket.



THE LEAGUE OF KIND HEARTS PROTESTS AGAINST AN EXPERIMENT BEING MADE TO TEST THE POSSIBILITY OF TALKING THE HIND-LEG OFF A DONKEY.

# At the Play

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" (STRAND)

The new farce in which Mr. ROBERT-SON HARE and Mr. Alfred Drayton battle with the unexpected but not un-

deserved troubles of their lives is situated in Romney Marsh, in the heart of what is sometimes called the Shella KayeSmith country.

The characters, however, are hardly country characters. It is the wholesale trade in ladies' silken underwear which provides the background and income of the Watneys (Mr. ALFRED DRAY-TON and Miss RUTH MAIT-LAND) and of Mr. William Binkie Rudd (Mr. ROBERTson Hare). Indeed it is Mrs. Watney's ambition to graduate out of trade by marrying her niece Margaret (Miss PHYLLIS KONSTAM) to the son of the Bishop, one Oswald Hope (Mr. STUART LATHAM), that creates the first complication.

Mr. Rudd is not favoured as a suitor, and the more deeply, if involuntarily, he becomes mixed up with smuggling the fainter become his chances. That is really all there is of the plot, but it is sufficient in the hands of Mr.

sufficient in the hands of Mr. ROBERTSON HARE and Mr. DRAYTON. There results a great deal of laughable knockabout farce, dodgings in and out of secret panels, of the smugglers' den, bangings of the wrong man on the head, hair-breadth escapes from the naturally indignant and physically powerful men who run the smuggling. There can be no greater tribute to the genuinetalentofMr.Robertson HARE and Mr. DRAYTON than the way they create laughter out of a rather inconsequent series of comings and goings. They cannot create that sustained interest which is the mark of a good farce, for the dramatist has kept them on very short rations. That Binkie should marry Margaret is an event altogether lacking in sufficient importance to be the whole substructure and the support of

three Acts of farce.

Mr. ROBERTSON HARE is at his best when he can be the completely innocent victim. As

a secretary, or a jeweller's assistant, he is better than when he is a young man of means wooing the girl of his choice. The smugglers themselves should be much more formidable and, in particular, more numerous. It was insufficient to suggest peril to show two grown men aghast that an angry



FINISHING THE ACT WITH A BANG

Christopher Watney . . . . Mr. Alfred Drayton William Binkie Rudd . . . Mr. Robertson Hare



FLIMSY EVIDENCE

William Binkie Rudd . . Mr. Robertson Hare Margaret . . . . . Miss Phyllis Konstam

landlord, with one assistant, was after them with a cutlass; and as for the circumstances of *Christopher Watney*, Mr. Drayton showed us a man habitually and irrevocably and not undeservedly henpecked, and we are unable to feel that there was anything at stake for him.

> There is a good piece of minor characterisation played by Miss Edie Martin as Mrs. Cake, the suspicious barmaid, with whose dialogue the author was at his happiest. Neither Margaret (Miss PHYLLIS KONSTAM) nor Lottie (Miss JEANNE STUART) have very many chances, and they are only incidentally necessary to the plot. Except for his lay clothes, Oswald Hope is the typical stage curate, but more might have been made even of so over-familiar a character had he been brought more into the plot.

> Everything turns, as it is meant to turn, on the constant spectacle of Watney and Rudd in trouble. They can make us laugh a lot, but we should laugh a good deal more if the troubles were rather more convincing and if there was less reliance on the comedians' expressions of dismay and agitation and

more on the ingenuity and sustained building-up of the situations.

D. W.

"No SLEEP FOR THE WICKED"
(DALY'S)

It is a sad duty to record the impending dissolution of Daly's, a theatre steeped in the past glories of the stage, where BERNHARDT trod and where TEMPEST was launched on the never-to-be-forgotten voyage of The Geisha.

Nothing now stands between its bronzed walls and mere memory except this inconsiderable buffer of a piece, and though it may succeed in keeping the men of wrath and their pneumatic pulverisers at bay for a little, the end will not be long delayed.

The play is a melodrama of gun-running off Tangier, and it pivots on the languorous but unbelievably efficient activities of a British secret agent who is not only endowed with the handy knack of thinking three or four lines ahead of the

enemies of Society while looking as if he had passed his few conscious hours since birth glued to one of the more photographed, shooting-sticks, but is also a wag. Mr. Peter Haddon plays him in his most Woosterian mood.

Arms are passing freely from a mysterious international ring to a young native who, having absorbed all that Oxford can teach him, has determined that nothing is bad enough for the white man. The identity of the smooth villain who controls the supplies is securely veiled, and one of the British agents who has come too near it expires unpleasantly before our eyes. To make everything more difficult there is a Spanish nobleman dodging about whose name sounds like a sixinch black eigar.

John Sixsmith (Mr. Hadpon) takes on the hunt and, having tracked his men to a ruined palace along the coast, lands properly in the soup, which is of a consistency guaranteed to engulf a less spirited and gifted fellow. Needless to say he ladles his way out in a manner which reflects the utmost credit on the Secret Service, not only on the count of resource but on that of moral integrity as well.

For the villain has told off a hardish but lureful lady in his employ (Miss CLAIRE LUCE) to lead Sixsmith astray; and though she so far forgets her orders as to fall for him herself and even save his life, her only reward at the final share-out is a fatherly pat on the back of the hand, Mrs. Sixsmith (Miss Ambrosine Phillpotts) being upstairs and charming.

The undoing of the villain is neat, though along lines which the audience has had more than a reasonable chance of anticipating.

At no stage in the play is any cerebral effort of any kind required, and according to who you are and how you feel this may be assessed a good or a bad thing. It is the sort of entertainment which is at its best when its hero is turning the tables (literally in one instance) with a merry quip on the underworld, and at its worst when anxious British womanhood is being exhorted to keep a stiff upper lip. Mr. Haddon is distinctly funny at times, and the others play their not exacting parts quite adequately.

#### WYX

Dear Mr. Punch,—I should be much obliged if you could suggest some explanation of a strange and



TRY TANGIER FOR THE HOLIDAYS-IT IS SO BRACING

John Sixsmith . . . Mr. Peter Haddon Nadja Von Eckner . . Miss Claire Luce

most annoying experience which I have just had.



A COCKTAIL SHEIK

Kadi Mussa Ben Nafi . Mr. Emilio Cargher

My sister Lucy has recently moved to the South of London, and she wrote me a letter, giving her telephone number. It appeared from her letter—I say appeared, because dear Lucy's handwriting is not always very clear—that her number was Wyxton 0202. I

had never heard of that exchange before, but then exchanges often do have queer names, don't they?

Well, yesterday I tried to call Lucy up but when I dialled WYX a voice asked me what was the matter. I started to say "Please give me Wyxton 0202," but the voice interrupted with "Please?" (only it sounded more like "Police") "With you in two minutes," and I was disconnected.

Of course I rang up again, but as soon as I had dialled the three letters the voice spoke again. With some heat I said, "This is a fine way——" but at this point the voice interrupted me with "Oh—Fire! I'll get them at once." And before I could say anything more, I was again cut off.

I was about to make a third attempt when a knock came at the front-door. Outside I found two cars full of policemen, and while I was trying to find out what they wanted, a fire-engine and an ambulance arrived.

And the absurd part is that they all insisted that I had telephoned for them.

I do hope, Sir, that you will be able to explain what is the matter, for at present I simply dare not dial Wyxton again.

Yours sincerely, PUZZLED.

# Warning to Crooners

In nineteen-thirty-seven Crooning is everywhere; From John o' Groats to Devon It fills the listening air.

By nineteen-forty-two it
Will cease to be a boon
If crooners overdo it,
If crooners overcroon.

"For the second time in two weeks, a Chinese drug recidivist was executed at the Tien Chiao, Peiping, on Monday morning." Chinese Paper.

Perhaps it doesn't hurt so much the second time.

# Requirements

"OH. I just looked in because I want to ask about some tickets and things, but as a matter of fact I'm frightfully short of time. It's about going to France, as a matter of fact. I thought you could probably tell me something about it. I mean, something about what I want to know about it.

Were you thinking of Paris, Madam?

Yes, I was in a way, but only for a few days, and of course if there are going to be hotel strikes . . . and I believe the Exhibition isn't anything like finished. A friend of mine went there she really went to see her stepmother, who has a sort of flat somewhere near the Etoile, and is ill-anyhow, she went, and she thought she might just as well have a look at the Exhibition, and she said nothing was done except the German Pavilion and the Russian Pavilion, and they're standing exactly opposite to one another. Of course she screamed.'

Indeed, Madam. I believe the French themselves are not patronising the Exhibition at all well in its unfinished condition.'

"The workmen just stand about and say 'Mon vieux' all the time."
Ah."

"And it's nothing but scaffolding and planks and buckets and things. They say Devonshire cream is sent over by plane every day to the English Pavilion. Still, I must say I'd rather go to Devonshire and get it there.

"Certainly, Madam, it would be less of an expense. Though some very considerable travel concessions are available in France just now.'

Well, look here, this is the exact position. I want to leave London not by plane on the sixteenth, and spend about three days in Paris, and then I'm meeting a friend in the South of France or perhaps in Brussels—she hasn't yet made her plans quite, but she's going to let me know. But the whole point is that I must be back in London before the twenty-sixth.

"Of this month, Madam? "Oh, yes, definitely this month. I've got to meet a friend who's coming from America's boat—as a matter of fact it's probably the Queen Mary-which means that I must be at Southampton or Plymouth or wherever it is on the twenty-seventh without fail.'

"I think we can probably arrange it for you, Madam. Of course it means a certain amount of travelling.

"Yes, I know. Because I really ought to pop over to Dinard, while I'm actually in France, to see a friend of mine who runs a tiny little tea-shop there. You know-just for the English and the Americans. Where they can get a proper cup of tea, and not just those pâtisseries.

"In that case, perhaps you would prefer to cross via Southampton and

St. Malo?"

"Oh, I'm afraid I couldn't possibly do that. I must cross from Folkestone. The fact is I'm really killing two birds with one stone, and spending a few days with a very old aunt of mine, nearly ninety-four-in fact next week and she lives only twenty miles from Folkestone, which would simplify the whole thing tremendously. The only thing is, I don't absolutely know yet if she'll have me-but I'm pretty sure it'll be all right. Anyway, I could let you know.

"Certainly, Madam. Perhaps you'd rather wait until your plans are a little more definite before settling anything?"

"Yes. Well, that might be the best way. Or perhaps you'd write to me about trains and dates and things, as I haven't got much time now. The main points are just these: I want to go to France on the sixteenth-I can't get away a day sooner—and it must be Folkestone, and not Dover or Southampton or anything like that-and I'll do Paris and the Exhibition, farce though it is—and I want to take Dinard in my stride. And to meet this friend of mine in the South of France, unless she decides on Brussels, when I'll let you know. And whatever happens I've got to be in London again by the twentysixth in time to attend a committee meeting at half-past two. Perhaps we'd better say in time for lunch. shan't feel I've got to rush.

Quite, Madam. May I suggest that we should send you particulars?

"That'd be marvellous. This is my town address, if you write to-day. Otherwise it's the country address, till after lunch to-morrow. And I'd better give you a telephone number where you can catch me between two and three if all else fails-oh, except on Tuesday or Wednesday. I'll write them all down. If you're using the second telephone number the name is Buggis. thorpe. But they'll take a message.

"Now, is all that absolutely clear?" E. M. D.

# What Would Buckeye Do?

IT is the test of a great character. whether of literature or of history, so a distinguished cleric has recently declared, that after reading of it we find ourselves asking when faced with a difficulty, "In this particular situation what would ALFRED THE GREAT do?" or "What would Tom Brown have done?"

The popularity of this kind of soliloquy, although on the wane during recent decades, was once considerable. A century ago or more, for example, the question "What would Words-worth do?" self-posed by the entire adult population of the Lake District, changed things completely for the child-life of the neighbourhood.

The facts are notorious. The Annual Registers of the period repeatedly remark upon the particularly obnoxious type of female child that flourished in the district before Wordsworth's time, whose single idea of amusement was to pull the legs of elderly gentlemen, or to "furwuzzle" them, as the local idiom

Little Annie, or Mary, given a halfholiday by the elementary school, would slip away from her mother and hang about a meadow until a promising old gentleman should come into sight. She would then pretend to be looking for something. The old gentleman would approach and, in a few wellchosen stanzas, ask her what it was she sought and might his help avail. The child would wanly on him smile and wipe away a tear. "'Tis but a jewel that I seek which Mother planted here."

This of course would tempt the old boy to loosen his braces and lend a hand. For some time he would potter about on his hands and knees among the grass and dandelions, while the small girl would throw in a few facts about her home life and biographical details about her mother, explaining that it was here she loved to lie and breathe the wholesome air, while Nature smiled to see the joy of one so plainly fair

After a bit the old fellow would begin to get sick of it. Was she sure that her mother had lost it just here? Was she certain that she had got the right field? What sort of a jewel was it, anyway!



Had she any idea of what it was worth?

Her bluff called, the kid would admit that the jewel that she sought was but a daisy flower, and would go on to explain, if the infuriated old man gave her time, that he could recognise it easily because each petal bore a tear, the stalk with love was twined.

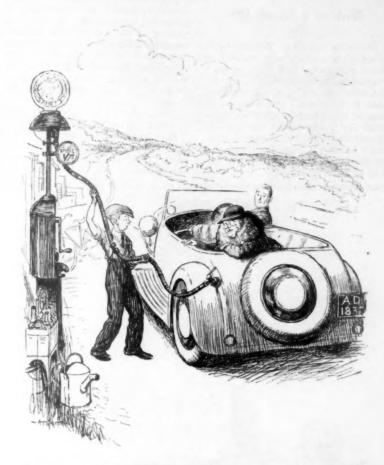
It was at this point that, in the words of Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, action would begin to move fast. The correct play on the part of the old gentleman then was to try to catch the little child a "wham on the lug," as it was called in the picturesque dialect of the place. The object of the younger player, on the other hand, was to beat it out of range before her opponent could get his hands on her. A kind of indecisive half-victory, approximating to a first innings win, might be scored by the elder player if he could hit the child with a rock while on the wing.

This was the condition of affairs when Wordsworth came on the scene and introduced an entirely new technique. Instead of socking the kid he would pretend, in the precocious words of one of his victims, to go on looking for the blasted daisy and then, as likely as not, he would drag her three miles across country to the cemetery to select the grave of her mother dear beside her brothers four, on which to offer more.

Three hours of this, with Wordsworth weeping half the time, would make the child as mad as a cat on flypaper, and she would return home to her mother a changed and better girl, determined in future to employ her leisure in the decent manner of her brothers, breaking windows and letting off crackers under stage-coach horses. So that once the "What would Wordsworth do?" slogan began to spread among the elders, the Child-Pest Problem of the Lake District soon became a matter of history.

But this fascinating bypath has kept me too long from my subject and my title. My original purpose was to indicate certain difficulties in the way of applying the "What would X do?" formula under the decadent conditions of modern civilisation. I will confine myself to Buckeye, whom I made the subject of my own test.

Through the three volumes in which I have encountered him Buckeye has passed, rather noisily perhaps but almost without rebuff and always finally triumphant—the very paragon of the man-about-prairie. A man, if ever there was one, on whom anyone eager for success and applause should model himself. Yet here are my results:—



"TELL ME, HOW DO YOU KNOW WHERE TO SET UP A PUMP TO GET PETROL?"

Difficulty No. 1.—At a Board of Directors who have spent five hours without deciding whether they will take a quick £2,000 profit or risk another £1,000 in the hope of making £5,000.

Question. What would Buckeye

Answer. He would call them a bunch of white-livered rattle-snakes and shoot them up.

Difficulty No. 2.—At a sub-committee of the local Literary Society, where a whole evening has been spent in trying to persuade you to invite the latest Spiralist poet to give an address.

Q. What would Buckeye do?
A. He would call them a chalk-faced bunch of lizards and shoot them up.

Difficulty No. 3.—At a dinner-party where you are gradually being blackmailed by social pressure into promising to take the second lead in an amateur production of a Noel Coward play.

Q. What would Buckeye do?

A. He would call them, barring the ladies, a bunch of horn-nosed prairierats and would shoot up all the males present, afterwards doffing his hat awkwardly to the ladies and retiring.

My own view is that you would get talked about. Some would condemn you for a monotony of style; others would observe with disapproval that, for all your big talk of shooting your way through, by your footling oldfashioned attitude towards women you still left more than half the problems of life unsolved.

#### The Way to Treat Critics

"When the Southern Rhodesia Government moved in, there was talk of replacing the statues by officials who did not like them."—Weekly Paper.

### Birth of a Smash Hit

When he was a boy, Everard Galliproof always steadfastly refused to learn the piano, "on," as he said, "humanitarian grounds." In later life however, he developed a pronounced taste for light music, and in the execution of this he achieved considerable dexterity in the use of the first and second fingers and thumb of each hand, these being the digits most exercised by the use of the typewriter—at any rate as Everard plays it.

The music he produces with these, though inclined to be monotonous, is generally recognisable, if only on account of the fact that he confines himself almost entirely to the popular favourites; so it was the more surprising when, arriving at his flat late one evening, I heard him poking away at a tune entirely strange to me.

"What is it?" I asked. "Something you made up out of your own 'ead?" Everard Galliproof went "Ssssssh!"

Everard Galliproof went "Ssssssh!" and waved me into a chair with his left hand. (He was ignoring the bass for the moment.) He poked away for

another sixteen bars or so and then relaxed.

"I'm writing the lyrics for a musicalcomedy," he explained.

"One of Cochran's?"
"No. One of my own."

"Tell me about it." I invited unnecessarily.

Everard prevaricated. "To tell you the truth, there isn't very much of it done yet; but there's a fellow I know called Al Gutschein, and he thought of a tune the other day and asked me if I didn't think there was anything we could do with it, and I said I thought I might be able to work it into my next show."

I found the cigarettes, so Everard hid the matches. "When was your last show?" I inquired.

"I've never done a show before," Everard admitted. "My next show will be my first. Listen," he added quickly, "you're an expert on musical-comedy; what do you think of this as a tune?" He began poking once more.

"I'm not an expert at all," I defended myself. "The last time I went to a musical-comedy I met a friend of mine in the bar who was noticing it for *The Daily Thing*, and we only just got in in time for the final curtain. Then he said he thought the chorus was rotten, particularly the men, and some officious person leaned over and told us that wasn't the chorus at all—somebody had just called for the author."

"Al Gutschein's a good name for a song-writer, isn't it?" Everard asked at a convenient tangent. "I'm sure this is going to be a smash hit. The tune's wizard, and all it wants is a good lyric." He ran through it once more. As tunes went, it wasn't so poor. "I thought of it as a kind of comedy number," he explained. "Kind of nonsense song, if you see what I mean."

"Like 'Go Not, Happy Day." I suggested.

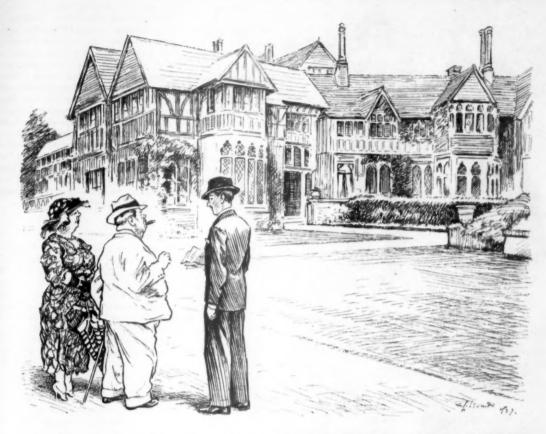
"No, no, no," said Everard seriously.
"Much lighter than that. I'm just trying to jot down a dummy lyric so as to get the rhythm of the thing—you know, any old words, as long as they fit. It's helpful."

"It must be."
"I thought of calling the song
'Not a Hundred Miles from Berkeley
Square,'" Everard volunteered.
"Why?" I asked.

"I thought it would be funny. I could work in all the names of the pubs and things in the neighbourhood. But just at the moment I only want any old words as long as they fit the music." He played the first line and hummed experimentally. "When



"FUNNY; I COULD HAVE SWORN THAT WAS A REGIONAL COUGH!"



"I DIDN'T EXPECT IT WAS A 'OUSE LIKE THAT. IT'LL MEAN A WHITE TIE AND WES'COT ALL DAY!"

you're roaming in Wyoming on your old grey mare," he invented, and wrote it down carefully. "Now I want a rhyme for 'Wyoming' and one for 'mare.' Er—'and you see the billows foaming almost ev'rywhere.' That'll do for the present.'

I felt constrained to interrupt. "But Wyoming hasn't got a sea-coast," I pointed out. "And it's about five thousand miles from Berkeley Square,

anyway. "I told you," said Everard patiently, "that this was only temporary." He hummed a further two bars. "Er-um-When you bango with a whango, and you live on boiled mango, then you're Not a Hundred Miles from Berkeley Square.'

"I don't see the connection."

Everard ignored me so studiously that I was able to take the matches from his jacket pocket without his noticing it.

"Second line in the same rhythm with different rhymes," he soliloquised. "Now then, the middle bit. Pom-pom-

te-i-do. POM-te-'Now let's jump over the cliffs of Dover, Gunpowder, treason and plot; With Surlingham Ferry and a hey down derry, You jolly well ought to be shot.' Does that sound all right to you, old boy?"
"It's colossal," I assured him.
"A smash hit?"

"Every time."

"Ah, but you wait till I've finished it." Everard completed his notes and brought his powerful right hand into play on the keyboard again, seeking a formula for the last line. "'Down the river in a flivver in the good fresh air; It kinda makes you shiver'-er-

"Something about underwear," I suggested.

That'lldo," Everard acknowledged. He recommenced his humming: "'It kinda makes you shiver through your underwear.' Um, ah-'Shoot an arrow through a marrow in the bonny braes o' Yarrow, and you're Not a Hundred Miles from Berkeley Square." He wrote it all down feverishly in case

any of it should escape before he had a permanent record of it, and then left the piano with a deep sigh of satisfaction. "We're going to make a winner out of that," he promised

me.
"Definitely," I agreed. "By the way, didn't you say you wanted it to be a sort of nonsense lyric?'

"Yes," Everard said. "That was the idea."

"In that case," I said," why go any further?

#### **Odd Polish Custom**

"WARSAW .- A man named Aron Lewinski was arrested here on the usual charge of marrying thirty-six times."—Ceylon Paper.

When tomatoes have set their first fruits, start feeding."-Liverpool Echo.

Thanks!

"And when I explain that a 'large marge consists of one ounce of margarine, one can imagine how much is contained in half that amount."-Sunday Paper.

Or would it be quicker to work it out?



"My son's joined the Life Guards and so I'm breaking these in for him."

#### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### An Imperial Pretender

THAT The False Nero (HUTCHINSON, 8/6) is the most shadowy pretender in history has neither daunted Herr Lion Feucht-WANGER nor been anything to his disadvantage. It has, on the other hand, allowed his remarkable constructive imagination the freer play. Terence the potter, the Emperor's double and once the recipient of his capricious and perilous favours, suddenly emerges in Mesopotamia as the tyrant who is supposed to have come to a tragic end some thirteen years ago, and is, with his megalomania, his histrionism and his servile terrors, a grotesque yet convincing figure. Equally well drawn are Varro, the cynical, hedonistic ex-Senator who uses the potter for ends half base and half noble (for Herr FEUCHTWANGER can create a consistent and intelligible character out of a complexity of motives) and the host of rogues, fools, potentates and officials who reap their advantage or their embarrassment from an extraordinary situation. The whole tragi-comedy of intrigue, folly and violence is presented with that dry yet brilliant precision, as of a fateful game of chess played between masters, which is Herr FEUCHTWANGER'S special method and virtue. The Roman world, cultured, unscrupulous and brutal, is recreated; and those modern analogies on which the publisher, whether with or without authority, insists rarely intrude themselves to disturb the reader's illusion. For, here as always, Herr Feuchtwanger's art is objective, dispassionate, self-contained and self-sufficient.

#### Who Loves a Garden . . .

Those of us who were grateful—both as gardeners and connoisseurs of personality—for Mr. Francis Jekyll's

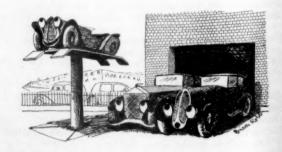
memoir of his incomparable aunt will find additional scope for enthusiasm in what may be (more's the pity) the last JEKYLL book. In A Gardener's Testament (COUNTRY LIFE. 10/6) Miss Jekyll's stray papers, assembled by her nephew and Mr. G. C. TAYLOB, incorporate a series of pronouncements and counsels on flower gardens big and little, formal and wild, dry and marshy, together with reminiscences of gardening pioneers in Europe and North Africa and memories of a youth spent when sweet-peas were still small and fragrant and musk still retained its scent. Their doctrine is that of ROBINSON of Gravetye: the cult of deep-tilled, well-fed borders in which colonies of perennials flourish undisturbed save for the deft insertion of pot-plant or seedling to avoid a bare patch. It is a glorified cottage-garden; but the preference does not preclude experiments of a more sophisticated character. Of these a sound plea for the proper Italianate pergola and for a domesticated greenhouse-like the one in which COWPER sat with his hares-are perhaps the most fascinating of a wholly fascinating series.

#### A Day Behind L'Affaire

Mr. RICHARD L. STOKES has told the story of the first Jew, first Socialist to be Premier of France. M. Léon Blum, theatrical critic, minor poet, fighter of a ridiculous duel with a playwright and author of a volume-Du Mariagewhich even Paris found difficult, was tossed to the upper political surface by a succession of those eddyings familiar in French parliamentary history. Previously known as a rather purposeless dilettante, who yet had discovered Thomas HARDY for France and become the intimate friend of JEAN JAURES, M. Blum developed such strength in office as to enact in the space of a few months an imposing bulk of reformist legislation. The lives of French ministries are reckoned in major crises, and the Leader of the Popular Front handled no fewer than three with such adroitness that Mr. Stokes felt himself able to express some confidence in his hero's survival, perhaps even for a year or two. While his book, Léon Blum: From Poet to Premier (JARROLDS, 12/6), was in the publisher's hands, however, the next wave of crisis rolled in, and the date of publication coincided, almost to a day, with the fall of M. Blum's ministry.

#### Henry and Margot

It is the misfortune of Herr Heinrich Mann—brother of the better-known Thomas—to open a long historical novel with an overdose of blandishments and brutality. Henry of Navarre, nicknamed King Wren (Secker and Warburg, 10/6) by his mother-in-law, Catherine Di Medici, is portrayed from his boyhood to his mid-thirties: Henry and his Huguenot mother Jeanne d'Albret being



"SHE WAS ALWAYS RATHER A TOMBOY."

pitted against the MEDICI and her moribund sons, with MARGUERITE DE VALOIS, humanist, poetess and Catholic, as a bait to be dangled, a link never to be securely forged, between them. The peak of action is the massacre of St. Bartholomew, after which there is a grateful effort to distinguish the bouquet of Protestantism and Catholicism and of the humanism that saved what civilisation there was in either camp. Herr Mann draws an able portrait of COLIGNY, whose final annovance at being murdered by mere canaille is delightfully in the picture: and MONTAIGNE makes an all too brief appearance. But HENRY and MARGOT dominate the scene with that curious artificiality which-unless you abandon yourself to melodrama or stick to strict fact-is apt to attend the bestowal of leading parts on a couple of historical characters.

#### Salmon Poacher

Highland River's ripples run
Through the moorlands of Caithness;
'Tis the work of Neil M. Gunn
Published by The Porpoise Press.
Here's kaleidoscope—you'll hunt
For a plot and hunt in vain;
Childhood jerks to Western Front,
Warrior turns to child again.

Kenn, a crofter's idle brat,
Poaches salmon a good deal
By the crudest methods that
Ever helped a thief to steal.
Yet Kenn does, in some sort, well
In the War when he goes out;
But I wish that I could tell
What his story's all about.

Well, why bother for a tale?
Still the river pours along,
Where the birk boughs dip and trail,
Seaward, seaward with a song,
While the author's music flows
Tunefully as I could wish;
Though I fancy that he knows
More of phrases than of fish.

#### By the Wayside

With many thousands of licensed houses to choose from Mr. George Long must have found a difficulty in making a selection for English Inns and Road Houses (Werner Laure, 20/-). For long years, however, while preparing himself for this "labour of love," he has been visiting hotels and inns, and the result is an unqualified success. He does not hesitate to puncture spurious claims to antiquity and so forth, but in the main his attitude to the subject is to be found in the sentence, "The inn is one of our oldest social institutions, and is definitely one of the pleasantest things of life." Moreover, he has some sound advice to give to those who cater for the wayfaring public. Over two hundred photographs, taken by Mr. Long and excellently reproduced, are included in this noteworthy volume.



THE BUNTHORNE DAYS



AN ÆSTHETIC MIDDAY MEAL

At the luncheon hour, Jellaby Postlethwaite enters a pastrycook's and calls for a glass' of water into which he puts a freshly cut lily, and loses himself in contemplation thereof.

Waiter. "Shall I bring you anything else, Sir?"

Jellaby Postlethwaite. "Thanks, no! I have all I require, and shall soon have done!"

George du Maurier, July 17th, 1880.

#### The Strong Country

The approach of Mr. L. A. G. Strong to country-people is similar to that of Thomas Hardy, because he makes the countryside itself his chief character, seeing it as the dominant factor in the lives of its inhabitants, whose actions are a reflection of its moods. And the parallel goes further, for The Swift Shadow (Gollance, 7/6) is also reminiscent of Hardy in the simplicity of its plot, the uncompromising grimness of its drama, and in its orderly dissection of rustic passion. The scene is the moorland near Tayistock in the '90's, when small outlying farms knew an

isolation almost unbroken; the story is about the daughter of an evil old harpy who keeps a village inn, and the girl's shifting relationships with three men. It is told uncommonly well, and some of its descriptions are memorable, notably those of the murderous set-to which followed the Court-Leet and of the great snowstorm which made its prisoner the whole of Dartmoor.

# O Tempora! O More us!

It is twenty-five years since Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU took people aback with his novel One of Us. It was in the rhyming metre of Don Juan and it had a bite and sting in it which many of the critics considered to be brilliant and some thought rather impudent. He now gives us the sequel, More of Us (HUTCHINSON, 6/-). Applied to the conditions of today, which are not what they were then, we find the same amusing Byronic qualities, though the diction has perhaps in places taken on a touch of Browning's compressed obscurity. We have the swift epigrammatic allusions to living persons and personages, the frequent deviations from the straight

path of narrative (due, most of them, to the need for finding almost impossible rhymes), and the ingenious dexterity of the rhymes when found. Beside all these things, which are cleverly handled, the story itself is of secondary interest, and as a matter of fact it is not always very easy to follow. But it is very pleasantly there and the end even leaves the possibility of yet another sequel. Perhaps Mr. Frankau will be able to give it to us without making us wait another quarter of a century.

#### **Expert on Everest**

The recent Kinchinjunga tragedy has demonstrated in

painful fashion how real are the dangers attending attempts upon the summits of the greater Himalayan peaks. Mr. F. S. SMYTHE, however, in his personal account of the 1933 Everest Expedition, entitled Camp Six (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 18/-), lays less stress upon the danger than upon the physical strain of climbing in high altitudes. The quality of endurance becomes pre-eminent, and one of the things to be endured is boredom in bad weather. The narrative is carried to its climax with great spirit and skill, for Mr. SMYTHE happily combines with the authority of a protagonist the ability of a first-rate writer. The great public of mountain-lovers cannot fail to enjoy this account and the wonderful illustrations which accompany.

# The Inner Countryman

Mr. Ambrose Heath, equally well-known for his dexterity with the casserole and the pen, has added to his armoury proficiency with a third implement, the spade, and has bottled the fruits of four years' residence in Wiltshire in The Country Life Cookery Book (COUNTRY LIFE, 7/6). This is admirably planned from the point of view of both the kitchen and its garden, Mr. HEATH's chief object being to

make full use of the latter. For each month, taken separately. there are suggestions for sowing, followed by thirty or so recipes of topical interest and well within the scope of the small kitchen; while at the end are sections dealing with coarse fish (about whose delicious possibilities English cooks have grown absurdly ignorant), herbs and vegetables. This sensible and amusing addition to one of the best of shelves is garnished with attractive woodengravings by Mr. ERIC RAVILIOUS.

#### Murder for Art's Sake

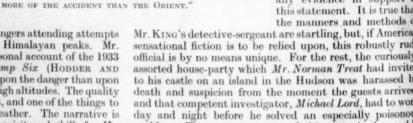
In taking Stroganoff's Russian ballet as the background for their story, Miss Caryl Brahms and Mr. S. J. Simon prepared the way for situations in which comedy and tragedy are intermingled. To Stroganoff the murder of a Petroushka was only, or at any rate mainly, a misfortune, because a substitute had immediately to be found; while Detective-Inspector Quill found himself hopelessly bewildered by people who seemed to consider that dancing was far more important than death. The scenes in which Quill tries to

extract information from the voluble Stroganoff are most amusing in their clash between a mercurial and an official mind. But A Bullet in the Ballet (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 7/6) would have been no less funny and more fragrant if its authors had always remembered the virtue of reticence.



Mr. C. DALY KING is not, we are told, a "professional detective-story writer," but readers of Careless Corpse (Collins, 7/6) will find scarcely any evidence in support of this statement. It is true that the manners and methods of

Mr. King's detective-sergeant are startling, but, if American sensational fiction is to be relied upon, this robustly rude official is by no means unique. For the rest, the curiouslyassorted house-party which Mr. Norman Treat had invited to his castle on an island in the Hudson was harassed by death and suspicion from the moment the guests arrived, and that competent investigator, Michael Lord, had to work day and night before he solved an especially poisonous problem. The main structure of this story is thoroughly sound, but some of its trimmings are rather irritating.



#### Cri de Cœur

O BLESSED Monday morning when the house is mine once

And visitors with baggage have departed through the door!

I love my friends on Friday night,

On Saturday the same; It's quite all right, I still delight

On Sunday that they came; But blessed Monday morning, when I kiss them in the hall!

I must admit I like it best when no one's here at all. J. G.

"EVEN WITH THE FEZ, DEAR, I'M AFRAID YOU SAVOUR

#### Charivaria

Dropping chipped ice on clouds from an airplane is said to be a certain way of causing rain. Other and equally certain methods are to have a Bank Holiday, to wash the car or to leave it parked with the roof open, to hose the garden the night before, or to organise a moonlight picnic.

Spain may now be described as the country to which other nationals go to practise the art of self-defence.

It is stated that German, American and English scientists are trying to discover the dietetic formula that will make the average man perfect. Couldn't they just call in Italian scientists and ask them what MUSSOLINI eats?

Commander Gatti says, "The natives of Africa are using money less and less." That looks like the steady march of civilisation.

A writer points out that under an old Act it is illegal to swear. This probably dates back to the time when attempts were made to stamp out golf.

We have it on the authority of *The Daily Express* that Lord BEAVERBROOK has lost

money in farming. Why not take up free-lance journalism?

During a recent thunderstorm over Chicago lightning struck a gangster. By a miracle, however, it escaped unharmed.

"A fine musician. Has sung at Covent Garden under Sir Thomas Beecham; toured Canada as 'Macbeth' in 'The Beggar's Opera.'"—Rhodesian Paper. Did anybody notice?

"There are several kinds of swallow dives," says an expert. If everyone did the same kind the baths would soon be empty.



It is stated that the man who struck a motorist with a shovel near Salcombe pleaded that he didn't mean any harm. He just hadn't realised that it was a cruel way of getting rid of them.

"Refinery workers, paid seven cents an hour, demanded an increase to 12 cents and paid little heed to the companies' offer of none cents."—Montreal Paper.

Quite right too.

The Dublin Fire Brigade recently sent in strike notices to the Corpora-

tion. It is feared that quite a number of local fires may have to be postponed.

It is rumoured that Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY'S efforts to

bring peace to HITLER and MUSSOLINI are only in the nature of "try-outs." The real trouble will begin when he comes back and starts bringing it to the Socialist Party.

At Aldershot the other day a senior drum-major threw his staff into the air and dropped it. This certainly supports the contention of that Polish scientist that the world is coming to an end.

We are told that the Powers are desperately seeking plans to escape the ravages of the next war. Unanimously deciding not to have one is the only remedy that has so far not occurred to them.

"Sir Alexander Gibb, president of the London Chamber of Commerce, replying, said that such conferences and deputations to various countries could not fail to do anything but good."—Daily Telegraph. It seems a doubtful recommendation.

A card posted at North Kensington in September, 1905, has just been received by a lady living in Strafford Road, Acton, W. A new post-office stamp bearing the request "Post Early in the Century" seems to be indicated.





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#### Clean-Shaven Forehand

Now that the tumult and the shouting have died somewhat and the radio has ceased to chant, "Budge serving to the backhand court Von Cramm returns Budge down the middle Von Cramm a short one Budge deep coming in Von Cramm a lob Budge reaches it Von Cramm gets it up," etc., etc., it becomes possible to think of this year's Wimbledon calmly and distantly. For my own part I have nothing much to say about the tennis. It looked much as usual, i.e., the same game as played by Henry and myself, but easier, exactly as it has always done for years. I do not know if Budge is better than Tilden was. I see no reason why he should not have beaten Tilden. But then I didn't see any reason why Von Cramm shouldn't have beaten Budge. They all go on cracking the ball about in an absurd way and eventually one of them hits it out or into the net more often than the other. But I never see why, if you understand me.

But if the tennis was somewhat ordinary, there was a marked development in one direction. I refer to the reporting of the matches in the newspapers. As Sir Arthur QUILLER-COUCH has pointed out, sporting journalists have always loved the "elegant variation." An American paper has been known to call golfers "caliphs of the cleek," and I have seen footballers referred to as "specialists in the cowhide code." One is used to that sort of thing. This year, however, a frightful tide of nationalism has swept over Wimbledon. Not only do the players cease to be Miss MARBLE, Mr. AUSTIN or Mr. BUDGE and become "the fairhaired Californian," "the slim Englishman" and "the redhaired American whiz-bang." That was only to be expected. But their very strokes have now been given little Union Jacks, Stars and Stripes and Tricolours. Is MENZEL playing CRAWFORD, then "the dragged Australian backhand proved more reliable than the Czecho-Slovakian top-spin." Miss ROUND is leading Mme. MATHIEU, and "beautifullyproduced English drives were forcing errors from the French racket." Finally the thing reaches its apotheosis in a passage in my daily paper which tells me that

"After two Chilian drop-shots had taken the score to deuce, Poland came again. A breath-taking rally was ended by a lovely shot down the Chilian backhand line; a South American volley found the net, and the game became Polish."



"LOR' LUMMY, I'VE BEEN CROSSING THE CHANNEL THIS WAY FOR YEARS, ONLY NOBODY AIN'T NOTICED IT."

After that I can't help feeling that the umpire's chant of "Game to Miss Jedrzejowska. She leads in the second set. The first set to Miss Lizana" is very small beer.

I understand, however, that there is some uneasiness in the ranks of journalists about the Nationalist technique. It is felt, very reasonably, that whilst this may be all very well at Wimbledon, it is going to be mighty difficult to apply at an ordinary tournament where the players are just a lot of dull English men and women. Accordingly, out of the kindness of our hearts, Henry and I have worked out a slightly different method, based on characteristics other than race, which we offer free to all who have to tackle this tricky reporting job.

The idea is that to prevent that horrible thing, monotony, one notes down at the outset every outstanding characteristic of the players. Thus, in a match between Henry and

myself-

ME HENRY Height: 5 feet 11. Height: 5 feet 111. Weight: 12 stone 6. Weight: 12 stone. Hair : Fair. Hair: Mousey. Moustache: No. Moustache : Yes. Eyes: Brown. Eyes: Blue. Education: Whackem and Education: Borstal and Borstal. Clare. Clothes: Shorts. Clothes: Trousers. Profession: None. Profession: Work. Age: Too old for this Age : Young. game. Hobby: Dancing. Hobby: Music

-and so on.

Now, having noted these things, there is never the slightest need to refer to Henry as "Henry" or to me as "Me," which is of course the one thing which must be avoided at all costs. Instead it works out something like this:—

"The opening game began sensationally with two cleanshaven service aces, the second of which nearly knocked the Old Borstalian racket out of the darker-haired hand. Unfortunately this was too good to last, and two brown-eyed double-faults and a lucky working-class net-cord caused the game to take on a distinctly trousered air. A good get-up by the lighter man, followed by an over-ambitious smash from the elderly racket, gave Clare the lead again. But an independent income error once more levelled the scores. The Whackem touch was now returning, and another thrilling service ace from the shorts racket somewhat demoralised the very slightly taller game. A plucky BACHloving rally delayed the inevitable, but youth was not to be denied; a grand fair-haired forehand drive forced an error from the trousered catgut which landed in the next garden and the game became Terpsichorean.'

You see? The point is that this technique gives the game more interest than any ordinary report of a match between Henry and myself could possibly have. It is vivid. It brings the whole thing before the reader's eyes, so to speak, and it enables him to take a really personal interest in the thing and to take sides. (No one who has ever been beaten at tennis by one of these young energetic coves who have nothing else to do but practise could fail to hope that the match ultimately became elderly, trousered and working-class.) Moreover, as long as one has a code-card and/or photograph of each of the players there is not the slightest difficulty in working out what is happening and who did what. Patents, I need hardly say, are Pending.



# DEPARTMENTAL RETICENCE

"ALTHOUGH I DO NOT PROPOSE TO MAKE ANY POSITIVE STATEMENT AT THE MOMENT, I AM NOT PREPARED TO STATE CATEGORICALLY THAT THERE IS NOTHING INSIDE THE BAG."



"THIS BE THE WICKUT, MISTER, WHEN OI'VE GIVE 'ER THE ONCE-OVER!"

# Bulger Repercusses

My friend Bulger has never been a gardener. Like many another great philosopher he has concerned himself with the ethics of labour rather than with labour itself. His mind, "still climbing after knowledge infinite," can trace the effect of the English garden upon English culture but cannot descend to the technicalities of pruning. So Bulger's rectangular lawn has been kept trim and his borders aflame by a jobbing gardener called Perkins.

A few months ago, to my great surprise, I found Bulger working in his garden. The borders, which the day before had been a riot of colour, had been ruthlessly destroyed. The gravelpath leading from the French-windows had disappeared, and Bulger was furiously digging up what remained of the lawn. In the background Perkins with reluctant strokes was chopping down a cherry-tree.

"I'm glad you called," said Bulger when he saw me. "There's great work in front of us. Perkins, fetch another spade."

In a few moments I found myself attacking the sward.

"Did you read my letter to The Daily Yawn this morning?" asked Bulger between digs. "I explained this fully. We've got to face the facts. Look what's going on in Europe."

Bulger's rhetorical style was suffering from the unwonted exercise. Presently his desire to instruct got the better of his urge to dig and he leant upon his spade.

"Politically," he said, "we are reaching a crisis. Our fate as a nation hangs in the balance, and the time has come for action.

"Do you realise," he continued, speaking slowly and deliberately, "that the garden acreage of Greater London, with modern methods of intensive cultivation, is sufficient to produce eight food-units per head of the entire population of the city? I can grow enough onions in those two borders to supply every member of every family in this avenue with a bowl of onion-soup every day for the next three months.

Do you know the nutritive value of onion-soup?

"And carrots," Bulger cried aloud.
"I can grow row upon row of carrots in the space occupied by the cherry-tree and the hammock. The nation must awake to its responsibilities. We must let the world know that we prefer beans to borders."

At this point Bulger intimated that he could address me just as well if I continued to dig, and in this manner we spent the evening.

A few weeks later I was astonished to find a large lorry drawn up outside Bulger's house. Bulger, assisted by the driver and Perkins, was unloading a quantity of young trees. Perkins was wearing a pea-green uniform and Bulger continually addressed him as "Forester." "Did you read my letter in The Courier this morning?" Bulger called out as I approached. "Come and have a look. We're doing some great work."

I followed him into the garden. The ground which should have been green with the tender shoots of young onions and carrots looked as though it had

been subjected to a heavy bombardment. It was pitted with deep holes and trenches. At the far end, where work was already in progress, lay a young primeval forest.

"Man," said Bulger, sweeping his hand towards the forest, "has pitted himself against Nature. In America, in Africa, and even in this country intensive methods of cultivation have been denuding the earth of its soil. In a few years' time, unless drastic steps are taken, the world will be a desert. This is a matter of National Emergency, and what I as a private individual can do I will do.

I have never admired Bulger more than when he uttered these words. Here was a man-a man of intellect and refinement, who, having discovered that he had made a mistake which might prove to be the undoing of his country, had the courage to admit it and to set to work to put it right. Words failed me. I could only grasp his hand and with tears in my eyes I bade him farewell.

A few days ago I met Perkins in the street. He was no longer wearing the pea-green uniform and, had I not stopped him, would have passed me by. Good morning, Forester," I said.

"How goes the forest?"

"I am no longer working for Mr. Bulger, Sir," Perkins answered.

I was surprised and sought a further

explanation.

'The fact is, Sir," said Perkins, "I'm a jobbing gardener. I don't mind undertaking to look after trees to suit a gentleman who has fancies that way, Sir, but when it comes to concrete I chucks my hand in."

"Concrete, Perkins?

"Yes, Sir; and, if you'll excuse me, Sir, I've got a hedge to trim up the road and I'd better be getting along."

I hurried round to Bulger's house and rushed into the garden. The trees were gone. The whole place was littered with planks, wheelbarrows and wooden tubs. At the bottom of the garden was an immense concrete dome from which Bulger emerged as I approached. He was covered from head to foot in cement.

"Good morning," he said cheerily. "What do you think of this?"

"What is it?" I asked.
"It's an air-raid shelter. The whole thing hasn't cost me five pounds. It's the duty of every citizen to provide one. Look at that," slapping it heartily, reinforced concrete, two feet thick, for five pounds. I've used quick-drying cement too. I've taken all the boxspring mattresses from the beds to reinforce it. Saved a lot of money that way. There's no doubt about it that











SALESMANSHIP

it's time that this country showed the world that it is prepared. I had a letter in The Telegram this morning."

Bulger's enthusiasm was infectious, and he was pleased when he saw that I admired his work. I had to leave him after a few minutes, because there was a sharp shower of rain and I had no umbrella. Bulger laughed at me, but he doesn't know what it is to have a weak constitution.

They found Bulger late in the evening. The quick-drying cement had set rapidly after the shower, and they had to find a roadman with a pneumatic drill before they could get him out of his clothes. He is going to take out a patent for the suit. The roadman said he would have survived a direct hit by a hundred-pound bomb.

#### Presents Wanted

CAR and trailer. Complete set new Temple Shakespeare. Home filmmaking and showing apparatus. Aeroplane and hangar and oil (?petrol) well. Small house in Westminster, freehold or long lease. Portable typewriter, ditto Turkish bath. Television set. Three dozen pairs silk stockings all Radiogramophone. makes. Abso. lutely detached cottage or small farm in Surrey, good view, main drainage. Diamonds, form and design to be discussed. Six portraits by AUGUSTUS JOHN (this is urgent). Title-deeds any good London theatre. Life membership any two London clubs. Copy unpublished diary BEETHOVEN. column daily, indefinite period, any fairly objective newspaper national circulation. Controlling interest any good London publisher. Dinner-party, guests: Lord Horder, Edith Evans, Jean Forbes Robertson, Serge CHERMAYEFF, HAMMOND. In the event of two or more offers any item or items, donors notified of likely acceptor to whom offers have been re-directed

# A Holiday, Please

In previous years Mr. Punch's readers have responded generously to his appeal for contributions to the Women's Holiday Fund, the object of which is to send hardworking and deserving women and their children from poor districts for a short holiday to the seaside or into the country. He asks them to be par-ticularly liberal this year, when a special effort is needed to place the Fund on a firmer financial basis. Donations should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Women's Holiday Fund, 76, Denison House, 296, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.



"I KEEP THINKING IT'S TUESDAY."

### The Question

"Can't you ask a question?" I said indignantly.

"You keep asking me to put down questions," said my poor friend Poker, M.P. "And you seem to think it's an easy thing to do. Well, it isn't. Also, you seem to think it's a good way of getting things done. Wrong again.

"Question-time in the House of Commons is one of the queerest corners of the Constitution. For a whole hour, four days a week, the Members crowd the Chamber and bombard the Ministers with questions. About one in every hundred questions receives a satisfactory reply, that is, a promise of action. A few extract some information which the Member genuinely desires to get, and cannot get by reference to a Blue-book. Some extract a heavy snub from a Minister and others a nasty quip from a fellow-Member. Question-time gives every Member an opportunity of learning the names of the other six-hundred-and-fourteen, and how the House is feeling about Spain, Abyssinia or Japan. It's a good way of advertising a grievance or a good deed, and it seems to please the constituents. But the average questionputter hits the target about once in a thousand times.

"Is he dismayed? No. He hurries out and drafts a few more. And that, I repeat, is not so easy. There are rules and regulations,

"First of all you have to find the right Minister to question, for Rule 1 says that

'A question addressed to a Minister of the Crown must relate to the public affairs with which he is officially connected...

"You cannot suddenly, out of the blue, ask the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

'Whether he is aware that a small boy of repulsive appearance threw a stone the size of a duck's egg at the passengers in Mr. Haddock's boat proceeding under Lambeth Bridge on July 4th last, and nearly killed a lady-mariner, and what does he propose to do about it?

for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is not responsible for small boys or Lambeth Bridge.

"Who is? Well, the waters you were navigating are under the control of the Port of London Authority, and Lambeth Bridge, I think, is under the L.C.C.: but that is the sort of thing that nobody knows. Probably the P.L.A. has regulations about throwing things into the river; I know they have regulations about letting off fireworks on the shore. But the P.L.A. is very difficult to reach with a question; indeed I am not sure they are not one of the Great Untouchables that nobody is responsible for. The Ministry of Transport is not responsible for the L.P.T.B., and the B.B.C. only vaguely acknowledges the existence of the Postmaster-General. I know you can put a question to the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE about the hateful conduct of Trinity House, because I once succeeded, though not much resulted. But the P.L.A. are more remote than anybody, and I don't think the Board of Trade would lift a finger to get the P.L.A. to make the river safe from small boys spitting and throwing stones on to private vessels not carrying cargo.

"So let us lumber up another avenue. Why not try to find somebody who is responsible for the children? Nobody is responsible for children nowadays, I agree; but technically, I suppose, the Board of Education has something to do with them. How about this?—

'To ask the President of the Board of Education whether he is aware that after the priceless benefit of nearly seventy years of compulsory education certain small but malignant boys are still unjustifiably spitting and throwing stones from London bridges on to the defenceless mariner passing below; that many marineminded taxpayers and ratepayers are now inquiring whether their money is and has been wisely expended: and what steps do His Majesty's Government propose to take in order to terminate these undoubted evils?'"

" Grand!" I said.

"Maybe," said Poker. "But hopelessly out of order. I shall never get that past the Clerk-at-the-Table. There is Rule 4 (page 70, The Manual of Procedure), which is as follows:—

'A question must not contain any argument, inference, imputation, epithet or ironical expression.'

"This rule cuts out nearly all the amusing questions. And it would certainly spiflicate ours. Consider. 'The priceless benefit' is without doubt an 'ironical expression'—or so they would say at the Table. The bit about the taxpayer is probably an 'argument or inference.' And the words 'malignant' and 'unjustifiably' are either epithets or imputations respectively, so to speak. No, that won't do.

"You might of course have a bang at the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, the chief Law Officer of the Crown (in the Com-

mons), and ask him

'Whether in his opinion it is lawful for small boys (a) to spit and (b) to throw stones the size of an eagle's egg at delicately-nurtured passengers travelling in Mr. Haddock's boat under the extremely inartistic arch of Lambeth Bridge in a westerly direction: and if such an offence were committed would the Right Honourable Gentleman instruct the Director of Public Prosecutions to proceed against the delinquent?'"

"Good!" I said.

"Yes, but that won't do," said Poker. "The first part of the question offends against the first part of Rule 7; and the second part of the question vilely violates the last part of Rule 7."

"What does Rule 7 say?"

"Rule 7 says that

'a question must not ask for an expression of opinion, or for the solution of an abstract legal question, or of a hypothetical proposition.'"

"Well," I said, "I think you told me that Lambeth Bridge was under the control of the London County Council." "I said I thought it might be," said

Poker wearily. "Nobody knows."
"Well, Mr. Herbert Morrison is
boss of the L.C.C. and a Member of



"Two scholars, please."

"What D' YOU WANT TWO FOR?"

"WELL, THEY'RE SO FRIGHTFULLY CHEAP."



"MUCH DOING AT THE OFFICE TO-DAY, DEAR?"

"No-absolutely nothing."

"THEN, DADDY, HOW DID YOU KNOW WHEN TO STOP?"

Parliament to boot," I said. "Can't you ask him why he doesn't keep his charming children in order on his hideous and, for the most part, redundant London bridges?"

redundant London bridges?"
"Too many epithets," said Poker.
"And imputations. Besides, though it is true that a question may be put to a private Member, you have forgotten Rule 12?—

'A question addressed to an unofficial Member must relate to some Bill, motion or other matter connected with the business of the House for which the Member is responsible.'

"The Clerk-at-the-Table, I think, to say nothing of the SPEAKER, would be reluctant to agree that the throwing of the largest boulder from Lambeth Bridge on to your boat was 'connected with the business of the House.' And, by the way, both 'hideous' and 'redundant' are 'epithets'; and 'charming,' I suspect, is an 'ironical expression.'"

"Well," I said, "it all seems very difficult."

"That," said Poker, "is vaguely what I am attempting to suggest. It is difficult. Yet, somehow, every day between sixty and eighty questions come safely past the barriers.

And all you say is that Mr. So-and-So is advertising or amusing himself. But if anyone declines to put a question down, as I am declining now, you say that he is idle and has no other purpose in polities than the acquisition of six hundred pounds a year."

"Can't you try the police?" I said.
"Who is responsible for the police?"
said Poker.

"The Home Secretary, of course."

"Everywhere?"

"Yes.

"That's where you're wrong. If the boys of Manchester threw stones at you the Home Secretary would not care a hoot. He is responsible only for the Metropolitan Police. But I might put a question down to him. Do you really want it?"

really want it?"
"Of course!" I said indignantly.
"What are you for?"

"Well, if I put a question down it will annoy the Department; and if the Department is annoyed it will do you no good. At the moment the Home Office is probably unaware of your existence, and if it has ever heard of you is benevolently neutral. It might even have a mildly sentimental objection to small boys throwing stones at you. But the moment they see that question the whole atmosphere will be

changed. 'Who is this ullage,' they will say, 'that disturbs our wonted peace? And why in the world should not the boys throw stones at him? No wonder the boys throw stones at him. Let them throw some more.' And forthwith all the forces of the Department will be bent upon devising evasive answers, if not positive reasons why the boys should throw stones at you. Nobody puts a question down if he really expects to get anything done. He sneaks up to an Under-Secretary during a division, perhaps, and says, 'I say, old boy, about so-and-so, isn't it pretty frightful?' And the Under-Secretary says, 'My dear old boy, of course it is. I'd no idea. I'll see what we can do.'

"Then something perhaps is done, but it doesn't get into the papers and the constituents continue to say that their Member doesn't seem to do very

"Well, there you are. I'll have a word with Scotland Yard, and another word with the education people, and I'll drop a line to the P.L.A. and the L.C.C., and I'll ask the ATTORNEY-GENERAL what the legal position is. But I'll see you further before I put down a question. So there. And so long."

A. P. H.

# 14, Oak Tree Road

From Mr. Grey Pinkham to the Chairman, Nether Green Borough Council.

Marlstick,

Ultramarine Drive, Nether Green, N.N.W.5.

June 2nd.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a bill for medical expenses incurred by my wife, who was injured as the result of the negli-

gence of your Council.

While walking along Oak Tree Road on May 5th she saw a house colour-washed in yellow ochre, with brick joints in black. The porch and window-jambs were orange and the window-frames bright green. She received such a shock that she involuntarily stepped back off the kerb and collided with a cyclist.

I consider your Council liable for damages for allowing such an unnerving colour-scheme beside a public

highway.

Yours faithfully, GREY PINKHAM.

From the Chairman, Nether Green Borough Council, to Mr. Grey Pinkham.

> Council Offices, Nether Green, N.N.W.5.

> > June 4th.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to the accident sustained by your wife, the Council cannot accept liability for damages. The house in question, No. 14, Oak Tree Road, is soundly built, and we have no power to interfere in a mere matter of colour.

Yours faithfully, D. VANSITTARD.

From Mr. Grey Pinkham to the Chairman, Nether Green Borough Council.

DEAR SIR,—I am astounded at your callous indifference in the matter of 14, Oak Tree Road. An evil-smelling drain demands prompt attention, but a nauseating house is allowed to upset passers-by and drive them to their deaths in the high road. So much for all the talk of the preservation of the amenities of the Borough!

Yours faithfully, GEEY PINKHAM.

From the Sanitary Inspector to Mr. Grey Pinkham.

June 9th.

DEAR SIB,-

14, Oak Tree Road.

Your letter of the 5th inst. complain-

ing of an evil-smelling drain at the above house has been passed on to me.

I have made inquiries about this nuisance, but there are no complaints from other residents in the road, and an examination of the man-holes revealed that the drainage system was in good order.

Yours faithfully, A. R. VENT.

From Mr. Grey Pinkham to the Sanitary Inspector. June 10th.

DEAR SIR,—

14, Oak Tree Road.

Thank you for your very concise report on the drains at this house. My complaint, however, is about the front of the building, and I maintain that this is dangerous to passers-by.

Yours faithfully,

GREY PINKHAM.

From the District Surveyor to Mr. Grey Pinkham.

June 14th.

DEAR SIR,-

14, Oak Tree Road.

The Sanitary Inspector has passed on to me your letter of the 10th inst., in which you complain of the above house as a dangerous structure.

My assistant has inspected the house and reports that it is in excellent condition. I have also examined the original deposited plans and find that the building conforms to the requirements of the Building Act (Section 16).

It is therefore quite impossible that

it should be dangerous.

Yours faithfully, WILL E. WEOBLEY.



"I WONDER IF THERE'S A REALLY NICE LITTLE BOY IN THE ROOM WHO WOULD LIKE TO RUN UPSTAIRS AND LOOK FOR MUMMY'S SECRETARIES AND From Mr. Grey Pinkham to the District Surveyor.

June 15th.

DEAR SIR,-

Grey Pinkham.

14, Oak Tree Road.

I am complaining about the offensive colour-scheme of the front of the house. My wife fell off the pavement at the sight of it, and that is why I consider it dangerous.

I am putting my claim for damages into the hands of my solicitors.

Yours faithfully,

GREY PINKHAM.

From Artistic Designs, Ltd., to Mr.

June 15th.

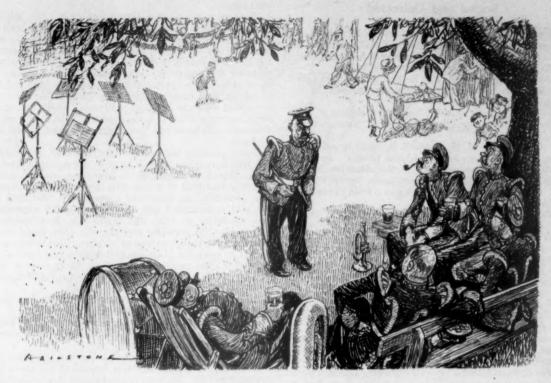
DEAR MR. PINKHAM,—One of the houses owned by the firm is shortly falling vacant, when Mr. Bright goes to Honolulu to take charge of our office there, and we have much pleasure in offering it to you.

The house is No. 14, Oak Tree Road, Nether Green, N.N.W.5. You will find it in very good condition, and it has recently been tastefully redecorated.

> Yours faithfully, B. BATTEYE, Managing Director.

#### Next Woman In!

THOSE of us who have been cultivating a slightly derisory attitude to women's cricket in general, and our Australian visitors in particular, will have to eat the pie that is humble. Since visiting the Oval on the 12th I have myself consumed several slices of it, and if I were able to see another of these Test Matches I am sure I should have to consume several more. For they play exceedingly well, these women-cricketers, and indeed, after a little while, one ceases to think of them as of the weaker sex at all, so capable are they with the bat, so nimbly do they bowl and field, and so swiftly return the ball. There was, I remember, a time when it used to be said of women, "They can't throw"; but can't they? The team from Australia whom I watched trying to get out Miss HIDE of Surrey and Miss SNOWBALL of Hampshire (after they themselves had declared for 207) were as dauntless and accurate as any men could be. After a little while even the skirts of the contestants become so like the attire of the noble flannelled male to which we are accustomed that we forget the difference-just as at the cinema the photographs quickly and imperceptibly acquire the semblance



"WELL, COME ON, BOYS, LET'S 'AVE A SMACK AT THE 'UNGARIAN RHAPSODY."

A more distinct difference is that the hair of those players who do not wear hats or who are not cropped waves as they run-very becomingly in the case, for example, of Miss HOLMES (of New South Wales), whose head is golden. Also, being for the most part short, these players look smaller than an eleven of menalthough Miss HIDE (of Surrey), the English captain, is a giantess, and so is Miss McLarty (of Victoria), that fearless field. But after this there is only the discrepancy that comes from slightly less power, none of the women being able to bowl quite so fast, say, as GOVER, or to hit quite so hard, say, as HAMMOND. But no man that I have ever seen plays with a straighter bat than Miss SNOWBALL (who has the distressing experience of being run out when her score was 99).

The only piece of advice of which I felt these women cricketers to be in need, or which I personally should dare to offer, is that the bowlers, having bowled, should hasten to get behind the wickets in order to be ready for a possible run-out, and very diffidently I make the suggestion that their bats are too heavy. I might

also venture to draw the attention of CHESTER to the women umpires' eyeshades. They might increase even his unflagging vigilance.

Cricket among women is no new thing, but hitherto it has never been taken so seriously as now. At any rate I have never before seen it at the Oval, holding the spectators in a spell. And as I watched Miss MARGARET PEDEN (of New South Wales), who is the Australian captain, handling her team, and, at mid-off dropping on one knee exactly as STODDART used to do, I thought what a strange sign of the times this attack on the Old Country is, and I thought too how fortunate are the members of the team. For, if they were not here, showing us what accomplished cricketers they are, and, mostly for the first time, seeing England, they would be doing-what? Well, Miss MARGARET PEDEN, I learn from the official document, is a Guide Commissioner: Miss Patricia Holmes (with the yellow locks), all-rounder and medium-pace bowler, is an art-photographer; Miss HAZEL PRITCHARD (of New South Wales), batsman, is in the jewellery business: Miss Peggy An-TONIO (of Victoria), a swarthy little spin-bowler, is a machinist of cardboard boxes; Miss WINNIE GEORGE (of Victoria), batsman, is a machinist in soft goods; Miss KATHLEEN SMITH (of Queensland), all-rounder and fast leftarm bowler, is a merchandise forewoman; Miss Amy Hudson (of New South Wales), all-rounder and mediumpaced bowler, is a packer and a vigoro player (whatever vigoro is); Miss Nell McLarty (of Victoria), all-rounder, fast-bowler, silly mid-on, with a saucy way of her own returning the ball, is a machinist; Miss Alicia Walsh (of New South Wales), slow off-break bowler, is a director of the Free Kindergartens; Miss MOLLIE FLAHERTY (of New South Wales), fast bowler, is "interested in gardening and birds," and Miss ALICE WEGEMUND (of New South Wales), wicket-keeper and one of the best, is a machinist of boots.

There may not be a Bradwoman among them, but they are a very remarkable lot, and I hope I shall see them play again. Meanwhile I am wondering with alarm what their expression would be if an eleven of the Lords of Creation should (as in the old days) offer to take them on with broomsticks.

E. V. L.

# Sealed and Delivered

WAITING, with one finger pressed on the knot, while his wife spun a small pin-impaled blob of sealing-wax in the flame of a candle, Mr. Mohican ran over in his mind all the trouble this book had given him from first to last

More than three months ago he had met a man called Muhikan, who had shown very great interest in the similarity of their names.

"You spell yours with a U?" said Mr. Mohican.

"And a K," Mr. Muhikan said hastily. "Yours is O and C, I take it?"

Not to mention M, H, I, A and N," said Mr. Mohican, stifling an importunate longing to add briskly, "to boot."
"Ah," Mr. Muhikan said. "The Scandinavian branch.

I'm the Persian myself. But as you know, we both spring from the sixteenth-century Russian, Ivan Petrovitch Maikin.'

Reflecting that this left E, I, and sometimes W and Y to be distributed among the other nations of the earth, Mr. Mohican said "Indeed."

But surely you've read all that," Mr. Muhikan inquired, "in the Family Book?"

No. never.

"God bless my soul, I must lend you mine. I'll send it to you.'

Mr. Mohican thanked him absently and thought that would be all, for he did not offer the other his address and he was not asked for it.

However, almost exactly one month later the book arrived, a very large, very neatly-packed parcel, by registered post, at 7 A.M., and Mr. Mohican had to stumble downstairs with his eyes half-open and sign for it. For some time even after he had unpacked it he had no clear idea of what it was or why it had been sent to him. Then he found, pencilled lightly on the first end-paper, the name "A. J. Muhikan," with an address. "Oh dear," Mr. Mohican said to his wife, "it's the Family Book. I "Oh dear," suppose he got my address from Johnson.

She drowsily asked what he meant and he handed it over, struggled resignedly into bed again, and went to sleep. When he was at last prevailed upon to get out of bed in earnest he found that she was up and reading the book absorbedly.

Well?



"MONOTONOUS, ISN'T IT?"

"It's very interesting. You never told me all this about

your family. "I never told you one sixty-fourth of it," Mr. Mohican said. "I didn't know it myself, for one thing, and for another I very much doubt whether it's my family any. how. So far as I know my people came from Cornwall. not Persia or Russia or Scandinavia or," he added, battling with his dressing-gown, "any of the other countries the family historian's craving for romance may have led him to people with ancestral Mohicans. I never heard I was connected with any Muhikan or Maikin. I bet you haven't found any suggestion that the founder of the family was an old-clothes dealer named Moses Hickein, called Mo Hickein

Under pressure later in the day, however, he wrote to Mr. Muhikan at the address he gave and acknowledged the book. What he forgot, for a long time, was to read it. His wife had read it within two days, from beginning to end, including the statistical appendices. She read bits out and commanded him to assume various expressions and attitudes so that she might see how much he looked like the portraits reproduced. (She found he resembled all of them one way or another.) But he was never moved to read the book himself until it had been in the house for over two months. Then he noticed it lying along the top of a row of Edgar Wallaces and thought guiltily that he ought to be sending it back.

Some time later she found him turning the last pages.

and taxed him with not having read it properly.
"This book," he announced evasively, "places its author at about six bounds in a rank of some kind. And now we can get rid of it at last."

All the wrappings in which it had come were still with it, including the tangle of string beaded at the knots with sealing-wax. Mr. Mohican began to pack it up. He folded it in its tissue-paper; he put the package into its box; he wrapped the box. His wife watched with her fingers itching to do the job better, and held out some fresh string before he could ask for it.

Now-sealing-wax."

They had no sealing-wax, and it was early-closing day. She pointed out very reasonably that if he was set on sending the book off before to-morrow he could put the seals on at the post-office when he registered the parcel. She saw by the way he considered this that he had no intention of doing it.

"I want to get the whole thing over now." "Well, what are you going to do for-

"There are some quite big bits of wax stuck to that string," he pointed out.

Thus it was (we have got back to the beginning at last) that he stood with his finger on the knot, quite unnecessarily, while his wife spun her blob of sealing-wax on a pin in the candle-flame.

"It's getting black," she said.

"He'll take that for an old Scandinavian custom."
Mr. Mohican felt pleased. It was not true that the presence of the book had really worried him, but he felt now as if it had. He was now busy magnifying to the size of a boulder what had been no more than a fragment of grit in his mind. Looking back, he felt as if a major worry of the last three months were gone.

"There," he said at length. The parcel, adequately sealed, was ready for the address. As he took out his fountain-pen he did his best again, with fair success, to feel that he was rolling a tremendous weight off his mind.

Then he realised that the only copy of the address, which he could not remember, was pencilled in the end-paper



"YES, WE'RE WONDERFULLY WELL OFF HERE IF WE WANT TO GO TO A CINEMA.



JUST ROUND THE CORNER THERE'S THE ROSTRUM, WHERE THEY 'VE GOT 'NO SUCH PASSION' AND 'TWO LITTLE TOMBOYS'—



AND A LITTLE FURTHER AWAY THERE'S THE PROXY, WHERE THEY'RE GIVING 'TWO LITTLE TOMBOYS' AND 'NO SUCH PASSION.'



UP IN THE HIGH STREET THERE'S THE CHROMEON, WHERE THEY BE SHOWING 'NO SUCH PASSION' AND 'DEAD MAN'S CHEST'—



AND DOWN NEARER THE RIVER THERE'S THE GALANTINE, WHERE THERE'S 'DEAD MAN'S CHEST' AND 'TWO LITTLE TOMBOYS'—



AND ALSO THE PLUTONIC, IN THE SAME STREET, WHERE THEY'VE GOT 'TWO LITTLE TOMBOYS' AND 'DEAD MAN'S CHEST.'



THEN THERE'S THE BYZANTINE, WITH 'DEAD MAN'S CHEST' AND 'NO SUCH PASSION'—

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AND THE PLUSHODROME, WITH 'NO SUCH PASSION' AND 'TWO LITTLE TOMBOYS'—



AND THE ANODYNE, WITH 'TWO LITTLE TOMBOYS' AND 'NO SUCH PASSION'-



AND THE ROCOCOTTE, WITH 'TWO LITTLE TOMBOYS' AND 'DEAD MAN'S CHEST'—



AND THE VELVETEUM, WITH 'DEAD MAN'S CHEST' AND 'NO SUCH PASSION'-



AND, LASTLY, THERE'S A COLOSSAL BRAND-NEW ONE CALLED THE VENUS-BERG, WHERE THEY 'THE OPENING THIS VERY WEEK WITH 'NO SUCH PASSION' AND 'TWO LITTLE TOMBOYS.'"

# Murder in the Shetlands

THERE's a mist in the glen, but it's good fishing weather,
The wavering wind's in the west.
There's a ripple which travels from heather to heather;
Not a rise—but I can't give it best.

And I've tried Coch-y-bondhu, Jock Scott, Teal and Red, Blue Zulu and now Greenwell's Glory;

Blue Zulu and now Greenwell's Glory; And the gillie drones on with the story—

> "Muster Haamilton he had a gude yin Doon by the Stray; He'd sax by the sand-bank, did Haamilton, And yin ower yonder, did Haamilton; But the troot's no risin' the day."

The light's broken through and it seems to be lasting.
The glassy loch whispers defeat.
The desperate zeal that I've put into casting
Would lift the Queen Mary six feet—
Spey cast, overhead cast, back cast and half-cast, and I've
searched every inch;

Still Angus' voice like a winch-

"He'd yin by the reeds, Muster Haamilton— Four pounds as you're borrn; He'd twa with the lure, Muster Haamilton, But maist with the flee, Muster Haamilton; But the troot's no risin' the morrn!"

And so the dark fell on the crags and the islands,
And the colour died out on the broom,
And only the cry of the whaup broke the silence
As homeward we trailed in the gloom.
Bitter day, cruel fate, empty hands, empty creel, all the
world full of woe—
And then I met him by the Voe!

So he slipped on the sea-wrack, did Haamilton, In the last of the light; For the landing-net clubbed Muster Haamilton, And the watter closed ower Muster Haamilton, And the brute's no risin' to-night.

#### Book of the Weak

Amongst the many admirable "Superstitions about Animals" listed by the good Dr. Brewer in his Reader's Handbook occurs the following: "If the fourth book of the Iliad be laid under the head of a patient suffering from quartan ague, it will cure him at once." I should not have discovered this, only I happened to be looking up the Muses (Polyhymnia is the one I always forget), and naturally one starts reading where the book opens. It is a very pleasant superstition, though the connection with animals may not leap very readily to the mind.

Dr. Brewer hints that Serenus Sammonicus was responsible for the odd belief, or at any rate enshrined it for all time in a Latin hexameter—Mæoniæ Iliados quartum suppone timenti—which seems to me to scan quite perfectly, but he rather unkindly omits to state who this Serenus Sammonicus was. One looks in vain under "Serenus" before searching with justifiable pessimism for "Sammonicus." It is possible that in the later edition of the work this omission has been rectified; perhaps even a Handbook to



". . . AND NOW COLONEL BASRA WILL SAY A FEW WORDS ABOUT BEES."

Readers' Handbooks has gone to supply a long-felt want. But that does not alter the fact that at the moment we—may I say "we"?—are in the dark about him. He lives for us only as a line of metrically unassailable verse.

This is a pity, because if we knew more about SERENUS (Sammy to his friends) we might be in a position to say whence he derived his quaint Homeric notion. It is easy to see how some superstitions arise, but this, I think, is not one of them. Quartan ague is apparently a fever with a paroxysm occurring every third or by inclusive reckoning every fourth day; that is to say, if you have a bad bout on Monday you are for it again on Thursday. Why put one's trust in the fourth book of the Iliad for that? "Aha!" you say, "Quartan ague and fourth book. See?" Well, I do see, but I call it pretty thin. You surely wouldn't suggest that because I have—I mean if I have—a headache every Sunday morning I should put the seventh book of the Eneid on my head? You would get no thanks if you did. Or do you advise me to soothe my bi-weekly toothache by sleeping on Gibbon's Decline and Fall, Vol. IV.? No, no. Even in a superstition one asks for something a little more convincing than that.

I have taken the trouble to look through the fourth book of the *Hiad* but I can't see that it helps much. It starts with some typically dirty words in heaven between Zeus and Hera, with Athene chipping in, describes the subsequent treacherous wounding of Menelaus, then proceeds ponder-ously with Agamemnon's review of the army and ends on a high note with a general engagement in which Ajax and Odysseus loosed the knees of several meritorious Trojans. "δυθ ξλολ' 'Ανθεμίωνος"—but you remember the lines. Is this the kind of stuff to put under the head of a man undergoing his quartan paroxysm? Hot words from Hera, and Menelaus with an arrow in his chest and souls flying shrieking to Hades? One would hardly have thought so.

It is true that the healing art comes into the book in the person of Doctor Machaon, who makes a professional call on Menelaus, and the mention of his distinguished father, Asclepius, might be considered a sufficient charm to cure an ague. But against this must be set the fact that Machaon is no crank. He does not advise Menelaus to put the Catalogue of the Ships under his head or to sleep with a brazen tripod in the small of his back. On the contrary, he cleans up the wound and applies ηπια φάρμακα which may well be translated "soothing medicaments." I think

if I were going to persuade a man that a book of the *Iliad* was the very thing for his ague I should avoid that particular book which exhibits the practice of regular medicine. After all, the patient might easily grow tired of having the book under his head and start to read the thing.

So I am still rather in the dark about the origin of this superstition. Is it possible that the explanation is simply coincidence? Was there some ague-stricken Greek or Roman who woke up one Thursday morning, two thousand-odd years ago, knowing that a paroxysm was due, and found miraculously that he or she was cured? That the racking pains were gone and only a slight discomfort in the head remained, due to that careless girl, Chloe, who had left a copy of Iliad IV. under the pillow when she made the bed? "My dear, I tried everything—Pætus 'Non Dolet' Pills, the 'Nessus' Heat-Generating Shirt, drugs from China and the Indies, and now, just when I'd given up hope, it's gone. You don't suppose that book of Homer's could have had anything to do with it, do you? Oh, I know it's silly of me, but funny things happen. Anyway, I shall certainly keep the book handy if ever I feel the ague coming on again—just in case." The story would get about, the sales of Iliad IV. take a sharp upward trend, and another merry superstition would be ready for eventual inclusion in Dr. Brewer's list.

Probably a more widespread knowledge of medicine has made it difficult nowadays to gain credence for cures of this type. If I were to let it be known that my *Travels in Wiltshire* worn next the skin was an infallible cure for lumbago, would that gravely underestimated book achieve the popularity that is its due? I doubt it. There is a deplorable lack of simple faith in the present age. Even my *Thoughts About Plymouth* (First Edition, 1924; Remaindered

1925), which might well cure fallen arches if placed inside the shoe, has not been taken up by the public.

Anyone interested in tracing the origin of superstitions might try their hand at this one (also vouched for by Dr. Brewer):—

"If a person suffering from whooping-cough asks advice of a man riding on a piebald horse, the malady will be cured by doing what the man tells him to do."

If a man suffering from whooping-cough came up to me, whether I was riding on a piebald horse or not, I know what I should tell him to do.

H. F. E.

# My U.S. Mail

"Bremen for Sthmptn psd Lizard 3," A line of poetry to me.
You ask me why, you don't know better?
Bremen's brng Drthy's lttr.

"Please send me without any obligation to purchase full particulars of The Great War and your scheme of easy payments with immediate delivery."—From a Book Prospectus.

Not too immediate, we hope.

"One cause of all this trouble really rises from the fact that our financial system is devised for the needs of an industrial and not of a rural community, and the same is true of our system of finance."

Weekly Paper.

And as for our monetary system-



<sup>&</sup>quot;YOU NEED A HOLIDAY."

<sup>&</sup>quot;BUT, DOCTOR, I 'VE JUST HAD ONE."

<sup>&</sup>quot;THEN I DO."



"WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO HAVE A GAME, MR. BUNNY?"

# The Great Income-Tax Mystery

I READ of men so lost to shame,
In moral principle so lax,
That they elude by some strange game
Their income-tax.

For them alone the long arrears
Pile up, while that All-Searching Eye
That does for you and me appears
To pass them by.

Somehow they make no false return, And somehow do no mortal sin; No iron law, howe'er it yearn, Could run them in.

And when at last the fatal clutch
Grips, as it will; when that dread blow
Falls with concentred force, are such
Downhearted? No.

They do not wince, they do not shrink; They calmly make no bones about it, And ask Those Others what they think They'll do about it. Then there begins a long debate;
The High Powers raven for their prey;
The others quite politely state
That they can't pay,

Till—here the wonder lies—they strike
A bargain—would to me- and you-ward
Such things could be—and compound like
The unjust steward.

I, truer than the pointing steel,
Fork out my taxes and rejoice;
Apart from patriotic zeal
I have no choice.

Yet truly this is not well done; If I must pay my virtuous due I fail to grasp why such a one Shouldn't pay too.

Still, those o'erbearing autocrats
Who badger one without cessation,
He is too many for them; that's
One consolation.

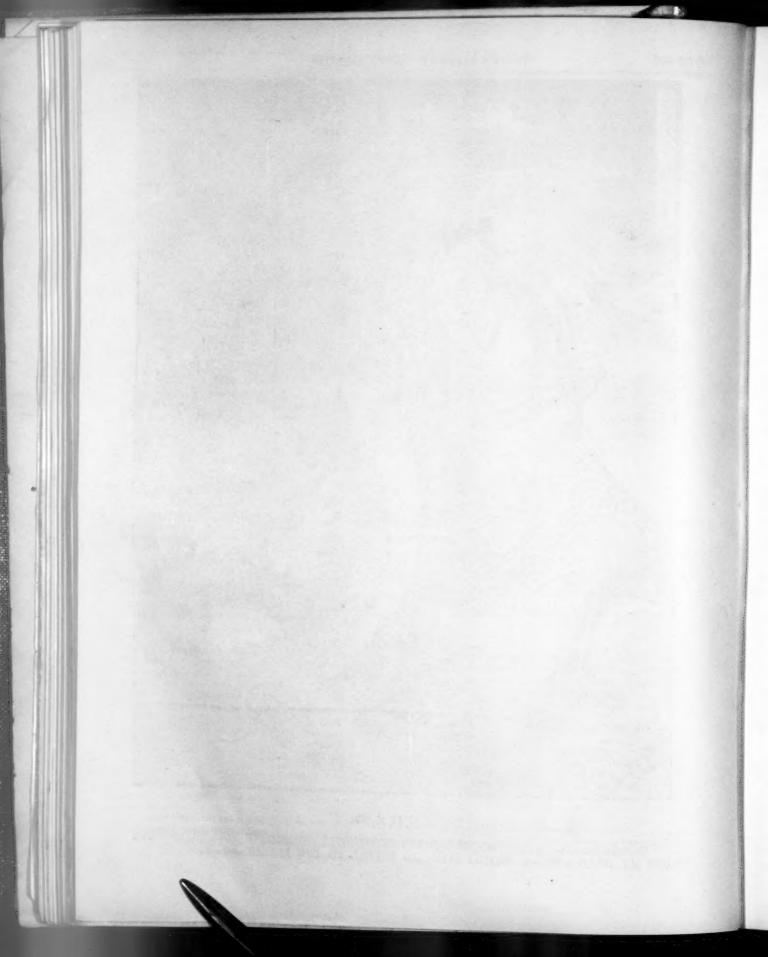
Dum-Dum.

<sup>&</sup>quot;I'D LOVE TO-LATER. AT THE MOMENT I THINK THEY'RE ARRANGING A WOMEN'S FEARSOME."



S. O. S.

CHINESE DRAGON. "I SAY, DO BE CAREFUL WITH THAT SWORD! IF YOU TRY TO CUT OFF MY HEAD I SHALL REALLY HAVE TO APPEAL TO THE LEAGUE AGAIN."



# Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week

Monday, July 12th.—Lords: Factories Bill taken in Committee.

Commons: Milk (Amendment) Bill given Second Reading.



Hotspur (Mr. Ton Jonnston). "Such a dish of skimmed milk!"

K. Henry IV., Part I., II. 3.

Tuesday, July 13th.—Lords: Many minor Measures advanced.

Commons: Coal (Registration of Ownership) Bill given Second Reading.

Wednesday July 14th.—Lords: Debate on Oil from Coal.

Commons: Report Stage of Finance Bill.

Monday, July 12th .-Hard is the way of the social reformer. When the Factories Bill was taken in the Upper House this afternoon Lord LISTOWEL'S motion that no child under fifteen should be employed in a factory sounded reasonable enough until Lord MUNSTER pointed out that, if the Amendment were carried, child-labour would be diverted to a number of unpleasant occupations like lead-mining, where no restrictions were in force.

Sir Arnold Wilson's suggestion that London workers should be encouraged by the provision of parking-places to use bi-

cycles, and Captain Hudson's rejoinder that an increase in cyclists would add to the existent horrors of traffic, reminded Mr. P.'s R. of a whale of a bicycle which once lived at Cambridge and had survived for many years a frequent load of eight large men, whom it easily accommodated. A few like it, distributed geographically, would bring whole Ministries to their work compactly and healthfully if not with elegance.

The most interesting feature of the debate on the Milk Bill was the point, of which Mr. Ramsbotham made the most, that while Mr. Tom Johnston had attacked the Government for diverting milk to manufacturing processes, it was actually Mr. Johnston who, as Under-Secretary for Scotland in 1930, had proposed that surplus milk should be kept off the market and put to factory use. Opposition would be more fun if speeches were not recorded!

Tuesday, July 13th.—The Lords were useful but not noteworthy.

The refuse redd from the burning bing at Buckhaven is not only making the harbour at that place look a pretty laughable affair from the mariner's point of view, as Squire GALLACHER suggested to Mr. Elliot this afternoon, but prompts irresistibly a revision of Mrs. Hemans along the following lines:

"The boy stood on the burning bing Whence all but he had fled; A Tory, he began to sing 'Our Gallacher's a Redd!'"

There would be nothing against calling the poem, supposing one went on with it, "The Bing Boy." Mr. P.'s R. respectfully suggests that its completion would be a salutary exercise for those Members (of whose names he has compiled a list) whom he has marked down from his superior position in the Press Gallery as interpreting their choice by the electors as a mandate to pass a few hours daily in perfecting their skill at tearing the Order Paper into lace-handkerchiefs.

Question-time was otherwise memorable because Mr. Speaker, a conspicuously patient man, was over-



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO

Mr. FRANK LEE (Whom you see) Says there's no man finer Than a Derby miner.

heard, after a spate of unnecessary Supplementaries, to observe gloomily that he had never known Questions go so slowly.

Subsequent debate on the Coal (Registration of Ownership) Bill provided an excellent example of the extraordinary muddle in which the Labour Party finds itself at the mo-

ment. After Captain CROOKSHANK had introduced the Bill (which had already passed the Lords) and dealt cheerfully with the barracking generally reserved for later stages, Mr. GEORGE HALL led off for the Opposition with a reasonable speech, in which he stated that his party would not oppose the Bill, though they would have given it a bigger welcome if it had gone further. Several Labour Members agreed that they would support it. Then Sir STAF-FORD CRIPPS arose and launched a tremendous attack on the Bill, which he declared was more and more



ATTLEE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS LED BY THE RED QUEEN, SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS



"I WONDER WHAT PARIS WILL BE GIVING US NEXT YEAR."

like Alice and enshrined the most fantastic suggestion ever put forward in the House of Commons (namely, that the owners who registered under this Bill would not be bound until after the passage of the main Unification Bill); and to everyone's amazement Mr. ATTLEE followed with a speech heavy with disapproval, shortly afterwards leading his somewhat confused henchmen into the Lobby against the Bill.

It was not very impressive.

Wednesday, July 14th.—Urging that
for the sake of defence and unemployment more oil should be produced from
coal in the distressed areas of South
Wales and Durham, Lord MOTTISTONE
told the Upper House this afternoon
that a German official had given him
figures to show that Germany was
already obtaining nearly two-thirds of
her petrol requirements from coal.

Speaking from the experience gained by Imperial Chemical Industries, Lord McGowan declared that hydrogenation on a scale large enough to affect national safety or economy was outside the sphere of private initiative, and he said that, although petrol of the highest grade was being produced from coal, he thought it was important not to exaggerate the possible effects of the process on employment. Supposing that in ten years' time our annual needs had grown to 7,500,000 tons of petrol, and it were all extracted from coal, he calculated that not more than 300,000 men would be involved, including miners. He advised the House to await the findings of the Falmouth Committee.

The debate in the Commons on the Finance Bill sounded more and more like the culminating orations at the income-tax collectors' annual dinner, and must have been quite incomprehensible to many of those who took part in it; but it was brightened for a short time by Mr. A. P. HERBERT, who moved a clause to abolish the

Entertainments Duty, which he described as a bad tax, making no allowance for the things of the mind. In reply the Chancellor went so far as to say that if Mr. Herbert would frame proposals to classify entertainments for the purposes of taxation he would consider them with interest. From a Chancellor even sympathy is something.

Regarding our fierce Worcester
Colonel
Who silenced the Rorcester infolonel,
To kill that foul bird
He used a foul word
Which cannot appear in your jolonel.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Smart intelligent lad wanted as leaner on petrol service station; experience not required."—Advt. in Local Paper. But look at the competition!

#### Scrap

"OUR country calls for iron," perorated Mr. Banks the postmaster, thumping the table, "and iron she shall have. Let it never be said, my friends, that Great Baconfold failed England in her hour of need!"

He sat down amid loud and prolonged applause. We of Great Baconfold love a good speech. Our Village Hall has a corrugated iron roof, and a speaker has to be pretty good to make it drop flakes of rust on the audience, as Mr. Banks had done.

"Wasn't he splendid?" said Lorna. "Some village Hampden," agreed Ferdinand.

The Vicar rose. He would add nothing to Mr. Banks's most eloquent appeal. Would everyone bring his scrapiron to the field behind this Hall before Wednesday next? He was sure they would all bear their part, even though some small sacrifice were involved.

"A little sacrifice," he concluded, renders every gift more beautiful.

"Well," I said when we were walking home from the meeting, "what about it? The only scrap-iron we've got is that old bicycle of Lorna's.'

"Scrap-iron nothing!" snorted my "Has it occurred to you that it's my only means of transport? How d' you think I get about when you have the car all day?

"Not on a bicycle with a chain missing," I retorted.

"Besides," added Lorna, ignoring this thrust, "I've promised Cook her niece shall have it when she's old enough. I know-that old iron thing in the garage would do."

'You don't mean my vice?" I demanded incredulously.

"You have others," Ferdinand pointed out rudely.

"But I do all the household repairs

'Since when?" inquired Lorna. "Good heavens! Don't you remem-

ber the bathroom-tap I mended in the

winter of '35?''
"I do," testified Ferdinand. "And afterwards the dashed thing came right out while I was in the bath.

"All right," I said, rounding on him viciously, "what about those old swords of yours? There must be a hundredweight or so hanging on the study wall, with no intrinsic, sentimental or latent value.'

'And I have to clean them," Lorna backed me up.

"But confound it," exploded my brother-in-law, "those swords are antiques! I shouldn't be surprised if



"YES, MISS, IT IS A BIT 'OT, BUT I'M WEARIN' IT BECAUSE I'VE A NOLE

my collection turned out to be jolly valuable.

"I should," said Lorna-"very."

"Besides," I put in, "'a little

"I move we postpone the matter till to-morrow," said Ferdinand hastily.

But the dawn brought no comfort. The breakfast atmosphere became increasingly mordant as the meal progressed, and with the toast it was evident that complete deadlock had been reached. The iron had entered into our souls.

It was Ferdinand who found the solution. He arrived home that night with three of the ugliest iron bedsteadends I have ever seen.

"Scrap to end scrap," he explained.
"Got 'em at a second-hand dealer's. That'll be ninepence each.'

"You're not going to let the Vicar think those horrible things are ours?' protested Lorna.

"You forget, my dear," I reproved her as I handed over my ninepence, "'a little sacrifice renders every gift more beautiful.'"

# At the Play

"WOMEN OF PROPERTY" (QUEEN'S)

LIFE in Tavastland, Finland, is meant to be a pretty dull round of agricultural activities, interspersed with gossip and games of cards, but the cast assembled to show us this life at the Queen's Theatre has altogether

too much talent. That is the great weakness of realistic plays which attempt to suggest commonplace routine.

The action has in fact to be quick to cram the story into some two hours, and when good actors and actresses are given parts their decided characters heighten the interest to the detriment of the dramatist's intention.

Miss Mary Morris showed some months ago what an acquisition she is to the English stage as a portrayer of powerful old women, and as the mother of Niskavouri she rules with decision and discernment. Her life is not easy: she had been married that her money might help the estate, and she requires and expects her daughterin-law, Marta (Miss DORICE FORDRED), to do the same. Her son, Arne (Mr. GRIFFITH JONES), is also expected to devote himself to farm and family, as his ancestors have done; but the mother of Niskavouri expects that Arne will from time to time lapse from the moral path. Only, when these things happen, it is the part of the wise woman to close her eyes, as it is the part of a Tavastland husband to return sooner or

We see Arne lose his heart to the new high-spirited schoolmistress, Ilona (Miss NANCY HORNSBY). The suspense of the play is the contest between the traditional way of life of the men of Niskavouri and sudden romance. On the side of tradition the wife and the mother pursue different policies, and the tragic centre of the play is in Miss Morris's keeping: she has to show us an older generation seeing its advice disregarded and its ambitions ruined. Marta, the wife who follows her ownimpetuous methods and secures a transitory success, is played with her usual distinction by Miss Forder, who brings out just the needed note of superior education which makes Marta always restless. She storms, she gives her well-grounded suspicions full rein, she stages a heart-attack and reclaims Arne for a little space, and she passes through all these high moments with the breeding of the



WARNING ABOUT MEN FROM THE VILLAGE AUTOCRAT

Ilona. . . . . . . . . Miss Nancy Hornsby Mother of Niskavouri . . . Miss Mary Morris



UNAPPRECIATED WIFELY DEVOTION

Arne . . . . . Mr. Griffith Jones Marta . . . . Miss Dorice Fordred town, so that the play becomes in the richness of its plot as much a study of an unsuitable and mercenary marriage as of a conflict in the soul of Arne.

As Ilona, Miss Hornsby shows us a schoolmistress whose profession has left no graceless marks upon her, but then it is true she has only just entered it. Miss Hornsby has some rather difficult lines in which she has to say all that natural scenery means to her.

and she manages to leave no impression of affectation or excessive simplicity but one of capacity and integrity. She is well able to manage without Arne, young and vital as he is, standing out from among his older village companions, who are all wellcast minor characters; and energetically as Mr. GRIFFITH Jones throws himself into the successive scenes of passion and reproach, he proves in the final issue not really necessary to either of the contending parties. When he finally goes off with Ilona we are left doubting if she will be happier than she would have been living alone, cherishing the high idea she has formed of him. D. W.

# "THEY CAME BY NIGHT" (GLOBE)

In The Amazing Dr. Clitter-house Mr. Barré Lyndon hit on the immensely popular formula of the man of probity co-operating on friendly terms with a gang of crooks in order to study their psychological reactions when engaged on a job. In this new play he has only varied the pattern so far as to make the virtuous hero immerse himself in crime against his will.

Here we have once more an attractive thug, a Good Pretty Girl, a Bad Pretty Girl, a thrilling scene of realism in which we share the tensest moments of a headline - worthy larceny (made even better by the comforting reflection, at the very back of the mind, that if the cops do come they will never think of looking for us in the stalls), and, perhaps most important of all, Mr. Lyndon's admirable dialogue, which sharply differentiates the characters and points the play with light and effective humour.

There was a certain intellectual interest in the mental processes of Clitterhouse and the probability of his insanity which is absent here, but this play is just as exciting and decidedly the funnier of the two. It has been cast with skill and it is excellently acted.

The hub of the whole piece is Mr. OWEN NARES, who hardly leaves the stage and gives a capital exhibition of how easy really polished acting can appear. He is a John Fothergill, who wears no buckles on his shoes but runs an ancestral business as a jeweller in the West-End of London, where his reputation for good work is as high as the overdraft which represents his preference for art as against commerce. A charming kindly fellow, he cannot be bothered to wade through the official lists of stolen goods and so has already incurred the suspicion of the police by acting unwittingly as a fence.

A gang of large-scale bullion-thieves, having marked him down as a mug, implicate him hopelessly with the fruits of some minor robberies and then put it to him that, if he is to save his skin (and incidentally earn five thousand pounds), he must be responsible for the disposal of a big haul of gold bars which they are planning. What is the honest man to do, when fast in the mud beside him is the girl he loves? There is in fact an answer to this question, but it is Mr. LYNDON'S property and I strongly advise you to go and discover it for yourselves. That Fothergill eventually triumphs by low cunning and a great deal of luck can of course be taken for granted. Per-

sonally I found the financial morality of the end impossible to reconcile with Fothergill's extreme integrity, but I can see why Mr. LYNDON succumbed to temptation. As for Fothergill's habit of giving a small nephew a nightly instalment over the telephone of a bedtime-story which draws more and more upon his own adventures, there was a little too much of it, and it seemed a good deal for the lords of the underworld to swallow; but their imaginative indigestion was pleasant to watch.

Apart from Mr. NARES, whom it would be hard to overpraise, two other members of the cast were outstanding. One was Mr. DAVID BURNS, whose lovable gangster is becoming a feature of the English stage, and the other was Mr.

WALLACE EVENNETT, who gave an exceedingly well-observed portrait of one of the old school of upright Cockney craftsmen. To me Fothergill's associations with these two were the high spots of the evening; there was



A HARD-BOILED NEST-EGG FOR BANKRUPT JEWELLER

Sally Grosvenor . . MISS URSULA JEANS John Fothergill . . MR. OWEN NARES

a splendid scene in which he succeeded for strategic reasons in getting Mr. Smith the worse for strong waters, about whose potency Mr. Smith for a militant teetotaler was deplorably vague.

As the Good and Bad Pretty Girls, Miss URSULA JEANS and Miss SARA SEEGAR were respectively charming, and as the captain of the safe-blowing team Mr. CEES LASEUR was impressive.

With Mr. CLAUD GURNEY'S production I have only one quarrel, and that is the way in which a gold ingot declared to weigh twenty-three pounds was handed lightly about as if it were composed of wood (which it probably was). On this matter I speak with authority as I once did a fish of that weight to death, and the effort of holding it prominently in the subsequent memorial group came near to crippling my arm for life. ERIC.

# Tea in the Garden

I WILL not go to tea with you, Mrs. Arden. Yourself, your house, your tea, These three Are all acceptable to me: But oh! Too well I know That if I go You will say Brightly How pleasant it will be To-day To have tea In the garden. . And I—poor fool!—politely Shall agree.

Then will my tea be tepid,

And into it will things Descend on strings Like acrobats intrepid, Ants with fierce gallop, wasps on eager wings Will to the jam resort, And in the cream the gamesome earwig sport. My chair will be so low (That too I know) I'll scarce be able To reach the table-Its scones And buttered buns, And sandwiches with bits of green inside. The sun hath somewhat

dried. . . . Pardon Me therefore, Mrs. Arden, And think me not ungrate-Because I deem most hateful

Tea in the garden. C. F. S.



RUGGED BACKGROUND FOR BEDTIME STORY

"Bugsie". . . . . . . MR. DAVID BURNS John Fothergill . . . . . MR. OWEN NARES Carl Vollaire . . . . . MR. CEES LASEUR

# It Might Have Been.

"AND after all, dear, the road was absolutely and entirely

Yes. Was it really?"

"There was nothing in sight for miles and miles. Literally nothing."

"I see."

"So naturally one thought it was all right. And in any case I was going so slowly that the car really wasn't moving at all. I mean it was practically at a standstill. As I said to the policeman at the time, 'It isn't as if I were going at eighty miles an hour, after all. If,' I said, 'if I'd been speeding madly along and had dashed over the white line at a hundred miles an hour, I quite agree that there would have been risk. Definite risk."

'And what did he say to that?"

"Oh, something or other. And I said, 'Constable,' I said, 'no one can be a more careful driver than I am. If I was a careless driver, always racing along the roads and cutting in here, there and everywhere, I should be the very first person to say so. The very first. But,' I said, 'as it happens I've been driving for exactly fifteen years and seven months and have never had a single mishap of any sort or kind."

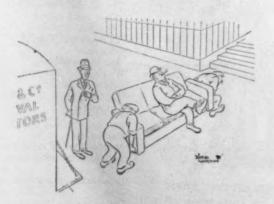
"Except just that time at Esher when you—"
"I'm coming to that. 'Except,' I said, 'except on one single occasion at Esher when another car quite deliberately backed into me and damaged my radiator slightly. And as my car was standing stock-still at the time I suppose you'll hardly suggest,' I said, 'that I was to blame. I simply mention it because I wish to be absolutely open and above-board."

'Quite right, of course."

"I told him I should say exactly the same thing to the magistrate if he insisted on summonsing me. 'But at the same time,' I said, 'at the same time, Constable, in common fairness to myself I should like to point out to you that you've got no case against me at all. The road was clear for miles and miles, and I sounded my horn as I reached the main road. Even if I didn't distinctly remember doing sowhich as a matter of fact I distinctly do-I know that I did because I invariably do sound my horn whenever I turn into a main road.'

"It seems a sensible thing to do."

"Oh, it's the only thing to do. Well, as I said to the policeman, 'I looked to the right and to the left, and there was



"YES, SIR, THIS BRE'S THE FOREMAN."



"THEY MAKE THE ONLY REALLY BATABLE TOFFEE-APPLE THIS SIDE OF THE CHANNEL.

nothing to be seen-it might have been the desert of Sahara and then I sounded my horn three times perfectly distinetly, and moved forward at one mile an hour or less,

slowing down still more when I got to the white line."
"Did you actually stop dead?"
"Wait a minute. 'To begin with,' I said to the policeman, 'it's extraordinary difficult to see that line at all when one isn't expecting it. I don't know this particular part of the country at all well, and the sign you've got further back along the road is in a position where it's really frightfully difficult to see it at all. I'm perfectly certain,' I said, looking straight at him, 'that other people have told you exactly the same thing before.'

"And had they?

"Oh, naturally he wouldn't say. They never do. 'But leaving all that aside,' I said, 'the fact remains that to all intents and purposes I did stop the car. The wheels may have been going round,' I said, 'they may have-I can't absolutely swear that they weren't, because naturally one can't see all four wheels when one's driving-but if they were,' I told him, 'it's as much as they were doing. And my own belief is that the car was practically standing perfectly still exactly on the white line.

'And you mean to say that after all that he means to

summons you?

"So he said. I simply answered, 'Very well, Constable, if you think that's your duty, better do it. But I warn you, I said, 'that I shall say exactly the same thing to the magistrate as I've said to you."

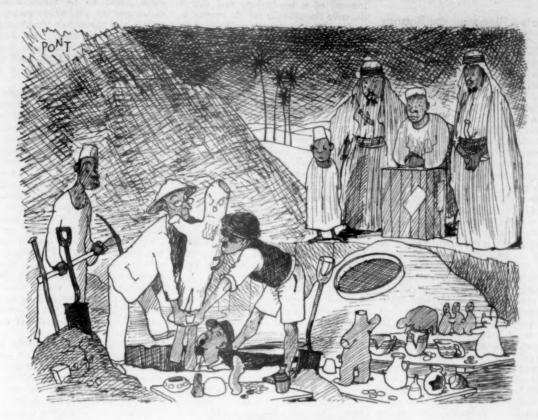
". . . . I pointed out to the defendant that 'Alt means Stop. She made no reply and I told her she would be reported, to which she replied, 'I'm very sorry.' That is my evidence, your Worships.'

#### Our Non-Controversial Corner

"Events will show whether the policy of choosing men who may, or may not, be successful is a wise one."—Golf Notes.

"Salthill. — Hotel; excellent catering. Bedrooms overlooking sea. Prepare for swimming in your bedroom. Very moderate terms."—Advt. in Irish Paper.

Very moderate bedroom too, we should think.



#### THE BRITISH CHARACTER

LOVE OF DIGGING THINGS UP.

#### Soldier, Where Art Thou?

(To be sung to the tune of "Widdecombe Fair")

Where are the Guardsmen who dazzle Mayfair? Where have they gone, gentle débutantes, where? They've gone with their little moustaches en l'air

Down to Pirbright and Aldershot, Tidworth and Camberley, Windsor and Weedon and Hythe, To Windsor and Weedon and Hythe.

Where are those eyes of protuberant glass? Where are those beautiful buttons of brass? Those vacuous salmon-pink faces? Alas! They're at Pirbright and Aldershot, Tidworth and Camberley, Windsor and Weedon and Hythe, At Windsor and Weedon and Hythe.

Gone is our pin-striped grey-flannelled brigade, Gone the broad shoulders encrusted with braid, Gone those peculiar slippers of suede Down to Pirbright and Aldershot, Tidworth and Camberley, Windsor and Weedon and Hythe, To Windsor and Weedon and Hythe.

While we are looking for partners in vain
The Coldstreams are lying face down in the rain,
While the Grenadiers gambol on Salisbury Plain,
Or at Pirbright and Aldershot,
Tidworth and Camberley,
Windsor and Weedon and Hythe,
At Windsor and Weedon and Hythe.

What shall we do now the Irish have flown,
The Scots and the Welsh have forsaken their own?
We'll weep for them fighting forlorn and alone
Down at Pirbright and Aldershot,
Tidworth and Camberley,
Windsor and Weedon and Hythe,
At Windsor and Weedon and Hythe.
V. G.

# There's a Pigeon at the Bottom of My Garden.

AT first blush there seems nothing strange in this. Assuming you possess a garden big enough to have a top and bottom, there's no earthly reason why a pigeon shouldn't visit whichever end of it he likes. The point, however, is that this isn't the sort of pigeon you'd expect to find at the bottom of a country garden at all. It is no keen and hungry wood-pigeon who has looked in to sample your young peas while the going's good. Nor is it even a stout and wheezing City pigeon down for a week-end in the country. It is, in short, a carrier-pigeon, and what the dickens a carrier-pigeon is going hanging about my garden instead of getting on with his carrying I don't

Frankly, I thought it was almost impossible for carrier-pigeons to hang about strange gardens. My impression was that they spent most of their time in the pigeon-loft either waiting to be sent out on flying-duty or resting up after dawn-patrol, and that when not doing this they were either streaking home as fast as they could from Point A or else being despatched to Point A by train in those flat wicker baskets you sometimes see on station platforms chockful of pigeons waiting to be released by a porter. (Did I ever tell you, by the way, how my Aunt Araminta got given one of these at Ely

instead of a tea-basket, and didn't discover the mistake till she opened it in the compartment with an hour to go before the next stop?)

The whole business, in fact, of this pigeon at the bottom of my garden was a bit of a mystery to me. He first appeared one morning several weeks ago sitting on a fence in the sun and looking rather the worse for wear. I strongly suspected him then of having got in a poker-game or something the evening before and made a night of it with the boys. Probably he'd already sent a telegram off to his home to say he'd been unexpectedly delayed on business. All I can say, however, is he must have had a pretty trusting sort of wife, for he stayed on for ten days solid. No doubt he found the food good, because we keep chickens which we feed on maize, and every mealtime there he was, right in the forefront, picking up maize with the girls as if he hadn't had a feed for weeks. The doyenne of our poultry-run, an aged beldame named Whitey, used to get mad at this and take quick runs at him, as she would at other hens, but he merely fluttered straight up over her head - which the other hens couldn't do-while she shot harmlessly by underneath like a badly-discharged torpedo. Then he would volplane down and get in several more mouthfuls before she could apply the brakes and turn. This made Whitey madder than ever: it began to prey on her mind and she went off laying.

We were just feeling that serious

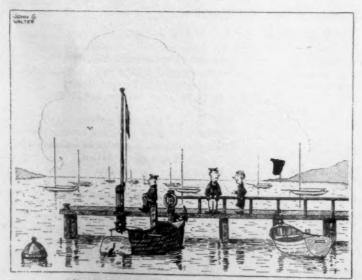
steps ought to be taken when he discovered the shed where we kept the maize, and thereafter abandoned the poultry-run and made the shed his headquarters. He even used to go to roost on the edge of the sack every evening in case he felt like a snack during the night.

He forgot, however, that the only exits from the shed were a door and a window, and it was this which led to his undoing-for by now we had been trying unsuccessfully to catch him and find out what the message was which we could see he was carrying. We hoped it wasn't an urgent one, like "Rush supplies cobra-bite antidote to No. 4, Marina Parade, Brighton, at once," or "Food running low. Can hold out three days more: then will have to make final sortie," or even "We're right out of bottled beer at the sixteenth tee." I mean, it'd be rather out of date by the time we could forward it on. No. 4, Marina Parade, would have the blinds drawn, or all the garrison would long ago have bravely perished, or the sixteenth tee would be a charnel-house of corpses dead of thirst.

However, when we caught him—and have you ever tried to catch a hysterical pigeon in a small shed with your son's butterfly-net?—all the message said was: "Two-thirty P.M. Corner of Bishop Road. Love, Jack." Probably only a date to meet for the pictures, and the programme would have been changed long ago. The pigeon, by the way, also had a ring round his leg with his name on it, if you can call "\$\mathbb{Z}\$ | 363266356" a name. But no doubt he was known in the loft as "56" for short.

I did the only thing possible. I wrote another message: "Please receive your blooming pigeon: I'm sick of him," and despatched him on his broken journey by hand. This, I learnt from a book, you do by throwing the bird along just above the ground with a bowling motion. My first attempt wasn't, however, a success; he was too surprised to do his share—didn't think I had it in me, I expect. He hit a thick privet hedge and bounced off. I caught him before he'd finished muzzily shaking his head and wondering what had happened, and the second launch, with a higher trajectory, was successful.

Well, I should say partially successful, because, after presumably flying around in a daze for three days, he reappeared still with my message on his leg. I caught him—his old weakness for maize again!—and wicked thoughts of pigeon-pie were creeping into my mind when suddenly I noticed that the paper



"OH, CAPTAIN, I'M SO GLAD THAT YOU'VE GOT IT NICE AND CALM FOR YOUR YACHTING TODAY!"



THE VERY SMALL HOLDER

He. "That's all for to-day I think. I've collected the egg." She. "Have you counted the cow?"

seemed put on differently. It was. And underneath my message was scribbled, "Thanks, but so am I."

Well, I mean to say .

I've written a pretty blistering retort, and one day when the pigeon again remembers he's a homing pigeon, not a visiting pigeon, the fellow will learn something about himself he ought to know, with love from a stranger.

Meanwhile there's a pigeon at the bottom of my garden. . . . A. A.

# Zooography

Daily I promenade the public gardens of W.1. Daily I am asked the way to the Zoo. Daily, in this region of circular roads and paths, I meet my failures round the next herbacous border. I have tried pointing. It is futile as well as rude to point. I have tried to describe a flowery route to the place. Leaving the clump of scarlet

coreopsis on the left, make straight for the Prunis Diardii. But the Commissioner of Works will replace overnight the coreopsis bed with little white gardenias, while the Diardii will perish and be replaced by a Floribundus. If I am to have any peace the Zoo must copy the L.P.T.B. One can Follow the Red Light to Piccadilly from all over the place in the Tubes. Potential visitors should be able to Follow the Trail of Peanuts to the Zoo.



"THERE, NOW, AMELIA, I'M SORRY TO BE SO LONG. BUT AT LAST I AM READY."

#### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Rural Car-Rides

Mr. A. G. Street, in Farming England (Batsford, 7/6). calls in the charm of the countryside itself to direct the minds of Governments and townsfolk to evils that cry to him for correction. He is a farmer as well as a poet, and he finds it heart-breaking that age-old, self-supporting sheepfarms in Lakeland-where the shepherd still counts his sheep not one, two, three, four, five, but yan, tyan, tethera, methera, pimp—should be destroyed for the sake of afforestation that might be better done elsewhere; or that great patches of good farmland in North Hampshire should be allowed to revert to rabbit-infested scrub at the whim of wealthy owners. He talks darkly of nationalisation of the land when he realises the unwillingness of urban populations to tolerate tariffs which might benefit landlords more than actual agriculturists, and above all he claims justice for those farmers who must import grain to feed live-stock-a more important group, he declares, than those who can raise wheat as their principal crop. All this practicality he conveys while surveying his lovely England shire by shire from end to end, illustrating his text with scores of beautiful significant photographs, and enriching his pungent paragraphs with the sweetness of fresh air and moving skies, the rustle of corn on the stem and the stamp of the horse at the plough, in a way that inevitably recalls the tantrums and the ecstasies of Cobbert.

#### Thrums from Within

Ardent, sympathetic and well-informed, James Matthew Barrie (JARROLDS, 10/6) is rather a text-book for the devout than an introduction for the sceptical. Affectionate insight into Thrums, the Auld Lichts and MARGARET OGILVY is to be expected of Professor James A. Roy, himself a stout Kirriemarian; and the primitive influences which went to the making of Kirriemuir's most famous son are intimately described and elucidated. His mother, it is claimed, gave J. M. B. the eyes and ears that Dorothy gave Words-WORTH. His transformation from journalist to creative writer dates from University days and friendships with HENLEY, STEVENSON and HARDY. Follow stage experiments, sponsored and encouraged by Toole, IRVING and MEREDITH; glimpses of the essential BARRIE perceived in his characters; the pedigree of Peter Pan-deriving from Sentimental Tommy; and delicate estimates of the influence of the box-office and its comfortable patrons on the varied activities of the playwright. The only advocatus diaboli allowed to give tongue is WILLIAM ARCHER, whose aspersions on The Professor's Love Story are considered too gross to combat. The perfect Barrie biography is obviously yet to come; but one imagines it making grateful use of this generous if somewhat unchastened source.

#### Æsculapius on the Run

Dr. Cronin's animated but one-sided picture of the medical world is vivaciously reminiscent of a hen-run in full cry over a handful of worms. It is only when the last worm has suffered the last pangs of partition among a score of eager beaks that you abandon the simile with the recognition that the victim is the average patient—in fact yourself—and if his chances among the faculty are those described in The Citadel (Gollancz, 8/6), he is, in the apposite words of Shaw, "better dead." Luckily it is hard to believe that things are quite as bad as the story of young Dr. Manson—from a backwater Welsh practice to Welbeck Street and out again—would have you credit. It is the way of Dr. Cronin to be heavily biased by moral indignation. But this is not to say that the profession he indicts has no need



"What's good for slugs, old man?"
"Well, I've reared some beauties on young



#### VICTORIAN CHILD



Ethel (reading from book of familiar sayings). "'A MAN AT FORTY IS EITHER A FOOL OR A PHYSICIAN.' THAT'S RATHER FUNNY, KATE. DADDY IS MORE THAN FORTY, AND HE'S CERTAINLY NOT A PHYSICIAN!"

Phil May, July 24th, 1897.

to take stock of its tendencies, its methods and its standing. The indictment is amazingly easy—if not always pleasant—to read; the spectacle is heroic—a single-track mind in a labyrinth; and the method the grey-washed surface and rugged deeply-bitten line of a coarse etching on zinc.

#### Latest From the Rivers

Salmon-and-fly
Is the oldest of themes;
Take it full, take it by,
Many millions of reams
Have dealt with it featly
From every outlook,
Yet here's a completely
Original book!

Flying Salmon's its name,
But—what methods are here!
Just you learn of the same
From G. Balfour-Kinnear.
With a gasp and a "Gammon!"
You'll read him—and why?
He can take you a salmon
No hook to his fly!

But your doubts lay aside,
Thus you'll catch a fish too
When this work's been supplied
(Yes, by LONGMANS) to you.
Then, no more the fossil
Hide-bound by old rule,
You'll emerge an apostle
To preach a New School.

### **Edward Thomas**

Edward Thomas, by Robert P. Eckert (Dent, 10/6) is in the main an account of that writer's life, though the latter part of the book is bibliographical. During the last twenty years—Thomas fell in France in 1916—a good deal has been written about him by those who knew him, notably his wife and Walter de La Mark in his Introduction to the Collected Poems. Mr. Eckert did not have that advantage; a devout but recent adherent, he has compiled his information from many sources. The result is beyond doubt a very thorough biography and one that improves in interest as it goes on. One trouble is that it is a bit too thorough. There are trivialities. Like most babies, we are gravely told, Thomas delighted to cry by night and sleep by day, and the searching eye will find other such niceties of detail.

And Mr. Eckert handicaps himself by his own style. Queen Victoria unexpectedly appears twice in his pages, but need that august lady have been introduced as "Victoria, christened Alexandrina Victoria at the insistence of her godfather, Alexander I. of Russia"? And it is at least open to question whether the fastidious Thomas would have cared about the statement that after a determined fight the boy "won out," or that he "planned on" being off to France in the New Year.

#### Victorian Miracle

Miss Margaret Goldsmith does not seem either to like Florence Nightingale (Hodder and Stoughton, 15/-) very much or to appreciate quite what a wonder she was at the hour in the world's day when she flourished. Apart from that, and a tendency to give events precedence over people, her rather hard-headed bio-

graphy is a very satisfactory piece of work and brings out freshly the extraordinary facts of Miss Nightingale's heyday when, incognito and from a couch, she became almost as powerful as Queen Victorial herself, and certainly, as far as getting things done went, as strong as either political party. The story of her suppressed years as a Victorian daughter and her later life as a great and generally practical reformer is in its unromantic way one of the most romantic of the nineteenth century. But even her infinite capacity for taking pains hardly explains to anyone who knows anything of nursing how after perhaps four months' training she was able to take charge at Scutari and succeed. Was that the apotheosis of commonsense—or a miracle?

### Another Language

Nobody willing to deduce from the context will have difficulty in understanding More Than Somewhat (Con-

STABLE, 7/6), in spite of the fact that the stories in it are almost exclusively concerned with guys and their dolls who, for instance, display their affection by kissing each other ker-flump on the smush. These are stories by DAMON RUNYON; the choice has been made by E. C. BENTLEY; "NICOLAS BENTLEY drew the pictures." The idea behind some of the tales is frankly sentimental melodrama, but the language in which they are told is invariably so richly comic and the narrator so resolutely ignores the sentimental and melodramatic opportunities that few readers should be troubled by that. Others are pure farce, in idea as much as anything else. If for no other reason. you should read this book to discover the extraordinary things that can be done by means of rigid adherence to the present tense of any verb that may crop up. After the first story you will have plenty of reasons for reading the rest.



"I ALWAYS COME AWAY FROM KEW GARDENS FULL OF THE CREATIVE URGE, MRS. HEPPLETHWAITE."

#### Persecution

Fiction's sleuths cannot often be accused of loitering, but for speed and activity Miss PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR'S Asey Mayo easily defeats the majority of his fellows. When holidaymaking in Jamaica Asey without a moment's notice returned post-haste to America and was immediately confronted by a far more serious problem than he had anticipated. Youthful detectives are at times more annoying than amusing in tales of this genre, so it is only just to say that Leon, who appointed himself Asey's assistant, proved his worth in Out of Order (GOLLANCZ, 7/6). It is a vivid picture that Miss TAYLOB gives of well-to-do Americans whose lives were suddenly surrounded by an atmosphere of crime and suspicion. Asey, however, unimpeded by officialdom, extracted order out of chaos, and although the

conclusion is almost impossible to foresee it is not unfair.

### Expectations

I'll be Judge, I'll be Jury (GOLLANCZ, 7,6) opens with a discovery that placed Mary Dallas and George Needham in such a peculiarly precarious position that they decided to make no attempt to explain it. In the middle of the night they had met at a friend's bathing-hut, and then their illicit plans were rudely interrupted by the finding of the owner's dead body. In the circumstances they resorted to subterfuge, and with the skill of an expert hand Mr. Milward Kennedy relates the events that followed. Neither trained nor amateur detectives take a part in solving the mystery, and for their absence readers of sleuthing fiction will be duly grateful; but in his laudable desire to avoid the beaten track it may be that Mr. Kennedy has been a shade too mystifying. A clever but rather exasperating story.

### Charivaria

More newspapers are adding astrologers to their literary staff. In their defence it must be admitted that they frequently tell us what isn't going to happen a long time before it doesn't.

An earthquake occurred in a South American town at two A.M., when gaiety at the local night-clubs was at its height. Then things began to fall rather flat.

"Do your lawn-mowing in short bursts" is the advice of a gardening writer. A correspondent complains that the man next-door has evidently read this advice too carelessly as he does his in burst shorts.

"A witness said that the man was carrying bagpipes but made no attempt to play them."—Suburban Weekly.

Other pipers please copy.

The recent mimic war on the South Coast is said to have been very impressive, but it lacked one touch of reality. The local shopkeepers forgot to put up their prices.



### ALLANA SILAVA SILAVA

"Will the British people ever become shoe-conscious?" asks an American footwear specialist. No doubt we could, at a pinch.

Recent international discussions seem to indicate that whenever the nations get down to

brass tacks the things are found to be resting points upward.

A river said to be named after MUSSOLINI has dried up. Some other less unsuitable name will have to be found for it.

An old-time comedian was recently observed riding in Rotten Row. On a chestnut of course.



A corporal stationed at Frankfort has succeeded in printing 29,423 words on one side of an ordinary postcard, and claims it to be a record. Scottish postal officials, however, regard the claim with reserve.

Professor Raines of Howard University states that the roots of young plants invariably bend slightly so as to allow roots of older plants to pass. Politeness, they consider, costs nothing.

"The machine landed at Croydon safely, and no one was hurt. One of the passengers had his trousers singed. British Airways stated that the damage was confined to the under-carriage, where a tear was found in the fabric."—News Chronicle.

Never mind, Mother will patch them up again.



A nest of rabbits has been found in an old top-hat. Professional conjurers confess themselves completely baffled.

"CHANNEL SWIM ATTEMPT.
BOSTON GIRL'S ARRIVAL IN LIVERPOOL."

Liverpool Echo.

Take a compass with you next time, dear.

It is stated in a morning paper that an Egyptian named Hadji Ali now in London is able to swallow anything. He seems to be Nature's attempt to produce the ideal registered reader.

Scientists believe that the world has fifty million more years ahead of it. Hence the popularity of buying things on the instalment plan.

A South African says that he makes a living by catching and selling five elephants a year. It sounds as if he were in big business in a small way.



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D

### Doggerel's Dictionary

VIII.

1.—There are a great many synonyms for this word, including we, me, us chaps, ourself, the present writer, ego, the people of this great country, one, every right-thinking person, the average man, this reviewer at least, yours truly, your humble servant, self, and you know who. This fact probably indicates modesty, or hypocrisy, or conceit, or something.

ICEMANSHIP.—The O.E.D. gives more than a column, closely-printed, to combination-words involving the word ice. These include (hold on to your Plimsoll Line: here comes another list) ice-auger, an auger for boring large holes in ice, used in ice-fishing; ice-beam, a beam placed at the stern or bow of a ship to resist the pressure of ice; ice-box, a box or compartment for holding ice, an ice-chest; ice-chair, a chair fitted with runners so as to be propelled easily upon ice; ice-clothes, clothing suitable for wear on the Arctic ice; ice-elevator, a machine for lifting blocks of ice to a higher level; ice-pail, a pail for holding ice, into which bottles of wine, etc., are plunged in order to cool the liquor; and ice-escape, an apparatus for rescuing persons who have fallen

through the ice. (Don't keep saying What ice?)
Of them all, I like best ice-craft or icemanship, which is ability to deal with ice in mountaineering or Arctic exploration. I have no icemanship myself; any fishmonger could beat me, including the one Hamlet called Polonius: I just like the word.

Among combination-words not listed in the O.E.D. are ice-trousers, trousers made of ice; ice-hat, a hat placed over a piece of ice in order to deceive spectators into believing that there is no ice under the hat; ice-ennui, a condition of acute boredom brought on by continually tripping over the same piece of ice; ice-hole, a hole in ice; ice-grass, the common hiccup-wort; and ice-ice, ice thought to resemble ice.

As for the kind of ices you eat, Flaubert listed among the popular ideas of his day the statement that it is dangerous to eat them, Arnold Bennett somewhere said something about their impeding digestion, and a celebrated firm of caterers a few years ago announced that they sold 20,000 more ices for every degree rise in temperature. I think those references are right.



"WOULD IT INTEREST YOU TO SEE MY SON'S REPORT?"

One way and another there seems to me to be an ice-case, a case for ice.

IDEAS.—DE GONCOURT—I couldn't say which one, I'm sure—declared that it was after dinner that one got most ideas. Then he went into details to explain (with a very fancy simile) why it should be so: digestion and so on. By this I am merely reminded of GALILEO or whoever it was—ARCHIMEDES? ARISTOTLE?—and the fish. (Shiver my references, we have run into a belt of Culture.) You remember: the old story of the group of philosophers trying to work out why it should be that a pail of water with a fish in it weighed no more than the same pail of water without any fish in it. SOLON OF PYTHAGORAS OF whoever the man was (I believe it was GALILEO) explained to them that the whole thing was quite simple—the pail did weigh more with the fish in it. The second part of the question therefore did not arise. (Mr. De LA BERE: "England comes first!" (Laughter and cheers).)

So with this remark of DE GONCOURT'S. I can speak only for myself, but I don't get most ideas after dinner, and my digestion is living in a fool's paradise if it is under the impression that it's giving me any. I may get an idea during dinner and waste precious moments of the conversation course trying to make notes on my napkin with a bit of asparagus dipped in vinegar. Or I may get one in the bath and lose it again, as I have explained. When I really need one I'm no different from anybody else—it doesn't come at all

IGNORANCE.—I do not know how plate-glass is made, or how television works (or, for that matter, how the lock of a door works), or the derivation of the word jerry-building, or the date or significance of the Diet of Worms, or the full scientific name of the drug epicaine, or the difference between a Dartford warbler and a reed-warbler, or who discovered the Windward Isles. However, if I should want to know these things I could find out. Nor do I know what happened to the crew of the Marie Céleste, or who invented wheels, or the part of Piccadilly Circus that gets most walked on, or what porridge had John Keats, or the exact age of the earth, or what will win next year's Derby. Nor do you.

In other words, ignorance is of two kinds (if you know some more kinds, don't be proud): either we don't know and someone else does, in which event it doesn't matter because we can find out by consulting someone else, or we don't know nor does anyone else, in which event it doesn't matter because we can't. This is a very satisfactory state of affairs which nobody must be allowed to discontinue.

of affairs which nobody must be allowed to discontinue.

INSECTS.—So far I have mentioned ants, bees, Don Marquis's cockroach archy, and all those that got into the Furniture. Among insects I haven't mentioned are centipedes, spiders, the aphis, the phylloxera, the nectarophora, the phorodon and the thrips, ladybirds, wasps and butterflies, the lordly and destructive locust, and the critical tick. I mention them now.

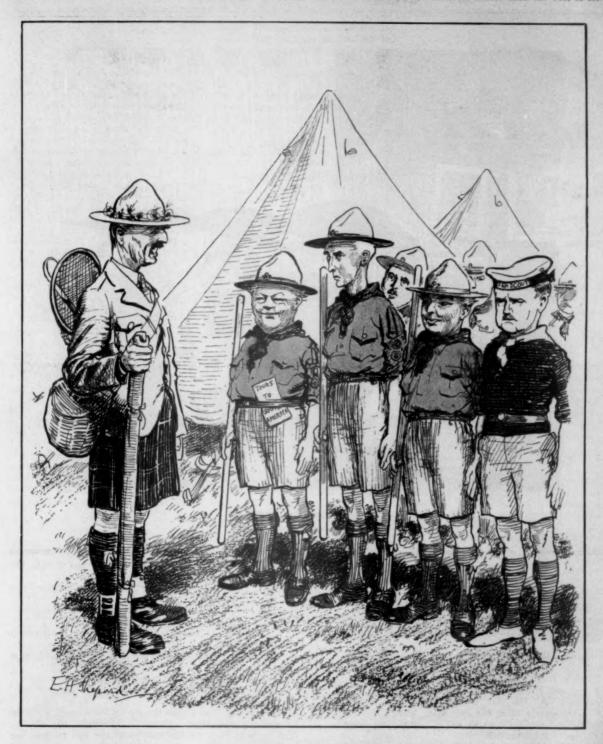
R. M.

### Ready-made Triolet

(Suggested by a poster seen in a Norfolk pub.)

In the beautiful gardens of Blofield Hall
(By kind permission of Major HARKER)
The fun will be frantic for one and all
In the beautiful gardens of Blofield Hall,
From the palmistry tent to the houp-là stall.
But the gardener's mood grows steadily darker
In the beautiful gardens of Blofield Hall

(By kind permission of Major HARKER).



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"TROOP, DIS-MISS!"

"NOW, BOYS, YOU CAN RUN OFF AND PLAY, AND IF I DO WANT YOU I'LL GIVE THE GOOD OLD CABINET YELL."



#### THE BRITISH CHARACTER

PATIENCE

### Good-Bye

"Partir, c'est mourir un peu . . . . '

IT's by no means easy to say "Good-bye," That's why there are so many ways of doing it.

You can either slap your friend on the back And give a sort of apoplectic grunt in your throat, Which is English but inadequate, Or you can shuffle your feet agitatedly And say, "All the best, o' man," and grin, Or hop vaguely after the retreating train Shrieking "Don't forget to write!" until you bang Into the station-master;

Or hold your friend's hand for five solid minutes like an old aunt of mine

And say, "You don't know what it's been like having you, my dear,

With perfect truth;

Or you can thrust a lumpy brown-paper parcel into the poor chap's hands

And say, "No, no, you mustn't thank me, George-you mustn't really.

It's only a few of those rock-cakes for Auntie Emmy,

And that clump of iris roots for your rockery, And the stone hot-water-bottle Henry won't use since it got cracked:"

Or you can look straight into his eyes like somebody in a OUIDA novel,

And mutter, changing your mind at the last moment, "You've got a thumping big smut on your left eyebrow."

But personally (and I pass the tip on for what it's worth) I forget my train time

And have to rush for the station at the last minute like billy-ho

And send a post-card next day (you've got to be cool and collected on a post-card),

Saying, "So sorry I hadn't time to say 'Good-bye' Properly." Liar that I am.

### Literature

"THERE is a fortune waiting for the person who can think of a complete and absolute novelty for a garden fête."

The words were just as true as they always have been, and if one said them wearily rather than with enthusiasm it was simply because one had said them almost as often as one had heard them.

Laura startled me considerably by

replying alertly, "Where is it?"
"In the garden, of course. The brantub under the oak-tree, the producestall in the tent, the sweets and lemonade by the syringa, the-

-the tennis-tournament on the tennis-court. I know all that. mean, where is the fortune that's waiting? Because I shall claim it.'

I looked up apathetically from stitching at lavender-bags. (Fourpence and sixpence, according to size.)

"If you mean that you 've thought of a really new idea for the fête, I don't believe it."

"It may not be absolutely new, but then we haven't had anything even rather new for at least eight years."

"If it's guessing the weight of a ham, we had that five years ago.

'No, it isn't. It's for a stall. We'll have a bookstall."

"Like W. H. SMITH, at the railway-

Well, no, not exactly. More like a rather second-hand tray on legs somewhere in a back-street. You know the kind of thing. We've never had one before. I'm sure I can get heaps of old

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" PLEASE, SIR, WAS IT INDIARUBBER YOU SAID I WAS TO TELL COOK NOT TO LET THE BACON TASTE LIKE, OR WAS IT SHOE-LEATHER?

books. We might even find some marvellous first editions and things that the people who gave them didn't know about.

Without examining clearly the ethical aspects of Laura's last suggestion I congratulated her on an excellent idea, and told her she could put the bookstall under the fig-tree. (Rather a draughty spot if it's an ordinary summer day, but quite one of the best places if it should be really wet.)

"I'll keep all the books in the North Room till the day of the fête," said Laura, whose mind moves rather quickly.

I told her she couldn't do that because Uncle Egbert was going to sleep in the North Room; but I offered her the space in the back-passage under the stairs, and she eventually took it.

"What are all those large blue volumes?" I asked Laura the day before the fête, when I had unobtrusively deposited in the cache two paper-bound copies of The Manxman, a Bradshaw for 1924 and a little green book charmingly entitled Fulvia: A Tale of the Catacombs.

"Those?" said Laura with restraint. "Oh, those. They're just five volumes of the Minutes of the Proceedings of the Institute of Civil

Engineers. Charles produced them."
"I see. They'll go like hot cakes, won't they? And what else have you

"Lenten Addresses of the Reverend Archibald Hake, 1897, and two odd volumes of sermons.'

"Well, I should think the Rector might buy those.'

Should you?" said Laura. "Unfortunately it was the Rector who gave them to me."

I saw that it would be what is called worse than useless to pursue that particular branch of the subject. I asked Laura what other treasures of literature were lying perdu under the back-stairs.

"Mrs. Battlegate wrote that she thought children's books always went well, and she could let me have some dear old nursery favourites. The dear old favourites of the Battlegate nursery seem to have been mostly spellingbooks, and a French History that's had a good deal of ink spilled on it, and a Child's Guide to Knowledge, and quite a lot of odd numbers of Sunny Tots, with the pictures painted in water-colour by the dear little Battlegates.'

Anything else?"

"Yes. If you count The Child's Reciter and Under Two Flags without a back to it."



. . BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY."

"I don't think Under Two Flags ought to be a dear old nursery favourite."

"I asked Aunt for books too. She's given me quantities and quantities of music. Mostly songs, and the score of that musical operetta that Uncle Fred composed when he was at Cambridge. There are ten copies of that.

"Ten," I said thoughtfully. means she has at least fifteen left in the

"And old Lady Flagge has sent some hymn-books and something called Ready-Money Mortiboy in a yellow cover, and an absolutely complete set, I should think, of Mission Reports. Poor Miss Flagge only gave a volume of Mrs. HEMANS and a book without a cover about Darkest Africa.

And is that all you've got?" I asked after a stunned silence.

"Except for BAEDEKER'S Switzerland that was under the back-stairs already when I first went there. should think it had been there for years and years.'

"Very well, Laura, I'd better see what we can spare. Besides BAR-DEKER'S Switzerland, I mean. Let's go all round the house. It'll anyhow make more room on the shelves.

"That's what everybody else said." But as a matter of fact it didn't.

On the contrary

One has recently had to find shelfroom for Lenten Addresses of the Reverend Archibald Hake, 1897, two volumes of sermons, some spellingbooks, Ready-Money Mortiboy and most of the others.

Uncle Fred's operetta-composed at Cambridge—is in the space under the back-stairs. E. M. D.

"SIR,—A gentleman succeeds in exhibiting the accepted signs of respectability and conventional morality while effectually concealing his actual means of support."

Letter to "Daily Mail."

In other words, he wears trousers.

### The Fathers' Match

"What position would you like to play in the batting order?"

"Er\_well—what positions have you got? I mean of course near the end. You know—after ten or eleven wickets have fallen down."

"Oh, I see-you are being played

for your bowling."

"Oh, no. You see, I'm only a very new father—that is, I mean, this is my very first Fathers' Match. You see, I don't know quite why I've been asked to play. . . . ."

"Nonsense! You've cricket written all over you. Anyway I'll believe you about the batting, and put you in eighth wicket. But you don't get away with the bowling like that."

"Oh, please, I really mean . . ."
And here our captain, a delightful
man and obviously a cricketer, turns
to a far more mature father—obviously
not a very new one—"You open the
the batting, Major, with Canon X."

Heavens! Major and Canon X are both carrying cricket-bags, with bats and gloves and things in them. thought such things would be provided. Nothing for it but to borrow. I hope I shall be able to get a pair of gloves that one really puts one's hands into, and not be given one of those in which the thumb-bit has to be wound so many times round the wrist. And let me see. Yes, surely, and there is a left and right pad. Something about the buckles being on the outside-or is it the inside? Must watch how the others put them on. Heavens! suppose I make a mistake and borrow a left-handed bat? I'll have to chance that. The only thing is to wait until seven fathers get out, and run and get bowled out quickly while my wife distracts my son John's attention for a moment.

The game is on. How delightfully Major and Canon X walk up, putting their gloves on as they go! Major has got his bat in front of the wicket now, and the referee is making him move it first one way and then the other. Finally they both seem satisfied; but the Major is not ready yet, for he appears to be peering all around him, presumably looking to see if his son John is watching him. We start. He has scored a single. Now Canon X has got his bat in front-oh, of course, he is taking centre. I remember about that now. Canon X has a good look around for his son. (Funny . . . I thought his son was keeping wicket. He must have two sons at the school.)

Four wickets up—I mean down—for seventy. Shall I go and put my pads on now? For Heaven's sake call

off the innings. Surely those boys won't make seventy. But no, on they go. Ninety-two for six. Must be time to dress up. I creep into the pavilion. Bags galore. I help myself. Yes, buckles on the outside. And gloves that have got five fingers. God bless Canon X! And the most gorgeous bat, suitable for a left- or right-hander. Must be a new kind.

My turn. I must walk up nonchalantly. My gloves are already on, so I take them off on the way and put them on again, rather feverishly. How slippery this bat seems to be! I've dropped it twice already. I hold my bat up in front of the wicket in a hole already there, and am told it is true leg. That seems good enough.

leg. That seems good enough.
"Two more to come, Sir."

"Two what?"

"Two more in the over."

"Oh, I see. Right."

The bowler is starting to run—but with great presence of mind I put my hand up and he stops. I then look all round just like the Major and Canon X, and I am unlucky, for there is my son John looking straight at me.

Here comes the ball. I close my eyes and swipe. I feel a shock, and open them to see a wretched little boy deliberately preventing the ball from going to the boundary. Here it comes again-another shock-then a cheer. It has gone for six (to square leg I was afterwards told). My fellow-father now hits a single and I face their fast bowler. But what matter? I am batting confidently now. I leap at the ball, and it shoots to the boundary. I feel I could stay in all day. I leap at the next one. I hear, or rather feel, a faint snick, and turn my head in the same direction as everyone else to see it speeding to the boundary behind the wicket-keeper. Fourteen from four balls. I am now supremely confident. I keep my eyes wide open all the time for the next ball, but fail to see it at all. I'm out! I proudly return amid admiring looks from my son John's confederates. A hurricane innings! A six to be remembered! All out. Now we must field.

"But I assure you I can't bowl."

"Oh, but you said that about your batting. You don't pull my leg twice."

I field next to Canon X in the slips. Now it is my over. Canon X says not to bowl difficult ones to begin with. Let the boys make a few runs.

"A nice full-toss on the leg side, or a slow long hop, every alternate ball. Must give them confidence. I'll bowl them out later."

I bowl at the legs. A wide on the off side is recorded. I smile at Canon X. "Just to show them I'm no good."

He nods back appreciatively. This time I'll bowl a very slow one, at nowhere in particular. Heavens! It's gone straight and he misses it. I've taken a wicket. Fearfully bad form so early. I apologise to Canon X. How hot and bothered I feel! Only thing to do in to bowl at the wicket, so that they will go elsewhere. Thank goodness I get through the over without doing any further damage.

I bowl again. It's gone straight! It touches his hand or something and the wicket-keeper's got it. Out! I glance furtively at Canon X and look hurriedly away. Fearfully bad form this. I believe that was his son too. My fame has spread. The next batsman in has a hurried conversation with his partner and braces every nerve to meet me. I bowl three wides in succession, but to my horror they don't count in the over. I have to do them all again. I bowl one of those that bounce half way down the pitch and then do a lot of little bounces before they reach the wicket. He'll have plenty of time to see that. Young idiot. He lifts his bat out of its way and down goes the middle stump. I daren't look at Canon X now. Thank goodness, I've been taken off. The boys are making a stand. Sixty for three. This is getting serious. The Canon is brought on to bowl them out. The boys still make a stand. A hundred for three. Time gets short. Fifteen minutes left. I am brought on to skittle them out. But, alas! now I try, the venom of my bowling has departed. The boys still make a stand. One hundred-and-thirty for three. And time. The match is over. The new Father is hailed as a real cricketer and his name is whispered with awe. I shall never play again. They must never know the truth about John's father.

#### The Yellow-Hammer

Upon the land deep silence broods, Save for the droning insect hum. The songsters of the fields and woods Are all dumb;

Only the yellow-hammer still
Along the hedgerow tunes his throat
To his persistent little trill
And long note.

They gave the Spring her honour due,
They sang of beauty and rebirth,
The splendour of a heaven made new,
A new earth.

He scorns their passion, and instead,
With modest aim not hard to please,
Asks but a "little bit of bread
And no cheese." H. C. B.



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### At the Pictures

" HESITENCY "

IF history is to be taught by cinema, it would be well to teach it rightly. Better still, perhaps, for the cinema to leave it alone and go along in its own sweet way. That is to say, that when M.-G.-M. have assembled a team with CLARK GABLE and MYRNA LOY at the head, it would be far more to the point to invent a new plot for them than to pretend that CLARI: GABLE was the man least like him in the world, CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, and MYRNA LOY the fatal KITTY O'SHEA, whose petticoat, in TIM HEALY'S phrase, was hoisted as the national flag of Ireland. What Mrs. O'SHEA was like I cannot remember, but I can remember PARNELL as a mysterious, unapproachable, dark and dour bearded Leader, parasangs removed from the dimpled chuckling cheerfulness of the Hollywood Star. CLARK GABLE, who wears bull-fighter sideboards, has, it is true, learned his words, but he never does more than repeat them. That this big good-humoured schoolboy, to whom MYRNA LOY has merely to smile wanly and he is hers, should represent



EVERY HAIR A FORGER

Pigott . . . . . . Neil Fitzgerald

the evasive Ishmaelitic PARNELL, is too absurd, and the sooner CLARK GABLE returns to his true muttons the better.

I am not pretending that a laudable attempt has not been made to give the tragedy a persuasive setting. All the resources of the wig-maker, the tailor and the hatter have been lavishly drawn upon to provide a sufficient number of legislators with beards and clothes and toppers. The gentleman



A BUCK OF THE EIGHTIES

Parnell . . . . . . . . . . . . CLARK GABLE

Katie . . . . . . . . . . . . Myrna Loy

who plays Mr. Gladstone is enveloped in fluff and whiskers, while the flowing attachment of the O'Gorman Mahon could accommodate many of the birds of EDWARD LEAR.

There are also, in the House, speeches and interruptions such as, no doubt, incite our legislators to renewed activity. But Parnell remains sheer Hollywood, emphasised by the incident in his Committee Room when he lays out a scandal-mongering colleague with the old familiar punch on the jaw. It is fairly good CLARK GABLE; but it is never, for a moment, the uncrowned King of Ireland.

The film has one scene which is worth seeing for the excellence of its construction and its dramatic effect, and that is the trial when the infamous Pigott (almost the hairiest of the lot) is in the box to rebut the charge of forging the famous "hesitency" letter. Court scenes are almost automatically telling, but this one is well acted too. thanks largely to the performance of GEORGE ZUCCO as Sir Charles Russell. In this scene, however, Parnell has nothing to do but to be called out of the court, to receive the necessary document from Mrs. O'Shea (Messrs. LABOUCHERE and SALA not existing), and, returning, hand it to his counsel and be found guiltless. No sooner has Pigott shot himself (OFF) and the Irish Leader been vindicated, than Hollywood reasserts itself and the impossible again sets in with renewed vigour.

It was pleasant, after too long an interval, to meet again with Wallace Beery. I forget what part he was playing when I had last seen him, but at the moment he represents the leading character in The Good Old Soak, a film made out of the play by Don Marquis. No matter what prejudices against homely countenances you carry to the theatre, and no matter how Wallace Beery begins, you will find, in a very short time, that he has the most irresistible of voices and the most adorable face.

As the title suggests, in The Good Old Soak he is a husband with a thirst, but no one who knows anything of this actor will need to be informed that, although he may have an insatiable throat, he has also a heart of gold, and that it is due to his sound if fuddled intentions that the troubles of his family are all straightened out. It is to be angels in disguise that the WALLACE BEERYS exist.

Having been urged by a fan (for in this diversified world there is room for everyone) to see the American film comedian named Joe E. Brown once again, I sat through his picture, When's



AN ASTROLOGICAL OUTLOOK

Dustin Willoughby . . Joe E. Brown

Your Birthday? but I have to record that my gravity was not removed. I tested Mr. Brown both awake and asleep, but the result remained the same. Better luck, perhaps, next time, when he is not an astrologer. E. V. L.

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OFF THE BEATEN

### The Cad

WE recently invited our ladyreaders to give brief and pithy definitions of a cad. We publish below some of the replies, though pressure of space forbids the insertion of many thousands.

"A cad is an inverted gentleman."—X. Y. Z., Taunton.

"The acid test: 'Would you like him to marry your sister?'"—(Mrs.) BUNTY REGINALD, Church Stretton.

"He smiles, but his lip is twisted."— PSYCHOLOGY, Liverpool.

"An old flame who is your boyfriend's boy-friend and in confidence queers your pitch."—EDNA FLUTTER, Wakefield.

"An Empire-builder whose savoir faire has skidded."—Patriot, Herne Hill.

"My husband's oldest erony."— DIVORCE BILL, Reading. "A cad eats peas with his knife and laughs at his neighbour's dropped h's."—CHARITY, Northampton.

"A mother instinctively mirrors him in her heart when her daughter says 'I love him."—MOTHER, Pembroke.

"Nature's failure to produce a gorilla."—(Miss) ESMERALDA GUBBER, Stevenage.

"He prays in church; he preys at home."—DISGRUNTLED WIFE, Lost-withiel.

"A cad steals the best years of a girl's life and marries another."—
JILTED, Eastbourne.

"His pathway is strewn with the shattered fragments of the Decalogue."
—FAITH, Wendover.

"A cad borrows his bus-fare from you and yet buys a packet of cigarettes when he's seen you home."—MAISIE, Dulwich.

"A cad is one who tramples a woman in the dust and expects her to get up and clean his boots."—One Who Knows, Pevensey.

"Half-brother of a hypocrite, cousin of a bounder, nephew of a bully, husband of a sycophant. And his pedigree bears a bar sinister."—(Mrs.) Leo Orr, Macclesfield.

"He is found in bars, he is known in churches, he flourishes in the public schools."—(Miss) Constance Bloodwort, Corfe Castle.

"He leads his bride to the altar. He leads his wife in a halter."—ASPIRATE, Bristol.

"A cad 'cuts in' on a learner."— MOTORIST, Bovinger.

"A cad is one who dines off gold while his mother eats fish and chips."—Successful, Norbiton.

"He touches pitch and is defiled."— TRUTH, Ponder's End.

There will be no further selection from our lady-readers to-morrow.

### Hot Ecôle

In view of the continued popularity of riding, the following brief hints may be of use to those who are contemplating the purchase of a horse and who wish to sidetrack all possibility of getting stuck with an ill-trained or unmanageable animal.

First of all invite the co-operation of a medical friend. Not a veterinary surgeon but an ordinary medical practitioner. In his company repair to some locality where horses are being sold in the traditional manner of the country fair. Stroll casually about until your eye is attracted by the general appearance of a suitably-sized horse or pony which is wearing a bridle and under the charge of not more than one attendant.

Without addressing any remark to the attendant, draw near to your prospective purchase and walk briskly round him several times at a distance of four or five feet. If he should betray any signs of ill-temper or restlessness you are strongly advised to go away and find another subject. But if he appears either indifferent or somnolent under this preliminary inspection, you may proceed with confidence to the next step in assessing his nature and education.

Go suddenly up to him, facing towards his tail, bend down and lift his hind foot, at the same time taking a pace forward so that you finish with his foot held bottom upwards in your lap. Some quickness is necessary in effecting this movement, but care must be taken not to upset the horse's balance too rapidly, for should you do so you will instantly receive the greater portion of his weight upon the back of your neck. If, on the other hand, you are not quick enough, or if you have taken your forward pace without having sufficiently secured the horse's foot, you will be likely to receive a more or less powerful kick resulting in a fracture of one or both of your legs. In the absence of either of these emergencies and after a few seconds' inspection of the hoof, you may allow it to spring back to its original position, and thereafter turn your attention to the horse's attendant.

If you have carried out the foregoing smartly and successfully you will find that he has not moved from where he was. In fact, even should you now leave his proximity altogether he would not move for some time afterwards.

Walk confidently up to him and with a brief word of reassurance twitch the reins out of his hand, vault lightly on to the horse's back and bend him sharply away from the attendant.

If nothing unforeseen occurs at this stage your next task will be to walk the horse briskly round in a circle. Follow that up with a figure-of-eight trot, and then canter your mount in the form of a Maltese cross. Finally, take him at full gallop over a large imaginary twelve-pointed star. This will not only test his capabilities very thoroughly but will also discourage any inclination on the part of those present to form a crowd.

If you are successful in getting these exercises carried out in a uniform and workmanlike manner you may feel quite confident that you have got a reasonably well-schooled and well-mannered hack.

On riding back to where you left the attendant, you will find he is no longer there. Put in the time by dismounting

and making friends with the horse, which by this time will have ceased to have any particular opinions of his own. After a short interval you will see the attendant hurrying towards you along with the horse's owner, and possibly accompanied by one or more police-officers. You are now about to enter upon the financial part of the day's transaction.

Loop the reins over your left arm and draw out your cheque-book with your left hand, leaving the right free for any function it may be called upon to perform. Fix your attention upon the approaching group. As soon as you can see the whites of their eyes, smile pleasantly, raise your hat and ask the price of the horse. At the same time hold your cheque-book in a conspicuous but not ostentatious manner.

If you should now find that the horse has already changed hands that day you will require to use tact as well as confidence. But given these qualities and an almost unlimited bank-balance, you should not experience any insurmountable difficulty in bringing about a settlement of some kind.

Before you lead the horse away bestow a handful of loose change upon his erstwhile attendant. If it is you that is led away, reserve the gratuity for the police.

Finally, do not forget to thank your doctor friend for sticking around. Courtesy costs nothing, and the fact that you did not require his services upon this occasion makes it, if possible, more likely that you will have need of them when at some future date you decide to make an addition to your stable.

### Commentary

Scene—A Loud-Speaker. Enter two Voices.

1st Voice. Good morning, everybody. Well, here we are in the dining-room at 117, Acacia Villas, Teething, to see if Dicky Jones is going to catch that 8.46. You will remember that a big purse is hanging on it all. The challenge came from Dicky's employer, Art Johnson; and it's not too much to say that Dicky's future career as a clerk is in the balance, so we all hope he pulls it off. The gong will be going any moment now. Here's the porridge coming in—yes, there it goes. What time do you make it?

2nd Voice. Ah, let's see—exactly 8.12.

1st Voice. No, it's later; it's at least 8.16. Dicky's a bit late, it looks. Still it's very jolly here in the dining-room



"TUPPENNY! I THOUGHT YOU SAID TWO PENNIES."

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—jolly pictures and windows and things Dicky's got. And there's little Mrs. Dicky putting down the porridge (rather lumpy again) like a good 'un. Ah! here's Dicky coming in now—yes, this is Dicky.

2nd Voice. Looks in splendid fettle—what?

1st Voice. I'm afraid Dicky isn't looking too good-rather pale and nervous; and that cut he's got on the right point of the chin may give a spot of trouble. He's passing the porridge now-I say, that was a lovely crack he got in about the lumps, straight from the shoulder-and he's tackling the eggs and bacon. He's going very well now-good steady pace, about twentyfive bites to the mouthful. Yes, he's on to the toast now; he's almost through the toast; he's sinking the coffee; he's wiping his mouth. He'll be off any minute now; into the hall—hat—umbrella—kiss—he's off. Dicky's off now! And an excellent start too. We're just going to get into our taxi. Here we are in our taxi; magnificent fellow, this driver-never hits a thing, I shouldn't think. Dicky's going well now-good steady pace. What time do you make it?

2nd Voice. Time, did you say? I

make it just twelve minutes past eight. 1st Voice. The time is just 8.41. He's badly behindhand, but he's going well—good steady pace. Oh, bother! here are the lights; we're held up for a bit here, so I can't tell you how Dicky's going on, but he was going well. Frightfully interesting, these lights: there are some cars crossing in front of us from our right, and others—ah! yellow. Now we're off again. Where's Dicky? Yes, there he is. Do you see Dicky?

2nd Voice. Aha, yes—fellow in the brown suit.

1st Voice. Yes, there's Dicky in his navy-blue. He's just passing Robinson the stationer's now. He's going magnificently now—about a hundred-and-thirty to the minute; he really is going magnificently. I'm afraid it's no good, though—it's 8.44 already. Still, he's going————Hello, he's stopped; I wonder what's wrong. Aha! I see. That's a clever move of Dicky's there: he's cadged a lift with us. How do you think he's looking?

2nd Voice. He's looking splen—
1st Voice. I don't like the look of him
at all: he's breathing very quickly—
about a hundred-and-fifty to the
minute, I should say—and there's not
much go in him left. Still he's put up a
fine show. We're just coming into the
station yard—magnificent fellow, this
driver—we're stopping now. A lovely
jump of Dicky's there, it really was.



"AND FURTHERMORE IT ISN'T CRICKET! IT'S HARDLY DARTS!"

He's by the barrier now; he's . . . Hello, he's in trouble—he can't find his season-ticket. There's only a quarter-of-a-minute to go. Left-hand breast—hip—he still hasn't got it. And here's the train—yes, here's the train stopping now.

2nd Voice. I say, it's a bit early, you know. The time's only twelve—

1st Voice. He still hasn't got that ticket; he's starting on his third round: And there's the whistle. I'm afraid poor old Dicky— Hello, here's this magnificent taxi-driver—he's giving something to Dicky—it is—it's the ticket. He's past the barrier now—

the train's moving—he's having a fight with the porter—he's—yes—no—he's almost—he's—oh—

2nd Voice. Frightfully bad luck, that, his just failing—

lst Voice. Yes, he is—he's on! He's made it—Dicky's made it. Dicky Jones has just caught the 8.46! A really magnificent show! Well played, Dicky, well played indeed! [Exeunt.

"STALIN GORS UNGUARDED KISSED BY POLAR PILOT"

Daily Express.

That should teach him.



"AH, HERE 18 THE DEAR BOY. SAFE AND SOUND AT LAST."

### Military Operation

"Personally I think he's making far too much fuss," said Lieut. Finch, eyeing the recumbent Parrot with disfavour. "And it's his own fault, anyway. What's he wearing uniform to-night for?"

"He's orderly dog," explained Captain Crabbe, wedging Parrot's boot between his knees and giving a sudden leap backwards. "Did that hurt?" he inquired solicitously.

Parrot closed his eyes and moaned faintly. "Fortunately I feel no pain now, Mother," he said. "My foot's been asleep for two hours, and it's gradually creeping upwards—the numbness, not the foot. When it reaches my thigh you can saw my leg

off below the knee."

"As long as verdigris doesn't set
in—" began Lieut Pullet

in—" began Lieut. Pullet.
"You can stop trying to be funny and be useful instead, Pullet," ordered Crabbe. "Every time I pull, Parrot slides along the floor; so you sit on his stomach and I'll try pulling again."

Pullet took up his position, and Crabbe pulled away with a series of grunts which effectively drowned Parrot's protests, while Lieut. Finch, disdaining active participation, helped himself to a whisky-and-soda and watched the struggle with mild interest.

"What I can't understand," he observed, "is why the right Wellington came off so easily."

"My left foot's a little bigger than my right," explained Parrot. "And don't you think," he added, suddenly remembering his duties and raising himself on his elbow, "that I didn't see you take that drink. You jolly well sign for it."

"Malformed as well as misinformed," remarked Finch, settling himself more comfortably in his chair. "I signed for it before I took it. Now, if you were to pour boiling water into his boot it would expand and he could get his foot out easily. In the old Hundredth, way back in the '80's, all we subalterns did it that way. Well I remember the day as I sat, the youngest cornet of them all, sponging out my musket with—"

"You have a pull," said Crabbe breathlessly, casting Parrot's leg from

him and subsiding into a chair. "I'm afraid he'll have to wait until his foot shrivels a bit."

Parrot stopped groaning and opened one eye. "I do think you chaps might be a little more encouraging," he complained. "Here's Pullet driving my ribs through my back, and Crabbe has broken nearly every bone in my foot as it is "

"Only nearly every bone," said Finch, and he gave a sinister laugh. "We'll soon remedy that. Sit tight, Pullet."

"I tell you it's no good," said Crabbe when Finch had been tugging for five minutes. "Come on, get up, Pullet. His foot's swollen and it won't go down while it's in that boot. He'll have to cut it."

"What!" said Parrot, sitting up with a jerk—"ruin practically a new pair of Wellingtons!"

"There's nothing else you can do.
I had to do it myself once."

Parrot looked sadly at his foot. "Well, if you say so—"

"Of course I do. You'll have to do it. You can't go about like that. You'd better let me do the cutting."

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"What do you think, Fineh?" queried Parrot.

"Cut it," said Finch.

"You're quite sure?"
"Positive," he affirmed. "I'm not going to pull any more, and what else can you do?"

Parrot hesitated. "Well, if you both

"Of course we do," said Finch testily. "Carve away, Crabbe; you had better get it over." He reseated himself and took an absent-minded pull at Parrot's beer. "Mind you," he continued warningly, "I'm not sure that Crabbe is the best man for the job; his hand shakes like an aspen and he'll probably carve patterns all over your calf. But I don't think the M.O. is up here to-night, and Crabbe's as

good a locum tremens as any."
Parrot sighed. "So be it," he said
resignedly, and lay back while the

operation was performed.
"I'm glad it's over and done with,"
he said a few minutes later, wiggling
his toes to make sure they still worked.
"But it does seem an awful shame."

"What, spoiling a pair of Wellingtons?" said Finch. "It does seem a waste; but you couldn't have done anything else, unless you wore them until they fell to pieces. I'd have done the same if I had been in your shoes."

Parrot said nothing but sat in silence for a few minutes. "Tell me," he said after a while—"was that intentional what you said just now about being in my shoes?"

Finch looked puzzled. "Intentional? What do you mean?"

Parrot nodded to himself. "I thought not," he said. "Only it was rather funny that you should use those words. I forgot to tell you, but I was wearing your Wellingtons."

### Names, and What's in Them

BROWN, AND OTHER COLOUR NAMES

Ar one time all people were named according to the colour of their faces: Brown, Black, White, Pink, Puce, Mauve, Green and Robinson. Owing to DARWIN'S law of Natural Complexion some of these hues tended to die out while the name remained (Example: Green). On the other hand, unpopular colours ceased to flaunt their banners, their bearers seeking some trifling disguise in the matter of spelling or pronunciation (Example: Mauve, now spelt Higgins). Whites and the Yellows (Chinese: Ah Sin) remain, at any rate racially, true to type; the Blacks do not. There is, however, a tendency at the present time, which will probably be confirmed in the next generation, towards the elimination of all these patronyms in favour of two only: Dubarry and Houbigant.

#### SMITH

At the time of Cæsar's first invasion of Britain the great Imperator found himself in frequent difficulties as to the way to anywhere, owing to the fact that he would only travel on Roman woads. A certain woad-user named Mith, because he was largely mythical, was of some service here, meeting the invader in a moment of perplexity and counselling him to turn to the left or the right, whichever it might be.

During the second invasion this Briton was taken prisoner. Among the others he was given his audition for the Triumph before CÆSAR himself.



"I remember that one," said C.ESAR.
"His name begins with S."

The Briton, though not accepted for the Triumph, was hugely gratified.

#### MARCHBANKS AND CHUMLY

These names are not, as is erroneously supposed, pronounced Marjoribanks and Cholmondeley. Why, indeed, should they be? Their proudclaim to distinction lies in the proved fact that the Conqueron came over with their forebears.

#### FFOLLIOTT

This name is spelt ffolliott to distinguish it from Folliott. The most interesting member of the family, phphilip ffolliott, is believed to have been twins, but the records are not conclusive on this point. What is certain is that he (or they) played the trombone.

#### MACDONALD, MACKENZIE, MAC-STEWART AND THAT ILK

The prefix Mac was originally used to distinguish one Scot from another and to divide them into clans for the purposes of blood feuds, to which they were particularly addicted. The Kenzies, Phersons and so on were actually so alike owing to oatmeal, bagpipes, economy and their other practices that there was danger of brother falling upon brother until this distinguishing mark had been evolved. Like the preliminary bleat of the bagpipes it claims the attention and warns one that the main business is to follow.



"I'M HAVING A MARVELLOUS MORNING, OLD CHAP. SEVEN CUSTOMERS PAID IN SO FAR AND ONLY ONE DRAWN OUT."



"I SHOULD LIKE A HAT, PLEASE-SIZE SEVEN-AND-FIVE-EIGHTHS."

### The Power of Song

A COOLIE at his humble grind Observed with some distress of mind A monster serpent creeping nigh With baleful menace in his eye.

Enlivened in no small degree He clambered up the nearest tree; Stirred by a single-hearted aim The snake prepared to do the same.

As for his brother coolies, they Stood off aloofly; sad to say, There was no help in all those ranks; They were not taking any, thanks.

Not so his master; keen, though awed, That ready sportsman murmured "Gawd!" And made off on a two-mile run, Perspiring freely, for his gun.

And there alone the coolie sat, His mild heart going pit-a-pat, Till in his mind the thought upsprang That he might sing. He did. He sang.

O Music, what a power is thine; Hardly he'd raised his quavering whine When ravished by those wood notes wild. The monster laid him down, and smiled. You that have heard a coolie sing Might with some colour doubt this thing; Yet down that serpent lay, and seemed Peaceful and calm, as one that dreamed.

But no. The untaught minstrel knew One song or at the utmost two, And if there came a moment's pause The reptile woke and gnashed its jaws,

And if he sang with lessening force
From boredom or from feeling hoarse
Judged by the monster's instant frown
It looked as though 'twould have him down.

So on he went, an hour at least, And then the song abruptly ceased; Thinking he'd heard the tune before The serpent rose; the spell was o'er.

Again with undiminished glee The great snake started up that tree; A yard; his hour had well-nigh come; A foot; six inches; no, by gum.

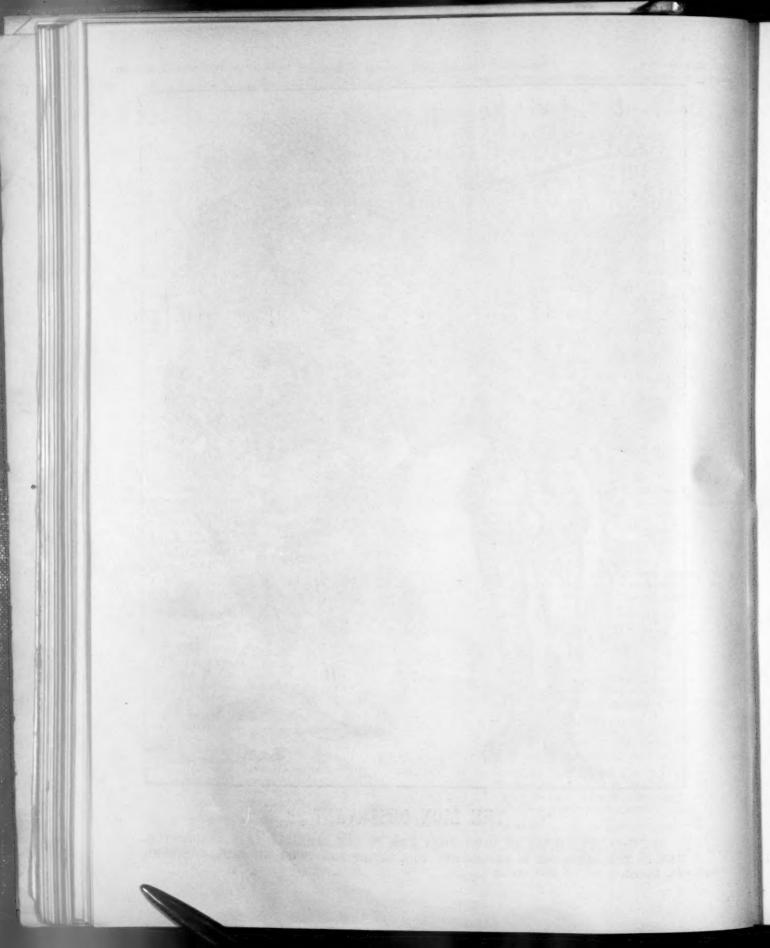
Just as it reached the proper height And was about to take its bite, The coolie's master, tottering in, Laid out the snake, and got the skin.

DUM-DUM.



# THE LION OBSERVANT

MR. EDEN. "IN ORDER TO SHOW THAT THIS IS THE SAME OLD LION, ANY GENTLE-MAN IN THE AUDIENCE IS AT LIBERTY TO COME UP AND TWIST HIS TAIL—PROVIDED HE DOESN'T DO IT TOO HARD."



### Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week

Monday, July 19th.—Lords: Marriage
Bill given Third Reading.



THE DIE-HARD

"Lord SNELL had taken the very conservative attitude that no great changes were wanted."—Lord Perl.

Commons: Debate on Foreign

Tuesday, July 20th.—Lords: Debate on Palestine.

Commons: London Naval Treaty Bill given Second Reading.

Wednesday, July 21st.— Lords: Debates on World Trade and Palestine.

Commons: Debate on Palestine.

Monday, July 19th.

—The Lords passed the Matrimonial Causes Bill (née the Marriage Bill) this afternoon by the emphatic majority of 51, 107 Peers vot-

ing.

The debate was marked by a further cleavage of opinion among the Bishops. The PRIMATE explained that as the Bill had been improved during its passage through the Upper House he would not vote against it, though as a guardian of Christian standards he could not see his way to supporting it;

the Bishop of Durham resented this suggestion that the Bill was inconsistent with the principles of Christian faith, and backed it warmly; while the Bishop of St. Albans declared his intention of going into the Lobby against a measure which, apart from the Church's view of marriage, he deemed anti-social.

Disappointment at this somewhat uncertain spiritual lead was expressed ironically enough by Lord Russell of Killowen, who described the Bill as "terrible" on behalf of his fellow Roman Catholics.

In the Commons the Vote for the Foreign Office gave Mr. Eden an opportunity to make a general survey of a troublesome world. His speech never lost sight of the many quicksands which threaten the stability of international politics, and its note was firm; but it also brought the comforting assurance that the atmosphere was less tense than it had been a year before.

Dealing first with the latest Sino-Japanese dispute, he said that at least indications showed that neither Government had deliberately provoked it, and, passing to Spain, he prayed that the Non-Intervention Committee, whatever their difficulties, would not forget the alternative to their success. He also spoke of the Government's determination to protect British interests in the Mediterranean, while not interfering with free traffic; of his hopes of present efforts to reduce the economic causes of war; of the recent

settlement of the Franco-Turkish dispute as a triumph of League methods; and of our excellent relations with France.

Mr. Dalton followed him with fears of a pro-Franco element in the Cabinet and a reminder of how embar-



Mr. Ormser-Gore. "Geneva, please; first, return."

rassing to British interests might be a Franco victory. Mr. Churchill rose not as a partisan but anxious to know the truth about the Spanish gun emplacements which were rumoured to dominate Gibraltar. For the Liberals

Sir Archibald Sinclair urged that the complete withdrawal of volunteers should precede the award of belligerent rights, and Mr. Lloyd George declared that the Spaniards should be left to decide their own destinies and (almost in the same breath) that foreign volunteers should be at liberty to help them do it.

Tuesday, July 20th.— Parliament is winding up the Session with a series of big debates, and this afternoon the Lords began to thrash out the proposals of the Palestine Commission.

In common with the speakers who followed him, Lord SNELL congratulated Lord PEEL (the Chairman of the Commission) and his colleagues for



SPYING OUT THE MAP

LORD SAMUEL AND LORD MELCHETT MURMUR.



"WE DON'T LIKE IT VERY MUCH, REALLY; BUT SHE WILL GO ON PAINTING MOUNTAINS."

their courage and the lucidity of their drafting; but he considered that, as regards the mandate, this country had made "a complete mess" of an important trust, and he still believed that conciliation of Arab and Jew was preferable to partition.

Lord PEEL explained how the extreme difficulties of administration for two peoples so different had driven the Commission to the conclusion that the mandate must be abolished, and Lord Dufferin, who spoke for the Government, rejected the accusations of weakness made by sections of the Sunday Press. An ex-High Com-missioner, Lord SAMUEL criticised British policy in Palestine and condemned the Commission's proposals as picking the most awkward provisions from the Versailles Treaty and planting a Saar, a Polish Corridor and halfa-dozen Danzigs and Memels in a territory the size of Wales. Instead he suggested a federal council.

The PRIMATE doubted if this proposal would be pleasing to either Jew or Arab, and asked if a round-table conference might not be summoned from the two parties; and Lord MELCHETT, who spoke moderately but with much feeling, reminded the House that the mainspring of the

Zionist cause, which he was afraid the Commission had failed to grasp, was the ambition to bring hope again to the young men and women who were faced by starvation and suicide in Germany, Poland and Rumania.



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO

Maj.-General Sir Alfred Knox Is a downright presenter of sox To those who sing The glories of the Left wing.

Wednesday, July 21st. - Palestine held the floor in both Houses. Continuing the debate in the Lords, Lord READING recalled the various stages of preparation and discussion which had preceded the introduction of the India Bill, and suggested that a Select Committee of Parliament should consider the proposals of the Commission before any final decision was made. He was supported by Lord STRABOLGI, who alleged that Signor Mussolini was already in touch with the Zionists and, when challenged by Lord MEL-CHETT, said that he had meant Signor Mussolini's representatives.

In the Commons Mr. Ormsby-Gore clarified the Government's position, emphasising the growing friction between the two parties and the fact that, since the next step lay with the League, he was only asking the House to accept the Government's general thesis.

This it proved not entirely happy to do. Mr. Morgan Jones and Mr. Amery both urged the case for a Joint Select Committee, Mr. De Rothschild condemned the Report as a concession to terrorism, and finally an amendment by Mr. Churchill, which stipulated "adequate inquiry" after reference to the League, was carried.

### Big Business

"IF Scroggit had been born in another station of life," said my friend Pokewhistle, "he would have made a fortune in Big Business. As caretaker and cleaner of this block of flats his scope is limited, but even so he has brought off one or two noteworthy There was the affair, for coups. instance, of the door-mats.'

I pondered.
"Is Scroggit the little man with the blank face and the inconclusive mous-

tache?" I asked.
"Yes," continued Pokewhistle, "but behind the blank face lurks perhaps one of the greatest minds of the age. You have noticed, I suppose, that outside the door of each separate flat is placed a door-mat? If you are observant you will also have noticed that the door-mats are not all of the same pattern. The background in each case is brown, of course, but some have elegant criss-crosses of green and red, others have a squared pattern, and others are decorated with various combinations of circles. Owing to the fact that the architect designed the flats in a drunken stupor, it is impossible for the tenants to keep their mats inside, so that they are an easy prey for pilferers. Several tenants have found their mats snatched from them by an unseen hand, and about

six weeks ago my own mat disappeared. It was a charming mat with a rather tasteful green stripe, and there were tears in my eyes-not unmanly tears, I hope-when I informed Scroggit of the tragedy and asked him to purchase me a new mat.

Was he sympathetic?" I asked.

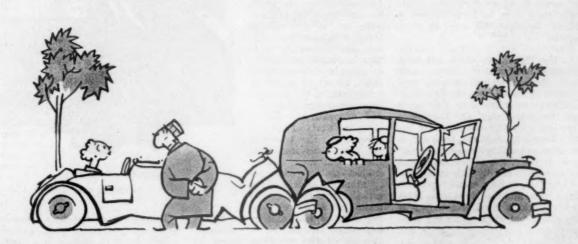
"He was more than sympathetic; he was helpful. He said that he could sell me a secondhand mat (only slightly worn) for ten shillings. By a great stroke of luck, he told me, a departing tenant had asked him to find a purchaser, and he added that it seemed like Providence. The new mat was a rather garish affair with a green flower in the middle and red spots. There had been a certain æsthetic pleasure about wiping one's feet on the old green-striped mat, and I often thought wistfully of the good old days. Imagine my surprise, a few days later, when I observed my old green-striped mat outside the door of Flat 14 in the next block. I knocked at the door and asked the tenant (a Major Peek) if he could tell me where he had purchased his mat, as it was the sort of mat I had been looking for since my childhood days. 'If you can tell me where you bought it,' I said, 'I will rush round and buy one before the stock is exhausted.' 'I fear I cannot help you,' he replied mournfully, 'as I purchased it second-hand from Scroggit when my own mat was stolen six weeks ago.' 'Had your

old mat a flower in the middle?' I asked. 'It had,' he replied. 'It was a beautiful mat with a green flower and some exceedingly tasteful red spots.'

Pokewhistle paused dramatically and I asked him if he had tackled Scroggit. He shook his head.

If you had ever lived in a flat," he said, "you would be aware that one cannot afford to play fast and loose with cleaner-caretakers. The battle is too unequal, for there are a hundred little ways in which the caretaker can obtain his revenge. He can insult one's visitors, hint to the tradesmen that all transactions should be on a cash basis, refuse to open the outer door when one returns keyless at midnight. No, I did not tackle him, but I thought I would let him know that his dastardly act had been discovered. I talked pointedly about door-mats in a general way and told him that I had lost all pleasure in wiping my feet since the old mat was snatched from me. thought it would prick his conscience."

"Did it?" I asked. "No," said Pokewhistle. waited a couple of days and then asked me for another ten shillings. A departing tenant had sold him a greenstriped mat of the pattern I liked, so he had bought it and given the flowerpatterned mat to the dustman. I need hardly add that next time I called on Major Peek I found that he had got his flower-patterned mat back again.'



### At the Music-Hall

THE PALLADIUM

THOSE who build music-hall programmes, a diminished but a valiant



THE BUTTERFLY AND THE CHRYSALIS

MR. DOUGLAS BYNG AS A PRINCIPAL BOY

and often triumphant band, have certain fixed rules, as definite as if ARISTOTLE had advised them. Like the acrobats whom they always include, they have to keep the nicest balance between the acts at their disposal.

At the Palladium, which has been refreshing itself and its patrons with some straightforward mixed programmes of the old type, the Boys from Manchester are allowed to play havoc with the programme, and they have three innings where everyone else has one. Funny as they are, their fun is primitive and chiefly consists in knocking each other, less rather than more inadvertently, down. This is perhaps the best joke in the age-old repertoire of the halls, and the Boys from Manchester work it hard and well: but they should not come up for the third time.

Mr. Douglas Byng contributed to the evening's humour a parody of Christmas pantomime which is full of subtle criticism, if only pantomime were a bigger fellow more worthy of his steel to-day. For my part I will confess to a special enthusiasm for a comedian, new to me, who, with his foil, makes up the MONROE BROS. He is a little old man, rather like a cartoon Bolshevik, of extreme agility and self-

satisfaction, and his special appeal is his habit of communing with himself, with gestures which reveal his own delight in the pranks he plays. He is of the great school of Grock.

This particular evening had, amid the display of smaller fish of various bright hues, a very big denizen of the music-hall ocean in Miss Gracue Fields, and when she is in the programme everything else cannot but be of the curtain-raising order.

GRACIE FIELDS would have sung without stopping if the audience had been allowed to dictate the programme. There is a warmth of feeling about the ovations which she is given which

is a personal thing—not the tribute to great specialised skill but the affectionate admiration of friends. She embodies in herself and her career the triumph of the people, and songs of feeling and melody come with a double appeal from

an artist who is as likely as not to drop a comic aside at the end, in that attractive Lancastrian speech which has no use for the prefixed "the" or "a" and regards things, with humorous tolerance, as something more than inanimate objects and as beings in their own right. Here, we say to ourselves, is the heart of the country, courageous and high-spirited, uncowed, and able to enter the world of art and conquer it. Her triumphs are more than individual things, and their homely subject - matter and her spontaneous disdain of the artist's conventional dignity make her songs welcome

not only as immediately intelligible enjoyment but also as an enfranchisement of the humblest lovers of song and music. The piano was for so long in the front-parlours of innumerable British homes a symbol of aspiration, a recognition and a worship

and often a sacrifice of daughters on the hard altar of Euterpe. Here all those pains find their triumph. The eyes shine and the hands are clapped almost fiercely together when Gracie Fields, now with full draped background and the long gown of the prima donna, appears and makes out of the raw material of everyday Lancashire life entertainment of such rich humour and human feeling.

It is the success of directness and of goodness, and those who are so often presented in music-hall programmes with things which are morally and artistically a poor second-best do well to let themselves go in acclamation of an artist whose great cleverness is but the smaller part of her firm hold.

D. W.

### At the Revue

"ST. MORITZ" (COLISEUM)

This is a Sundae performance to which even the Lord's Day Observance Society cannot object.



"QUEEN OF HEARTS"
MISS GRACIE FIELDS

It is also the coolest show in London, for when the curtain rises, disclosing a large ice-brick instead of a stage, a splendid tide of cool air sweeps over a drooping and grateful audience. The refrigerating plant responsible for the maintenance of the brick must be an

immensely robust affair, but all the same I cannot help wondering whether so prudent a man as Sir Oswald Stoll,



THE SWISS NAVY EXERCISES
HANS AND HETA WITTE

sensible of the effects of a fuse during a summer evening, has not a team of swimming champions up his sleeve.

On the brick is staged a revue whose cast, shod with skates, are completely at home on them. The principals are well-known champions, the chorus extremely competent, and even our old friend the theatrical horse is here. more baffling than ever, as he sweeps artlessly about, to the serious student of form. The background is as the title suggests; it is vaguely like the view from the long balcony of the Palace Hotel, but I missed the sleigh-bells which add magic to the Engadine, and I looked in vain for the huge crater in which I once saw an Argentine millionaire submerge shortly after crossing his skis. At the time it seemed large enough to withstand centuries of snow and thaw. but possibly the burgomaster has had it filled up.

The programme is in three parts, the second being on dry land, a hotel cabaret-scene which consists of straight music-hall turns interspersed with chorus work; and although these are quite good, I found myself a little impatient to get back again to the ice, which was much more novel and always a lively spectacle, whether single stars were shooting brilliantly about or the whole chorus swinging round in attractive shapes and rhythms.

Best of all I liked the turn towards the end in which HERMANN STEIN-

SCHADEN (Senior Bavarian Champion), who had already given us a dazzling impression of Mephistophelian speed, clad in devilish jet-black, completely gilded his almost naked body and performed tricks which called for the greatest precision on a pair of skated steel stilts perhaps eighteen inches high. Apart altogether from the marvellous grace of his movements, the gilding brought his muscles into relief and gave him the appearance of a moving statue of an athlete. This was remarkably effective.

The leading lady is Pamela Prior, who earlier this year won the Women's Professional Championship of the World, and her performance is correspondingly exciting. She is supported by such eminent skaters as Trudie Link, Erich Erdos, Hans and Heta Witte and Van der Wryden and Keats. These and others performed miracles considering the limits of the rink, and their dancing, especially of the waltz, was a lovely sight. The Max Rivers Girls acted as chorus and were enviably at ease on the ice.

The cream of the music-hall turns were the St. Moritz Kiddles, who looked genuine local articles and sang what sounded genuine local songs, and Gritli Wengen, who more than made up for her geographical inaptness by yodelling extremely well.

My only quarrel with the production,



MERCURY RISES
HERMANN STEINSCHADEN

which was smooth and swift, was the crudeness of the colours in some of the dresses and in the backcloth of the Second Part. Even on the nursery slopes these would be thought to jar, and that is saying a lot. Eric.



#### A SLEIGH HORSE HAS A NIGHT OUT

Front Paws . . . Edi Scholdan
Back Paws . . . Erich Erdos
Ring-Master . . . Sydney Charlton

"Pedigree Golden Retriever Puppies, able to ride cycle."—Advt. in Local Paper. Any particular make?

"The warm weather has introduced a good many new modes, not the least interesting of which is the crownless hat, which has met with a very enthusiastic welcome in other countries, and which is only now putting in an appearance here. These hats come in many shapes, but most of them are brimless. . . ."—Irish Paper.

Do you remember that HANS ANDER-SEN story, The Empress's New Hat?

### Soliloquy of a Party "Yesman"

WHERE the Whips vote, there vote I. In the smoking-room I lie Waiting till the bell's harsh sound Bids me rise and trot around. Where the Whips direct I go, Sometimes "Aye" and sometimes "No." What I'm voting for out there I don't know and I don't care. Lately my obedient rounds Voted me two hundred pounds. My new screw, I roughly guess, Works out at a pound a "Yes." Whether I am worth it you Well may doubt, as I do too. Wise young politicians, though, Aim quite high but lie quite low. Voting right for many years Earns promotion to the Peers Meanwhile Whips must ring their knell. Hark! Now I hear them-Ding, dong, bell!

[He hurries off to the Division Lobby.



"Should WE CALL HIM 'SPOT'?"

### The Silver Secretary

THE Golden Voice, the Talking Clock, are now an established part of life. Those of us who in these busy times have so little time that we have no time to observe the passage of time, or even to keep a timepiece in working order, have learned to rely gratefully upon the Chattering Watch. For some of us it has become a kind of disease. I know a man who has a clock in every room, an expensive wrist-watch, and a trained secretary. Yet he is always dialling TIM. Not for the sensual pleasure of listening to the Golden Voice (which, to me, at least, if I may respectfully say so, is a greatly over-rated organ), but simply because, with the infallible TIM on tap, he has a kind of distrustful itch to know if his own time is right. It is a modern mental condition parallel to that of the man who is always turning on the wireless for fear he may be missing something.

Still, on the whole, the thing is good: and I hope that the Post Office may develop the idea. The essence of the thing, after all, is not the distribution of accurate information but the saving of human toil, wear and tear. Millions of citizens who many times a day were asked the question: "What is the time?" are pestered thus no more; and, if they are, they can reply brusquely, "Dial TIM." So much more energy, therefore, is released or reserved for the bigger tasks of life. I have not myself worked out the result in terms of man-hours or national energy-units, but I have no doubt that somebody has; and the figure at the end of the sum must be tremendous.

Very well, then. But the announcement of the hour of the day is by no means the only fatiguing utterance that saps the stamina of modern man. And woman. The policeman on pointduty in London, for example, has two distinct tasks: one is to prevent murder and sudden death on the highway, and the other is to tell the Australians how to get to the Café Rouge, or what does he think would be a good show to see. At many points already he has been relieved of the first duty by mechanically operated lights; and in performing the second he must often have wished that he was automatic.

Could there not at Piccadilly Circus and other points be provided Information Lamp-posts for the benefit of the increasing numbers of the human race who cannot read or study a map? There would be a row of labelled buttons on the lamp-post, which, being pressed, would release in a great Brass Policeman's Voice—no, no, a Copper Voice (ha, ha!)—such utterances as these—

PIP PIP PIP THE CAFÉ ROUGE IS JUST ACROSS THE ROAD CAN'T YOU SEE LOOK LEFT RIGHT BEFORE AND BEHIND AS YOU GO PIP PIP PIP THE LAGER BEER IS NOT HALF BAD AT GLUCKHEIM'S.

Or-

PIP PIP PIP THERE IS A MATINÉE AT THE JOLLITY TO-DAY BUT IF YOU WANT A LEG-SHOW TRY THE NAUSOLEUM PIP PIP PIP.

Or-

NO THE MALL IS NOT THE SAME AS PALL MALL PIP PIP PIP ONE LEADS TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE THE OTHER TO ST. JAMES'S THE GUARD IS MOUNTED AT ELEVEN A.M.

Then in the home, where the Post Office by the telephone has inflicted so much agony upon us, the Post Office might relieve us in the same fashion. Modern life has made necessary for many men the invention of a number of human buffers. The very rich have a special officer to direct their charitable dealings; the less rich employ a man to understand the income-tax and hold off the sheriff's officers; and almost everyone has to have a secretary to keep the world away. To ward off insane or tiresome questioners is a chief part of a secretary's duties. But there comes a time when even the most devoted secretary insists on going home. And then the harassed boss is left defenceless. Or else he is out too and then his family are left defenceless. And they, in their innocence, may let him in for frightful things

So I suggest to the P.M.G. that he provides a new service—the Silver Secretary. I leave the details to him. But when one went out, or away, or merely wished to be unmodested, one would tell the operator (or the cook), "Transfer all calls to the Silver Secretary." And the Silver Secretary would say, very sweetly—

PIP PIP PIP AT THE THIRD STROKE HE WILL BE IN CONFERENCE PIP PIP PIP HE IS NOW IN CONFERENCE AND I CANNOT DISTURB HIM PIP PIP PIP WHEN THE CONFERENCE IS OVER HE HAS A NUMBER OF ENGAGEMENTS I KNOW PIP PIP PIP BUT I WILL INFORM HIM THAT YOU CALLED AND NO DOUBT HE WILL COMMUNICATE WITH YOU PIP PIP PIP WHAT IS IT ABOUT PIP PIP PIP THIS EVENING HE HAS AN ENGAGEMENT IN THE COUNTRY PIP PIP PIP YES BUT WHAT IS IT ABOUT PIP PIP PIP HE MAY OR MAY NOT RETURN TO-MORROW PIP PIP PIP WHAT IS IT IN REFERENCE TO PIP PIP PIP NEXT WEEK I FEAR IS UNUSUALLY FULL PIP PIP PIP WHAT IS THE MATTER RE PIP PIP PIP I DO NOT THINK IT WOULD SERVE ANY USEFUL PURPOSE FOR YOU TO CALL HE IS SELDOM AT HOME PIP PIP YES BUT WHAT IS IT BE IF YOU WILL WRITE AND SAY WHAT IT IS RE I WILL LAY THE LETTER BEFORE HIM PIP PIP PIP HE HAS BEEN FORBIDDEN BY THE DOCTOR TO MAKE ANY SPEECHES BUT I THINK HE MIGHT DINE IF THAT WERE UNDERSTOOD PIP PIP HE IS STILL IN CONFERENCE PIP PIP PIP IN THE AUTUMN HE WILL BE ABROAD PIP PIP PIP YES ALL THE AUTUMN PIP PIP PIP I DO NOT THINK THAT HE WOULD SPEAK IN MARCH FOR THAT WILL BE LENT WILL IT NOT PIP PIP HE



"CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, KULIK? THIS ETERNAL TRAFFIC NOISE IS DRIVING ME MAD."

COULD NOT GIVE AWAY THE PRIZES I
AM AFRAID HE WILL BE IN SOUTH
AMERICA PIP PIP PIP WHAT DO YOU
WISH TO SEE HIM ABOUT PIP PIP PIP
HE WOULD BE VERY SORRY I AM SURE
TO HEAR THAT YOU LACK THE TRAIN
FARE TO LIVERPOOL WHERE A GOOD
POST IS AWAITING YOU PIP PIP PIP
YOU WILL GIVE HIM AN I.O.U. PIP PIP
PIP BUT HE HAS FORTY-SEVEN SIMILAR
DOCUMENTS ACQUIRED IN THE CURRENT
YEAR PIP PIP PIP YES IT IS TOO BAD
PIP PIP PIP HAVE YOU TRIED MR
MONTAGU NORMAN HE IS VERY RICH
HE OWNS THE BANK OF ENGLAND PIP

PIP PIP MR. HADDOCK DOES NOT PIP PIP PIP WILL YOU PLEASE RING OFF PIP PIP PIP MR. HADDOCK IS AWAY PIP PIP PIP AT THE THIRD STROKE PRECISELY MR. HADDOCK WILL BE SERIOUSLY ILL PIP PIP

You see the idea?

A. P. H.

### Father Doing Well

"His wife has recently presented him with a third child.

Doctors have informed him that he is fit enough to undertake some light work." Sunday Paper.

### Copyright Reserved

IT seems to me that since I began writing poems that don't scan, almost everybodyno, absolutely everybody has taken to writing them too!

There is now not a paper or a magazine where you will not find a bit

(not nearly so good as mine, I admit) of this sort of verse

And I say here and now, Curse! I consider it perfectly cheesy

the way they've all discovered how easy it is. I mean, obviously nothing could be sweeter than not to bother about metre; not to have to say tum-ti-tum all the time,

but simply to choose any old rhyme

like goose

and charlotte russe. or Christmas and isthmus.

or even pig and fig,

and then work one of them into a frightfully long sentence

that goes on for ever and ever, and the other into one which very cleverly doesn't. Ah, well, I thought (but I have been properly caught), that my literary star was in the ascendency until this barefaced plagiaristic tendency among my fellow-writers bloomed so prolifically.

Now I am terrifically afraid I must own up, that by their evil machinations I am shown up to be not nearly so original and amusing as you thought me to be.

I should very much like to complain to someone, or restrain someone, or fight with someone over some sort of copyright; but unfortunately, (I am now coming clean), as I copied the idea from an American magazine myself, I can only repeat that I think you are all complete

beasts, and I wish you were dead! That's what I said.

V.G.

### The Ginger Lapels

"I THINK I left a goat here last night."

Richard Fennell, suave cloak-room attendant at the Hotel

Barbarossa, had schooled himself never to show surprise.

"What kind of a goat, Sir?" he asked deferentially.

"An overgoat," snapped the burly bronzed figure confronting him. "It has ginger lapels."

At that moment Petunia Saltash entered the lounge. "Heinrich!" she cried, a crimson flood surging over her patrician features. "You here! I thought you were in Przemysl. For the shooting," she added lamely as she saw his brows contract into a swift frown.

Together they passed silently over the luxurious carpet and were soon lost to sight in the revolving doors.

"Ruddy foreigner," said Fennell to himself as he watched them go. "I thought as much." Then, dismissing the pair from his mind, he turned again to the laborious process of checking

his cloak-room tickets. He little dreamed that this chance encounter was destined to alter the whole current of his life.

Stop me if you don't want to hear any more of this.

In a little room off the Brompton Road a room made gay with Oriental tapestries and lightened by the twittering of innumerable budgerigars, Heinrich Sultzmann took Petunia

Saltash roughly by the shoulders.
"Little fool!" he hissed. "Why must you give away that I am recently in Przemysl? The attendant was listening.

"Tchah!" breathed Petunia, shaking herself free and selecting a cheroot from the huge bronze catafalque at her elbow. "He understood nothing. But tell me, Heinrich why have you come?"

He drew her down on to a richly caparisoned settee and began to speak rapidly in German.

It is high time we got back to the Hotel Barbarossa.

The uneasiness which Petunia's rash outburst in the Hotel lounge had occasioned Heinrich Sultzmann would have been increased rather than lessened could he have witnessed the behaviour at that moment of the cloak-room attendant. For Richard, idly running his hands, in search of a cigarette, over the clothes committed to his care, had had his attention arrested by an evercoat of unusual cut. The whole appearance of the coat, with its deep furred hem, gilt buttons and gingery lapels struck him immediately as un-

Blest if that foreign perisher didn't forget to collect his coat after all," he muttered. Then, recollecting himself, he plunged his hand into the inside breast-pocket.

With a little shiver of excitement for which he could not quite account, he felt his fingers close on something hard and knobbly. He drew it out.

Had he realised what the consequences of that act were to be he would have given up smoking altogether rather than lay a finger on the coat with the ginger lapels.

We are now at the cross-roads in this story. What was the mysterious object concealed in the pocket of the burly foreigner's overcoat? A bomb? An uncut diamond of fabulous dimensions? A pair of braces? A model of the Harley-Sigerson submarine, for sale to the highest continental bidder? Nobody knows yet. Even the writer is still without any ideas on the subject. We shall have to watch Richard a moment longer and find out.

For all the impassivity which was so marked a feature of Richard Fennell's character, he could not restrain a low whistle of surprise at the strange object which now lay so inexplicably in his palm.

It was a rock-bun!

When!

When cloak-room attendants like Richard Fennell find rock-buns concealed in the overcoats of burly foreigners from Przemysl several courses of action lie open to them. They can put the bun back and say nothing; they can report the matter to the manager; or they can decide to talk the whole thing over with Captain Blakely, to whom they acted as batman during the Great War and who is known to have a liking for the solution of out-of-the-way little mysteries. But Richard, who had a streak of originality in his character, decided to eat the bun.

How could he know that in a tiny back-room in far-off Bratislava two men sat in earnest conversation with an exactly similar bun lying on the table before them?

The elder of the two, a tall spare man with cold inhuman grey eyes, was speaking.

He spoke, as men do in Bratislava, undiluted Czecho-Slovakian.



"BUT SURELY, MARY, YOU DON'T WALK OUT WITH THE FIRST YOUNG MAN WHO SPEAKS TO YOU ON HOLIDAY?" "OH, NO, MA'AM, I USES MY OWN INDISCRETION."

So back we have to come again to Richard.

He had barely finished the bun and was about to light a cigarette found in the lining of a disreputable raincoat when a gigantic bearded figure burst into the lounge and crossed with rapid strides to the cloak-room counter.

"The coat!" said the newcomer urgently. "I have come for the coat with the ginger lapels."

Wordlessly Richard handed it over, too bemused by the swift sequence of events to demand a ticket, and watched the man thrust his hand fiercely into the breast-pocket.

The giant seemed to shrivel.

"Gone!" Then, as a "Gone!" he croaked hoarsely. sudden light of suspicion shone in his eyes-"What have

you done with it, you meddling pawn?",
Richard, whose lips were still flecked with crumbs, scorned concealment.

"Eaten it," he answered boldly.

He thought his under-linen was white until he saw the other's face.

"Eaten it?" cried the giant in a terrible voice. "You fool! That bun was packed with tessaroboluene, the most powerful explosive known to Western science.'

But unfortunately in the excitement of the moment he

said it in Russian.

"Talk sense," said Richard curtly and struck a match....

In a little room off the Brompton Road the budgerigars ceased their song.

When I offered this story to the editor of The Strand Magazine he objected that there were a lot of loose ends that needed tidying up. He didn't seem to understand the power of modern explosives.



"LOOK, JOHNNY-HERE'S MR. AND MRS. GUMLEY-MASTERMAN. THEY SIMPLY LOVE CASTOR-OIL."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Love in Ireland

IN earlier stories Mr. FRANCIS STUART was rather too consciously the poet in prose. In The Bridge (Collins, 7/6) the poetry is isolated and objectified. Its home is the bosom of Joanna Flynn, once a schoolmistress and now the disillusioned wife of an unsuccessful garage proprietor. To all appearances the stoutest pillar of morality and right conduct as understood in the most provincial of Irish provincial towns, Joanna has dreams of a wider and wilder life; and these, by that attraction to the sordid which sometimes assails the rebellious respectable, lead her to the island which is the home of Fert's undesirables and thence to the arms of Larry Byrne, who, though not properly of the island, being indeed the municipal engineer, has ambiguous traffic there. Follows a double life for both Joanna and Larry, himself a married man, whose agonies of conscience become the story's main theme. This is disappointing, for glimpses of Orla Pidgeon, the pagan daughter of the poteen-distiller who is Larry's paymaster, and of those disreputable islanders had given one hopes of richer fare. It is very easy to tire of Larry's vacillations and terrors and one cannot but feel that not only the engineer but the novelist leave Joanna too badly in the lurch. Nevertheless, in making his lover neither conquering hero nor attractive scoundrel, but a very poor worm who escapes the price of all his turpitudes, Mr. STUART displays a refreshing irreverence for poetic justice.

### Fire and Sleet and Candlelight

As a French critic once remarked, the worst of writing about the Brontës is that everything is so simple and so complicated—simple on the face of it and complicated if you wish to get behind the documents. Miss Kathryn Macfarlane, who has written—while assistant-librarian at the University of Hawaii—a novel based on the life of Emily, has succeeded at least in suggesting the inestimable value of the austere Brontë background to the luxuriant Brontë genius. This suggestion is the outstanding feature of Divide the Desolation (Harrap, 8/6), not its handling of the supposed literary partnership with Branwell alluded to in the title; for this theory (and much of the setting) is

elaborated from Mr. Charles Simpson's modest and valuable assemblage of Brontēana. Miss Macfarlane's rare and notable contribution is a poetic sensitivity not only to the inspiring solitude of the moors but to a species of domestic mysticism, its necessary complement. Her psychological acumen is, mercifully perhaps, untrained. Her pastiche of fact and fancy may strike you as illegitimate or annoying. But such feats as her reconstruction of a Haworth Christmas—tempests without and candleshine within—justify her method and vindicate her originality.

#### The Fascist

For Mr. E. B. Ashton Fascism is a new school of political and economic thought and practice that has come to stay. His desire to aid Democracy in its fight against The Fascist (Putnam, 8/6) caused Mr. Ashton to make this able and detached study of "His State and His Mind." Fascism is not to be combated merely by dismissing it with a contemptuous shrug as an ephemeral phenomenon. Hence Mr. Ashton analyses the political, economic and administrative structure of Fascism and examines its conduct of international affairs, The appeal of Fascism to a generation weary of political bickerings and material want lies in its removal of responsibility from the individual citizen. Nowadays there can be little doubt that Fascism and National Socialism have only survived because they do satisfy the needs of large numbers of people. Moreover, Mr. Ashton demonstrates that Communism rather than Liberalism or Parliamentarianism is their deadly foe by reason of its close affinity with them. A brown or black shirt could easily be changed for a red shirt if the occasion called for it. It would be more difficult to give up the wearing of coloured shirts altogether. A book for believers in Democracy who are fighting, in President ROOSEVELT'S words, "to save a great and precious form of government" for the world.

### Ordeal by Water

"When Henry Preston Standish fell headlong" (from the cargo-boat Arabella, carrying fewer than a dozen passengers) "into the Pacific Ocean the sun was just rising on the castern horizon. The sea was calm as a lagoon." Thus without preamble Mr. HERBERT CLYDE LEWIS Opens his Gentleman



<sup>&</sup>quot;I TELL YOU IT'S AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY

<sup>&</sup>quot;Nonsense; IT's a common windjammer."



THE YOUNG IDEA



Small Boy. "Mummy, is it really true that the Devil has horns and a club foot?"

The Mother. "An! my dear, sometimes the Devil appears in the shape of a very handsome and charming found man."

Small Boy (pityingly). "OH, MUMMY! YOU'RE THINKING OF CUPID."

Claude Shepperson, July 30th, 1913.

Overboard (GOLLANCZ, 6/-) and takes you into the unfortunate fellow's mind for a subsequent thirteen hours. Whether this is in fact reminiscence or report of a communicated experience with a happier ending (which seems likely in that it is at once so plausible and so utterly unexpected) or a sheer feat of imagination it is a tale brilliantly told with a superb economy of words, precision of circumstance, insight into character, sureness of emphasis and tautening of dramatic suspense. Standish was so much of a gentleman that it did not occur to him to shout till the Arabella was out of earshot. Then it all struck him as funny. To slip on a grease-spot! He of all people. How the boys would laugh when he told them! . . Then it seemed less funny

and less certain that he would at once be missed on board: he must pull himself together and wait—he is a good swimmer. It will make a better story. Dramatic. The gradual realisation and the shuttle of imagination and memory hurtling to and fro. . . . One realises why sailors so often won't learn to swim.

#### Treasure Island the Second

Monsignor RONALD KNOX has surpassed himself over his latest detective exploit, though *Miles Bredon*, private detective to the Indescribable Insurance Company, has not. Up against a couple of adventurers in quest of Jacobite

salmon-fishing schoolmaster and more or less hindered by the rest of the cast, Bredon has been detailed to watch, unsuspected by its temporary tenants, the thoroughly eerie and unpleasant Scots island where Vernon Lethaby and "Digger" Henderson are conducting their researches into Bonnie Prince Charlie's leavings. Treasure there very well may be; and the curse very properly appended to it introduces more sinister trove in the shape of a corpse, a coincidence only to be accounted for by a last chapter of generously cumulative revelation. Read for this end Double Cross Purposes (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6) more than fulfils its promise; and the charming precision of its scene-painting is only surpassed by the delicious malice of its characterisation. Its ex-Glasgow laird is good; so is the Antipodean scoundrel Henderson; but Lethaby, the perfect

type of aimless modern wastrel, whose mendacious protestations are so liberally punctuated with the word "actually," is best of all.

#### As London Was

"I often wonder if the motorcar takes people to as much sheer fun as the hansom did," wrote KIPLING to Mr. J. B. BOOTH, whose A Pink 'Un Remembers (WERNER LAURIE, 21/-), amply illustrated, looks back with affection to the past glories of London while admitting ungrudgingly that in matters of health and freedom the man and woman in the street are much better off to-day. Although these reminiscences revive splendid stories of more distant giants, amongst whom were Mark Twain, Bret Harte and Sammy Woods (who shamed our puling athletes by capturing ten English wickets on a breakfast of seven hot lobsters), they are mainly confined to the War and just before it. The theatre and the music-hall, both very near

to Mr. Booth's heart, share pride of place with cricket and racing; a long and delightful chapter on the effect of the War on public entertainment includes the text of many of the topical songs which fulfilled the invaluable purpose of keeping up spirits at home and abroad (though it will be understood that some are absent); and there is a chapter which should prove a mine to future historians of journalism, on the magazines put out by ships and regiments on the different fronts. Mr. Booth can claim to have called up the background of a great epoch through its personalities and to have been amusing at the same time.

#### Short-but Hardly Sweet

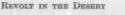
The vogue of the short story has had its ups and downs. Towards the close of the last century came a flourishing period, when Kipling had made his remarkable advent. But even in those days collections of stories in volume form

were seldom popular. Only a few of the elect could hope for a really remunerative sale. Is it possible that taste may be changing and collections coming back into favour? Here is Mr. H. E. Bates, apparently the head of a new school, the Kipling of to-day, but with a difference. Something Short and Sweet (Cape, 7/6) is his sixth book of short stories, and the other five have been warmly praised by reviewers of reputation. He has been acclaimed as "supreme among English short-story writers"; he has been said to challenge comparison with D. H. Lawrence and with the best of Tchehov. These are brave words and we should like to fall into line with them. We agree that he is grim and stark and that he focusses his objective clearly—all no doubt excellent qualities; but Mr. Bates seems incapable of writing a story of any sort, even a piece of knockabout humour like "The Sow and Silas," without making it somehow faintly un-

pleasant to the taste of readers who belong to an earlier age.

#### Lord's

"The hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Lord's has given The Times," Major the Hon. J. J. ASTOR writes in The M.C.C. 1787-1937 (THE TIMES PUBLISH-ING COMPANY, 1/-), "an opportunity it has accepted joyfully, and, on its behalf, I proffer this Number as a tribute to the headquarters of the national game." By a happy choice Major Astor is the President of the M.C.C. for the current year, and he can rest assured that his tribute is in every conceivable way worthy of an historic occasion. The first two chapters, "The Story of the M.C.C.," by Lord HAWKE, and "Lord's and its Founder," by Lieutenant-Colonel R. S. RAIT KERR, set a standard and prepare the way for a volume that not only tells the origin and development of a great club, but also briefly relates the history of cricket during the last century and



a half. The illustrations have been most carefully selected.

#### An Interrupted Party

After a brief struggle with his sense of dignity Mr. E. C. R. Lorac's delightfully human detective, Chief Inspector Macdonald, accepted a publisher's invitation to an indoor treasure-hunt and presently found himself in the midst of as curious a collection of authors as can ever have been assembled under one roof. The Inspector, however, entered wholeheartedly into the spirit of the game and was getting on rapidly with These Names Make Clues (Collins, 7/6) when one of the competitors, Andrew Gardien, died abruptly in the telephone-room. Moreover this sensational affair was immediately followed by Macdonald's discovering that Gardien's literary agent had been killed in his office. The solution of the mystery of these sudden deaths provides a puzzle that requires considerable skill to unravel.

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### Charivaria

THE fly over method of road. crossing is being suggested for traffic. Pedestrians of course have been using it for some time.

A harassed station official says he cannot understand why so many people go for their holidays in August. Has it never occurred to him that it is because they get them then?

Gangsters entered a carpenter's workshop in the outskirts of Chicago.

But it wasn't a hold-up. They merely wanted some shotguns sawn off.

"Drugs are cheaper now than they have been for half a century," states a physician. You get morphia money.

A film-actor says that after he has worn a collar once he never wants to see it again. He should send it to our laundry

> At the Southdean (Bognor Regis) Tennis Club the umpires sit on concrete pillars. Aunt Agatha observed that they were remarkably lifelike

A swarm of bees entered an income-tax office in Warwickshire through an open window, but left again a few minutes

later. It would be interesting to know how many of the swarm were stung.

In a new London restaurant customers summon the waitresses by telephone. A high-

pitched buzz indicates, as elsewhere, that the waitresses are engaged in a discussion about favourite film stars.

"' I wonder what you take me for,' she said at length, having settled herself and crossed her elbows."-Novel.

Well now, let's guess. Mademoiselle X?

We hear of a growing demand for small islands near the coast. Especially among seasick Channel trippers.



People who keep on recommending sea voyages for everyone at this time of year should try to remember that beggars can't be cruisers.

A man who was recently convicted of being drunk in charge of a car was stated to have been to three parties in one evening. He seems to have been inadequately insured against thirdparty risks.

Certain South Sea Island witch-doctors pretend to be able to change men

into sponges. They should come over here and see cricketers changing into flannels.

To quote The Evening Standard, five hundred scientists, representing every civilised country, took part in the recent conference of the Society of

Chemical Industry. seems to work out at roughly two-hundred-and-fifty from each.

Eight generations of a family named BARTHOLOMEW have been bell-ringers in a small village church. The villagers would now feel quite strange without Barts in the belfry

Mr. Justice HAWKE fears that divorces may be obtained before long by going into the post-office and asking for them. This will come as a shock to those who had hoped that the whole system

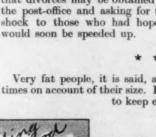
Very fat people, it is said, are apt to get depressed at times on account of their size. It is hard enough sometimes to keep even one chin up.

> Commendable Chastity in Sunday Paper Lambourne, Berks-where a farmhouse with accommodation for 100 of both se-es

has been leased."-Sunday Times.

A seventy-year-old London magistrate admits that he once raided a neighbour's orchard as a schoolboy. At the time, no doubt, this lapse was put down to the bad influence of the magic lantern.





# Oh to be in England with My Baggage Chalked!

I COME of a very fine old smuggling family, although the written records go no further back than the time of my grandmother. In 1919 my mother successfully smuggled into this country an immense quantity of sugar in a tin bath to make into toffee for her nephews and nieces, sweetless since 1916. There was at that time a very strict and doubtless excellent regulation against bringing sugar from Egypt, where there were huge quantities of it, into England, where there was none. I myself am often called upon to further our imperial greatness by going abroad for a period of four or five years. Upon entering our dominion or colony pay a stupendous duty on my English clothes. After two years these fall to pieces and I buy some dominion or colonial clothes, and, returning to England at the appointed moment two years later, ought to pay an even more monumental duty upon these now

dilapidated rags. Naturally I prefer to smuggle my dominion garments. This is called Empire Preference.

Practice has made me perfect: in learning from me you are sitting at the feet of a master.

METHOD A.—Arrange to arrive in England with four or five children under six. This method, freely employed by my grandmother, is not always practicable. It is, however, infallible. The kindly Customs officer, himself a married man, gives you a pitying glance and opens nothing.

METHOD B.—This needs careful preparation. Attire yourself before you approach the white cliffs of England in your dowdiest clothes and place a perfectly impossible hat at the most unfortunate angle upon your head. Remove all cosmetics from the face and polish it thoroughly with a piece of chamois-leather. Arrange, if possible, to have a streaming cold. Carry with you—this is most important—

(1) A hand-embroidered basket containing a vacuum-flask, a camera made not later than 1912, some knitting, the remains of some sandwiches, a novel by an Edwardian author, and a copy of the Continental Daily Mail.

(2) A large clumsy handbag, preferably with a catch that won't work.

(3) An umbrella.

(4) A mackintosh.

(5) A rug.(6) A coat.

(7) Another coat.

(8) If possible a pot-plant or a roll of wall-paper. Any really good Paris shop will sell you either or both of these.

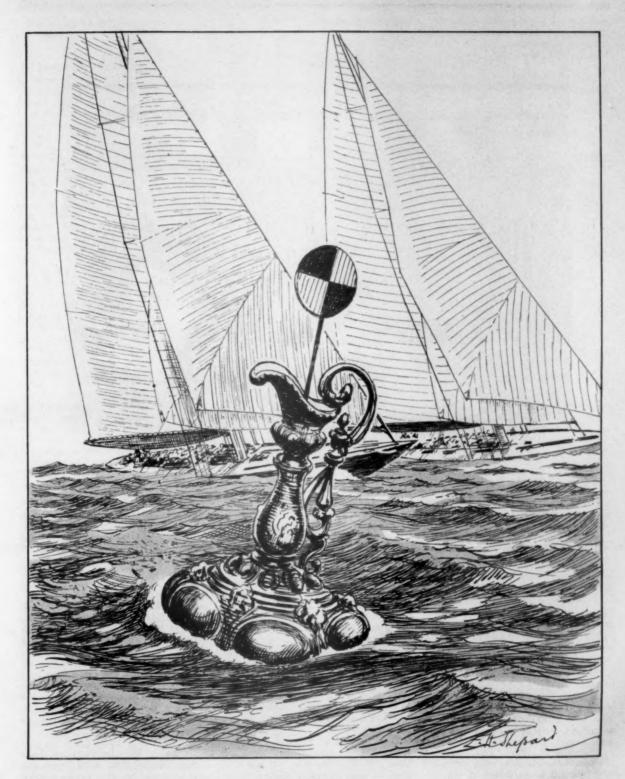
Have with you as many small pieces of luggage as possible. Eschew raw-hide luggage or the type of trunk in which one hangs things up. Register a total lack of charm or sex-appeal, fix the Customs officer with a glassy eye and tell him the absolute truth, roughly as follows:—

"Oh, yes, I've got some silk; these stockings I'm wearing are pure silk; and of course some eau-de-Colognejust a little bottle and it's nearly empty. And there's a film in my camera now that I bought abroad, though it wasn't the same kind I've always had and I don't feel certain it will come out." (Here some authorities think it advisable to open one suitcase and produce from it a couple of very cheap and vulgar silk handkerchiefs, to wave them in the official face and say that they are intended as presents for your little nieces, who do so love dressing up. It is not for me to give a definite ruling on this point. Smugglers must use their own judgment and initiative here.) "Oh, and I had a coat relined and I think that's silk; the people in the shop said it was real silk, but you can't trust them abroad, can you? Perhaps it's only artificial; anyway I'll show it to you in case it's real. And there's a pair of gloves in that little case—no, I think it's that black gladstone bag over there; I've worn them three or four times. They came from Marseilles, and I've got the account in my bag; three francs they were, or four. I had it in my bag a moment ago.

It is improbable that the Customs officer, who, after all, has his dinner to be home for, like the rest of us, will have allowed you thus far. He will probably have chalked all your packages on sight, and is certain to have done so by the time you get to the bit about the lining of your coat. The enormous advantage of this method is that it is law-proof. Your defence is that you hadn't stopped declaring; the wretched man walked off



"THERE'S A PERSISTENT RUMOUR IN THE VILLAGE THAT YOU'RE USING A POISONED WORM."



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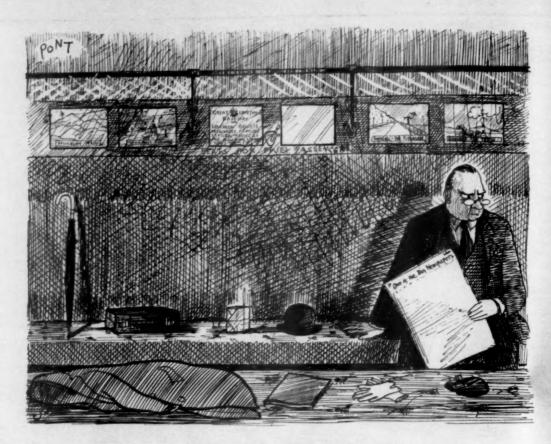
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ATTABUOY



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

LOVE OF TRAVELLING ALONE

and left you before you could tell him all the other things.

Here are a few rules to memorise:-

- (1) Always travel by the slower and less fashionable routes, i.e., Dieppe-Newhaven, Havre-Southampton.
- (2) Never attempt to smuggle at Dover or Croydon. These ports are reserved for professionals. Competition is too keen for an amateur to hope to survive.
  - (3) Always have untidy hair.
- (4) Never say "I have nothing to declare."
- (5) If a man, always persuade a woman to do your smuggling for you. They give a far more convincing portrayal of imbecility than you can ever hope to do.

Observe these simple rules carefully and you will be surprised at the results.

### Homage to Bentley

However indignantly you may deny all knowledge of the things, you may, for all you know, be innocently nursing a Hoopychrom in your bosom. (I speak metaphorically.) You may. quite unwittingly, keep a brace of them in your bedroom. But there is no cause for alarm; whatever it may sound like, a Hoopychrom is neither a pulmonary disease nor an Australian singing-bird nor a kind of green pig. It is a pet name for a F/6.3, 2.8 cm. ultra wide angle lens to fit a wellknown make of miniature camera. If you had the catalogue you could look it up for yourself.

It is not difficult to guess who gave it that name. Admittedly I have not been able to verify this; but surely a word of such character could only be the work of the great Mr. Bentley,

especially when it is followed by such a magnificent variety as Schoochrom, Hegra, Elang, Toody, Hefar and

Toolp. Immortal Mr. Bentley! Ever since I have been old enough to read catalogues I have been one of his most devoted fans. "Publishes only Telegraph Codes and similar works compiled by his own staff," states my little guide to British publishers; and what a world of fun is contained in those few modest words! Can you not imagine, dear reader, Mr. BENTLEY and his staff sitting round a table and poring over the latest consignments of camera accessories? Before they turn to the consideration of public business Mr. BENTLEY reads a letter he has received :--

"DEAR MR. BENTLEY,—I have just thought of the word Grunk, and it seems to me this would make a splendid code-word for a grand

piano. Do let me know if you decide to use it.

Yours sincerely . . . "

But Mr. Bentley dictates a stern reply to his secretary. The rule is explicit— "compiled by his own staff." No freelances need apply.

Business begins. Someone picks up a new pattern of angular viewfinder. "What shall we call this?" he asks.

There is a ruminative silence.
"What about Snogg?" a young
member of the staff suggests at length.

There is a murmur of applause, but Mr. Bentley shakes his head. "A great effort, my boy," he says, "but I'm afraid it can't be done. It is already the name of a Norwegian battleship."

"Snigg, then," amends the young man.

"No-o," demurs Mr. Bentley thoughtfully, pursing his lips and turning the object over in his hand. "I don't think it's a *Snigg*—do you? It's longer than that, somehow."

"What about Vidomchrom?" suggests another member of the staff.
"No—I've got it!" cried a third.

"Vintuchrom!"

A consenting mutter goes round the table. Vintuchrom—of course! It's got Vintuchrom written all over it.

"Exquisite," Mr. Bentley commends as he makes a note of the word on the catalogue. "And your word Vidomchrom is the very thing for the universal viewfinder with parallax compensation and chromium finish. Yes, yes, magnificent! Vintuchrom, certainly."

And so on all through the list.

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It may be thought—I thought it myself for years—that these names are only bestowed, as it were, as endearments, in the same way as one calls one's yacht *Endeavour* or one's dog *Fido* or one's express train *Coronation Scot*. But as a matter of fact there is more to it than that.

Not idly are Mr. Bentley's codes described as "telegraphic." They are actually intended to be telegraphed. Not, you understand, that they are supposed in any way to compete with the late Mr. Morse's better-known example; but the idea is that they will save a penny or two when giving large orders.

Imagine, for instance, that a dealer in mouse-traps wanted in a hurry five hundred of the type of trap described in the catalogue as Automatic High-Tensile Breakbacks with Mahogany Baseboard and Built-in Cheese. By the time he has added the address—Atlantic and Pacific Mouse-Trap Mfg. Co., 8, Humby House, Blue Lion

Court, W.C.1—and signed the message, the order is going to come well over the statutory nine words, especially if he wants it delivered in a gold envelope with holly and church bells on it.

So what does he do? He looks up the code-word: it is, say, Quing. Then all he has to do to get his consignment on the two-thirty train for certain is to wire "500 Quino 2.30." Granted, the clerk at the other end may possibly misunderstand his instructions and put a monkey on Quing for the 2.30 race at Newmarket that afternoon, in which a horse of that name happens to be running; but even the best of systems is not proof against the single-mindedness of racing fans.

To you and me, however, the codes will never be more than pleasantly whimsical additions to the readingmatter of catalogues. We must not say that for us Mr. Bentley works in vain, for no true lover of the beautiful could fail to appreciate the merits of a man capable of inventing words like Toody and Schoochrom and Hoopychrom (if he did) with the facility of a reader of The Observer finding a new term for the smallest pig in a litter; but, alas! we do not appreciate him in the right way. I have been trying for a long time now to find the courage to enter my photographic dealer's and ask him for a Toolp. "Have you any nice Toolps to-day?" I shall demand.

"No, Sir," perhaps he will answer.
"But I 've a pretty line in Hoopychroms
you might like to look at."

But perhaps he will not answer that at all; and for that reason I am waiting until I am in a position to order a hundred of the things by wire before I do anything about it. And as the present market price of a Toolp is £37.16.0, I am afraid there is still some time to go.

### Mr. Punch on Tour

The Exhibition of the original work of Living Punch Artists will be on view at the Public Museum and Art Gallery, Hastings, from August 14th till September 11th, after which it will be shown at the Pump Room, Bath, from September 18th till October 16th.

Invitations to visit this Exhibition will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Office, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

## Things That Might Have Been Better Expressed.

"Mr. F. W. ——, conductor, spoke of the excellent way in which they had carried out their duties, and said that although the gifts presented to them were small, they represented the esteem in which these members were held."—Local Paper.

"In the case of nations which sell us more than we buy from them, I think that we should insist that the surplus be carried in British ships."—Sunday Paper.

It could be used to pay them for what they buy from us.



"I HAD NO IDEA IT WAS WHITE TIES."

### Do Something

"When I was working as a lumberjack, bar-tender and telephone linesman in Old Bond Street, W.," said my Aunt Tabitha, knocking her pipe out on the cat, "many of the girls used to bring me their little problems, and the advice I always used to give them was this: Do something. I have never regretted it."

"Have they?" I asked, gazing round the charming old-world room with its chintz-covered work-basket (full of tobacco) and dainty spittoons.

"I see no reason why they should have," said Aunt Tabitha. "It is the best possible advice for a girl with her way to make in the world. I gave it once to a girl named Muriel who was in a jam about some chimneys, and since that day she has never looked back."

"No?"

"At least I think not. I never caught her looking back, anyhow."

"No," said Aunt Tabitha, eyeing the whisky, "but she looked up, of course, because of the chimneys. It is the bane of a girl's life when she's engaged to an architect—she has to go about with her nose in the air looking at chimneys. This bothered Muriel a lot and she was continually trying to make up her mind to speak to the architect about it, but he was so much wrapped up in his subject that she never could find the opportunity. In the end she dotted him one and got all ready to leap in with her objections to chimneys as soon as he came round."



"ER-IS MRS, CRUMSHAW IN THE AUDIENCE?"

Aunt Tabitha paused to clear her throat, or light a cigar, or look out of the window, or something, for she was well aware that I should have to split the narrative up into paragraphs like this when I wrote it out.

"But before he came round," Aunt Tabitha went on. "she happened to catch sight of a man in a white coat carrying a cash-register. Taken in by this man's glamour she went off with him; much to his annoyance, for he already had two wives and seven children, as well as the cash-register, which was his eye's apple. Often during the cold winter nights he would sit up for hours with his cash-register. This used to bother Muriel a lot. 'Oh, I have been blind—blind!' she used to say to him. 'I have jumped out of the chimneys into the cash-register! Ha, ha! there she used to laugh hysterically) 'What a fool I've been! What a blind crazy fool! Oh!' Here," said Aunt Tabitha, "she would put the back of her hand to her head about a coupla inches below the hair-line, walk five paces rapidly up and five paces rapidly down, grip the back of a chair with one hand until the knuckles showed white, bite her lip till the blood came, and leave off again until it went. Also a vein would probably be throbbing ominously in her temple.

"And the man in the white coat," I said—"what would he reply to that?"

"He generally asked her to get some oil," said Aunt Tabitha, "for the cash-register. Then the fit would leave her as suddenly as it had come, which was not suddenly in the least. Well, in due course she asked my advice."

"Pardon me," I said courteously, "you said she asked your advice about the chimneys."

"I said nothing of the kind," roared Aunt Tabitha in a passion, throwing her embroidery-frame to the ground. "I said the gal was in a jam about some chimneys, and so she was, and I said I gave her my advice, and so I did. But the advice I gave her was about the cash-register. 'Do something,' I said."

"Subtle."

"Subtle my eye. She took it as advice to go back to the architect. So there she is again all among the chimneys."

"And she's still never looked back?"

Why should she? All there is to look at is the cashregister and a few of this fellow's wives. However," said Aunt Tabitha, "the chimneys soon began to get her down again, and before long she came to me. 'My dear,' I said with a smile as tender as a plump pullet, 'I am an old woman. When you are as old as I, or me, or whichever it is,' I said, 'you will be able to look back and realise that there are chimneys and chimneys.' 'Which are these!' she murmured through her tears, making a bubble or two. 'Chimneys,' I replied very quietly. 'There, there,' I went on pretty nearly as tenderly as before, 'have your cry out. You would not think to look at me now that I too, many years ago, was-bothered by chimneys?' said Muriel wonderingly, 'what can you know of chimneys, you?' 'Ah!' I said, 'I too have known chimneys.' At this Muriel herself became very tender-about two-thirds as tender as I had been the first time. She said very softly, 'What happened to them?' It was some moments," said Aunt Tabitha, "before I could speak-we were having tea at the time. Then I said, with a smile that was infinitely sad and wise: 'They were all struck by lightning in the great storm of 1888.'

There was a pause. (There always is just before the end, if you notice.)

"And then?" I said.

"Then I rang the bell," said Aunt Tabitha briskly, "for some more cake. Ah, me! I remember it all as if it were yesterday. It was yesterday," she added as an afterthought, refilling her pipe.

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# Courage

Smith minor wandered sheepishly round the quadrangle. Knots of boys seemed petrified as he approached them, and then turned away their gaze as though he were in Coventry. And what he needed more than anything at the moment was human sympathy, for in half-an-hour he was going to make a fool of himself in front of the whole school. If only he could back out! But he had promised Bugface Robinson that he would do it, and he couldn't bear the idea of Bugface telling him that he was yellow.

He went into the Hall and found the place already packed with parents and boys. Somehow it didn't matter what the parents thought, but he dreaded what the boys would say about him afterwards. He found a seat and prepared to listen to the speeches. Then panic seized him and he would have fled if at that very moment the Headmaster hadn't looked him straight in the eye. He had promised Bugface Robinson that he would do what was required after the Greek play. He glanced at the printed programme and saw that the Greek play was well down the list. He had nearly half-an-hour in which to consider details, and then he would keep his promise to Bugface Robinson and afterwards leave the school for ever, disgraced beyond all hope of pardon.

Smith minor, pale of face, tried to make sense of the Latin oration, but except for a word here and there it might just as well have been Chinese. What a sickly sight it was to see the parents nodding appreciatively to show that they remembered their Latin. when almost certainly they were bored stiff! Then the Chairman of the Governors got up and said a few words. He had a fascinating habit of whistling after every "s." Not just a plain after every "s." single whistle, but a double whistle, like a bird. Smith minor almost forgot his own impending doom. The Chairman was talking about Physical Fitness, and Smith minor reflected that no subject could have given him more scope for his peculiar talent. His concluding sentence—"Physical fitness is desirable, nay essential, if the English tradition is to be passed on to our sons"-sounded like a whole aviary of birds greeting the dawn.

The Greek play was a bit better than the Latin oration, because, though it was even less intelligible to Smith minor, he was able to keep his mind off his promise to Bugface Robinson by watching the action, which was full



- "WHERE SHALL I WASH, MUMMY?"
- "WHY, IN THE BATHROOM, OF COURSE."
- "No. WHERE ON ME?

of vigour and incident and much enlivened by the chief character twice stepping back into the audience from the very small stage. Smith minor laughed loudly and hysterically, and only stopped when he caught the Headmaster's eye, when he blushed and subsided into an agony of silence. He lost interest in the play, which seemed interminable, and cursed Bugface Robinson under his breath. Could he pretend to faint? It was not a bad idea, but probably nobody would believe him and Bugface Robinson would

simply accuse him of being yellow. The Greek play ended and the Headmaster rose to his feet. Smith minor felt his legs turn to jelly and his heart slide rapidly into his boots.

Bugface Robinson was speaking.
"We are now to have the honour
of a few words," he said, "from one of
our most distinguished Old Boys,
Major-General Sir Parker Walthamstow-Smith, K.C.B., D.S.O., who will
talk to us on 'Courage.'"

Smith minor rose unsteadily, shut his eyes and began.

### Uninvited Guest

Darling! You are a pet to have me! I'd never have suggested coming to you like this, only the Marpleshams had to go away very suddenly when I'd been there for ten days, and though I swore I wouldn't in the least mind staying on alone there till the Kennets can have me next week, they thought I might be too solitary. And in the end they decided, all in a moment, to have the entire house redecorated from top to toe, so that settled it-there was nothing else for it but to come to you! So lucky I remembered you lived in these quaint parts! . . . Which is your car? . . . Oh-that one! Well, I always say it doesn't in the least matter what a car looks like so long as it goes. The Marpleshams have three, a Rolls and a Bentley and the most superb-oh, thank you, porter. He didn't look very pleased, did he? But I always think overtipping is so unfair to other people. You haven't got a cook? But nobody has a cook these days, my dear! They simply don't exist. The Marpleshams hadn't got one either, but it didn't matter a scrap, the kitchenmaid coped too beautifully. Quite simple things, of course-just salmon and chickens and ducklings and peas and mushrooms, but nobody minded in the least. Everyone has to rough it more or less nowadays, and really, with caviar and all the luscious things they sell in tins, one can manage perfectly well. Truly, darling, you needn't mind in the least on my account! I don't mind what I eat! Just a morsel of sole, a scrap of chicken, a mouthful of foie gras-more than enough for little me! . . . You'd thought of cold chicken and strawberries-and-cream? My dear, it sounds too tempting. The only thing is that I never touch strawberries. Positively never. I like them but they definitely don't like me. So odd. Now, don't worry! Anything will do! Why not just pop into your fishmonger and get a lobster or something? What—no fishmonger, just a cart twice a week? My sweet-but how too deliciously primitive! Is that your grocer's? I wonder if they have some of those divine mangoes in syrup-I had some at the Berkeley last week. . . . Well, just let me pop in and try-you have an account there, have you? . . dear, what a cross old man! He'd never even heard of mangoes, and when I suggested foie gras he asked if lard would do. Too quaintly rural!

Darling—but what a duck of a cottage! Really too desirable. Just the sort of place I've always longed for —for quiet week-ends, you know. Tell



"YOU'LL LOVE THE PLACE, ANSTRUTHER. ONE ROMPS ABOUT ALL DAY WEARING JUST A PAIR OF SHORTS."

me, where do you live the rest of the time! What, always here? My dear, I do admire you. It just shows how right I was! At school, you know, I always stuck up for you when the others ragged you because you were so futile at games, and called you a freak behind your back. "My pets," I used to say to them, "you mark my words—that girl is an original. One of these days when you and I are rushing about having a simply marvellous time buying clothes and getting husbands and things, Leonora will be serenely living in some quaint thatched cottage with earwigs and outdoor sanitation. writing away and thinking herself in the seventh heaven, the poor sweet!' And here you are, you see! . . . Oh, the garden. Well, of course it's betweentimes everywhere, isn't it? I mean.

summer things don't seem to have quite come out yet. Perhaps it's a bit late here, too-the delphiniums were all out at the Marpleshams', and you should have seen their lupins-too rapturous. . . . Yours failed this year? Darling, I really should, in that case, change your gardener, he can't be very efficient—those pentstemons aren't half the size of the Marpleshams'. Oh, antirrhinums, are they? And you do it all yourself? That explains it, of course. I think it's wonderful-considering. No, darling, I haven't read your new book. It's been on my library list for ages too, but they never seem to get it for me. . . . I've recommended it to simply heaps of people, though. Cannon Fodder-such a good title. Oh, The Canon's Daughter, is it? No wonder nobody I ask has ever heard of it! . . . And tell me, did the last one do well? . . . Two impressions in six weeks . . . Well, I expect if ever you get at all well-known they'll sell better . . . Leila Marplesham—the one who married Lord Pefferham, you know had a great success with her first novel, six editions in no time. But of course she spent a thousand pounds in advertising; and then being a Somebody to start with must give one rather an advantage, don't you think?...
Tadpole Swithers told me she'd read your new book, though. She simply raved about it. . . . What did she say about it? Let me think . . . something most enthusiastic, I know . . . Oh, yes, she said the artist who designed the wrapper was a positive genius .. simply bound to have a great future, Tadpole said. . . Yes, I knew how pleased you'd be!

the spring things are all over and the

# The Tailor's Progress

Tailors who are rich beyond the dreams of avarice may not be rare—indeed how could they be, since most suits are ready-made for ready money and the others cost us so much?—but they do not often talk about it, any more than other wealthy people do. In fact, a large proportion of the conversation that one hears consists of protestations of personal poverty. But the other day I met a rich tailor so eccentric as to tell me quite frankly how he had progressed from small beginnings to his present stage of success.

It was done, he said, by superstition.
"By superstition?" I asked, surveying in an adjacent mirror clothes that looked to me wholly matter-of-fact.
"Not by fit?"

"Fit," he said, "may have come into



"MAY I ONCE AGAIN BEMIND YOUR HIGHSESS THAT THE VICE-CHANCELLOR AND THE SENATE OF THE UNIVERSITY HAVE BEEN WAITING TO RECEIVE US FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR-AND-A-HALF?"

it; but in tailoring fit is secondary Texture and colour come long before fit. Indeed, I will confess that very few gentlemen are ever really fitted at all; but they are covered more or less satisfactorily and so all is well."

"I feel sure you are right," I said. "Besides," he added, "you can't see your own backs; you can't see your legs as you walk."

"True," I said. "But tell me about

superstition."

'It is like this," he began. "Everyone is superstitious about something. Not necessarily about spilling the salt, but about something. Or, to put it another way, no one would care to defy superstition. There may be something in it, and the Fates are worth placating. Do you agree?"
I agreed. "At any rate," I told him,

"I always rub spilt wine behind my

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"Of course," he said. "There may be nothing in doing so, but you wouldn't like to be out when opportunity called. Well, several years ago a customer who was being measured, a writer of some kind, told me how, in the pocket of his first knickerbocker suit, he had found a shilling, placed there by his grandfather, and how excited he had been. Not only was it a shilling—twelve good pennyworths—but a mascot, an earnest of luck. Do you see?"

'Certainly," I said, remembering a

similar experience.
"Well," the tailor continued, "this set me thinking, and in course of time I took the plunge. Having decided that that grandfather was a wise old bird, I followed his example. We were then making about a thousand pairs of trousers a year, but I meant to leave that figure nowhere. What's a thousand pairs? Practically nothing."

I gasped.
"So," he went on, "I gave the word that no pair of trousers should ever be delivered to a customer without a coin in the pocket. Not a shilling: I couldn't, at that time, run to that; but a threepenny-bit. Threepenny-bits have always had a special quality, you know. The cost was trifling—a thousand threepences is only twelve pounds ten-but how many pairs of trousers a year do you think I am making now, in conse-And at top prices? Never mind, shan't tell you; but a threecany bit is always put in and business come extraordinary. And now, these new octagonal affairs, it may etter still.'

But why," I asked, "do you attrite so much to the threepenny-bits?

Superstition and delight," he replied. "Can't you remember? Everyone putting on the new clothes for the



"I FAIR 'ATES 'EM!"

WHAT, THE PEOPLE?

"No. THEM BRASTED YACHTS."

first time is tickled to death to find the threepenny-bit there. Money for nothing, for one thing-and that is always pleasant. And, for another, a lucky charm."

He gave me a look of profound shrewdness

"But that isn't all," he continued. "They talk about it. They talk about it, and the people they talk to come to me and are added to our list. It's first the excitement and surprise of finding the coin, and then it's the talking. That 'sadvertising, you know: talking.

I congratulated him on his acumen.

"And what about the author who gave away the idea?" I asked. "I suppose you rewarded him?"
"No," he replied, "I didn't. You

see, he only supplied the reminiscence; it was I who had to invent the real scheme and make it practicable.' No wonder the tailor is rich

E.V.L.

"Female Young Lady Assistant, mailing, filing, age 16-18,—Write, stating age, &c.." Advt. in " Daily Telegraph."

State sex too. They evidently like to be sure.

# A New Angle on the Bard

I MUST say we found it a little odd that Bunmouth should be supporting a Repertory Company at all. You would imagine that the Trocadrome Cinema would just about mark the highest level of culture in a town where the population is less than five thousand and the staple occupations fishing and changing for Urke, Bumblesbury, Dribbling Halt and Cudworth.

Still, however odd, the Repertory Company was firmly established in Bunmouth. At any rate the hotel porter told us so; we had no intention of staying there long enough to find out for ourselves. As a matter of fact the only reason why we were passing a night there at all was because the driver of the 6.48 from Cudworth, which ought to have arrived at Bunmouth in nice time to return us to Cudworth at 10.36, had unfortunately omitted to couple his engine to his train before leaving. Owing to the complexities of single-line working it was necessary for him to travel light all the way to Bunmouth and back before anything could be done about this, which meant that the 10.36 would arrive in Cudworth somewhere about one A.M. We decided that it would be better to brave the unknown horrors of Bunmouth.

The Repertory Company was in the middle of a Shakespeare Festival (which meant three performances of Julius Cæsar, sandwiched between Maria Marten and Charley's Aunt) on the night of our visit. You wouldn't expect Shakespeare to appeal to the fishermen of Bunmouth; and how right you would be! If the Company was really "firmly established" they must have had crowded houses for Charley's Aunt and Maria Marten; Bunmouth's Shakespeareans could not have numbered more than eighty at the outside.

But at least they were an enthusiastic eighty. Brutus, adorned with a black RONALD COLMAN moustache, was roundly hissed on every appearance after Cæsar's death; while Antony, once he had made it quite clear which side he was on, was applauded in a manner that would have made Tom Mix green with envy.

It seemed to us that the highest peak of dramatic art came in Act IV., Scene 3—the scene in Brutus's tent. It was the sort of performance you only see once in a lifetime. When Lucius had sung his little piece and gone dutifully to sleep, the stage was darkened with a click and a green spotlight focussed on Brutus's face.

Brutus picked up what appeared to be a ninepenny edition of The Boojum Murder Case and gave the cue for the Ghost's entry.

"Let me see, let me see," he said, finding the beginning of Chapter Six—"is not the leaf turned down where I left reading? Here it is, I think."

A second spotlight indicated the point at which the Ghost of *Cæsar* should now have entered. But no Ghost came.

"Here it is, I think," repeated Brutus loudly and reproachfully.

No ghost.

"HERE IT IS, I THINK," Brutus called at the top of his voice; but there was still no response, so he went back to his book. If the Ghost hadn't heard that, you could see him thinking, he won't hear anything.

When the silence had lasted about two minutes the audience began to get restive. Brutus shrugged his shoulders and did the one thing possible. He laid down his book, woke up Claudius and Varro, and remarked with a sudden North-of-England accent—

"Eh, isn't it creepy in 'ere? I wish I was back with my old moother in Wigan."

The Bunmouth Shakespeareans let out a whoop of delight. They had no idea the Swan of Avon could be so witty. Brutus took heart and continued—

"Eh, I would an' all. I bet if she was 'ere now she'd 'ave a nice bit o' tripe all ready for me." The tripe produced its inevitable laugh. "I do like a nice bit o' tripe," Brutus went on. "Don't you?"

"Ay," Varro agreed. "It's champion, tripe is."

"I like a bit o' soss-an'-mash," Claudius opined. "And that reminds me," he added to Varro—"'oo was the lady I see you with yesterday?"

"Ee, that wasn't a lady," Varro assured him. "That was my wife."

This one went down so well that Brutus decided he could risk the one about his mother-in-law and the lodger, but before he had a chance to put it over there was a warning "Ssssh!" from the prompter and in walked the Ghost.

Claudius and Varro went to sleep again, the audience became serious once more, and Brutus, versatile as ever, inquired, "Ha! who comes here? I think it is the weakness of mine eyes that shapes this monstrous apparition."

After that the play proceeded to a triumphant conclusion.

The next morning we met Brutus and Antony in the bar of the hotel. They were drinking port and reminding each other what successes they had been in the West-End, and how important the part of the butler really was, although he had only three lines.

I introduced myself to Brutus as an admiring member of his audience, and asked about the strange interlude,

"Aha!" he said. "You remarked it, eh, laddie?"

"It was rather remarkable," I said apologetically.

"A slight accident, laddie," Brutus assured me with a sweeping gesture of deprecation—"a mere trifle. Messala had Cæsar's toga on and the mistake was not discovered until the eleventh hour. Messala's toga was unfortunately too small for Cæsar."

"I see," I said.

"Naturally," Brutus went on, "the Ghost's entry was just the least bit delayed, and it was necessary to maintain, as it were, a natural flow of dialogue. I had hoped," he added, "that the mishap would pass unnoticed."

"I imagine it did with the majority," I told him. "But if I may say so, why the tripe? Wasn't it a little bit out of character?"

"My dear fellow," said Brutus, "what do the simple fisherfolk of Bunmouth know about character? They pay to be amused, and, by Heaven, they shall be amused! I cannot think the Bard would have wished otherwise. My extemporisations, I feel, were in the true spirit of the Globe Theatre."

"Or of Collins's Music Hall," I suggested facetiously.

Brutus regarded me in a pained fashion. "'A fool, a fool,'" he remarked—"'I met a fool i' the forest.'" He went back to his port and his fellow-Thespian while we shouldered our bags and embarked for Urke, Bumblesbury, Dribbling Halt and particularly Cudworth.

#### Annotations for the Menu

"A cutlet is a pirates sword."

"A piccolo is what you have with bacon."
Schoolboys' answers.

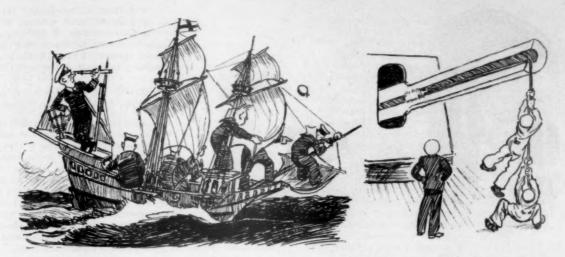
"Exhibitors are being badly misled by redherring propaganda . . maybe this redherring of Quality versus Cost is still being flogged . ."—Letter in Cinema Paper."

If so, a dead horse should be drawn across the trail at once.

"The publicans' organization, known the Anti-Prohibition Council, sent a she horn writer to the Assembly to repwhat Dr. Johnstone might say. Whappened then is not known, but the sequence was the prosecution by the Attorney General of Dr. Johnstone on a charge of contempt of Court."—Irish Paper.

Is this justice?

### GOING HALVES



Navy Week (Plymouth) is doing splendidly with a half-sized "Golden Hind."

A GOOD IDEA THIS: LET'S HAVE HALF-GUNS -



AND HALF-SHELLS TO LOAD THEM WITH.



LET'S PUT EVERYBODY ON HALF-PAY AS THERE WILL BE ONLY HALF THE WORK—



AND LET'S HAVE HALF-BATTLESHIPS AND HOPE THAT THAT WILL BE HALF THE BATTLE.



Host (at somewhat sticky cocktail-party, to hostess). "YE'LL TAKE THE HIGH-BROWS, AND I'LL TAKE THE LOW-BROWS."

### Enthusiastically

["Aluminium and Light Metals.—A man of good education and standing is required who can write authoritatively, intelligently and enthusiastically on the above subject."—Advertisement in "The Times."]

HURBAH for aluminium!

It is my deepest passium
To further its dominium!
I also like potassium.

The days I've waged beryllium's
Battles and those of calcium
Must now run into milliums,\*
And all of them were halcium.

How noble ith my mithium—
To be the proud cuthtodium
Of the good nameth of lithium,
Magnethium and thodium!

To say they are not malleable,
To doubt that they be soluble—
I can't be called infalleable,
But I find this intoluble.

\* An exaggeration. (Enthusiasm.)

Proclaim with gleeful whystals
Their names and make them glorious!
Observe them forming crystals,
Not one of which is porious!

In nothing are they faulty;
Their shine is white, not piebald;
I am convinced their qualty
Is utterly unriebald.

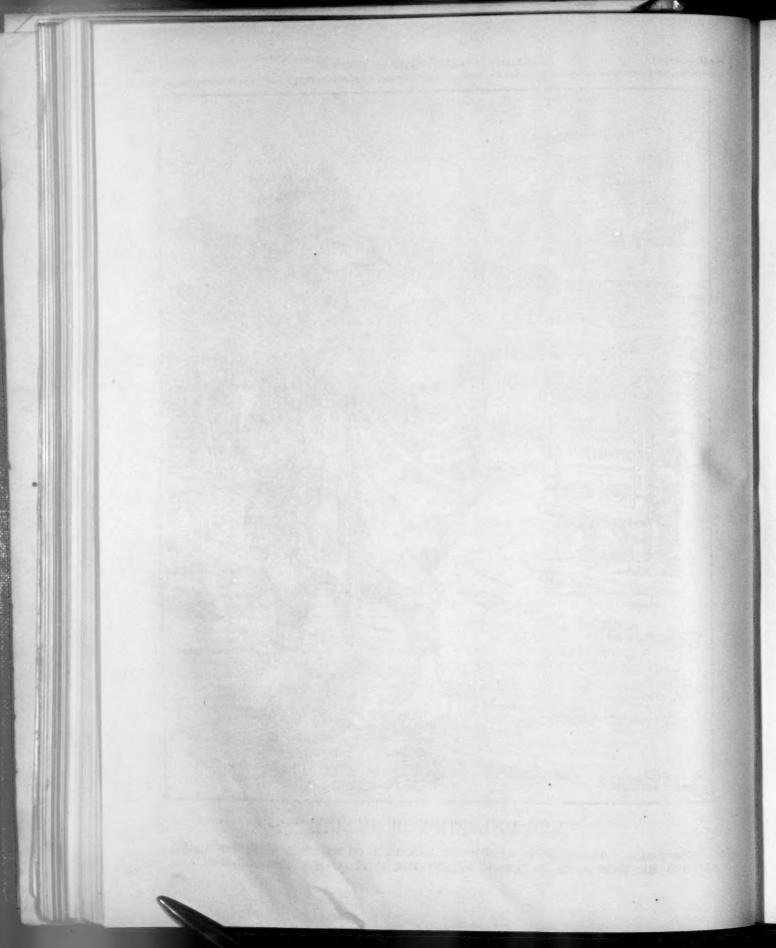
Sing hey then for potassium,
Beryllium and sodium;
Put calcium in the fashium
Without the least forebodium;

No Roman bard nor Grecium Could soar on loftier pinium Than I—What ho, magnesium! Hurrah for aluminium!

[Editor: You left lithium out this time. Author: As a personal favour.] R. M.

THE DISCRETION OF CANUTE

MR. ATTLEE. "MY OPINIONS OF COURSE REMAIN UNALTERED, BUT MY COURTIERS ADVISE ME THAT THIS IS NOT A MOMENT FOR GETTING MY FEET TOO WET."



# Impressions of Parliament

Friday, July 23rd.—To-day was a timely justification of the rights of private Members and in particular a



Mr. Speaker draws stumps for a three months' interval.

great personal triumph for Mr. A. P. HERBERT, who, while still a younger son of the Mother of Parliaments, has succeeded in forcing a revision of the marriage laws of this country, although faced with determined opposition. Adultery is no longer the sole ground on which the hopelessness of a marriage can be proved, divorce of incompatibles can be sought and gained without stooping to the miserable farce of manufacturing collusive evidence, but at the same time the two parties must wait three years. Five years was the period originally fixed by the Commons, but the Lords were more merciful.

When Mr. Herbert asked the House to accept this reduction he reminded it that Clause I was part of the Bill as originally presented, and that therefore there was no question of its having been put in later as a sop to the Bill's opponents. In spite of a great deal of talk about bargaining, he said, there never had been any, and all the concessions which had been made had been the gift of the majority to the minority. During this and later speeches Mr. Herbert remarked that, with great respect, the debates on the Bill had

not been the first time that he had been unable to follow the workings of that great mind, the PRIMATE; paid a tribute to the fair opposition of the Roman Catholic Church; and thanked Mr. DE LA BERE (the self-appointed scourge of the Ministry of Agriculture) for having introduced the Bill.

Its chief opponents fired a last dignified volley. The Bill, declared Sir Patrick Hannon, would weaken national morals; in Mr. Raikes' view it would encourage people to get married lightly, knowing that the contract could be torn up after three years; and Mr. CROSSLEY related the story of how Mr. GLADSTONE at the box said that he thought the question was one of solvitur ambulando, which, in answer to Lord Salisbury, was explained as "marching towards the temple of truth guided by the light of reason," and told the House that as he could not see the temple of truth at the end of the Division Lobby he would allow Mr. HERBERT to go his way in peace.

Monday, July 26th.—Lord HORNE, whose attack on the original version of N.D.C. was one of the main causes of its downfall, this afternoon strongly criticised the new tax for being limited in its incidence to Ordinary shareholders.

While dart enthusiasts will be grati-



"BANG GOES TUPPENCE!"

Mr. MacDay in a question to the Post-MASTER-GENERAL draws attention to the fact that anyone who makes an emergency call runs a serious risk of losing two pennies. fied to learn that their sport has been granted the status of a national pastime by being included among the subjects illustrated on the walls of the British Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition, it is likely that shove-ha'penny circles will revolve bitterly at the omission of



MR. A. P. HERBERT CARRIES HIS BAT AMID LOUD APPLAUSE.

what is probably the better game. In the Commons the Pavilion received the censure of the Labour Party because three main exhibits gave too frivolous an impression of national life: models of hunting and shooting, and, worse still, a large picture of Mr. Chamberlain fishing. Miss Wilkinson in particular was anxious that the French public should realise that over here someone occasionally did a little work.

There seems to be a certain amount of anxiety in the Colonial Office about the seditious activities of the MUFTI, who has perhaps been adopting the caddish device of going about disguised in khaki.

On the Mines Vote the MINISTER'S speech was hopeful on the subject of oil-boring, comforting on the coal-revival except as regards the export trade, and gravely depressing on the high rate of casualties, especially among boys.

Politically the most significant occurrence for some time was the way in which the Labour Party sat on the fence to-night when some extra Service Estimates came up. The Front Bench leaders had wished to vote against



"Seems a Pity to have spoilt the architectural effect with that new frature. They used to be such deadly enemies."

these, but they were over-ruled by a group of rebels led by Mr. Dalton, who pointed out how illogical such an action would appear in view of the Party's championship of Valencia; and so Mr. Attles and all but a few of his flock kept their seats during the division, the challenge coming from Mr. Maxton and his friends.

### Gala Night at the Club el Cuspidor

FRIDAY, October the twenty-seventh, to the ill-concealed annoyance of my Great-uncle Henry, a noted goat breeder, who had been looking forward to a quiet afternoon sorting out his cigarette-cards, turned out to be one of the warmest days in the whole of that memorable year of eighteen-hundred and ninety-one. Annoyance, needless to say, because from past experience he knew that the cards would—on account of the warmth—stick to his

fingers. And if there was anything that was calculated to get his goat it was precisely that. His fury was not lessened one whit by the knowledge that there remained from his once vast herd of these animals just one, a particularly sagacious specimen, and the living image of Number 32 in the series of "Famous Cricketers," my great-uncle's most prized set of cards.

In his heyday of course my greatuncle thought nothing of raising as many as fifteen thousand goats in a year (I understand that the goats also thought very little of it), but being an extremely bad-tempered man, it took very little to get them. Restaurant cooking, the receipt of a circular letter concerning the advantages of life assurance, or any mention of British foreign policy was quite sufficient to deplete his huge stock by three goats at the very least. Usually more.

at the very least. Usually more.

Indeed the only time my greatuncle was ever known not to go off the
deep end was in the summer of '88,
when he jumped into a swimming-pool

to save the life of a second-lieutenant named ffytche, who, by some mischance happened to be stationed in India at the time. Neither Great-uncle Henry nor the man ffytche was ever able to give any convincing explanation of this regrettable incident. The added fact that there was no swimming-pool there either merely serves to deepen a mystery that has baffled even the finest of mental specialists.

These matters, however, are of no consequence, and I mention them solely because the events of which I am about to tell took place some forty-odd years later, and in a howling blizzard—a marked contrast to that sunny day of October, 1891. Poor Great-uncle Henry is now no more—not of course that he amounted to much even in 1891.

Well, it so happened one evening that I was sitting with two friends of mine—one of whom, incidentally, is a fair way to becoming one of Britain's foremost captains of industry; being sole proprietor both of a Soda Fountain (Open on Sundas), and an organisa-

tion known as the Non-Ferrous Shoe Repair Service, who have, as their name implies, recently patented a special process by which it is rendered impossible for the iron to enter into your sole. He combines with this flair for business a most taking personality. As a proof of his popularity it is rather gratifying to record that upon his recent departure from Maidstone the Governor and warders, each in turn, insisted upon shaking him by the hand and singing, "For He's a Jolly Good Felon." His name, which I need hardly mention here, is Beadles.

But I digress. We were sitting, as I was saying, at a small table in a rather bogus night-club decorated in the Spanish style and called El Cuspidor.

We were, if I remember rightly, feeling a trifle gloomy and looking forward to the next World War as being the only means of stopping effectively the publication of articles forecasting the date of the next one.

It had been a bad day for me, anyway. It had begun disastrously, for it was not until I had started brushing my teeth with shaving-cream, that I realised I must have shaved with my tooth-paste.

Altogether I felt rather like a marketgardener friend of mine, all of whose efforts seemed inevitably to turn to seed.

And then quite suddenly the lights fused and a distinctly foreign-looking individual sidled up to my other friend, Smith, the well-known long-distance flyer, who blazes trails for the Honour of the Empire and a cash bonus from the makers of Biffo-The Patent Latent Food (You Take It Lying Down). And then this foreigner, who looked exactly as though his name ought to have been Pedro, very rudely interrupted us. "Hist!" he hissed.

We jumped as if we had been shot, which, now I come to think of it, I am inclined to suspect we were.

Then placing a finger to each of our lips, he leaned over the table. "Goodbye," he whispered.

I was the first to recover my sangfroid-from the French, and meaning cold blood, which is something not enough people do things in.

"Good-bye," I answered. It seemed a rather witty riposte at the time.

"Give my love to Ethel if you're writing," whispered Pedro, to give him his name, as nobody else appears to want it.

"But," I remarked with some surprise, "I'm not writing."

"No, I know," said Pedro, and sidled off as mysteriously as he had come.

For a moment I was panic-stricken, but then, as Pedro seemed to have disappeared finally, my courage returned and I ordered another drink.

It was a curious experience, and whenever I stop to think, which is very rarely, as I seem to be constantly on the move, either rushing frantically after a bus or away from a creditor, I wonder just how Great-uncle Henry would have handled the situation.

There are times even now when I have half a mind to go back to the Club El Cuspidor and have it out with Pedro, but then I have only half a mind anyway, so what is the use? "C'est," as the French are so fond of observing, "la vie." Ah, well.



REJECTED

<sup>&</sup>quot;YOU SEE, HE CAN'T AFFORD TO GO BIG-GAME HUNTING."

# Mr. Silvertop's Molluscular Relative

"FATE," said Mr. Silvertop, "'as a narsty trick of dangling a bunch of carrots in front of the 'uman nose, and then snatching 'em away quick afore they can be pitched into. The pore 'uman don't only lose the carrots but 'e makes a rare fool of 'imself going

"I was thinking reelly of what 'appened to my brother-in-law Charlie just after 'e'd got spliced with my sister Mabel. 'E'ad a neat little business down on the South Coast, a shellfish dive where it was quite the thing in the season to pop in and 'ave an 'arfdozen with a short one afore dinner. Charlie made a nice do of it. When Mabel 'ooked up with 'im they decided to run it together, and so 'e fair put 'er through the 'oop, 'ow to open with-out splitting the shell, 'ow to trim the beard, set 'em out attractive-like and remember whether a customer was a vinegar or a lemon or both. 'E reckoned 'e'd learned 'er the 'ole business, but as it 'appened 'e 'adn't.

"One evening 'e'd been out of the place for a bit, and when 'e come back there was a couple of fat blokes leaving. They 'ad dickeys up and great sparklers on their fingers.

"They're a going on to that there moonicipal do,' see Charlie, 'but if they 'ad their deserts they'd be going to jug instead. Couple of jerry-building crooks! If I 'ad my way I'd 'ave the perishers strung up!' Very quick-tempered Charlie is, though one of the

"'I say, duck,' ses Mabel, 'one thing you never told me—what to do with an oyster with a lump in it. I found one just now when I was serving them two.'

"'Lump?' ses Charlie. 'What sort of a lump?'

"'Just a lump,' ses Mabel, 'an 'ard lump about the size of a small 'aricot bean.'

"'Ere, where is it?' shouts Charlie, is eyes fair bulging out of is 'ead.

"'Ere,' Mabel tells 'im. 'I put it on one side to show you. 'Ullo! It's gone.' "'Give me strength!' moans Charlie.

"Give me strength!" moans Charlie.

You know what it was?"

"I suppose just an oyster with a pain in its neck," ses Mabel.

"That's about it,' ses Charlie, 'only the pain was a pearl! The size of an 'aricot bean! Corlumme! Well, where is it, anyway?'

"I tell you I left it 'ere,' ses Mabel.
"Did them twisters see you open

"'They was talking pretty 'ard but I expect they did,' ses Mabel.

"Then that's where it is, sure as whelks is whelks,' ses Charlie. 'The low 'ounds! It's in one of their waist-coat-pockets, at the moonicipal do.' And Charlie sits down at the counter and begins battering 'is 'ead with a table-spoon, what Mabel ses 'e always does when 'e's a-trying to think elear.

"I've got it,' 'e cries, sudden-like.
'What 'ave I been an amachoor conjuror all these years for if it wasn't for a jam like this? It's a risk, but I'm a-going to take it.'

"'What's a risk?' Mabel asks 'im.
"'Going on as a turn after dinner and cleaning out them gents' pockets. Bill 'Uggins is M.C. to-night, 'e'll fix it for me. Run upstairs and get out my biggest black beard and the rest of the gear while I ring 'im.'

"Well, Bill 'Uggins ses they'd be quite glad of a turn after the speechifying was over about the new wash-'ouses, and 'e promises to announce Charlie as a Frenchy. So at eight-thirty Charlie pops along to the Town 'All and gets into 'is rig, a tail-coat with 'uge pockets what was 'arf zoo and 'arf 'ardware-store. Bill lets 'im 'ave a dekko round a screen afore 'e goes on, and there 'e sees 'is two chums near the middle of the table a-cackling 'emselves 'oarse be'ind a row of empties.

"'Gentlemen!' cries Bill. 'A surprise item! I 'ave great pleasure in announcing Monsew Alphonse Boulogney, the well-known conjuror from Paris. Monsew Boulogney!'

"Charlie gives 'em a nice bow and strokes 'is beaver and starts in easy with some good sound old-time stuff like the disappearing canary. Then, when 'e'd got 'em reelly 'anging on 'is fingers, as you might say, and laughing 'earty at 'is rummy way of speaking, 'e got to work on pockets, pinching watches and mixing pen-knives. 'E only made one mistake, when 'e cracked a duckegg over the Mayor's dickey, but it raised the best laugh of the evening and the Mayor was too far gone to mind. By the time 'e got to the two contractors 'e knew 'e could get away with anything, and 'e combed their pockets reel thorough. 'E ses for thrills them couple of minutes beat Mons 'ollow.

"For one 'ectic moment' e was certain 'e'd got the pearl, but it turned out only a soda-mint. That was all 'e could find loose, so 'e collared their wallets and went through 'em with one 'and while he brought a Dutch cheese out of the back of the Depooty-Mayor's neck with the other. But he drew blank even with the wallets, and so 'e just'ad to wind up with a reg'lar Sunday School prize-giving of wallets and watches and keys. As 'e was 'anding the last one to its owner 'is beard falls off, and talk about a cheer! But 'e didn't care.

"E 'ardly spoke to Bill 'Uggins, 'oo pressed 'im to 'ave one, and 'e walked straight back to the shop still in 'is tail-coat like a bloke 'arf-dazed.

"'Well?' asks Mabel, ever so excited.
"'No go,' ses pore old Charlie, all
the wind out of 'is sails. 'They'd
passed the swag on already. Corlumme! A thousand quid at least gonwest!" 'E leans against the counter
and Mabel ses she never see a bloke
take anything so 'ard.

"'I been all over this place,' she ses, 'and it's not 'ere. But never mind, duck. Let's forget it. We 'ave got each other, 'aven't we?' But it wasn't reelly the moment for that sort of thing, and Charlie just goes on sitting there looking like an 'undredweight of flu. Then all of a sudden 'e kicks the floor and lets out a yell.

"'Did you say you'd 'ad a thorough 'unt? Well, 'ere's the little perisher wedged in the floor-board! By gum, it is!' And 'e jumps up and does a reg'lar fandango round the shop, Mabel after 'im all of a quiver.

"'Not reelly?' she asks.
"'Yes, reelly!' 'e cries. Then 'e stops sharp, prodding the oyster with 'is thumb. And then 'e sits down bump on a stool an 'e starts to laugh. And 'e laughs and 'e laughs till it 'urts. And then 'e throws the shell over to Mabel.

"'You'd better 'ave it made up into a ring, duck,' 'e ses. 'I 'aven't seen a posher lump of sand in years!"



THE BREWER'S DRAYMAN BOLLS HIS LAWN.

ERIC.



A FORTNIGHT'S HOLIDAY

# Talking About Roads

Letters to the Editor of "The Diddleshire Argus."

I.

DEAR SIR,—Will nothing induce the authorities to repair the road from Bottlewash to Nipscuttle? In its present state it is a public danger. I do not know if it is true that a light car was lost the other day in one of its pot-holes, but I do know that the last time I passed along it I saw four cars and two lorries in the ditch. It is a standing disgrace to our county.

INTERESTED.

Dear Sir,—It is a pity that those who would direct our governors cannot control their own temptations to hyperbole. "Interested's" letter about the Nipscuttle-Bottlewash road is laughable; the road is no doubt rough in places but nowhere is it in the least degree dangerous. I have never seen any car or lorry in the ditch, and it is a strange coincidence that on "Interested's" last visit there should have been so many. Did he put them there? I suspect, Sir, that "Interested" is one of those speed-hogs to whom and with whom no road is safe.

DISINTERESTED.

III.

SIR,—What right has "DISINTER-ESTED" to call "INTERESTED" a speedhog? What does he know about it? And what is a speed-hog anyway? The question is determined in this ridiculous country by the arbitrary methods of untrained policemen armed with stop-watches that probably don't work.

Am I to be called a speed-hog because some half-blind, half-educated country constable can't count for little apples?

FAIRPLAY.

IV.

MY DEAR SIR,-I should like to express my cordial agreement with "FAIRPLAY" on the subject of speeding, as estimated by our rural police. But ludicrous as the speed-tests are, they pale in stupidity before those employed to determine drunkenness. A friend of mine, a lifelong teetotaler, had the misfortune recently to be involved in a minor accident. An officious constable dragged him to the police-station, and there, being a highly nervous man and afflicted with a slight impediment in his speech, he was subjected to great annoyance while endeavouring to repeat "Brit-ish Constitution," "Moses's suspenders," "Six thick socks" and similar absurdities till the arrival of the police doctor terminated the farce. Surely, Sir, it is time to abolish these preposterous and undignified antics.

BRIGHTON VETERAN.

V.

DEAR SIR,—The letter in your paper the other day about the odd things fellows say when they're tight reminded me of the days at Boggle-bunder in the U.P. We had a dear old Colonel there, one of the old school, and we never knew he'd had one too many till he began to recite "The Wreck of the Hesperus" standing on his head. If he was too far gone to stand even on his head he used to lie down on the piano and sing "The Death of Nelson."

Q. Brassfounder, Major, Indian Army (Retd.).



DEAR SIR,—Major Brassfounder's old Colonel reminds me of a witch-doctor I used to know at Fallumba who was unable to function without the assistance of liquor; and the signal that he had reached the correct stage was his springing to his feet and hopping round the village on his left leg and imitating the mating-cry of the male hyæna. A still further stage was indicated by his hurling a spear at the chief while imitating the lowing of the female okapi—but of course he was generally prevented from attaining so advanced a condition.

W. NIBLETT WINGLE, West African C.S. (Retd.).

VII.

SIB,—"FAIRPLAY" and "BRIGHTON VETERAN" seem to be surprised at the fatuity of our speed and alcohol regulations. Why? How, Sir, could these be otherwise when they are the product of mentalities not unlike Major Brassfounder's dear old Colonel and Mr. WINGLE'S witch-doctor? I am not saying that our mandarins are not soberno doubt they are; but does that make it any better?

DEAR SIR,—Cheap sneering at those who do the work has ever been a pastime appealing to a certain limited intellect. Let me tell "SPARTACUS"—whom I suspect of callow youth—that he might be a lot worse off. Look at Spain!

LEVITICUS.

DEAR SIR,—What's wrong with "callow youth"? Let me tell "LEVITI-CUS" —whom I suspect of being a hundred-and-two—that it's all these effete old men who have landed us where we are to-day.

TWENTY AND GLAD OF IT.

x

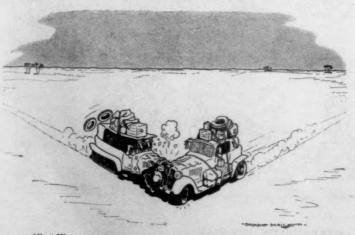
SIR,—"LEVITICUS" says, "Look at Spain." By all means look at it. But has "LEVITICUS" ever looked at it from nearer than Diddleshire? Does he intend to? Does he know anything about it? The Spanish Government, Sir, is—or at any rate it soon will be—one of the best in the world. For one thing, look at our magnificent Spanish roads!

ARRIBA ESPAÑA.

XI.

DEAR SIR,—Talking about the magnificent Spanish roads, can nothing be done to improve the condition of one nearer home? We have a specime in this county which would afford obstacles to a Spanish muleteer. I refer, Sir, to the road from Bottlewash to Nipscuttle. . . ."

NEWCOMER TO DIDDLESHIRE.



All. "WHY IN THUNDER CAN'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING?"

H. B.



"How long have you been riding, Bobby?"

"ACTUALLY I STARTED WHEN I WAS THREE, BUT I DIDN'T TAKE IT UP SERIOUSLY TILL I WAS SEVEN."

### Nightmare

(On reading in the Press that one hundred pairs of trousers were left in trains on the Belgian State Railways in the last three months.)

METHOUGHT I lingered late by the consigne In some forsaken Belgian terminus When suddenly there burst upon the scene One hundred pairs of trousers—tenantless.

One cried, "Where is that blackguard Aristide
Who was so lost to decent rectitude
He left us in the Charleroi rapide
Somewhere the other side of Braine l'Alleud?"

Another pair, "By Jules were we mislaid Homing last Sunday from the match at Mons, Since when, no doubt, the poor *ivrogne* has strayed And shivered over Belgium—simply sans." Then, as they spoke, I saw another view;
Running like rabbits, scurrying like ants,
Appeared upon the plain of Waterloo
One hundred Belgians hunting for their pants;

And a great voice cried, "I am Folly. Heed,
From Knock to Spa, from Antwerp to Laroche;
My perfect knights are these—sans peur indeed
(Sans lots of things) but scarcely sans reproche.

Mine is an order ancient as the Sphinx

And fools are found from Sarawak to Spain,
But surely he must be the king of ginks

Who goes and leaves his trousers in the train."

H. B.

# No Lady

"Do you remember Betty Chortle?" Cousin Aurora asked.

"The girl with the yellow hair?"

said Aunt Miriam.

'That's right; though it's not really legitimate to identify her that way, because it's a different colour every week. I think she must do it on Sunday afternoons, because it's always fresh on Mondays.'

"What about her?"

"She's going to be married."

"Really! When?

"I can't remember whether it's the second Tuesday of next month or Tuesday the second of next month, but it's one of the two."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "it depends

on the weather.

Aunt Miriam ignored me. "Is she marrying the man she was engaged to?" she asked.

"You mean the bald man from Liverpool? Oh, she was never properly engaged to him. It turned out that he had a girl in Liverpool all the time."

"Do you think Betty knew from

the beginning?"
"I shouldn't wonder. You know what her mother was like."

Aunt Miriam nodded sapiently. "Then who is the man?" she asked. "Not the policeman, I hope."

"Oh, dear, no! He does something in an office, but it's all very vague and from what he looked like when I saw him with Betty at the Charity Ball I should say he probably cleans it. And that not very well either.'

Not a very good match, in fact?" "I think any match would be very good for Betty after all this time."

"Is she really as old as they say?" "Plus a year and a day, Auntie. It's the way she dresses that makes some people think she's younger. Scandalous, I think. There is a time when women ought to stop trying to imitate SHIRLEY TEMPLE.

"Still, you must admit she carries

it very well."

"She ought to be able to carry anything with all the weight she's been putting on recently. You can't burn the candle and have it, you know. Honestly, Auntie, at the Charity Ball she looked quite hippopotamoid!'

"Did you say the Charity Ball?" I

inquired.
"That's right. And I'm sure this man was quite tight. They do say that he was trying to get petrol out of a pillar-box on the way home, but we needn't believe that. After all, there's no proof.'

"Where are they going for the

honeymoon?"

Cousin Aurora sniffed. "They're telling everybody they're going on the Continent," she said. "If you ask me, they're going for a week-end to Ostend. They haven't a penny between them."

"No?"

"If I were the Vicar I'd get my fee

beforehand. And I don't see how Betty's going to live on his wage, because she's most wickedly extravagant."

"And she drinks a lot too, I hear?" "Her father all over again, you see, And she smokes like a furnace, Russian ones too.

"She was such a nice girl once."

"Once is about all. I think it all started when she met that awful policeman in Margate. From what I can gather, he must have been very much off duty at the time."

"I hope this one doesn't get to hear

Aunt Miriam and Cousin Aurora sighed in unison.

"Tell me," I said—"are either of you going to the wedding?"

"Good heavens, no!" Aurora said in disgust. "After all, I don't know the girl."

### Mr. Punch's School Story; or, Up the Classics!

DAY, as is its custom, dawned-the day of the year on which Corkington College were to play Bottlesbury Academy at cricket, Rugby football and rowing

Jasper Fortescue, dark-haired and saturnine, slipped unnoticed from the offices of the local bookmaker and made his way to the lodgings of the science-master.

Good morning, Sir," he said, climbing nimbly through the bedroom window. "Care to make twenty quid ?"

"Hartington," said the sciencemaster, "just catch hold of this testtube while I finish the experiment."

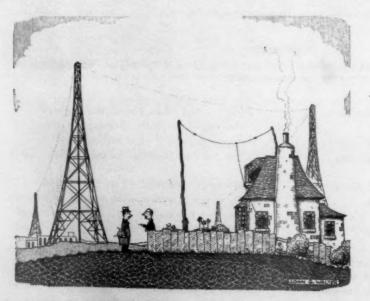
Little guessing what was in the master's mind, Jack took the test-tube in his right hand, but no sooner had he done so than there was a deafening report.

'I'm afraid something's gone wrong with the experiment. I do hope it hasn't injured your bowling-hand in any way," the master remarked suavely

Jack looked at him with sudden suspicion and left the class without a word, nursing his now useless hand. Outside he was met by Jasper Fortescue.

"I hear you've had an accident," said Jasper thickly, while the fumes of whisky accompanied every word.

"How did you know?" asked Jack, suspicion now becoming a certainty. "You cad!" he added, driving out a straight left that hurtled the drunkard



"THE SET WORRS ALL RIGHT, BUT I CAN'T QUITE SEEM TO CUT OUT THE LOCAL STATION.



"MUVVER SEZ COULD YOU EASE OPEN THIS TIN O' SALMON FOR 'ER?"

down the flight of fifty-four steps to the quadrangle. Then he walked to the changing-room to put on his flannels.

The Corkington batting was strong and, although Jack, playing one-handed, only made fifty-two (his lowest score of the season), their supporters were hopeful when the total finally reached 537. But their bowling was sadly weakened, and before long Bottlesbury hoisted the five hundred with only four wickets down.

The captain walked despondently across to Jack.

"If you can't bowl, Jack, we're done. Balbus murum ædificavit, you know," he added, quoting the school motto with emotion.

"Very well, I'll try," and, turning to the umpire, Jack cried in a voice that echoed round the ground, "Left hand, over the wicket." Then to his teammates he shouted, "All nine of you in the slips, my lads; and stand back, wicket-keeper; I'm bowling fast."

Unaccustomed to bowling with his left hand, at first Jack could not find length or direction and his first thirty-

six balls were wides. Bottlesbury, with six wickets to fall, were only one behind and their supporters were openly jubilant. Then suddenly Jack "found a spot." His next six balls were all swift as the wind, straight as a die, and every one found its mark. Bails, stumps, bats and batsmen were sent flying in all directions, and Corkington had won a remarkable match by one run.

Leaving the cricket-field with the cheers still ringing in his ears, Jack hurried off to help his colleagues on the football-field and arrived just in time to score a brilliant try that brought victory with it.

But still there was work to do, and, although hampered by his injured hand, he finished off a day of achievement by stroking the boat to success.

Jasper from the bank watched this last hope disappearing and pulled a handkerchief from his pocket to mop his heated brow. As he did so there fell at the Headmaster's feet a flask of whisky, a cigarette-case, a bettingslip and the agreement with the science-master.

"Fortescue," said the Headmaster, "your work and your conduct have been equally unsatisfactory. Leave the school for ever. As for you," he added, turning to the science-master, "I shall have no further use for your services as the science side is being closed. Henceforth we shall stick to classics."

Leaving the playing-fields, the Headmaster laid a friendly hand on Jack's shoulder. "I am very pleased with you, Hartington. Some of your Greek verse has been really splendid."

M. H.

#### Social and Personal

"The Mayor and Mayoress of Newark have received an invitation from Their Majesties to attend the Royal Garden Party in the grounds of Buckingham Palace on Thursday of this week, and have been graciously pleased to accept."—Local Paper.

### Britain Stands Firm.

"GAP MUST BE FILLED (British Official Press)

In the British view either the gap in the sea observation acheme must remain open or someone must be found to fill it."

Times of Malta.



"How do you stop these darned things showing?"

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

### Problems not for Solution

IF it can be accepted that just below the crust of visible things there is a spectral world where spooks and goblins move, where heathen deities wander and sing, and where cerie psychic forces are at work, unlimited glorious fields at once are opened up for the imaginative writer-particularly, it would seem, in Cornwall. In Q's Mystery Stories (DENT, 7/6), drowning men get their personalities mixed up one with another, unknown scenes become visible before the bend in the road is reached, familiar spirits trick their unwilling lords into cheating at cards, beautiful evil ships refuse to come to port. Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH is always satisfied with a simple statement of the incredible, not asking one to believe, nor even saying that he himself believes, but rather, and very artfully, framing reports of occurrences as at second or at third hand. Even so one may have doubts whether his method is not a tampering with the understood rules of the game, yet his most beautiful diction and exquisite completeness of workmanship give a particular kind of fascination to all his stories, while some are a sheer delight. Best of all this volume perhaps is "My Christmas Burglary," a yarn which depends on nothing more mysterious than an infinity of good humour.

#### German Mistletoe

Among other turning tides, the disesteem of the family governess is beginning to ebb; and perhaps some enterprising household will yet contrive to engineer for its children an education more individualistic than the school mill-round. Dear Youth (MACMILLAN, 12/6) shows what can be done—what was done—by an Edwardian governess for an undeniably favoured race of children: the exceptional vintage of fields to be ravaged by the Great War. In thus commemorating the career of her German "Zellie,"

Lady Wilson, the "Barbara Lister" of "Zellie's" schoolroom, has imagined her heroine's more or less unknown origins—a Stuttgart childhood, a difficult début in Paris, and life with an English gentlewoman's four orphan daughters in a pension in Brussels and a fastness in South Kensington. But "Zellie" does not wait until she is cherished as she deserves by the RIBBLESDALES to be the ardent friend of her children. She is this from first to last: the woman who lavishes herself on any child in return for a modest security and a harvest of memories. The memories shared and enshrined in this charming book do equal honour to the gentle spirit and graceful culture of the old-world training they commend.

### Dan Russell

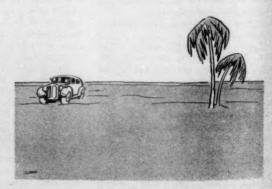
Here is of yarns the best,
By one who will yarn no more
Of the High Tops of the West
And the long Atlantic shore;
For Ernest Lewis wrote
The Hill Fox—it's the tale
Of a fox of that West remote
Who was brought to the Blackmore Vale.

There, for eight seasons, he
Runs as the most renowned,
Beating that Saxon three—
Huntsmen and Horse and Hound,
Till they leave him, at last, alone
Where the cliffs break down to the brine,
Where never a horn is blown
Nor a fox-hound owns a line.

This book of Nature and Sport
And great good-sportsmanship
Is one of good report
And knowledge without a slip;
From Constable it comes—
And it ought to have come to stay
Wherever a hoof-beat drums,
Wherever are cubs in May.

#### Fletcher of Charterhouse

The memoirs of headmasters are not commonly of great interest to the general public, but those of Sir Frank Fletcher, late headmaster of Charterhouse and formerly of Marlborough, should prove an exception. In After Many Days (Robert Hale, 12/6) he stands up valiantly for the



"HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHEN IT'S LIGHTING-UP TIME?"

ris, ghend end end est red to rld



THE GENTLE ART



NOT PROVEN

Presbyterian Minister. "Don't you know it's wicked to catch fish on the Sawbath?" Small Boy (not having had a rise all the morning). "Wha's catchin' fesh?"

Charles Keene, August 4th, 1877.

public schools, believing wholeheartedly in their future, not as a preserve for the privileged classes but brought within the reach of all. Entering Rossall with a scholarship in 1882, he went up to Balliol in Jowerr's time, winning the Craven and other University distinctions (including a hockey blue) before going to Rugby as an assistant master in 1894. During his nine years at Rugby he was three times invited to return to Balliol as a tutorial Fellow. After "many searchings of heart" he refused, for he saw his future as a headmaster. But to reach that eminence, as he justly remarks, it is necessary first to stand for headmasterships, and he made three attempts—at Tonbridge, Sedbergh and Bedford-before Marlborough fell vacant, and the council advertised that applications from laymen were invited. Laymen, in 1903, were not often so invited: it is interesting to note that some thirty years later, when Sir Frank went with fifteen other representative headmasters to Canada, the party consisted of fifteen laymen

and one (Roman Catholic) priest. On his appointment as Head of Marlborough the then Bishop of Salisbury cautiously gave him leave to preach in chapel provided he did not wear a surplice or speak from the pulpit. Indeed "F. F." was always rather disturbingly youthful in appearance, even when, again after many searchings of heart, he left Marlborough for Charterhouse in 1911. What he did for the great school at Godalming is known beyond the ranks of Carthusians: his modest account may be read here by all.

#### Paris Adventure

There has been another French revolution; the Royalists in the South of France have overthrown the Communists in the North and the monarchy has been restored; Walter Leroy, a young doctor, is smuggling money from the American Communists to the French. He happens to look like the new King, and the new King is assassinated.

Almost as soon as he gets to Paris with Cassie Mathers, a girl artist he met on the boat, Walter disappears; and it takes a surprisingly long time for Cassie—who, it must be admitted, doesn't know that she is in a novel—to realise what has happened to him. Readers of Mr. Ford Madox Ford's Vive le Roy (Allen and Unwin, 7/6) will be quicker on the uptake. It is in tact wrong of the publishers to call this a "mystery" story; but "first-rate" (their other adjective) it certainly is. The book is brilliantly entertaining, admirably written and by no means superficial. Devotees of the stereotyped adventure-story may be a little bothered by the ending, but all devotees of the stereotyped should be bothered now and then.

#### Perry Mason

When a white-haired woman walks into your office smoking a cigar and tells you that her granddaughter Sylvia has given I.O.U.'s for seven thousand five hundred dollars to the proprietor of a gambling-ship, that this proprietor is as smart as a steel-trap, that he won't surrender the I.O.U.'s

for their face value because he has heard that Sylvia's husband, Frank Oxman, might be willing to pay more for them as divorce - court evidence, and that there's twenty-five hundred dollars coming to you as retainer, plus another twenty-five hundred when you have got hold of those I.O.U.'s and handed them over to the white-haired woman with the cigar, what do you do? Perry Mason, attorney-at-law, is not for a moment at a loss. Pausing only to scoop up the unhappy Paul Drake, of the Drake Detective Agency, he speeds out to the gamblingship (everybody knows what a gambling-ship is; it is a ship devoted to gambling),

leads the proprietor cunningly into the belief that Drake's name is Frank Oxman, and is on the point of negotiating the sale of the I.O.U.'s for a mere thousand dollars above face value, when Sylvia Oxman arrives and signally fails to recognise Drake as her husband. Well, a proprietor doesn't have to be as smart as a steel-trap to see that there is something odd about that, and the deal is off. This is the beginning of Mr. ERLE STANLEY GARDNER'S latest book, The Case of the Dangerous Dowager (CASSELL, 7/6), and there is some raw work before the end, culminating in the arrest of Perry Mason on the charge of compounding a felony, being an accessory after the fact and on suspicion of murder. Perry's answer to all this makes an exciting end to an always entertaining story.

#### A Theological Novel

If something light for holiday reading is required Miss F. Tennyson Jesse's new novel, Act of God (Heinemann, 7/6), for all its setting in a small town on the French Riviera and for all the easy grace of the writing, may not be a good selection. The story is largely that of the town of

Fraxinet itself, where among the mountains a shrine to the "Grieving Virgin" has become a place of increasing pilgrimage since a vision appeared there to two peasant children some seven years before the book begins. Such ready acceptance of the miracle at Rome is made less likely by the fact that it is soon proved to be none, and we are invited to watch the effect of that revelation on certain visitors and inhabitants of the place to whom Miss Tennyson Jesse has introduced us. Most important are Colonel Erskine, an atheist scarred in body and soul by suffering, and the Curé of Fraxinet, most gentle, generous and sane of believers. This and Erskine's valiant struggles to save the other in the shipwreck that threatens his faith when the pilgrimages are continued, make up a searching, courageous, unhopeful story that is certainly not light reading.

### En Voyage

Admirers of that modest and adaptable detective, Chief-Inspector French, may regret that he does not appear until the two hundredth page or so of Found Floating (HODDER

AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), when he joins a Mediterranean cruise. William Carrington and a bevy of his relatives were already cruising, and the reason why French found himself travelling south was that one of the party had been murdered. Suspicious events had occurred in England before the Carringtons started on their holiday, and Mr. FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS gives a skilful and graphic account of this family as they conducted an extensive business on the outskirts of Birmingham. But before French's arrival Mr. Wills CROFTS turns so frequently aside to act as a sort of guide to tourists that the movement of his story is interrupted.

The pace quickens towards the end, and the dénouement reveals French, who had been even more puzzled and perplexed than usual, at his best.



"WANT TO 'IRE A BOAT? EVER ROWED BEFORE?" ONLY AN 'ORSE."

#### Murder in a Mansion

Mr. MICHAEL INNES'S Death at the President's Lodging was received with favour both by readers and writers of detective stories, and Hamlet, Revenge! (Gollancz, 7/6) certainly has a quality that is not often to be found in the sensational fiction of to-day. To pick holes in this tale would be easy, for Mr. INNES is so interested in and amused by the vagaries of all and sundry that he takes a long time in collecting and introducing the ducal house-party, whose withers are presently to be wrung by the murder of no less a personage than the Lord Chancellor. His stage too is apt at times to be overcrowded. But when the scales are applied to this tragi-comedy its merits easily outweigh its defects. The problems to be solved lack neither variety nor originality, and the two chief sleuths, whether working together or pursuing separate lines of investigation, fit harmoniously into Mr. Innes's lavish and elaborate scheme.

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### Charivaria

It is thought that the recent heated controversy over the Ryder Cup contests may be the forerunner of an attempt to raise the competition to the status of Test Matches.

On Bank Holidays, says a gossip, the bears at the Zoo are royally treated by hundreds of visitors. He means, we suppose, that they get a salute of twenty-one buns.



"How does one distinguish the difference between mushrooms and toadstools?" asks a correspondent. If he reads this they were mushrooms.

In parts of Siberia the breath freezes as it issues from the mouth. When a stranger accosts a group of natives his remarks are broken off and handed to an interpreter for translation.

A society of manuscript lovers is to be established in London. Very few editors are expected to join.

The news that jig-saws are to be introduced into our gaols has caused dissatisfaction in some quarters. There is a feeling that hack-saws would help more to shorten the long prison evenings.

A chef suggests that every dish in a well-served meal should look, as he puts it, "full of confidence." Hostesses may as well throw up the sponge if the jelly begins to tremble.

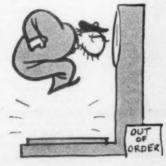


An umpire well known on village greens wishes it to be announced that he has just got his hundredth wicket.

"Why can't the Moslem countries live in peace like the Christian countries?" asks the Emir Abdullah of Transjordania. What Christian countries?

An intruder in a Paris nudist colony was chased out with sticks and large stones. Nature in the raw is seldom mild.

It has been proposed that a clock tower should be erected in an Italian town as a tribute to It Duce. Visitors will probably be well advised not to refer to it as Big Benito.



A recent investigation shows that quite a number of people who keep servants cannot afford them. This is balanced, however, by the number of people who can afford them but cannot keep them.



Apples weighing nearly four pounds each have been grown in Canada. One a day, we understand, keeps the specialist away.

"Thieves remove two thousand documents from insurance office," says a news-item in a provincial paper. We understand that the Company is not in favour of policies being taken out in this way.

According to an item in *The Daily Mirror* a number of Chinese have paid their taxes up to the beginning of the next century. Unlike British taxpayers, however, they did not queue up for it.

As the result of the continued rise in prices due to increased cost of labour and materials, it has regretfully been announced that the well-known nursery rhyme must in future be rendered "Sing a song of sevenpence, a pocket full of rye."

Thought for the Week.—It is evident that the man who said we get out of everything just what we put into it has never tried to get eigarettes from a faulty slotmachine.

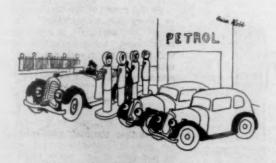
# Patriotism Is Sometimes Enough

My Uncle Edward is a patriot. Not one of your namby-pamby tuppence-a-dozen patriots who wave flags on great occasions and delude themselves at all other times into the belief that one ought to try to look at things from the other fellow's point of view, but an out-and-out full-time patriot and no nonsense about it. He lives, it might be said, substantial man though he is, in the shadow of the Union Jack. And as for looking at anything from another country's point of view, he has no patience with such foolishness. "They're out for their own advantage," he says unanswerably, "and that's all there is about it. You'll only play into their hands if you're soft with them."

You must not suppose from this that in the opinion of my Uncle Edward all foreigners are no better than a pack of jackals. Certainly he has been known, in the heat of controversy, to make the comparison, and others even less flattering, but, generally speaking and except when ridden by passion, my Uncle Edward is a most reasonable man. One has only to hear him when France has just reaffirmed her belief in the importance of a strong Britain or after complimentary extracts from the Jugo-Slavian Press on our self-control in times of crisis have appeared in his paper to realise that it would be a grave injustice to put him down as an irreclaimable bigot. He is prepared to find virtue even in God's humblest creatures. Frenchmen seem to have got their heads screwed on the right way," he will say, or, "Thank goodness there's still one country with a little gumption left in Central Europe."

Still, even when due weight has been given to these unexpectedly liberal sentiments of my uncle, one has to admit that the inflexible quality of his patriotism is never affected. Whatever crumbs he may throw to the lesser breeds across the Channel, he never permits his conviction of the enormous superiority of his own race to be clouded for a single instant. He entertains no traitorous conjecture of the possibility that we on occasion may be wrong and another nation right. He is never, to use his own phrase, soft with them. "I may be an old fool," he is fond of saying, though he doesn't believe it, "but I can still see as far through a brick wall as the rest of you." No one has the least idea what he means by this,

All sorts of people, meeting my uncle for the first time, have been goaded by his splendid insularity into protest, argument and oven insult. From schoolboys, in whom the first faint glimmerings of doubt about the righteousness of the Boer War have been sown by some free-thinking



"He's ALWAYS IN JUST AS SOON AS THEY OPEN."

history master, right up the scale to intellectuals strong in the knowledge that the British Empire is the most powerful instrument of evil ever forged on the anvil of race-greed, the manhood of this country has dashed its head with futile courage against my Uncle Edward's rock-like and altogether admirable obstinacy. And, wave after wave, he rolls them back. "My dear boy," he says kindly, "where were you born?" "I'm as English as you are," they reply hotly, "but that doesn't mean—" "It means that you ought to be ashamed of yourself," interrupts my uncle sternly, and in the end they give it up.

Another of my Uncle Edward's favourite counters is: "I wonder you don't go and live in Russia if you feel like that about it. Take out naturalisation papers and go and work in the salt-mines, my lad. That'll soon knock all this international nonsense out of you." It takes a pretty tough intellectual to stand up against that sort of thing.

It ought to be made clear that he is a practising and not merely a theoretical patriot. I don't mean that he stitches up small Union Jacks to send out to the boys on the North-West Frontier stations—that he very properly considers to be women's work, which he leaves to his wife and daughters, but he does order his life in accordance with the dictates of his patriotic conscience. He Buys British. He travels great distances to see British films and comes out again when he reads the names of the persons responsible for them. He Sees Britain not only First but all the time. He admits foreign products into his house only when they are not in competition with the home-made article. He will drink champagne, for instance—provided the attitude of France towards this country is at the moment a proper one.

This brings me to a point which illustrates with peculiar felicity the wishy-washy nature of ordinary patriotism compared with my uncle's special brand. In time of war we all join in execration of everything connected with the enemy country. We eschew sausages, we lead our dachahunds to the lethal chamber, we change our names to Smith, we tear down from our walls the steel engraving of Heidelberg Castle. My Uncle Edward does this in time of peace. Let a foreign country so much as breathe an offensive word about Great Britain and he goes through his house like a whirlwind, or rather like a witch-doctor smelling out evil. He roots out this, he destroys that, he would hack the very buttons off his suits if it were conceivable that they could be of alien extraction.

I need not describe the emotions and reactions of my uncle during the long and painful quarrel with Italy. Spaghetti, macaroni, gorgonzola, the postcards that Aunt Alice sent before the War from Florence, the Borri-CELLI prints in the spare bedroom, the small model of the Leaning Tower of Pisa-they fell like ripe corn before the blast of his fury. Even olives, of which my uncle is particularly fond, were strictly taboo. There was no need of sanctions so far as his household were concerned. He had imposed them long before the League of Nations had made up its wavering mind. At the period of greatest tension his indignation grew so unbounded that the family were seriously alarmed. They had not seen him in such a state, it was agreed, since 1914, and of course he was a much younger man then. Everything possible was done to keep the worst of Signor GAYDA's articles from him, but naturally, whatever could be done in that way at home, it was out of the question to censor his reading at the club. Had there been war, my aunt told me, she did not believe he could have lived through it.

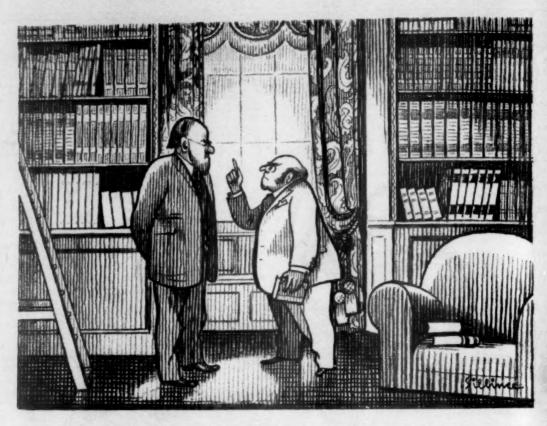
I think it will be agreed that my Uncle Edward's action in eating an olive yesterday at a sherry-party was not without political significance. H. F. E.



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(HUMBLY SUBMITTED BY MR. PUNCH AS A 100% ARYAN PICTURE SUITABLE FOR HANGING IN ANY GERMAN ART GALLERY.)



"THAT IS A MOST CADDISH AND LIBELLOUS REMARK ABOUT EURIPIDES, HEATHCOTE."

### How I Made My Exhibition Print

(Sincere advice on how to win a large cash prize in any photographic competition.

BEFORE I made my Exhibition Print I bought a camera, because I thought I would go in for one of these competitions where you win five thousand pounds. Everybody does that.

I got the chemist to put the film in, an act which some of the old hands might deprecate, but, as you know, all the best competitions nowadays allow the chemist to put the film in for you. It was a nice black camera, with a lens in front, and all the usual knobs and triggers, which I had to press and wind myself.

All of the competitions I had read about said I would have to press the button myself, but otherwise the chemist can do it all for you.

I went to my friend William, who

lives two streets away and whom I have known since childhood, and I asked him if he would come and take photographs with me, as I wanted to go in for some of these competitions.

I told him he might help me so long as he did not press the button, as I had to do that myself. Otherwise it would be his picture and he would then only have to get the chemist to finish it off and he would get the fifteen thousand pounds prize, whereas I had bought the camera so that I could win it, as I rather wanted fifteen thousand pounds just then.

William said he didn't mind, as he did not particularly want all that money, and anyway he did not know any chemists, and as it was my camera the button was on he would let me press it willingly. Apart from that he would be glad to help.

He said he knew where there was a field where there was a cow, so we went to photograph that, as we thought a cow would make a very good subject.

On the way we tried to make up a title, and I told William I would give him a little of the twenty-five thousand pounds if he thought of a good one.

He said we ought to have an exposure meter, as he knew a man once who took a photograph of his aunt's cat with an exposure meter, and you could see all the whiskers and things quite plainly.

So we went into a chemist's which we happened to be passing and bought an all-electric set which the chemist said was very reliable and simple, as you simply showed it to the cow and a pointer flew round to how long you had to give it. We thanked him very much and said as he had been so helpful we would bring him the film to finish off for us after we had taken the cow. William said we would give him some of the fifty thousand pounds too, which made me feel rather annoyed, because, although I should certainly have given the chemist some of the fifty thousand pounds, I did not want William to start thinking it was his prize.

However, a still tongue makes a wise head, so I said nothing, and presently

we came to the field which William said would have a cow in it, only most unfortunately they had taken it away for milking, so we could not

photograph it after all.

William said never mind, because just in front of us was a beautiful view of the electricity sub-transformer station with some railings round it, and that would be a very original thing to take, as, although there was sure to be lots of views of cows with clouds round them sent up for the competition, there might not be many of electricity sub-transformer stations with railings round them.

So I agreed to do that, only unfortunately I had forgotten to ask the chemist whether the exposure meter would work if it was pointed at an electricity sub-transformer station or only at a cow

William said try it, so I pointed it, and it flew round to 1.

William said one what? and unfortunately the chemist had forgotten to tell us, and we seemed to have lost the instruction-book, but naturally I knew a little about photography or I should not have taken up the hobby, so I said one minute, of course; and then William took his head out of the way and it flew round to 75. I did not think seventy-five minutes could be right, as it seemed rather a long time, and the chemist (the first one, who put the film in) had said it was a fast film, so I made William put his head back so that the meter flew back to I again.

He said it would give him a stiff neck and pins and needles in the left arm to stand like that for long, so I thought, and presently I had a very bright idea, and found that by carefully placing the exposure meter on a piece of wood by the hedge, William was able to take a comfortable seat on a large stone beside it and only had to lean back and a little to the left to make the exposure meter stay at 1.

He admitted it was much more comfortable than his first position, and that now he would probably only get slight cramp in his right knee, so I told him to sit there quite still and see that the exposure meter did not fly off I, while I pointed the camera

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It was a very good camera with a l marked on it to show where it worked for one minute, so I pointed it at the electricity sub-transformer station and pressed the button quite nonchalantly, feeling none of that nervousness which the absolute novice must expect to feel on making his first exposure.

William asked me to hurry up, as he found the exposure meter inclined to fly back to 2, although he had



. THEN AT THE LONG THIRTEENTH . . .

been carefully changing his position to try to keep it at 1, and had now got cramp in both legs and a slight headache; so I am afraid I was rather careless with the rest of that spool, and turned and pressed and pointed almost at random, although, not being an absolute novice, there was the underlying, almost subconscious motive guiding all my actions

On the way home we left the spool at the chemist's (the second one), and I told William I would almost certainly give him five thousand pounds out of the seventy-five thousand I should receive when the chemist had finished off my photographs for me and I had sent them in for the competition.



"DON'T BE SO SILLY, DARLING. WOULD MOTHER BE LIKELY TO SAY IT DID IF IT

I collected them from the chemist the next day, when he had finished off the printing, etc., and he was frightfully nice and said no one would take my pictures for an electricity sub-transformer station, and that they looked like the highest form of modern art. He asked me if he could exhibit one in his shop-window, and as he had been so helpful I allowed him to do so; so he put a very large print of my best one in the middle of his window, with a ticket saying, "If you see things like this, come in and consult our optician."

That is how I made my Exhibition Print, but I am rather sorry I let the chemist put my best one in his window, as I have now discovered that prints submitted for the five hundred thousand pounds prize must not have been exhibited anywhere else, so I am afraid I might not win it, and so of course I shall not be able to give William the five thousand pounds I promised him for his help.

# Sheep-Shearing Time

THE golden kings go streaming Across the western downs, With sunset armour gleaming And sunset in their crowns, Little foxes break their sleep And yeomen stare and young wives To see their blazing gowns.

The ebon marshals follow And quench the golden light; Through the Unhill Hollow

They spread the cloaks of night. Shepherds pause and drink awhile And ploughmen swear and young men

To see the darkling sight.

But, oh, the silver riders, The lancers of the hills! They wave the veils of spiders Till silver streaks and spills. Silent fanfares split the night, And some must plough and some must When morning's trumpet shrills.

" RABBIT DEFENDS CAT.

Red Deer, Alta., May 20 .- A pet rabbit went into action when a fox terrier attacked the bunny's close friend, a cat. The rabbit sprang at the dog, caught him flush in the face with his hind paws, then chased him out of this town 100 miles north of Calgary." The Evening Citizen Ottawa.

"The walk back was the worst part," he said afterwards in an interview.

# ". . . How Awful Goodness Is"

Nobody loves a good girl, and, believe me, I should know. Being just about the goodest thing outside a nunnery, I am hurt to my whiter than white core to see with what repulsion my many virtues are eyed by everybody. Everybody, that is to say, except the most dreadful old trout like my Aunt Mary, or Miss Calloway my ex-governess (who has a moustache, and I hate her anyway).

Heaven knows, I don't want to be good—no decent girl in her senses would, but it seems I can't help it. I'm just made that way—a good, clean-living, upstanding, honest, jolly girl, with big useful hands and feet. Somehow, though, I never expected that my calm unvicious outlook on life would excite my friends and relations to such a fine pitch of frenzy. I can only suppose that contemplating their own lives of hideous debauchery, my frail air of innocence is an ever-present rebuke.

To begin with, I do not drink. "No, thank you, Herbert," I am constantly saying, or, "No, thank you, George. I don't drink. I simply don't like the taste of it." This is the truth. Why should I lie? Red wines taste like red ink, beer is as bitter as aloes, champagne rushes up my nose, and all three of them cause the most ghastly sensation, as of tigers battling, in my bosom.

But is Herbert content with this answer? Is George? Are you? No. You must needs muster what feeble resources you have of wit, cajolery, espièglerie, bonhomie and guile to force me to drink the filthy stuff. When I confess a distaste for spring onions, nobody spends a hot half-hour trying to persuade me to eat them. Nobody cares a hoot when I say that I dishke raspberries (which is, after all, a fabulous thing to say); I am allowed not to like milk or Coca-Cola. But everybody, with the probable exception of Aunt Mary and Miss Calloway, is infuriated when I refuse alcohol. It seems definitely to "do" something to them. They immediately have a yearning to mix surreptitiously a little gin with my water, a dash of brandy with my gingerbeer, or a spot of whisky with my orangeade. "Come on, it's so good," they coax, smacking their lips like nannies with unmedicinally-minded children.

I explain that I have tried everything from Château Yquem to Schnapps, and that—here I become pretty austere—perhaps I might be permitted to form my own opinions as to my own tastes. I like asparagus, the Stage, music, roses and blue trout, but I do not, dear, dear Herbert (or George), like liquor.

Herbert (or George) is stunned. I have hurt him. Irreparably, it appears. I have completely wrecked his evening. Of course I realise that water in its pure as opposed to its tonic form is practically unprocurable at all first-class restaurants, but in my opinion a little earnest endeavour to obtain some hurts no man. But something has died inside Herbert or George. Regardless of hundreds of purple stories I have lavishly bestowed upon him; regardless of an endless ability to laugh delightedly when not in the least amused; regardless, in fact, of all my social assets, I can see in his eye that he has classed me as Public Prig Number One.

My non-smoking career is less difficult to pursue, but it has its bad moments. Mercifully I was a heavy smoker in my young days, and now, when confronted with a scandalised "What? You don't smoke either?" I am able to reply with a wistful sigh, "No, I used to, but I had to give it up?" This imparts, I hope, the idea that my heart is in a

particularly rocky state, and that I might pass out, if perhaps not altogether away, at any minute.

"Oh, bad luck!" says Herbert (or George—I'm getting sick of George, aren't you?), looking at me with grave interest. "That must be rotten for you. Still," he continues, waving his gold-monogrammed case about, "these are very weak, you know."

"I know," I reply, "but I simply daren't!"

Actually I gave up smoking because it produced a subcutaneous rash on my face.

I have old friends, though, more subtle than any serpents, who plague me with tantalising remarks about the delicious flavour of their tobacco, who remind me of the cosy times when we lay back in our chairs and gossiped while the smoke caracoled lazily to the ceiling. They ask me whether my eyes do not smart much more in cinemas, and whether I do not sometimes long for a Virginian when I am writing—so stimulating to the brain, isn't it? They smile smugly

There are means, of course, of retaliation, but, owing to the atheism and selfishness of the modern generation (always excluding myself), these are difficult to exercise. However, if anybody is so misguided as to appear at ten minutes to eleven on a Sunday morning wearing a hat and a self-righteous expression, I turn upon him a battery of irreligious arguments. I must be taken for a walk in the glorious rain beneath the leafy trees. If I am left alone for a moment I go mad. I enlarge upon the theory that there are many other Sabbath days, all eminently suitable for church-going, but very few when there is an opportunity of talking to me.

Charity is another subject upon which I am firmly subversive. I point out the futility of slumming; I arge a complete abandonment of welfare work, be it matines, bazaars or balls. I pluck would-be committee-members from the very prongs of their Chairwomen's fork-luncheous and take them to the cinema. I suddenly present opera tickets to those of my friends who, owing to an over-optimistic view of their vocal abilities, are, with the works of Roger Qualter tucked under one arm, just about to set forth for an East-End club-room.

Believe me, I do this in no spirit of malevolence but rather that justice should be seen in this land. As long as the Herberts and Georges of the world persist in crabbing my virtues—and to have no vices must be virtuous, I feel—I vow that no virtues of theirs (if such things exist) shall be rewarded. As long as gin is mixed with my water they shall not give to the poor. Over my dead body shall they go to church. If I am to be submitted to their constant badgering no flag of theirs shall impale a single bosom, no raffia bag or penwiper shall be sold to a single maiden aunt; neither shall their fingers encradle a single charity matinée programme. If I cannot be as good as I want to be, then, by gad, Sir, neither shall they!

Unfortunately—and here my plans go terrifically agley—none of them has the least desire to be so. Well, I mean, who does?

Pity me, therefore, hopelessly handicapped by sobriety, facing this wicked world with a courage born of gallons of black coffee; mourn for me who am persecuted for purity's sake; and you angels who watch over all little nicotineless teetotalers, pray for me.

V. G.

Things That Might Have Been More Kindly Expressed.

"He only landed at Southend because it was not safe to go nearer the sea."—Daily Express.



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### At the Pictures

### GRACIE AND GROUCHO

HAVING, at last, seen GRACIE FIELDS on the screen, I may say at once that she is a success there. We do not, in The Show Goes On, get her quite at her richest: never the Lancashire lass with the fullest abandon; but probably that is to come. In any case she can be seen and heard by thousands who have heard her voice as it is mechanised, and no more. What can they know of GRACIE who only gramophones know? The cinema will take her, almost in person, as far distant as Tierra del Fuego. No wonder the call of the studio is so powerful.

As I have said, the film representation is not yet absolutely GRACIE FIELDS, who figures here as Sally Lee, For one thing her features (a little like the Gulbenkian Rubens at the National Gallery) have not the vitality of real life, nor, indeed, have her movements. She seems to be a little blurred and restrained, and of course the fair hair is new and we must get used to it.

For his plot BASIL DEAN, who wrote the film and also produced it, has kept mainly to the kind of story that might be GRACIE's own, sending her victorious from Lancashire cottonmill to Drury Lane; but I hope that no tubercular composer, such as OWEN NARES has to be, is behind the scenes. To add to credibility and to let us know at once what is coming, OWEN NARES has a beard and a hollow cough, which together, of course, spell early dissolution. It is not such a beard as CLARK GABLE'S Parnell forgot; it is not such a beard as that worn by the specialist in A Day at the Races, to whom GROUCHO MARX in alarm cries, "Don't point that beard at me: it might go off;" it is merely a silky artistic adornment to tell us, directly we see Owen Nares watching the Follies on the Front, that he is (a) artistic and (b) for it.

Well, such story as there is turns on this beard's interest in Sally Lee; its writing sentimental ballads for her which (unknown to him) audiences insist on her side-tracking for saucier and racier ditties; falling in love with her; elevating, by its wealth, her father from penury to pigeon-fancying and dart-throwing; and then, at the height of Sally's début at the Lane, passing

Apart from this, The Show Goes On has no melancholy but is a cheerful amusing entertainment very well acted by Arthur Sinclair, Horace Hodges, Cyril Ritchards and the

rest of the company, while the incident of the sailing of the troopship, to the men on which Sally, from the deck of the Queen Mary, in her perilously clear



TOUGH PROPOSITION FOR A THEATRICAL AGENT

Sally Lee . . . . . GRACIE FIELDS Michael O'Hara . . ARTHUR SINCLAIR

high notes, sings a typical English war ballad, has been admirably managed.

Since seeing A Day at the Races I I find the world to be very sharply divided into pro MARX BROTHERS and anti. Once myself among the keenest



WHEN DOCTORS (HUMAN AND HORSE) DISAGREE

Dr. Steinberg . . . . Sig Rumann Dr. Hackenbush . . . GROUCHO MARX

of their supporters, I am, in this latest untidy muddle, conscious of diminishing loyalty. Even lunacy, when it has been organised, has its limits, and I found more than one transgression of them: once in the scene in the consulting-room where CHICO and HARPO are two hospital assistants, and again in the scene in the hotel sitting-room where CHICO and HARPO are paper-hangers. These episodes are too absurd, too amateurish and silly, for real enjoyment.

I mention CHICO and HARPO on both occasions because this new film really belongs to them: to them and to a horse which, outdoors or in, providentially arrives to save the situation. and on which, on at least one occasion, all three of the Brothers leap. Groucho is of course in it, but he is not quite the Groucho of old: he seems to have lost interest; to fool with something less than the old zest; to smoke fewer and shorter cigars. He has a scene at the betting-stands with CHICO, a tipster, when there is some excellent comedy such as we have been led to expect; but it is impaired by its length. This is a great pity, because a very good film was due from the Brothers and they have not delivered it.

Even the steeplechase, to which all thoughts are directed and which is to bring in the money to save the Insanitarium, is a failure, for it goes on for what appear to be hours and breaks too many rules to convince. The idea of a MARX BROTHERS incident having "to convince" may sound as though borrowed from their own repertory; but as a matter of fact there are certain conventions which even the craziest cinema-actors have to respect, and one of these is the Laws of the Turf. Odd but true. Almost no one in an audience that has a smattering of racing knowledge -as all English audiences have-will be able to be taken in by this prolonged finale. It proves, however, that in addition to being an imp and a musician, HARPO is a most adroit rider.

An attempt has been made to secrete the poverty of invention in A Day at the Races beneath the saccharine warblings of Allan Jones, spectacular ballet and negro spirituals; but it needs more than frantic barn-dancing and the reiteration of the statement that all God's chillun got swing, to reconcile us to Groucho and his Brethren's latest effort. I hope they will try again soon; but not until they have amassed more than sufficient japes of a finer quality.

E. V. L.

"The Pepper Committee, which was formed by Mincing Lane brokers to liquidate the pepper thrown back on the market when the pool collapsed, has made fair progress with its task."

Investors' Chronicle.

The wetter the pepper the better the broker, as they say in Mincing Lane.

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# America's Cornucopia

"The race for the America's Cup cost a million dollars and thirty cents, and thirty cents was really more than the Cup was worth."

That is the candid summing-up, which I take from a reliable American source, of the great contest between Mr. T. O. M. SOPWITH'S Endeavour II. and Mr. H. VANDERBILT'S Ranger. Even without the thirty cents a million dollars sounds a lot of money, and out of curiosity I have been looking through the news-files to discover just how the million was spent.

These are some of the items I found, just as they were reported in the papers:—

NEWPORT, Tuesday.

Dissatisfied with the performance of Endeavour II. in calm weather, Mr. Sorwith is having his boat fitted with a telescopic mast capable of being extended 250 feet. The Englishman says there is always wind higher up and he intends going up and finding it, even if he has to have a mast a mile long.

NEWPORT, Wednesday.

Mr. Vanderbillt is countering Mr. Sopwith's telescopic mast with new sails worked on the umbrella principle. He points out that they will hold more wind. Vanderbill is said to have got the idea from seeing an old lady blown off the water-chute at Coney Island through going down with her umbrella up.

NEWPORT, Saturday.

The U.S. Yacht Club has decided that Mr. Sopwith's telescopic mast and Mr. VANDERBILT's umbrella sails are both against the rules. VANDER-BILT would have had to discard his umbrella sails in any case. He managed to set them all right, but when he tried to furl them in a stiff breeze they blew inside-out just like real umbrellas. Sopwith's telescopic mast was not as successful as he had hoped either. He sent an able seaman up on it to a distance of 250 feet, but though he wet his finger and held it up as high as he could reach the seaman found no sign of any wind. Sopwith was preparing to go up another hundred feet when the Yacht Club announced its decision.

NEWPORT, Monday.

Alterations are being made in the structure of *Endeavour II*., it is reported to-day. Mr. Sorwith says he believes the boat's keel merely hinders its progress through the water. He is having half of it sawn off.



"Do I CALL THE MISSUS 'MODDOM,' 'MADAM,' 'MA'AM' OR ''M'?"

NEWPORT, Tuesday.

Mr. Vanderbilt has threatened that if Sopwith saws off half his keel he will saw off the whole of the stern of Ranger. He says he doesn't see what good the stern of a boat does anyway. He can have his bunk made up in the bows if any of the races lasts that long.

NEWPORT, Wednesday.

The U.S. Yacht Club has stepped in again. It has laid down a ruling that the race must be sailed between whole boats, and if either Sopwith or Vanderbill takes as much as a shaving off his rudder he will be disqualified.

NEWPORT, Friday.

Extensive structural alterations are being made to Endeavour II., involv-

ing, it is understood, the laying of a series of pipes round the bows of the boat. Mr. Sopwith has not disclosed the purpose of the pipes, but Mr. Vanderbillet believes they are for spraying oil on the water to give the boat a smoother passage. He is having a flame-thrower installed in Ranger, and threatens he will set fire to any oil Endeavour throws out.

That was the end of the major preparations, as far as I was able to trace them. There was, however, one further news-item that was of interest. It was this—

NEWPORT, Saturday.

It is understood that both Endeavour II. and Ranger are now mortgaged up to the masthead.

# Doggerel's Dictionary

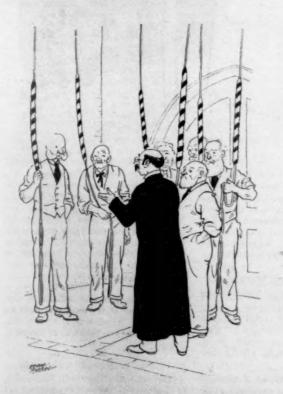
INSOMNIA.—One of the stock newspaper-letter subjects. You can always start a correspondence about insomnia, just as you can always start one about the niceties of the English tongue. In the latter instance all you have to do is to write a gentle little note suggesting diffidently that it is perhaps better to say "different from" than "different than," and the day after it appears in print the office of the paper is pack-jammed with letters saying in effect, "Yes, and what's more, didn't people what fail to make clear that 'probabilism' is different than 'probabiliorism' ought to be flayed alive?"

But we are wandering from the subject (in other words, we are a good deal further away from it than when we set

INVENTION.—The daughter, or offspring, of Necessity. This is a very wonderful thought when applied to, for instance, black-current jam. The invention of blackcurrant jam must have been the offspring of Necessity just as much as the invention of anything else. Well, well, well.

IRON.—Emits a smell when rubbed. I never realised this until I saw it in a Dictionary of Commerce published in 1847. Ever since I saw it I have been asking people whether they are aware that iron emits a smell when rubbed, and none of them seems to be. The fact that iron can be smelt as well as smelted ought to be far more widely known.

Another little-known fact about iron is that the clocking-



"How about a signature tune, Boys?"

in system was first used in the ironworks established by the Romans in the Forest of Dean. Workmen as they arrived used to stick their daggers along the shadow-line on a special wooden sundial. If they were punctual the daggers were in a straight line and the sundial frequently used to split in half, one half falling to one side and the other to the other. A great shout then used to-pardon me, but I seem to be thinking of the WILLIAM TELL story

The Sanskrit word for iron is loha; the Arabic, hedeed:

the Persian, ahun. Rather affected, don't you think?
IRRITABILITY.—I yield to no one in my this, and, what is worse, practically no one seems to yield to me. around me I see irritable people being given the best of everything for fear of the hell they will raise if they aren't. but when I feel justified in raising a modicum of hell on my own account people are merely aggrieved to find me acting out of character and it has no effect on subsequent events. It is this as much as anything else that makes me irritable:

IRVINE.—This is the wrong way to spell the surname of Mr. St. John Ervine. I just mention this because Mr. Ervine is probably too diffident to tell you himself.

ITALY.—A mythical kingdom on the left-hand side of the Mediterranean as you make for Suez. It was once entirely inhabited by Ancient Romans, and Signor Musso-LINI says it still is. Except of course that now NAPOLEON is there too.

Jamshid.—I do not propose to deal here with Jamshid's alleged invention of wine, a story that strikes me as phoney in several places. All I want to draw your attention to is the fact that you sometimes see his name spelt Jemsheed. Between these two spellings, if you ever are between them, you can get a rough idea of the way you ought to pronounce the name when you are singing the second line of "Th-hey s-hay th-he lhi-on hahnd th-he lhee-zard k-heep, although of course this information will not be any use to you because you will undoubtedly pronounce it J-hahmsh-

The fact that there is no exactly right way of spelling an Arabic word in English has always pleased me. In June, 1933, when the King of Egypt visited London, I spent many a happy hour puzzling over the reason why all the London papers spelt his name Feisal while The Manchester Guardian spelt it Feisul. As far as I could see it ought to have been the other way round. Pronounce the word Feisul with a Manchester accent and the word Feisal with a London accent and you get two different words; but the other way round they're roughly alike.

Jemsheed, or rather Jemshid, is the Manchester way of spelling the London word Jamshid, just as the London way of spelling the Manchester word Manchester is Mun Chester. (If this sentence were set to music it would almost certainly

sound like something with a chorus.)

JUICE.—The ninth section of the Act 6 Geo. 4, c. 111, says that the specific gravity of the juice of lemons, limes and oranges must be ascertained by a glass citrometer graduated in degrees, and it gives details of the degrees it must be graduated in. Just you remember that. I shan't speak about it again.

JUNK .- I have a very fine collection of junk. Much of it is literary, in the form of newspaper-cuttings that I am saving in the belief that one day I may remember why I cut them out. (For instance, the other day I discovered a Scottish Humour story containing the words "sae," "wi"," and "saxpence." Perhaps I cut this just to break in a new pair of scissors.) More of it, however, is plain junk. Among other things I possess a large piece of wood of a definite but indescribable shape. I am saving this in the hope that it will one day prove to be the right shape for something, but all too probably it has lasted all this time

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As a matter of fact it is just about the shape of something the function of which is to have its centre of gravity found. Well, I refuse to humour it, that's all.

# Packing

"Look here, you two," I said-"I want a bright idea.

"You always did," grunted Ferdinand, sorting out casts.

"I really do, though. This is important. We go away to-morrow and I must get an article off to-night.'

"Why not do one about packing?" asked Lorna, coming in with an armful of frocks. "Everybody's packingexcept you. Shall I take this leafgreen, or the strawberry?'

"Strawberry," advised Ferdinand.
"It'll go with my cream flannels. What do Devonshire trout rise to in

August? Hofland's Fancy?"
"No. That was Hofland's fancy. Give me an idea."

"We have. Three. Packing, summer frocks and fly-fishing. You ought to get something out of that.

"Why not use them all?" suggested Lorna brightly. "Something about a pretty girl in a summer frock packing

up to go fishing."
"Or something about a fisherman sending a pretty girl in a summer

frock packing," added Ferdinand.
"Too unlikely," I murmured. want an idea, not a pretty girl."

"I've got Lorna, you see," I added just in time.

"Dash your ideas!" muttered Fer-"What's happened to my dinand.

"There's a good idea!" cried Lorna. "'Guard Your Digestion on Holi-

I don't ask for vulgarity, Lorna," I said reprovingly. "All I want is Snappy Originality

"I should have thought a competent writer could write a rattling good article about anything," said Ferdinand pointedly. "Look at old BEN Jonson-wrote a poem about a broomstick right off the nail. Pull yourself together, man."

"Are you going to have our letters sent on?" demanded my wife.

"There you are—letters," cried Ferdinand. "What a subject! You could write about it from a hundred angles. Great Love-Letters, How We Got Our Alphabet, From Pillar to Post -rather good that-Letters, Mitherings of a Man of-

"I read an awfully good story the



"A MARVELLOUS HOLIDAY, DARLING. WE WERE DOING SOMETHING ALL THE TIME, IF IT WAS ONLY SITTING ON THE BEACH."

other day," said Lorna, "about a man who met a girl at the seaside and-

"That's the note-topicality!" cried "The holiday my brother-in-law. touch. Beauty and bathing. You could bring in that joke about the little cove running up the beach.'

"I don't look very proper in beachyjamas," pondered Lorna. "Or do

"You look hideous," said Ferdinand with a frankness I dare not imitate. "Like a typist."

"Typists aren't hideous," objected

"Then they jolly well ought to be. How will that do, old man-'Should Typists be Beautiful?' That ought to get 'em cold.

"I don't want to get 'em cold," I wailed. "I want a good IDEA.

Ferdinand rose slowly to his feet. Come, Lorna," he said sternly-"this thing has gone far enough. Bring me the Dictionary. What was the first idea we gave this this littérateur?"

Packing, I think.' "Write the title at the top of your paper," commanded Ferdinand.
"Not until I've considered whether

it's suitable," I protested.

"Lorna," said Ferdinand, "what is Packing?"

"'Packing,' "read my wife--"'pak'ing. s. Material used for filling up vacant spaces.

I wrote the title at the top of my paper. . . .

# Pruning

["The California Chiropractors' Association do not think much of the name given to prunes. And so, at a prune breakfast, the suggestion was made by the Association that the name be changed to 'Petite Pomme Noir d'Amour.'"]

> What may a chiropractor be? And why should he, While Nature flings her lavish boon Of summer fruit, elect to feast, Heedless of gastronomics, as a beast, Upon the prune?

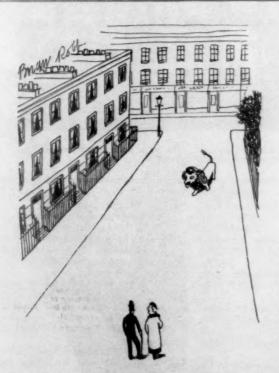
And why, oh, why,
Without regard to genders, should he try
To fix a French romantic name
On that detestable
But most ubiquitous comestible,
Black comrade of the questionable shape
Which all our lives we struggle to escape?
Are prunes in California not the same?
Or does some madness spring from chiropraxy?
Muses, I ax ye!

H. C. B.

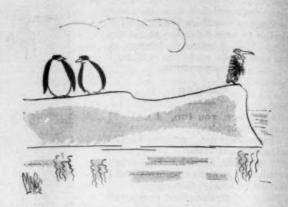
### The Spirit of the Age Infects our Local Correspondent

THE situation, although viewed in responsible quarters as grave, is nevertheless not hopeless.

At last night's Committee-meeting an endeavour was



"ONE DOESN'T OFTEN SEE THEM AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR."



"DOESN'T THE CAD KNOW WE DRESS FOR DINNER?"

made to find an acceptable basis for negotiations, and it is believed that this may yet be achieved, although no definite information is at present forthcoming.

It is understood that the most serious obstacle in the way of a speedy settlement is the difficulty of apportioning the sites respectively for the Produce Stall, the Houp-la and the Jumble. It was urged last night by Mrs. Bean, representing the ladies in charge of the Produce Stall, that the suggestion by which Produce is to be given a place in the sun is calculated to have a highly adverse effect on the butter, the cream and the milk, and that if the present arrangement is to be adhered to she will have no alternative but to withdraw her support from the Sale altogether.

Miss Hollohead, speaking on behalf of the Houp-la, protested strongly against any idea of a position immediately behind the summer-house being allotted to herself and her helper, Mr. Swede. Allegations dating from 1935 were already current in the village on the subject of their management of the Houp-la, and she could not but view with the gravest apprehensions the possibility of thus exciting further adverse criticism.

The view taken by the Jumble Stall—put forward by Mrs. K. Slapp and supported by the three Misses Hinch, Miss Lena Brimpington and others—was to the effect that the whole backbone of the Sale consisted of Jumble, and that equity, no less than commonsense, demanded that the Jumble Stall should dominate the garden. In the view of Mrs. Slapp and her helpers, the only suitable spot was in the middle of the tennis-lawn.

The growing tension of the meeting was slightly relieved by the Rector's objection that the Jumble scheme, if carried out, would run some risk of interfering with the projected tennis-tournament.

It was urged by Major Filldyke that a commission should be appointed to inquire into the views of the Sweets-and-Lemonade stallholders, the Blind Pig promoters, and the helpers responsible for the Aunt Sally, who were not represented at the meeting.

The Rector, rising to address the crowded schoolroom in an atmosphere of strained attention, explained that in his opinion the situation could best be met by a series of informal conversations.

He proposed to meet the various stallholders in the course of the next few days, and again emphasised the fact that these conversations must be regarded as wholly

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"NAR THEN! SCRAM! THIS IS A WOMAN'S MATCH!"

unofficial ones. In the course of them he trusted a formula might be discovered that would prove acceptable as an all-round basis for negotiations. He felt sure that those present would agree with him that the one thing to be avoided was anything that might lay itself open to the charge of mutual dissensions.

The remark was received with applause.

Mrs. Bean, on behalf of her colleagues of the Produce Stall, said that they desired only to work in complete harmony with the rest of the village, whilst at the same time declining to consider any proposition that did not wholly fall in with their own wishes.

Speaking for the Houp-là, Miss Hollohead made it clear that nothing could be further from the intention of herself and her assistants than to provoke dissension, although she must again emphasise the fact that they had no intention of yielding any single point at any time whatsoever.

The feeling of the Jumble Stall, said Mrs. Slapp, was all in favour of peace, and this could, they felt certain, best be achieved if the Jumble received its full rights—none of which it was prepared in any circumstances to concede.

The Rector assured the meeting that the Committee fully appreciated the spirit of helpful co-operation manifested throughout. He hoped to be in a position to make a further statement on the situation at no very distant date.

On leaving the school the Rector was approached by the representatives of the Press, but declared that he had no information to give them.

"You may rest assured," he remarked, "that all those taking part in the Sale of Work are making every endeavour to ensure its success without sacrificing anything of that spirit of harmony that is so urgently needed in the world to-day."

A later report says that the meeting, which continued for some time after the Rector's departure, was at a late hour dispersed by the police.

E. M. D.

### The Last Word

A friend of mine living at Mildenhall Met another residing at Bincknoll. In Wiltshire we say, "They're pronounced the same way,"

# And the way we pronounce them is final.

"General von Blomberg is said to have been greatly impressed during his Coronation visit by the morale and bearing of the British nation, and also by its strong Imperial sentiment. He is reported to have told his colleagues on his return that the British Tommy gets a meat ration three times the weight of the Reichswehr private."

News Chronicle.

#### Sidelights on Italy

- "A gondola is short for gondola cheese.
- "The Duce is acid out of a acumulater."

Schoolboys' Answers.



"ANGELINE, I TOLD YOU MOST DISTINCTLY YOU WERE ALWAYS TO BE DRESSED FOR LUNCREON." "YES, MUM, BUT IT'S 'ASH."

### Cars and Camels

(A new motor road, over a hundred miles in length, has been made in Felix Arabia, where hitherto camels have been the principal means of transport.)

THE camel is an ugly beast; I do not like him in the least.

His neck and legs are far too long; He's clumsy, and he folds up wrong.

Yet, though devoid of outer grace, He wears a sneer upon his face

Which shows a pride no truth can flummox Due solely to his several stomachs.

For him alone the gods provide These extra water-tanks inside

To keep him going, calm and bland, O'er desert plain and scanty land,

Drawing, when things are at their worst, From those same cisterns for his thirst.

This, while the simple fact is clear, Does not excuse that lasting sneer,

And, though an interesting mammal, I hold that none can love the camet.

Yet he has been since time began Of high commercial worth to Man

Who had, for lack of roads and carts, No other transport in those parts,

And has perforce, while seething, borne The creature's air of settled scorn.

But now the camel's light is dim; New motor roads will do for him.

What is his worth beside the car? (Lorry, if you're particular.)

As weeks go by a growing slump Will give him, shall we say, the hump.

Unneeded, great will be his fall, Stomachs included, sneer and all,

Till there remain some paltry few, Mere shabby relics at the Zoo.

Hard on the beast beyond all doubt; But what's he got to sneer about? DUM-DUM.



THE SEA OF OBLIVION





"MILLIONAIRE MY FOOT! I CAN'T EAT HIS BEASTLY CRUMPY NUTS!"

# The Army Marches On

In the old bad days, when soldiers were rough and simple men, the preparation of a scheme of military manœuvres did not impose a very severe tax upon the imagination of the Staff. A dozen lines at the most in Battalion Orders would cover the bones of the matter. The Redland Forces, based upon Towbury, were holding strongly the line Barbrook-Biggleton-Pastow St. Giles. They were well provided with machine-guns and with artillery support and they held infantry and cavalry in reserve. The Blueland forces—instead of being sensible and going somewhere else for their walk—would advance against the Redland positions from the general direction of Little Belton with the line of the Wigglesworth Canal as their first objective.

That, with a few details concerning the disposition of units, was all that the common soldier knew and all that he needed to know. Experience translated it for him into terms of his

individual prospects. There would be a stiff route-march. Everyone would get lost, but first of all the fieldkitchens, under the able direction of the Sergeant-Cook. They would be lost somewhere within fifty yards of the first pub in Pubhampton. It would rain. Umpires would gallop to and fro informing bodies of weary uninterested men that they had been wiped out by machine-gun-fire from the ridge on their flank. The night would be spent playing foolish fellows at the infernally draughty cross-roads two hundred yards south of the first "P" in Pippingford. And then, with everyone thirty miles from home, the war would cease as mysteriously as it had begun, without explanation or epilogue.

No one in those days thought of demanding a scenario; of asking questions about the political or economic origins of the dispute, whether Blueland or Redland was in the right, or what the League of Nations thought about it all. An unquestioning acceptance of authority in all these affairs was implicit in the scheme. Perhaps the nearest approach to a reasoning appeal in any matter of this sort ever

heard by the British soldier of unreformed days was contained in the exhortation which one of the Instructors in the Bull Ring at Etaples used to make in introducing the bayonet-fighting dummies: "On the command 'Charge!' you will assume that them's the enemy. They 'ave insulted your sovereign. They 'ave violated your 'omes. They 'ave spat in your beer. Now give 'em 'ell!"

But now that the Army has become so thoughtful and so refined and so like the H.A.C. the men are not content, it would seem, to give up all that is dear to them and to risk a blistered heel or a cold in the head manœuvring in a cause that is not clearly specified. Dramatic backgrounds are provided for field exercises, and each year they tend to become more elaborate. Whole novelettes are embodied in operation-orders describing how the wrongs of the beautiful Princess of Umbragia, who has been jilted by the dissolute King of Piccadilly, have led step by step to the outbreak of hostilities between the two countries and to the military situation in which the Umbragian forces are about to advance

against the Piccadillian positions on the line Barbrook-Biggleton, etc.

Sometimes there is introduced an economic element. The brigand tribes of Bulmania, superstitiously alarmed at the proposal to include their territory in a national electricity scheme, have kidnapped a caravan of Culturalian business men. The Culturalian Expeditionary Force, armed in the justice of its cause but also judiciously provided with artillery, tanks and aeroplanes, is to advance from the general direction of Little Belton against the brigand positions, which are believed to be a And so on.

believed to be . . . And so on.

I do not know for how long the balanced judicial mind of the modern soldier will be satisfied with this Ruritanian fashion of motif, but I foresee that sooner or later, discussing the matter with his comrades in the Palm Lounges and American Bars of his barracks, he will awake to the realisation that most of the quarrels in which he has been involved on Salis-Plain or in Sussex concerned questions which an enlightened people should settle over the conference-table. He will demand manœuvres more in keep-

ing with the spirit of the times, a series of manœuvres to end manœuvres carried out under modern conditions of guerilla peace.

I have already sketched out a scheme on these lines which should not, when complete, run into more than a volume or two. Civil war has been raging for some time between the Pale faction and the Dark faction in Greenland. Redland, in support of the strict principles of Non-Intervention, has landed in Greenland a powerful Non-Intervention Striking Force. So has Blueland. Blackland, which has not much of an army but is as keen on Non-Intervention as everybody else, has had to content itself with bombarding all the Greenland coastal towns and so is introduced only to lend a touch of realism to the scheme. The Redland and Blueland Non-Intervention Forces are for a long time hampered in their efforts to get at one another's throats by the fact that the rival Greenland armies are using all the best battlefields and refuse to move. There is an interval every twelve hours to allow everyone to change sides.

Oh, yes, the outcome of the matter

is that the Redland forces, based upon Towbury, hold strongly the line Barbrook – Biggleton – Pastow St. Giles. And the Blueland forces will advance from the general direction of Little Belton. And everyone will get lost and curse the Staff. But I feel that it will be more dignified, more progressive, more satisfying to the intellectual aspirations of the private soldier and calculated to instil in him a finer sense of his responsibility as a citizen of the world.

# Bank Manager

EVERYBODY in the hotel is firmly convinced that I am a bank manager, and if it goes on much longer I shall begin to think so myself. Of course in theory I have simply to tell them with careless boldness that they are under a misapprehension, but my essentially timid nature shrinks from the explanations that would follow. It all began with a casual remark I made on the evening of my arrival. I just happened to say to a man named Picklin that in the bank a week or two



"Isn't it strange, Lily, that you want a thing for years and when you have got it you don't want it? It's the same with this hat."

ago I was told an extremely funny story. The nature of the story is neither here nor there, and on paper it probably wouldn't look funny at all, depending as it does largely on a noise made by a drunken parrot which would be extremely difficult to convey by any combination of letters.

Picklin jumped to the conclusion that I worked in a bank, although I had of course really been on the customer's side of the counter when I heard the story about the drunken parrot. Naturally in a seaside hotel everybody is interested to know what everybody else does in life to be able to afford to stay there, and Picklin spread the news that I was a bank manager. In the lounge after dinner the conversation turned for some unearthly reason to second mortgages as collateral security, and Picklin smiled at me and said, "You bank managers look upon second mortgages with rather a jaundiced eye, don't you?"

Everybody waited more or less breathlessly for my answer. Of course I should have killed the canard at once by saying that not being a bank manager I didn't know anything about either second mortgages or jaundiced eyes. But somehow conversationally I am always inclined to take the line of least resistance, so I merely said that no doubt some bank managers did, but they were not at all tarred with the same brush. Then I tried to turn the conversation to the political situation by asking Picklin whether he liked MUSSOLINI better than HITLER or HITLER better than MUSSOLINI, but before he could answer a young fellow asked me how we managed about the new threepenny-bits. Did we pack them up in silver bags or did we pack them up in copper bags? And if so, didn't it make it awkward when we weighed them? I said that so far we hadn't bothered, because the very few that came our way were immediately snapped up as souvenirs.

Of course after that my position as a bank manager and therefore an authority on all aspects of finance was firmly established. A man named Chilberby drew me aside after breakfast next morning and said that he could see at a glance that I wasn't one of those old-fashioned stick-in-themud bank managers who couldn't see beyond the ends of their noses and didn't realise that credit was the lifeblood of industry.

"I've a good mind to let you handle my account in future," he said. "I'm not at all satisfied with my present man. Of course it's not a big account at the moment (in fact I might be a shilling or so on the wrong side), but



"One moment, Doctor, before you start. I don't deine, I don't smoke, I never take strong tea or coffee, and I've never in hy life run for a train or a bus. So what?"

sprats grow into whales if you wait long enough, and it would be a pleasure to think that my bank manager was a friend who wouldn't send back my cheques R.D. just because (through sheer absent-mindedness) I happened to go a few pounds over."

I managed to get rid of him, but later on a little man with a sad sort of moustache asked me whether I would advise him to sell Suspender Developments or hold tight. He had bought them at seventeen-and-six to hold for a rise, and they were now six-and-twopence. It might be the European situation, but, on the other hand, it was no use throwing good money after bad. I said that probably they would go up if he waited, but that on the other hand things might be worse before they were better, and he seemed much relieved.

But I've just heard from Picklin that another bank manager is arriving this afternoon, and in case Picklin for once is right I am moving across the road to the rival hotel.

# At the Play

"THE GUSHER" (PRINCES)

The kind of critic (and I am one of them) who likes the scene to change at least once in a play and is depressed when economy limits the characters to six or seven and the whole action to the same drawing-room must salute The Gusher, at the Princes Theatre, for the reckless lavishness of its

eighteen scenes and its enormous cast.

Here is the penny dreadful come to life, and the obvious play to which to take young sons and nephews for the last treat of the holidays. It begins in prison. It works its way to the murkier parts of the East-End. It goes down in shipwreck and confusion in the Gulf of Mexico. It pulls itself together in Panama and faces its final tremendous excitements in a wild island in the Pacific where cruel and fierce tribes acknowledge the overlordship of no European Power. Sometimes it seems that the

producers delight in making work and difficulties for themselves, and it is obvious they have had great fun with the lighting and the other cleverly

manipulated effects.

In this breathless ranging up and down the world it is only to be expected that many pistols shall speak or bark, pumping lead into various crooked human frames. The Gusher is very much a story of the Treasure Island school, of a map which contains the precise essential directions, and of the quiet house in Greenwich where the preliminary struggle for that map takes place. The ship sails, and John Silver finds his counterpart in Nicky the Greek, who heads the treacherous element in the crew. The island is reached and the two sides fight it out. But superimposed on the treasure story is the fight for the lovely Kay Forrester (Miss Chris-TINE BARRY) between Jack Rendall (Mr. JACK LIVESEY). hero, and Robert Rutherford (Mr. IVAN SAMSON), villain. Rutherford is that attractive sort of villain, the man who while apparently living a quiet life in his stepfather's house in fact controls a gang down Limehouse way. He has other activities too in Buenos Aires, which deservedly prove his undoing;



THE GUSHER DOES ITS ACT

Scruffy Briggs					MR.	CYRIL SMITH
Valentine					MR.	PERCY PARSONS
Peter Bogle .					MR.	ALASTAIR SIM

and he is as good a smooth-spoken villain as you could wish to hear lying.

Scene after scene is ambitious in its background. We see the night-life of the East-End and the fancy-dress dancing of a luxury cruise, where quieter settings would have sufficed for the development of the story. One must salute this gallant challenge of the stage to the cinema, a challenge

which brings back memories of plays like *The Whip* and *The Hope*, in the days when the cinema was still unsure of itself and content to be called "moving pictures."

This must be a good play in which to act. The smallest characters all have something decisive and emphatic to say or do. Mr. Alastam Sim as Peter Bogle is at once the light relief and, on occasion, the hero, and he rises excellently to his opportunities, although his part changes as the play proceeds, and what begins as character acting ends up as a straight part integral to the action. He becomes less amusing and more important.

Mr. IAN HAY is very skilful in sharpening and pointing his dialogue. He does not let his characters cap each other's good sayings, which would at once

create an impression of unreality, but there is hardly a character who is not allowed his shrewd dig, and many of them, notably the convict. Scruffy Briggs, find their mouths filled with good things. D. W.

"RETURN TO SANITY"
(MALVERN FESTIVAL)

Where there's a will there are a number of traditional ways. One is stoically to ignore what is referred to so cynically in insurance circles as "the life," another is to visit it from time to time and try out the effect of tact and persuasion, while yet another, resorted to less frequently, is to bustle openly about the doomed house, assaying the silver and checking up on the authenticity of the pictures.

This play demonstrates the difficulties and dangers of these three courses and points to the first as being the most likely to succeed; it is the work of Mr. Gerald Wynne Rushton and Mr. T. South Mack, and although it is scarcely



THE SHORT CUT TO THE BEACH

		7.7	-		MANUAL MANUAL MANUAL
Kay Forrester	,			100	MISS CHRISTINE BARRY
Clarence the Dodger		*			MR. BERNARD LEE
Robert Rutherford .	*	*		×	MR. IVAN SAMSON
					MR JACE LIVESEY

good enough to be the sole representative of the younger generation of playwrights at a Festival where two Elizabethan plays, a FIELDING, a SHERIDAN and two SHAWS make up the programme, it excuses itself by providing Sir CEDRIC HARDWICKE with a character - part which he plays magnificently, written with a nice sense of comic philosophy.

Old Grandfather Fritton is an im-

Old Grandfather Fritton is an impenitent reprobate who, having long since converted his fortune into brandy, is allowed a pension of ten shillings a week by Grandmother Fritton, a terrible old lady, on condition that he never again sets foot in her house. He sets foot instead in a wide range of public ones, where he is extremely popular, and when not so engaged peddles an almost unsaleable edition of the works of Dumas the Elder.

One of his two sons is following unsteadily in his footsteps, the other is an ambitious and mean-minded auctioneer, and his only daughter has devoted her life to the promotion of total abstinence in a wild and hopeless effort to restore the natural balance of things.

Overhearing in a tavern a plot to rob his grandson, of whom he is fond, the old man comes home and risks his wife's displeasure; she finds him, attacks him viciously and falls dead. The battle of wills then begins.

In spite of the old man having squandered her money, as we had been told earlier, fifty thousand pounds is still at stake, a sum large enough to stimulate the greedier members of the family to be themselves. Their mother's habit of revoking old wills encourages them, but her other habit of never

signing anything proves fatal to their chances, and the whole estate goes on an original will to their father.

Apart from one immense lapse from sobriety, when he returns some of the hospitality which has been showered on him during his lean years, his behaviour is above reproach. Instead of kicking into the street the children who had planned that fate for him, he divides his income into equal parts and shares it with the whole family, at the same time stating quite clearly his opinion of each one of them.

For some reason which is not at all easy to pin down, the elderly rake is quick to win the sympathy of theatreaudiences, while his suffering and exasperated relatives usually appear in a highly unflattering light. When the brief for hedonism is held by Sir Cedric Hardwicke the stricter values hardly have a chance. He makes Fritton a most lovable and amusing old gentleman, battered and disreputable but admirably detached



GRANDPARENTS AT BAY

Edward Fritton . SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE Mrs. Fritton . . MISS MARGARET CHATWIN

in judgment and not without a certain shabby dignity; wise in the ways of men and very tolerant of their frailty.

The best of the others were Mr. RAYMOND HUNTLEY, Mr. SCOTT SUNDERLAND, MISS EILEEN BELDON, MISS MARGARET CHATWIN and Mr. RUSSELL WATERS.



SCENE IN THE EDUCATION OF A DAUGHTER

Ellen Fritton . . . Miss Eileen Beldon
Edward Fritton . . . Sir Cedric Hardwicke

# The Last, Relieved Farewell

GOOD-BYE. Since you and I After ten years together Now must part. It will not, no, it will not Break my heart To think That never more My arm may clasp you to me On the brink Of some strange foreign shore. Never again at the barrier shall I see You with your sickly smile, Your vacant eyes, Your nauseatingly complacent face, Which I have borne so patiently this while: Never at any place See them glance from you to me Questioningly, Wondering what connection there could be. Good-bye again. You I shall very willingly forget: Your plump smug cheeks, your hair so smarmed and neat. I hated you at sight—I hate you yet; You give me pain. Even Old Custom cannot make you sweet. You I can part from now without regret, You who have made me sigh And others laugh. Three cheers! After ten years,

## Come to Devon

My Passport Photograph.

Good-bye,

WE have got it all ready for you. The lanes are asphalted and the hedges are neatly cut down so that you can get a fine view of the caravans parked in the fields. Wherever you want to go charabanes will take you (and several hundred others). If you want society come to the top of Hay Tor. If you want a home from home drive from Honiton to Torquay and back —that is if your home is in Oxford Street. As soon as possible we hope to have a concrete drive round the coast so that you need never leave the car, but if you prefer wild nature you can join the Boy Scouts on the cliff top. But, by gum, if you are all coming, I shall go to Northumberland or Middlesex or anywhere that has not the misfortune to rhyme with Heaven.

## The Hammock

I AM very tired. I have been resting all afternoon in the hammock.

A gentleman friend who went to sea as a young man made the hammock for me with his own hands. He assured me that I did not know what real rest was until I had slept in a hammock. It is made of string, fashioned with innumerable very hard knots into a kind of canoe-shape, and he must have taken a great deal of trouble. I determined to make good use of his gift. I had some doubts about its strength, for I am afraid I cannot claim to be slim, though I am sure those weighing-machines are far from accurate. I wished to ascertain my exact weight on the pier at South-sea, before I discovered the machine was fitted with a loud-speaker. It began to bawl "Thirteen stone eleven pounds," and quite a crowd had gathered before I had time to walk away from the thing.

But to return—I should say not to return—to the hammock.

My gardener, Stubbs, is a Naval pensioner. He said he understood all about hammocks, and he slung it in a shady place from the limbs of a chestnut-tree beside the tennis-lawn. He assured me it was strong enough to support a baby elephant. It was a tactless figure of speech, but I am sure the man did not intend any disrespect. I thought it was hung rather high, but Stubbs said my weight would stretch the central portion so much that if it were lowered I should simply be sitting on the ground.

I purposely chose the time at which Stubbs was not at work in the garden to get into the hammock. It was clearly an act requiring some practice, and indeed almost an athletic feat, and I preferred to have complete privacy for the first attempt. After a short struggle which quite justified my precaution, I succeeded in launching myself into it by standing on a stool and sitting backwards into the widest part, firmly gripping the sides as I

kicked the stool away. It was necessary to fling my feet into the air higher than usual, and the sensation of helplessness on parting from terra firma was more exciting than pleasant.

However, I certainly found the hammock, once I was safely inside it, all that Captain Longsplice had claimed for it. I should perhaps have had a cushion, but I rested comfortably and not ungracefully, my hands clasped under my head. It would be, I think, an improvement if those knots could be worked on the outside of the fabric, for I find the network pattern is imprinted on my arms by pressure, and probably on other parts that came in contact. A rug another time—no, there shall not be another time

After resting for half an hour, during which time I noticed the position of the wasps' nest at the root of the chestnut-tree, I decided to get up. I was due at the Willoughbys' garden-party and had to dress.

But I found myself unable to get out of the hammock. Even by the most violent acrobatic feats, involving contortions only permissible in a gymnasium in a suitable costume, I was unable to shift the centre of gravity in the hammock, which had now become a kind of oval bag, which swayed violently at each movement. After struggling for some time and getting both heated and exhausted I decided to wait quietly till Stubbs crossed the lawn. It was due to commendable delicacy on his part that he stayed in the furthest corner of the vegetable garden for more than two hours, thinking I should not wish to be disturbed in the hammock. I discovered that it is almost impossible to shout the name "Stubbs" while lying helpless in such a position. When at last he came within call, I asked him to give me his arm to alight. I had not before observed that Stubbs has a very bold female figure tattooed on his forearm. When I grasped his arm the hammock swung violently in the opposite direction.

Stubbs gave me both hands next: the reaction of the hammock was still more violent.

"Chuck up your legs, Ma'am. It's the only way," Stubbs advised, I am sure most respectfully, in his rough way. I actually did so, but the siderope of the hammock cut my unfortunate leg beneath the knee so painfully that I was obliged to roll back into the centre.

Stubbs tried pushing me from the rear, but this was worse than useless. He then suggested that I should place both arms around his neck and allow him to lift me clear. This we tried,



Forgasse

"What a pity you didn't come a fortnight earlier! I could have shown you what a pity it was you didn't come a fortnight earlier still."

and it was while swaying to and fro in this compromising position that I saw over the shoulder of my gardener that the Vicar was approaching across the lawn. His expression I shall never forget to my dying day. When I saw him deliberately turn his back and heard him cough twice as he retraced his steps, I knew that he had placed the worst possible interpretation on a perfectly innocent if embarrassing situation.

"Have you a knife, Stubbs?" I said. "Cut me out of this thing at once."

It seemed a slight to Captain Longsplice after all his trouble, but I was certainly very thankful when knot after knot gave way before the blade and at last my feet reached terra firma once more, and I found myself sitting safely on the grass with the hammock swinging above my head.

I am very tired. It is too late to go to the garden-party.

I do not know what I shall say to the Vicar. Perhaps it will be better not to allude to the incident at all.

I shall go and lie down on my bed.

## Inventions

Inventions are all very well, but sooner or later their antidote comes along. You can buy a stopper for your ears for the hundredth part the price of a wireless-set. Motor-cars may go fast, but has any civilisation produced such speedy pedestrians? The first man who put a mirror on a motor-car so that he might make sure that nothing overtook him thought that he was benefiting mankind, but woman and Nemesis turned it at odd angles till all he could see was the diligent powder-puff of his passenger; and, all unlooked-for, some car unencumbered with females would hurtle past him. But now out of Africa something new comes again, and in that enlightened country they put up another mirror on the windscreen to keep the passenger her side of the car.

In spite of this fair warning and in spite of the fact that you can see more women standing round a dusky Remberal than round any other picture in the National Gallery, shopkeepers are still rushing to put up that sort of glass which makes you think you can do some mild shoplifting the moment the policeman has turned his back. It is just as if nothing lay between you and the goods.

Have shopkeepers never been outside their own shops? Have they never seen women darting like snipe from one window to another, cast-



"How many times must 1 tell you, angus, not to bring stray dogs into the house?"

ing despairing glances with a kind of masochism, till at last they can bear it no longer and they rush into the nearest outfitter's to get something that will bear reflection. And when a woman feels she has been extravagant she will buy a saucepan for the cook, and an inexpensive pipe for her husband, and a new carpet for the drawing-room, and a box of chocolates for the children; and among all these purchases her new clothes are hardly noticed, so that trade revives in every direction.

But in future how calm and un-

troubled women will make their unreflecting way, gazing objectively at all the universe spread to tempt them. They will never know that the coat and skirt that looked well enough at home sags at the knees and bags at the back the moment it is brought into the street. They will never know that the dress just back from the cleaners still shows its coffee stain when the sun shines brightly, or on a cold day that the new hat does not suit a pale blue face. That is, they will never know unless all these modern shops put up full-length looking-glasses.

# Mr. Silvertop Finds Bliss

Mr. Silvertop was smiling gently to himself.

"I was just a-thinking back to one of the 'appiest moments of my life," he said. "Them what pretends they don't get a proper, deep-down 'ole-'earted 'uman satisfaction out of seeing Fate laying banana-skins in front of the 'aughty and swelled-'eaded and shoving pins into their balloons is nothing else hut thumping 'ypocrites.

"When you come along I was alooking back to what 'appened that day a few years back down at Commander Poppylove's in the country, after 'e'd took a narsty toss from 'is orse and bust most of 'imself up. 'Is doc told 'im 'e'd be a bath-chair job for six months, so 'e got me down for a couple of days to rig up shelves what 'e could reach and a desk 'e could work at. Independent little cuss 'e was, like so many of these sailors, 'ated 'aving things done for 'im, specially by a nurse; but 'im and me got on a treat, both being as you might say neat with our 'ands. 'Is 'obby was 'is garden, and although 'e 'ad plenty of money 'e did most of the work what mattered 'imself. Where the money went was into the plants, with the result that 'e 'ad a collection of rare ones what turned the reg'lar 'Ortipulchral Societies green with jealousy. You wouldn't 'ardly credit the amount of cash lying about in 'is beds. 'E's showed me single seeds what'd fetch a fiver if 'e'd cared to part.

"Well, the day after I got to 'is place 'e called me in after lunch and Look 'ere, Silvertop, an old perisher of an aunt of mine 'oo lives near 'ere 'as rung up to say she's carting some old blister over to tea 'oo's staying with 'er and thinks she knows an 'ell of a lot about gardens. I'll give tens she don't know a Sweet William from a bogwort, but I suppose I'll 'ave to take 'er round. The bathchair's a bit 'eavy up-'ill for the nurse, would you be a good chap and give me a shove?' 'Course I will,' I ses, knowing very well there wasn't nothing 'e liked better than showing off 'is garden, only it kind of tickled 'im to let on it give 'im a pain in the neck. A very umorous cove, the Commander.

"On the nail at 'arf-past four an 'ell of a great motor draws up and drops a cluster of old girls. I 'ad a good dekko at 'em from the study window, where I was working, and it didn't take me long to size one of 'em up as a proper 'aughty old baggage. The others was nice pretty little old ladies, 'aving

a good laugh amongst 'emselves, but this one sailed out of the car like as if 'er dial was set in wax and she'd bought the Commander and the 'ole ruddy Navy with 'im. 'Corlumme!' I ses to myself, 'now for some fireworks. The Commander won't stand for much of that there'

"Soon as the old parties 'ad sunk their strawberries-and-cream the Commander 'e sends for me. 'This 'ere is Mr. Silvertop,' 'e explains, 'oo's kindly going to shove me round. 'E's Chips Number One in the 'ole world and 'e's making me shipshape upstairs.' The old ladies, one of 'em the Commander's aunt, all ses something civil, bar the one 'oo'd swallered the poker. The Commander gives 'er a dirty look

dirty look.

"'Well,' 'e ses to 'er, 'if you're to see the gardens we'd better be moving. Up anchor, Silvertop!' And off we goes. It didn't take long for the fun to start. 'You probably 'aven't never seen a Tumpty-umpty in that shade of purple,' ses the Commander, giving one of them Latin names like the things you dies of. 'That?' asks 'er Ladyship—she 'ad some sort of a bargain-basement title—'That's no Tumpty-umpty, it's an Umpty-tumpty. Got a big bed crammed with 'em at 'ome.' ''Ave you reelly?' ses the Commander, a narsty look in 'is eye, and to me 'e whispers, 'A four-poster, I'll bet!'

"''Ere's the start of the rockgarden,' 'e ses a bit later. 'Like it?'
'Not at all bad,' ses 'er Ladyship.
'You've sloped it the wrong way, of course, but I see you 'aven't got nothing 'ere of a delicate nature.'
'Silvertop,' whispers the Commander, 'promise me you won't stand by and let me murder 'er. I'm too young to swing.'

"Well, it being a fair scorcher of a day, the other old ladies 'ad put up their parrysols. 'Do put yours up, Agatha,' ses the Commander's aunt, 'you'll get your death of sunstroke!' 'That'd save us a bit of bother in court, Silvertop,' whispers the Commander. But she liked it to walk on,

"We went round the gardens slow. partly on account of the bath-chair and partly on account of 'er Ladyship's 'abit of lagging be'ind to 'ave a good breathe-in over the Commander's rarest, though she always tells us afterwards as 'ow it grew like a weed in 'er garden and she'd 'ad to give armfuls away to the village. When we'd done the 'ole tour of the place and seen the water-garden, what was a reel wonder, and the rose-garden, and the vine-'ouses, the only thing she'd liked off 'er own bat, and that grudgingly, was a rum little pink flower. 'A Tumpty-umpty,' she ses. 'Very rare. I 'adn't' no idea it grew in this country, let alone on this thin 'Bullworth packet,' whispers the Commander. Otherwise she be-'aved just as if someone 'ad shown 'er over a five-bob allotment, and even so she might 'ave been a bit more civil. 'Ow the Commander kept 'is 'air on at all I couldn't tell, except that I could see 'e was quite fond of is aunt.

"I pushed 'im through the 'ouse to the front-door to see 'em off. 'Er Ladyship shakes 'ands with 'im much as if 'e was the boy 'oo cleaned the boots. 'You've the makings of a nice little garden 'ere,' she ses. 'If there's any more tips I can give you, just let me know.' And at that moment," said Mr. Silvertop, his eyes sparkling, "by the grace of 'eaven 'er 'eel slipped over the edge of the top step and she went for six on to the drive.

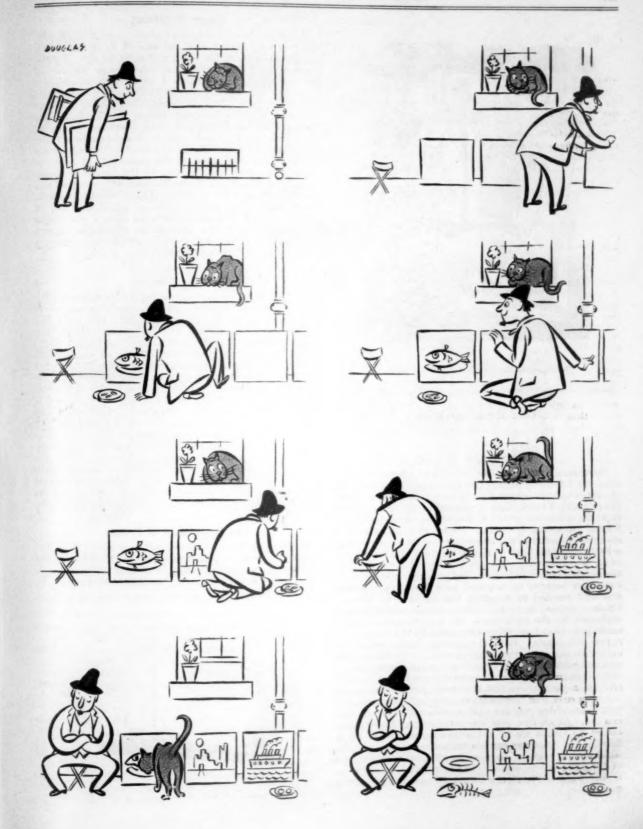
"That was good enough, but what was better was that 'er parrysol flew out of 'er 'and and opened on to the bottom step. And out of it fell the neatest pile of garden trimmings you ever set eyes on, seeds and cuttings and all sorts!

"'Er shuvver got the party away in record time, 'aving emptied the parrysol and 'anded it to 'er, ever so solemn. And as they drives away the Commander lets out such a great bellow of a laugh I thought 'e'd bust the windows. When we come to 'e ses to me, ''Ave you ever felt more slap-up contented-like than at this moment—honest, Silvertop?'

"And I ses to 'im, 'Never,' I ses, 'honest!'" Eric.



"TRY COUNTING SHEPHERDS, MY DEAR."





"LOOK, FATHER-THAT'S THE KIND I WANT."

## Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### The Spanish Tragedy

SHOULD any reader still be ignorant of what war is like, after the multitude of books on the subject that have been showered upon us in recent years, here is The War in Spain (FABER AND FABER, 12/6), a personal narrative by RAMON SENDER, a Spanish author of distinction, translated by Sir PETER CHALMERS MITCHELL. Señor SENDER, who is a staunch supporter of the Government (as some would say, a Red), opens his book in May of last year with an account of an interview with a captain who had been serving with the Foreign Legion in Morocco and had been deprived of his command because he belonged to a liberal organisation and had assisted in founding the Anti-Fascist Military Union. According to this officer, whose warnings were neglected by the authorities, the insurrection in Africa could have then been easily forestalled by the changing of a few commands. With the second chapter comes the explosion, and our author takes the field, with a few militiamen and peasants, hardly any of them armed. There is plenty of fighting, now up by Guadarrama and now back in Madrid, and it is natural enough that after long months of endurance hunger and cold, perpetual shelling and air-raids—the writer should decorate the opposing side with horns, hooves and tail, and his own with sprouting wings. Impartiality cannot be looked for in a personal description of fierce fighting, but Senor Sender has written an interesting book, which would perhaps be more convincing without some of the rhetorical passages. The translation is adequate, though some of Sir Peter's military terminology sounds peculiar.

## Happy Vagabond

It is probably all to the good that the modern travel book concerns itself rather with the arts of living than with monuments and effigies. As a nation we do not enjoy the common round-only our departures from it; and are all the more ready to appreciate a writer who tells us how pleasantly our neighbours spend their days. To this entertaining end Miss NINA MURDOCH assembles her holiday memories of eight European towns: five Tyrolean, one Spanish and two Portuguese-with Gibraltar thrown in. The Tyrol repays her best; and whether she quaffs her beer in the Salzburg Bräustübl, sits on a stool by the organ while FRANZ SAUER improvises in the cathedral, or trails an impishly assumed Teutonic coat for the benefit of Italian tyranny in Meran and Bozen, she is equally absorbed and enviable. Perhaps her rendering of these delights is a trifle wordy, but it is a poor-spirited age which falls foul of adjectives, and Miss Murdoch's are always picturesque and usually happy. Her illustrations are all alluring, and anyone with a holiday still to plan might do worse than dip into Vagrant in Summer (HARRAP, 8/6).

#### Trial by Allegory

In these days it is only a person of Franz Kafka's lofty sincerity who dares to make a seven-and-sixpenny novel an apocalypse of his private religion; and only Mr. GOLLANCZ'S oft-manifested belief in an Intelligent Man which makes possible the publication of an English translation. In The Trial (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) a bank assessor gets up in the morning to find his humdrum routine interrupted by two warders who have come to arrest him. Being only humble instruments of the law they are unable to tell him what crime he is accused of. The law, he discovers, is administered by courts that sit in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, presided over by peculiar capricious judges. KAFKA tells us the bank assessor's bewildering experiences with the matter-of-fact realism of, say, Pilgrim's Progress. The assessor intrigues, tries petticoat influence, gets legal aid, and despairs. The end comes. Wooden-faced executioners do him to death. The Trial will give you a thrill if you happen to be good at working out allegories; but, apart from that, it does not seem to be very congenial to our Anglo-Saxon temperaments.

#### The South-West of France

Dedicated to French hôteliers and their wives, Town and Country in Southern France (Macmillan, 12/6) is a record of leisurely wanderings through a district where leisure is not a luxury but a creed—roughly the oblong bounded by





PROPHECY



PERHAPS

Stout Fashionable Party. "What guys they made of themselves in those days, Aunt!"

Slim Old Ditto. "Fashion, my dear! I should not wonder but we shall be looked on as Perfect Frights in future times."

Charles Keene, August 17th, 1867

Marseilles-Valence on the east and Bayonne-Bordeaux on the west. Much of it is still wild country with a sparse population clustered round once-fortified towns and villages which, perched on rocky sun-baked hills, have histories long enough to bring the Middle Ages into the near distance. The book is by Mrs. STRANG, who has a sound knowledge of the two arts most worth studying in this countrysidearchitecture and cooking, and a vivid dry way of describing customs and people. It is illustrated with about fifty of Mr. IAN STRANG's delightful drawings, suggestive of engravings. These fortunate collaborators stayed long enough in each town to get on visiting terms with its natives and to plumb the depth of local legend; and as a result this is not just another travel book but the best kind of guide, without which a tour through Languedoc and the neighbouring provinces might miss much.

## Ladies or Loaf-Givers

With more and wider-flung divorce laws there will soon be no need for such errant wives as the Harriet of Pray Do Not Venture (Gollance, 7/6) to talk of their vows being "cancelled in the sight of God." There is, however, only one occasion on which Miss Joanna Cannan's energetic if muddle-headed heroine concerns herself with the hypothetical views of Providence—she is usually too occupied revolting against the conventions and injustices ingeniously piled up for her by Miss Cannan. Unluckily for the atmosphere of her story, the conventions and injustices, the habits and dialogue of her Early-Victorian England are more "period" in intention than fact. Dobothy Wordsworth, for instance, is introduced as a stilted visitor in Harriet's Lakeland home; yet Dorothy was a housekeeper of resource

and a notable baker of bread. Harriet, less fortunate in Grasmere, finds no scope for her energies until she reaches Australia. You feel that she, her family and at least two of her three partners belong to a galvanized rather than to a recreated past; and the most effective pages of an interesting but unequal novel are those portraying the primitive Melbourne of her final adventures.

## In the Name of Music

Salzburg at this moment is undergoing its triumphant annual orgy of upper-brow tourism. For just over a month the lovely little town suffers, in return for an immense profit, a kind of prolonged May-week, in fancy-dress, based not on dancing but on excellent concerts. The social amalgam is extremely interesting, for not only are lovers of music there but also a section of the fashionable circus (a Press snapshot in Salzburg, at the peak of the Festival, though it cannot for various reasons show a

shooting-stick and must generally fall back on the birthplace of Mozart, scores an unquestioned bull), and large numbers of people who are content to form the crowd. Those who wish to know more about this entertaining season will find plenty of information, unfortunately wrapped up in an archly facetious style, in This Salzburg (PETER DAVIES, 6/-). Count FERDINAND CZERNIN knows English almost as well as he knows his subject, but not quite, and as a result his writing is rather heavily colloquial; but the book succeeds in conveying the atmosphere of the town during the Festival. It is illustrated with amusing pen-andinks by Count EUGEN LEDEBUR.

# SAMES CHART.

"I fear the only thing to do, Mr. Postlethwaite, is to give the entire sales department a holiday."

### Among the Racers

The dimensions of the three parts of Sing Holiday (ARTHUR BARKER, 7/6), by PETER CHAMBERLAIN, suggest, probably quite inaccurately, that the second part without the others was originally meant to be the novel. Moreover, this section of nearly 280 pages is so continuously amusing, packed with such brilliantly reported dialogue, that the rest of the book seems almost dull by comparison and emphatically less well written. Mr. Matthews, an elderly widower-the first part of the book piles up the detail of his daily life—goes for his holiday to the Isle of Man, without realising till he gets there that he has picked the week of the motor-races. The racers adopt him, make him an official, take him about and show him everything; and unwillingly, when it is all over, he admits to himself that he has had the time of his life. Then he returns to his dingy home and his comic inefficient housekeeper and sinks placidly once more into his rut. The crescendo-diminuendo effect is of course deliberate, but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN cannot blame his readers for liking the loud part best: it is always funny and sometimes exciting, and will probably give a passionate interest in motorraces to many people who never thought about one before.

## New Lamps for Old

It is difficult to get up any general enthusiasm for "converted" farmhouses, their last state is usually so much worse than their first. Nor is it easy to discover a converted farmhouse kitchen, complete with anthracite and electricity, that turns you out anything notable in the way of rabbitpie and soda scones. The only thing to be said for A House for Joanna (Cape, 7/6) is that "Joanna's" farmhouse was really derelict when Mr. John Heygate found it—in fact in that horrid state of dereliction which consists in being partly "improved" and abandoned. Also that its proprietors did put their hearts and purses into the business of getting what they liked. So strictly domestic a chronicle—a Smiths-of-Surbiton chronicle transferred to the Sussex weald—needs either a light touch or a practical one, and this aims at both. The best episode is easily the untoward fate of the honeymoon celebrations: a bonfire scheduled to soar heavenward from Hammer Hill as the newly-wedded

couple flew over on their way to France. As for practicality—well, one supposes it is too late to suggest now that the town has anything to learn from the country.

## Without Remorse

Death Framed in Silver (Collins, 7/6) would have been more attractive if Miss ALICE CAMPBELL had given her readers a clearer picture of Adrian Somervell before he wasarrested for murder. This, however, is not of supreme importance in a story that depends for its main interest on the subtle and subterranean workings of a criminal's mind. In describing the tactics and strategy of this villain (it is perhaps unfair to mention him by name, though it will easily be guessed), Miss CAMPBELL is

so entirely successful that no serious objection will be raised when he had the temerity to call himself "A Napoleon of crime." Admittedly a vaunt, but one that is almost justifiable.

## A Paper Chase

When Miss Alice Hilton lands the first blow in Beginning with a Bash (Collins, 7/6) Martin Jones was out of luck. He was suspected both of larceny and murder, and the chances that his young life would not end abruptly seemed to be distinctly poor. Martin, however, had various friends who were determined to find conclusive evidence that he was one of the most innocent youths alive. In their search this curious collection of people dashed through and round about Boston, U.S.A., defying all rules and regulations, armed with lethal weapons and having more adventures in a day than happen to ordinary people in a lifetime. It is robust and at times amusing knockabout stuff, but Martin sinks into complete insignificance as his rescuers blare and blast their way through Boston.

#### Charivaria

A NORWEGIAN comedian has been scoring a success on the American music-hall stage. He has a repertoire of very amusing Fiord stories.



What is believed to be the largest Roman bath in this country was discovered during excavations near Leicester. There was, however, no trace of a road-house or even a pull-in for chariots.



At a spelling bee held in a London suburb, we are told, it was decided that sodawater was states a writer. Unless of course he happens to say these one word. It is, however, perfectly correct to render it with words in front of a minister. a siphon.



"What will happen will be that £200 millions of additional Treasury bills will be created and issued to the Exchange Account and used for buying gold or foreign exchange needed to uphold the exchange position which the British Treasury and the Bang of England deem needful."—Kenya Paper.

We understand that Mr. McKenna is delighted with his new title.

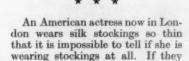


SOAP

It is reported that an increasing quantity of soap is being used in Russia. Perhaps the children have taken to blowing bubbles.



"Slipping the escort the prisoner raced away like a hare," reads an extract from a novel. Naturally he didn't want to be jugged.





don't ladder, she isn't.

Distances, it is pointed out, seem far less at sea. Though we are inclined to doubt whether this has been much consolation to Mr. SOPWITH.



An airplane crashed in a Naples street, but no one was hurt. One theory is that the pilot had been ordered to see Naples and dive.

## Splitting the Ozone

"SCIENTISTS TO PROBE SEA-AIR." News-Chronicle.



"The man who unflinchingly faces adversity squares his shoulders and says 'I will' usually succeeds in overcoming his trouble,"





A reader comments on the well-dressed tramps one sees on the road nowadays. Heaubeau Brummels.



"The theatres themselves will not be made bomb-proof, as it is the policy of the Government that people shall be scattered in as many places as possible."—Daily Paper.

They want us to fly through the air with the greatest of ease.



It is not quite fair to say that the nations got nothing out of the Non-Intervention Committee meetings. After all, they got their delegates back.



Doubt has been expressed as to whether the New Zealand cricket team is really in the Test class. So far they have certainly taken their defeats far too quietly for such a distinction.

"Clock-watchers never get anywhere," says an efficiency expert. All those who have travelled through the West-End by taxi will agree.

# An Emergency Secret

From the Secretary, Statistical Department, Ministry of Material Resources, Whitehall, London, S.W.1, to the Managing Director, Mesers. H. H. Jennings, Ltd., Cripenwade. (The body of the letter is in typewriting facsimile, the address and italicised words being filled in by hand.)

#### Secret and Confidential.

June 22nd, 1937.

DEAR SIR(s),—I am directed by the Minister of Material Resources to request that you submit to this Department an estimate of the extent to which it would be possible to increase your manufacturing capacity to meet the greatly increased demand for Bicycles (Pedal) in a National Emergency. It should be understood clearly that this information is required for the purpose of record only and the inquiry must not be taken to indicate that such an Emergency is regarded as imminent or at all likely to arise.

I am, etc.

From the Managing Director, H. H. Jennings, Ltd., to the Secretary, Statistical Department, Ministry of Material Resources.

#### Secret and Confidential.

June 23rd, 1937.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of yesterday's date. I have pleasure in informing you that your inquiry is having the most careful consideration of my staff and myself; but I must ask your indulgence for a few days to enable us to study all its implications.



"GOOD NEWS, MIKE—THE OTHER FELLER WON'T RECOVER RITHER."

I will not delay, however, in asking you to accept my assurance that the event (however improbable) of a National Emergency involving a greatly increased demand for Bicycles (Pedal) will find the firm of H. H. Jennings, Ltd., eager and willing to give of its best to assist the Minister of Material Resources in his onerous patriotic task.

I am, etc.

From the Same to the Same.

Secret and Confidential.

June 30th, 1937.

Dear Sir,—I trust that the delay in submitting the estimate invited by your letter dated June 22nd is not causing serious inconvenience, and I wish to assure you that the matter is still engaging our most earnest attention. Our first attempts to draw up the estimate on a purely theoretical basis produced results so diverse and so uncertain that they could have been only misleading. We will therefore within the next few days undertake such experiments as will raise our calculations out of the range of mere hypothesis.

I am, etc.

From the Same to the Same.

Secret and Confidential.

July 2nd, 1937.

Dear Sir,—Further to my letter dated June 30th, the course of experiment therein indicated is now being actively pursued. In the meantime a point has been raised by my Chief Accountant which I think it right to submit to you without delay. It should be understood clearly that any estimate which we may submit is to be regarded as contingent upon our receiving a sufficient supply of all the bits out of which to make the Bicycles (Pedal), i.e., Wheels, Handlebars, Pedals, Chains, etc.

Perhaps I should take this opportunity to assure you that the experiments mentioned above are being conducted by trusted officials of the Company under such conditions of secreey and discretion as to render it unlikely that they will excite the curiosity of the agent of any unfriendly Power.

I am, etc.

From the Same to the Same.

Secret and Confidential.

July 6th, 1937.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to the experiments in the manufacture of Bicycles (Pedal) which we are undertaking in order to satisfy your inquiry, I am



". . . AS IF A KETTLEFUL WOULD MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE!"

pleased to inform you that we have already completely taken to pieces my daughter Diana's bicycle and that we are now making a very careful record of the time that we require to put it together again.

It seems proper to point out to you at once that, to judge from the present stage of the experiment, the paintwork of any Bicycles (Pedal) that we may manufacture in a National Emergency will probably be rather badly chipped. We hope, however, that in a National Emergency this will be regarded as of secondary importance.

I am, etc.

From the Secretary, Statistical Department, Ministry of Material Resources, to the Managing Director, H. H. Jennings, Ltd.

July 6th, 1937.

Dear Sir,—I am directed by the Minister of Material Resources to acknowledge receipt of your communication dated the 2nd instant and to inform you that it will satisfy the requirements of this Department if you will frame your estimate of the manufacture of Bicycles (Pedal) on the understanding that adequate supplies will be available of any finished parts or accessories that may be beyond the manufacturing capacity of your own plant.

I am, etc.

Telegram dated July 10th, from H. H. Jennings, Ltd., to Statistical Department, Ministry of Material Resources.

SECRET AND CONFIDENTIAL STOP DO YOU PUT BALLS INTO COLLAR THING BEFORE OR AFTER PUTTING IT ON BACK



RAPID SHOOTING



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

A TENDENCY TO BE HEARTY

HUB STOP HOW MANY BALLS SHOULD THERE BE

Telegram dated July 12th, from the Same to the Same.

SECRET AND CONFIDENTIAL STOP IN NATIONAL EMERGENCY WOULD BRAKE BE ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY STOP WOULD IT MATTER ABOUT BACK WHEEL WOBBLING

From the Managing Director, H. H. Jennings, Ltd., to the Secretary, Statistical Department, Ministry of Material Resources.

Secret and Confidential.

July 16th, 1937.

DEAR SIR,—I am now in a position to submit the estimate called for in your letter dated June 22nd. Upon the assumption that we could rely upon supply of all parts, with an excess of fifty per cent. to allow for loss and damage, in the event of a National Emergency we could promise

to deliver one Bicycle (Pedal) every ten or fourteen days. We could not guarantee that the Bicycle (Pedal) would be quite straight or very silent, but we believe that the rate of delivery given above might even be increased if we could depend upon your Department for prompt advice (which we have not received during the experiment) on knotty technical problems.

However, if I may be allowed to offer an opinion without incurring the blame of attempting to evade a patriotic duty, I seriously believe that we, as manufacturers of Hats (Felt) in quite a small way are not so well equipped as some other firms for work of this kind. In this neighbourhood, for example, there is the firm, H. J. Jennings, Ltd., of Cripendale, who are making Bicycles (Pedal) all day long and who are no doubt more adept. Would it not be better for us during the National Bicycle Emergency to stand aside in favour of such

a firm as this, confining ourselves to moral encouragement and taxpaying? At some other time there might arise a National Emergency involving an enormously increased demand for Hats (Felt), and then would come our opportunity to demonstrate our patriotism and our usefulness under more favourable conditions.

I am, etc.

#### Here We Go Round the Mulberry-Bush

"They must stand unitedly behind him and he would stand behind them." Report of speech in "Belfast News-Letter."

"Had there been any foundation for the rumor it would have originated in the Alberta oil field, but instead it travelled into that field from Eastern stock markets so that one cannot look more closely into the incident without suspecting that one sees the cloven hoof-prints of bearish interests."—Canadian Paper. That must be exciting.

# Purposefulness

THE moment one said one was going into Lesser Bottlering to buy a wedding-present, and change the librarybooks, and call at the Registry Office only it would be perfectly useless, and bring home the fish and drop the parcel at the cleaner's-that very moment everybody in the house discovered that they had quantities and quantities of imperative requirements, only to be fulfilled in High Street, Lesser Bottlering

Uncle Egbert, amongst others, said that he wanted some postcards.

'I could let you have plenty, Uncle Eghert.

"Thanks, thanks—but you mustn't let me deprive you," said Uncle Egbert, looking disappointed.

We could get you some in the village, easily.

"Never mind, never mind. It's of no importance," said Uncle Egbert in tones of the deepest dejection.

'And I believe there's a whole packet in the drawer of the writing-

table in your bedroom.'

It almost looked for a moment as if Uncle Egbert must break down altogether. He said that it didn't really matter at all, and no doubt it would be all the same a hundred years hence, and that the sooner an old man learnt to realise that his day was done the better.

Naturally after that everyone united in imploring Uncle Egbert to come into Lesser Bottlering and go straight to the Post Office in High Street and buy postcards. And after refusing several times and suggesting that we might very well have gone yesterday if it hadn't been for that tennis-party, and that to-morrow might really be a better day only the weather looked like breaking, Uncle Egbert allowed himself to be persuaded.

If you suppose that the moment the car had been parked, and the children had darted off to Woolworth's, and Laura had said she was late for her appointment at the hairdresser's and had gonestraight into the linen-draper's that that moment Uncle Egbert directed his steps towards the Post Office in High Street, you know but little of human nature.

Turning, on the contrary, his back upon the Post Office, Uncle Egbert walked beside me and inquired what kind of a wedding-present I was going to choose.

I haven't absolutely decided, but I want it to be something original. And it mustn't be frightfully expensive. But it mustn't look cheap. There's a very good silversmith's here.

You want something like a toastrack," said Uncle Egbert

One felt that he was rather old to be contradicted.

"Yes. Or perhaps something more like a brooch, or a small ornament.' "Ah! Then a chafing-dish?"

"Uncle, that's a splendid idea. Only I'm not sure if she ever chafes. She's rather literary as a matter of fact. "Literary," said Uncle Egbert, lo

said Uncle Egbert, looking thoughtful. "Then what about an

inkpot?

Definitely good, Uncle-only do you think perhaps she might have one already? My idea was to choose something really original, because she's so clever and artistic.

One felt that the tone in which Uncle Egbert repeated the words "clever and artistic" dated him even more unmistakably than did his subsequent suggestions of coffee-spoons or

a nice glass jam-jar.

In the shop itself we never got beyond travelling-clocks (the shopman's idea), biscuit-barrels (Uncle Egbert's), and something not over two guineas (mine). Then Uncle Egbert suddenly drew me aside and said, How would a book do? and one replied, as usual, that that would be splendid, unless perhaps a glass vase would be even better.

The shopman at once said that the glassware was all upstairs-which simply shows the utter uselessness of saying things aside in shops—and he thought we might be interested in a particularly fine Venetian-glass chandelier that was, if he might say so, a bargain at thirty-one guineas.

And Uncle Egbert found a mauve glass ash-tray and said that his dear sister Florence had once had a mantle of very much that colour. So the afternoon was by no means wasted, especially as, on the way to the Post Office, one saw a most attractive and quite unusual pink lustre jug and decided that it would really do beautifully, and looked a great deal more like three guineas than two-and-a-half.

Uncle Egbert, though admitting that he thought either an ivory paperknife or a pair of silver salt-cellars would have been better, was not unsympathetic, and went so far as to carry the lustre jug to the Post Office, and forget it on the counter while he bought postcards—but one caught sight of it just in time.

The rest of the family admired it tremendously, and it looked particularly well against the cream-coloured panelling in the sitting-room.

As a matter of fact it still does. As Laura said, it was so very pretty and decorative that it really would be a shame to give it away.

And one can always go into Lesser Bottlering the next time anybody wants postcards (or fish) or to pay a visit to the hairdresser. E. M. D.

"BABY BORN IN GLASGOW TRAMCAR BOTH PROGRESSING FAVOURABLY.' Glasgow Herald.

Of course, these tramcars are used to shocks.



"COME IN NOW, DEAR, OR YOU'LL MISS THE WEATHER-REPORT."

# Are You Alive?

(I can do as much for you in this way as any daily paper could.)

## I.—GENERAL

- 1. When you look in the mirror, do you see anybody?
- 2. When you get up in the morning, or whenever you do get up, does your bed look as if it's been slept in?
- 3. Do you tend to leave noticeable footmarks in snow?
- 4. Could anybody else's foot get into one of your shoes while you are wearing it?
- 5. When you walk straight into a brick wall do you feel a bump, or does the wall fall down, or do you fall down?
  - 6. Does your breath steam windows?

## II.—CONVERSATION

- 7. Do people who are talking to you seem to be looking somewhere about where you would be if you were there?
  - 8. Do you ever mention the weather?
- 9. When you ask for a railway-ticket to a particular place, is that the place at which you eventually fetch up?
- 10. When you have lost your voice as a result of laryngitis—and I don't know why you won't be more careful; here, drink this—do your friends appear to notice any difference?
- 11. Do you say "It is I," or "It's me," or "What do you think?" or "Of course," or "Aye," or "Don't be a fool," or something to the effect of one or more of these when someone calls out "Is that you?"?
  - 12. If so, is it you, or are you just pretending?

## III .-- AT MEALS

- 13. Does the food on your plate usually disappear as you eat it?
- 14. Do you get your share of everything that's going without having to beat on your glass with a fork or throw pieces of bread or shout "Hi!" or make grabs at dishes



"I WOULD LIKE TO PROPOSE STRAIGHT AWAY THAT WE EITHER CUT DOWN THE TREE OR MOVE OUR PLACARD TO THE BIGHT OR LEFT."

that seem to be about to travel past you without stopping?

- 15. Do you feel, on the whole, less hungry after a meal
- than you did before?

  16. Is there a noticeable tendency among the other people at the table to regard the chair you are occupying as empty and to invite passers-by to sit in it?
- 17. Does your napkin fall straight (not, as is normal, slide obliquely) to the floor directly you place it on what you believe to be your knees?
- 18. Do people in your vicinity show momentary surprise when you bite sharply into a piece of celery?

### IV .- IN THE STREET

- 19. Are you often given handbills?
- 20. On the other hand, can you manage by your own efforts to avoid being given a handbill?
- 21. When you hold up your hand at a bus-stop, does an approaching bus stop within one hundred or two hundred yards of you on either side?
- 22. Of course policemen make a habit of waving on the traffic just as you step off the pavement. But are you sure this is because they have a grudge against you and not because they can't see you at all?
- 23. When you are driving a car, do pedestrians you have just missed seem to know whom to swear at?
- 24. Do you have just as many narrow escapes as other people when you walk across roads?

These twenty-four questions do not of course cover all the possibilities, but I propose to stop here because you

are probably getting pretty sick of answering them.

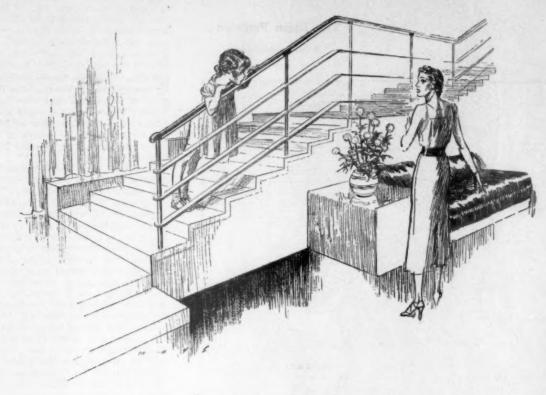
Another reason is that I asked one or two of them wrong, which makes the system of scoring rather intricate. You might suppose, from your previous experience of this type of catechism, that it is possible to answer "Yes" twenty-four times and that scoring proceeds on this assumption. Not on your life. That is to say, it is possible to answer "Yes" to all the questions just as it is possible to answer "That's telling" or "Gett'n' personal, huh?" or even "My hon. friend must admit that that goes far beyond the question on the paper," but it shows a cynical and light-minded spirit such as is all too common to-day. Ah, me, "this strange disease of modern life, With its sick hurry, its divided aims," as MATTHEW ARNOLD wrote in 1854 or some other one of those awful modern years.

The point is that if you answer "Yes" to all the others you must answer "No" to Questions 4, 16 and 17 above. That gives you the highest possible score and wins you the kitty. It means that you definitely are alive and all your fears or hopes were groundless.

On the other hand, if you answer "Yes" to Questions 4, 16 and 17 and "No" to all the others the fish is in a very different kettle. You are not alive at all, and if I were you I should ask myself how long this has been going on (Question 25).

Between these two extremes there are what we psychologists and statisticians call the normal variations. Leaving aside Questions 4, 16 and 17 until after the holidays (during which, with any luck, your deputy will lose them), work out your percentage of affirmative replies to the other questions. Seventy-five per cent. means you are about normally alive. Fifty per cent. means you are half alive. One per cent. makes it very doubtful whether you exist: try to remember whether you have died recently.

The fact that you answered any of the questions at all shows, according to a famous psychologist from Psycho-Slovakia, that you had nothing better to do. R. M.



"I'M SO HOT, MUMMY; I'M GOING UPSTAIRS TO PUT NO SOCKS ON."

## Holiday Deferred

Oн white cloud galleons gliding to the West,
Bound for the port of Nothing or the pale
Moon-haunted harbours of the Land of Sleep,
Sail and sail on, while I, by toil oppressed,
At this dull desk the long day's vigil keep!
You do not see those hoardings ("Beer is Best,"
"Travel by Air," "Drink Someone's Ginger Ale")
Nor hear the busy hum that breaks my thin doze,
The noise of men and streets that rises to my windows.

Here I remain, a prey to duty's call,

While happy people plunge into the brine
Or, gracefully costumed, bask on sunlit sands,
Walk upon decks, sip cocktails, smite the ball,
Or sit in lounge-chairs listening to bands,
Wander by snowy peak and waterfall,
Drink beer in bocks or quaff the local wine,
And do, in short, the things I'd fain be doing,
Instead of sitting here, fed to the teeth and stewing.

I know a bank where men can take their ease;
I know a pool that waits the anglers' lure;
I know a hostel that the wise frequent,
Drink old and mild and dine off duck and peas
And smoke their favourite pipe and be content,

Ponder upon the eternal verities

And the strange servitude that men endure,
The mill, the mart, the mine, the forge, the figures
At which—and all for what?—men toil away like
niggers.

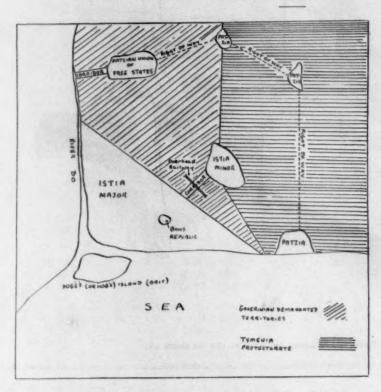
I know a shore by seas for ever blue;
I know a wood where birds for ever sing;
I know an inn that has no closing-time,
Where Sleep, the potman, draws a heavenly brew
And poets sit and weave immortal rhyme;
Where ancient men their eager youth renew,
And Time the vulture never spreads his wing,
Nor leaden-footed Grief comes creeping over,
Whispering of work undone and days of lost endeavour.

But hark! the Law Courts clock across the street
Assails my ear with solitary stroke,
Sounding the hour when tired men put off care;
Even a prisoner has need to eat.
So forth in search of luncheon will I fare;
If I can't travel I can still defeat
The moist disgust in which I sit and soak
With cold roast beef, mild ale and meditation
On all the things I'll do when I get my vacation.

ALGOL.

## The Istian Partition

A New Settlement



THE ISTIAN PROPOSALS

THE publicity given to the Palestine proposals has overshadowed the proposed new settlement in Istia to such a degree that little is known in England of the latter.

The post-War arrangement by which the Istian territories (so-called) became a mandated territory was intended to solve the age-long problem of the racial conflicts between the peoples of that large stretch of land bordering the eastern Mediterranean. The solution, successful as it was, created difficulties of a new order, for which the suggested changes are intended as a solution.

It goes without saying that Britain's sole interest, apart from her natural and historic desire to bear the white man's burden in Istia (the Istians themselves are olive-coloured, like so many South Europeans), lies in the potentialities as a naval station of Hoge's (or Hog's) Island. Now that the vulnerability of Malta has been demonstrated, the development of Hoge's

Island has become the key to our naval position in the Mediterranean. For a point of such immense strategic value to be taken from us is unthinkable. Fortunately, those who drew up the settlement did not think of it, and the island remains a British possession.

The racial antipathy between the Istian people proper and the neighbouring but ethnologically distinct Goverinians has been suitably solved. The territories in which the Istians dwell become a part of Istia; those occupied by Goverinians become, as is proper, Goverinia. Goverinia is now demandated. The necessity for this step is accepted by all those cognizant of the position in the Near East. For good or ill it had to come, and it was better granted as an act of grace than ungraciously given under pressure. I quote Mr. GARVIN.

The land to the south-east of Goverinia, which historically was a part of the old Istian empire, has in the last few decades become largely populated by Goverinians. It will therefore form part of Goverinia, and the latter country gets a much-coveted outlet to the sea in the east. Her outlet to the west will be by means of the River Do, which is to be under international control.

The effect of all this of course is to drive a wedge between the western and eastern portions of Istia. The Commission, however, has solved this problem by the creation of a corridor joining the main Istian territory (Istia Major) to Istia Minor. This corridor will be used only by Istians, to avoid conflict. Goverinians wishing to pass from Goverinia proper to south-east Goverinia will have to utilise the overhead railway now in course of construction, passing over the corridor. So Istians and Goverinians will be able to avoid one another for the first time in seven hundred years. There is some dissatisfaction in Istia, it being argued that the advantage in this matter lies with Goverinia. The Goverinians using the railway will be able to spit on or drop heavy stones down on the Istians, with no opportunity for the latter to retaliate. This, however, as Lord CECIL said, is a difficulty inherent in all such schemes

The Patzians, of Turkish origin, who are concentrated mainly in four comparatively small areas, little pools left when the Turkish tide receded in Europe, presented a difficult problem. They are too scattered to be linked by corridors and yet too closely linked by their customs, sense of racial unity and by economic factors to be left separate. The Commission has given, to quote their own apt phrase, a new weapon to the armoury of the diplomacy of peace by the creation of what is a completely new conception-that of a "right of way." The four Patzian areas are connected by three "rights of way" into a single nation—the Patzian Union of Free States. The precise definition of the rights of passage thus given through alien territories cannot be given here, but the effect is to give free transmission of goods and persons, without Customs or in fact any other barrier, without infringing in any way Goverinian or Tymenian sovereign rights or national susceptibilities.

The Patzian representatives on the Commission pressed for equal status with the Goverinians in the matter of egress to the sea. This has been provided by the creation of a corridor from the most westerly-lying Patzian State through Goverinia to the River Do. Neither State therefore can crow over the other, for both possess a portion of the Mediterranean littoral and access to the River Do. On the other hand, neither can be crowed over—an essential point in the creation of a lasting peace. Here is reason for neither excessive national pride nor for any deep sense of national humiliation and inferiority.

The difficulty of the Commission's task in making a unified and closely-knit nation from the Patzian areas can be seen by looking at the map. The solution, as the map also will show, is a triumphant vindication both of modern diplomacy and of the British genius for compromise.

Tymenia remains a British protectorate, though the Commission does not make it clear who is to receive the protection.

A word needs to be said about the Bons. This small group, ethnologically completely different from the surrounding Istians, are to have their own autonomous republic. Or to put it in another way, they are to be left to stew in their own juice. The country is peculiarly fitted for this, possessing a very hot climate and plenty of juice.

The Bons asked for a corridor, or at least for a right of way. They said, with some justification, that everyone else had either one or the other, and why shouldn't they? The Istians wouldn't agree to either and opposed the idea of an overhead railway, though they would accept an underground as a compromise. This, however, was too expensive.

The Bons, therefore, will have to cross the hated Istian soil if they want to leave home. Later on Germany may provide them with an air service in exchange for mineral concessions.

# And Yet-

(Sir Milsom Rees, the distinguished laryngologist, recently declared that singing is not natural to man.)

NATURE, whose liberal hand endows Beasts of the field, birds of the boughs.

Including poultry, even cows,

With song, as you'll observe in Spring,

Spring,
Denies, I'm told, that gift to Man;
Alone in the creative plan
The members of the human clan
Are not laid out to sing.



"COME, COME, BOB-DON'T TELL ME YOU CAN'T REMEMBER YOUNG WISDEN!"

In justice be it said, I quote The dictum of a man of note To whom the opera-yelling throat

Lies bare and open as his hand; His aid the hoarse bull-tenors seek; Him the soprano, spent and bleak, Consults when her explosive shriek No longer drowns the band.

The bass that shames the loud bassoon

Alike acclaims his healing boon
With those pale opposites who
croon:

In truth this bitter man has cause; Let that in candour be confessed; Yet, if he heard me at my best, I would in modesty suggest That it might give him pause. Could he steal nigh when I essay My unpremeditated lay,

When in my bath, or feeling gay,
My rapture fills the list'ning air,
I think he'd own that now and then
Some natural music lives in men,
And that the common cow, or hen,
Has nothing on me there.

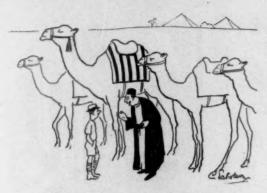
DUM-DUM.

Another Martyr to Science
"LORD HORDER ON PUBLIC SCHOOL DIET."

Morning Post.

"He early entered the Church, where he rose rapidly."—Liverpool Echo.

Bellringers soon get to know the ropes.



"LIKA TRIP ON DA QUERN MARY, SAM?"

## What I Think of Farr

Comment on the forthcoming fight between Joe Louis, coloured cokernut-slosher of wherever-it-is, and the vitriolie, I mean volatile Welshman (Sorry, Tommy. That one certainly slipped past my guard) continues to reach me from all parts of the world.

Not least interesting are the views of the combatants themselves, when they can be prevailed upon to overcome a natural shyness and speak. I called up Joe on the Transatlantic telephone this morning and reminded him he was scheduled to meet Tommy Farr of Wales for the world's heavyweight boxing title on August 26th.

"Say, where's Wales?" he drawled and rang off. I wouldn't like to tell you what that call cost me.

FARE too is quietly confident of his ability. "I can dish it out and I can take it," he told a party of Latter Day Saints who came to watch him sparring. "You're nuts if you think I came all this way just for the fresh air." Afterwards he sang "Marching Through Georgia" and other Welsh lyrics.

There is an air of quiet confidence—no, I've said that. There is an air of cheerful optimism at the training camp. George Plunk, one of FARR's sparring partners, has a high opinion of the Welshman's chances. "That boy can wrap them up," he said, wringing out his damaged nose after two brisk rounds. This is said to be high praise by those competent to judge.

Here are some other views about FARR:-

"If one who has had a lifelong interest in, and, may I add, special opportunities to study the problems of the Ring may be permitted to say a few words, I should like to record my conviction, and it is a sincere conviction, that the cause of Thomas Farr will ultimately triumph. At a time when men's minds are torn and distracted by the manifold dangers and difficulties of international polities, it is good to reflect that in this brave son of Tonypandy we have an in-fighter of genuine ability. I wish him luck."—The Archbishop of Canterbury.

"Two days before his fight with NEUSEL I gave FARE permission to come and see me. I was interested in the boy and wanted to help him. 'Now look here, TOMMY,'

I warned him as soon as he arrived, 'you're going to lose this fight and you're not to let it dishearten you. See?'

'Thanks, Mr. WIGNALL,' he said, but I waved away his

'Call me TREVOR,' I urged kindly, and sent him away with some good advice.

After the fight I was the first to admit that I was wrong. You all know what I think of FARR's chances on the 26th. I may be wrong again."—Mr. Trevor Wignall.

"A truce to all this pestilent talk of Messrs. FARR and LOUIS, whoever they may be. Why, I could have eaten two such puny little rascals at a gulp in the days when I came striding over the Pyrenees into the tiny hamlet of St. Puy de Migraine, flourishing my great scout's staff and roaring the Song of Roland in the way that has made English tourists unpopular abroad for centuries.

'Twinkle, twinkle, Mr. Farr, How I wonder who you are!'

as I used to chant under the great oak-tree that Pepin the Short planted in Meunière-sur-Choux at the time of the Nidification of the Swallow Mirabelle. May they both win! "—Mr. J. B. ("Beachcomber") Morton.

"Germany is not interested in the FARR-LOUIS fight."

The Nazi "Angriff."

"I am glad to have the opportunity to say a few words about FABB. Given good food, exercise in moderation and plenty of fresh air, I see no reason why he should not win. But it must be understood that I know nothing of his opponent's diet."—Lord Horder.

My own view is that FARR carries a sleeping-pill in each hand, and the fact may worry Louis. He knows how to wrap them up too, which is always useful. Louis, on the other hand, is dynamite. He may go off or he may not. If FARR lands a right to the chin and puts the coloured man to sleep in the first ten rounds he may win. If he doesn't he still may win, but the fight will last longer and be in a sense more open. The cardinal fact is that Louis is at present world's champion and FARR is not. Whether the positions will be reversed after the fight depends almost entirely on the result.

H. F. E.



"I never can remember the difference between subjective and objective. For instance, what would you call a caterpillar in a salad?"



"OH, MR. BADGER, LADY PUMPKIN IS ABOUT TO JUDGE THE HOME-MADE WINE AND THE VICAR WONDERED IF YOU COULD PLAY SOMETHING LIVELY."

# The Secret War for Milk

(By Mr. Punch's fearless racketexposer)

DID you know that every person in Switzerland drinks nearly two pints of milk a day? That Sweden consumes a pint and a half per person per day? That America consumes one pint per person per day?

And did you know that England and Wales between them consume less than half a pint per person per day? Above all, that 87% of all milk consists of water?

These astonishing figures, obtained with the utmost difficulty from inside sources such as the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, speak for themselves. These facts must be faced. The time has come to uproot the mask of hypocrisy that has hitherto cloaked the World Milk Situation.

#### THIS AGE OF MILK

Milk! The vital liquid underlying every present-day problem! Past are the days of steel, gold, coal and oil. We have seen everywhere examples of the 1937 Milk Boom. Milk Bars are rapidly replacing taverns. This era will go down to history as the Thirsty 'Thirties. For milk wars have been fought, brave men have met dastardly deaths in Patagonian milkfields, while in European capitals the merchants of milk amassed fantastic fortunes. Advertising campaigns bid us "Drink More Milk." The steel shortage can only be remedied by compressed milk: I have been privileged to see the Admiralty's plans for the first compressed-milk destroyer.

As early as 1931 Mr. RAMSAY MAC-DONALD warned the nation: "We mustn't cry over spilt milk."

Think what that means.

#### THE ROMANCE OF MILK

This paper alone has given adequate prominence to the serious outbreak of milk-sabotage in England during the last two months. I am able to reveal that in many cases smuggled bulls, bought for a song from unemployed Spanish toreadors, have actually been substituted for cows. This is no boyish prank but treachery. A foreign Power is believed to be cornering kine by this means.

Recently every byre in the country was heavily policed, and it is not generally known that every tenth milk-can at the London railway termini contains a C.I.D. sleuth, the cream of the Force.

#### MILK AND ARMAGEDDON

It is no secret in the City that the Great War was fought, basically, to gain world-wide milk-control. The Balkan wars were engineered by ruthless milk-prospectors; economically the Serajevo murder was the direct result of the pre-War Milk Rush. To-day the outcome of Non-Intervention in Spain hangs from the horns of Catalonian cows.

"A drop of milk," wrote CLEMEN-CEAU to BERTA RUCK in 1916, "is worth a drop of blood." "The history of the twentieth century," KITCHENER once confided to my mother, "will be written indelibly in milk."

No part of our defences is more vulnerable than our milk-supplies. Few people realise that the bulk of England's milk comes by pipe-line from Switzerland and the Tyrol. Once those pipe-lines are cut by an enemy Power, or tapped to divert the flow to some other part of the Continent, we are lost. That is what Mr. Baldwin really meant when he said the frontiers of Britain extended to the Rhine. That is why every man, woman and child must co-operate in anti-milk-raid pre-



"I CAN'T PLAY WITH YOU NOW, DARLING. DADDY WANTS ME TO HELP HIM GARDENING."

"WHAT AN EXTRAORDINARY MANIA DAD SEEMS TO HAVE FOR YOUR SOCIETY."



"No, Madam, a passport is not necessary for Scotland."

cautions: the Ministry of Agriculture has already prepared billions of packets of pulverised milk for immediate distribution to schoolchildren in case of emergency.

I understand that Consolidated Anglo-British Lactalbumin Concessions Inc. (popularly nicknamed the Milk Marketing Board) is also anticipating such crises by building an extensive plant at Billingham-on-Tees for manufacturing synthetic milk by the hydrogenation of old umbrellahandles.

#### MILKPOLITIK AND WELTPOLITIK

The recent visits of Mr. Lansbury to Berlin and Rome have been sadly misconstrued. Were they merely peace-talks? The milk of human kindness? No, Sir. They were part of a vast international plot to partition the world's milk resources. Milk is at the root of the Berlin-Rome-Vienna-Stamboul axis. It is common knowledge that HITLER, SCHUSCHNIGG, KEMAL ATATURK and MUSSOLINI all began life as milkmen.

This paper has always advocated

milk-conservation as the pivot of home policy; and the Admiralty has set a splendid example by secretly hoarding vast quantities of Pasteurised Grade A, which for the last three year has been unofficially issued to the Navy instead of grog. The best way of conserving milk is to drink it.

## THE MEN BEHIND MILK

The first glaring instance of the milk-racket after the Treaty of Versailles was Zaharoff's audacious feat of selling milk to both sides in the Græco-Turkish dispute.

The past of many a well-known London financier is stained with milk. It was a mammoth Milk Ring, of international ramifications, that precipitated the STAVISKY scandals and is at this moment pouring the deadly white fluid into Manchukuo.

It is these Monarchs of Milk, this lactocracy, under the albumin archautocrat, Mr. W. S. Morrison, that hold in their palms the destiny of pations.

Think what that means.

## Taste

Some people go to Monte Carlo, Some take a boat to Estoril,

Some take a punt and sit in it at Marlow,

While others merely lie about at Brill.

It's odd the places people light on,

Whether by tricycle or train, Whether they make for Aix-les-Bains or Brighton,

Society or slot-machines and rain.

Some roam with Rosalinds in Arden, It all depends on people's means;

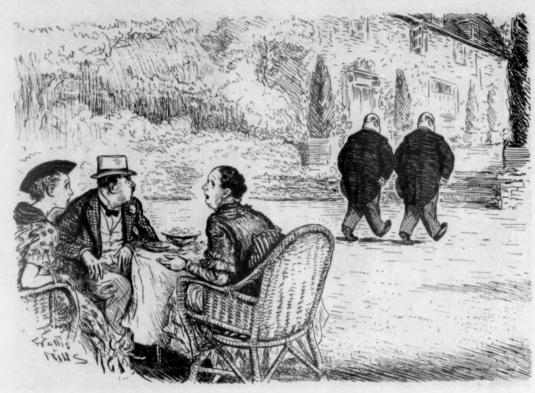
I go down to the bottom of my garden And gaze upon my row of runnerbeans.

> "4.30.—Kepwick Plate (1m.). BEER IS BEST.

If absent, KERN AIR."

Racing and Football Outlook.

It seems a poor substitute.



"I gnow, MY DEAR, BUT PENDLETON IS SO INDISPENSABLE, AND HE REFUSES TO BE SEPARATED FROM HIS TWIN."

#### The Man Who Didn't

In every lounge from the Mearns to Mar The talk was all of fish, In every smoke-room and every bar— And how to lure them from where they are Into a table dish;

And the Man Who Didn't sat in his corner thinking "What gibberish!"

On every water from Tilt to Shin Men argued cast and fly— At Invermoriston and Drumin,

At Crask and the Aultnaharra Inn, At Gareloch and at Guay;

And the Man Who Didn't thought, "I'm out of it, out of it all am I."

So he drove away in sorrow and doubt, But he drove with open eyes; He caught no salmon, he caught no trout,

And in all that the smoke-rooms chattered about He was utterly unwise;

But his map rolled out like a carpet of glory and magic and surprise.

It rolled him north from the Inch of Perth
To the shadowy Kyles of Tongue,
To Wrath and Stack and the ends of the earth
Where the mountains lay like ships at berth

Or high in the heavens hung;
And the lochs were scattered over the moor like a handful
of diamonds flung.

It showed him Wyvis's sullen slope And Alligan's snow-torn scree, Canisp and Clebrig, Loyal and Hope, And Slioch kingly in crown and cope

Throned above Loch Maree;
And a hundred rivers played him homewards from Lairg
to the Lynn o' Dee.

He saw green pinewoods at Aboyne, Blue water at Loch Broom, A broken rainbow over the Moin, Loch Alvie bright as a minted coin, Dundonnell dark as doom;

And he packed the pictures into his heart and still there was room and room.

The smoke-room chatter went on and on
Like the summer drone of bees—
Of a fifteen-pounder from the Don,
Of somebody's creel at Latheron—
But he heard it now at ease:

For the Man Who Didn't had filled his basket with finer fish than these.

H. B.



AJAX DEFYING THE THUNDERER

[The Times has been requested to recall its senior Correspondent in Berlin.]





"ARE YOU SURE THAT COMPASS IS RELIABLE?"

# Joining a Library

"The library, please," I said to the blonde lift-attendant on the groundfloor, and in three seconds I was shot out breathless among the Baby Linen.

"Right—left—right—again—and—straight—through," chanted the blonde, slamming the gates.

"I began,

"Would you mind——" I began, turning round, but she was gone in her lift with a wheeze. A faint not unpleasing odour hung in the air where she had been.

I wandered through the Ironmongery, the Second-hand Furniture, the Gramophones and back into the Baby Linen. The same blonde attendant stood perkily in her empty charge.

stood perkily in her empty charge.
"I want the Library please," I said emphatically, and I had just time to leap inside before, with a wail of "Going up," we rose with a speed Professor Picard might have envied.

"The Library," the blonde said to me severely. "Left — right — left — again—and—straight—through," and I hurried off with a grateful mutter.

The Library was my idea of the Queen Mary's saloon without the passengers, and when I became accustomed to myself I noticed a row of desks stretching down the two sides. Behind the desks stood young women in green uniforms, behind the young women stood books. The rest was space.

In the middle at the far end was a table, and on the table was a pile of forms. Above the table hung a glass plate from a chain, the letters LIBRARIAN were painted in gold across it. Under the plate, behind the table, sat a gaunt grey-haired horn-rimmed female of I have no idea what age. I marched towards her down the empty floor, between the desks and under the gaze of the green-uniformed young women. She waited austerely upright for me, one hand resting on the forms, the other waggling a fountain-pen. When I drew nearer I saw she squinted behind the horn rims. I stood in front of her, removed my hat and said firmly

though not too definitely, "I wish to join."

"One volume two volumes three volumes for three months six months or twelve months?" she inquired efficiently.

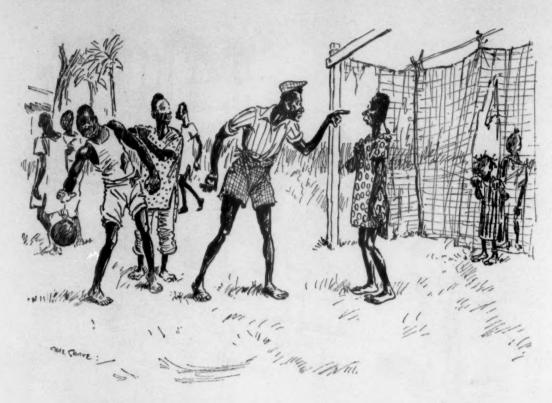
"I think one volume for three months to start with. Of course only to start with," I added nervously and perhaps tactlessly, "until I know more what you're like."

what you're like."
"Your name?" asked the Librarian sharply, for there was no irreverent detail about her.

I gave my name.

"You will be attended by Miss Hornung of the V's," she said, pointing towards a desk in the distance. I caught a glimpse of a dumpling-like young woman beaming at me invitingly behind a large letter V. I cast an inquisitive eye at some of the others. How nice to be a C or, oh! a K, I thought. I cast on and my eye caught the letter S. I lingered. Then I returned to the horn-rimmed one.

"Do I understand," I said, "that because my name happens to begin



"LISSEN. IF YO' WANNA KEEP YO' PLACE IN DIS TEAM YO' BEST PULL YO' SOCKS UP."

with V I shall be attended only by Miss Hornung?"

"Precisely," said the Librarian.

"And if my name does not begin with V I shall not be attended by Miss Hornung?"

"Naturally," snapped the hornrimmed one, "but your name does begin with V." She was too logical for a good librarian.

I had another look round. There was no doubt which was the best initial letter to have.

"My name is Simpson," I said

"But you said your name began with a V," objected the Librarian.

"I was wrong. I will repeat my name. Simpson."

"But you said . . ." insisted the horn-rimmed one. I don't remember which animal it is that never forgets. She was like it.

I leant over towards her. "Madam," I whispered confidentially, with a hint of menace, "in my profession, you understand, it is necessary to have two names."

The Librarian was unmistakably

intrigued. Her eyes opened, her squint closed. I placed a finger on my lips. "I can rely of course on your absolute discretion?"

The Librarian nodded her head mysteriously. Apparently she understood. Like many fierce angular women she was prone to secrets.

women she was prone to secrets.

"Absolutely," she said intelligently.

Then, raising her voice, she called up the young woman from the S's.

"Miss Sunbeam," she said, "this is Mr. Simpson."
"How do you do, Miss Sunbeam?"

How do you do, Miss Sunbeam?"
I said warmly.

"How do you do, Mr. Simpson?" said Miss Sunbeam.

"Mr. Simpson will be taking out one volume for three months—to start with," said the horn-rimmed one.

"Oh, no, excuse me," I contradicted her, "I said I would take three volumes for twelve months—to start with."

"Ah, I had forgotten," said the Librarian, for the first time in her life. "Unfortunately," she continued, "Miss Sunbeam is leaving us to-morrow for good—to get married. However, if

there is anything you want she will attend to you for the present. Perhaps, Miss Sunbeam, you had better introduce Mr. Simpson to your successor."

duce Mr. Simpson to your successor."
"Rightaway," said Miss Sunbeam
brightly, walking off ahead of me.

I glanced suspiciously at the Librarian. Her expression, though inscrutable, was yet dimly humorous. She looked as though she would have laughed if she could. Perhaps after all she was not absolutely discreet. I bowed stiffly to her and followed dumbly behind Miss Sunbeam.

Miss Sunbeam stopped at a desk. She waved a hand breezily towards a dumpling-like young woman in green uniform behind it.

"Miss Hornung," she said, "meet Mr. Simpson."

"In the first round of his work-out, Louis exploded his right hand on the chin of a sparring partner that nearly called out all the ambulance stations. The sparring partner was a pretty fair heavy-weight by the name of Pal Silver."—Daily Mail.

Perhaps one of the dark ugly sort would have done better.

# Mr. Andropopolous

This is the story of George and the Bashi Bazouk.

George, if I may say so, is just George. But the Bashi Bazouk, a Levantine rejoicing in the name of Andropopolous, is remarkable in that George, who enjoyed his companion-ship for less then ten minutes, has accorded his framed portrait the place of honour on top of his piano.

Now George, whose lawful occasions take him to the strange places of the earth, met Mr. Andropopolous in a small town in the Near East. The meeting was quite casual. George had gone into a tiny shop to buy a picture-postcard. And Mr. Andropopolous had served him.

But if George was content to depart with one cheap postcard, Mr. Andropopolous envisaged vaster things. For had he not other cards, including the coloured portrait of himself in Bashi Bazouk rig? To say nothing of rugs and shawls and opera-glasses and daggers galore? Further, was he not sole local agent for this, that and the other? And could he not change drachmas and piastres and rupees and shekels and moidores at sacrifice rates? And were his English customers so numerous that he could afford to let this one get away with a single card? Bismillah!

"You are Eengleesh?" he remarked ingratiatingly, at the same time ladling out the chicken-feed that passes for small change in the Near East.

"I am," said George, happy and surprised to hear his mother-tongue in such a place. "And where did you learn the language?"

learn the language?"

"Een Eengland," said Mr. Andropopolous, a seraphic smile broadening his countenance. "A—h! I lof zee Eengleesh! Eet ees a nation so beeg—so faine! Oh, yairss, I haf mairney fren's zair!"

And ever as George warmed towards him by reason of his commendable sentiments the Levantine became more expansive.

"You knaw Lawnon?" he inquired wistfully, at the same time manœuvring his more likely bargains into the foreground. "Dea' awl Lawnon!"

"I come from London," said George.
"Do you know it?"

And Mr. Andropopolous, the better to register ecstasy, allowed a very rainbow of shawls to cascade seductively in George's direction.

"Do I knaw Lawnon!" he almost shouted, clasping his hands and gazing heavenward. "I haf leefed zair,



THE WORLD'S WORK.

Meestair! Eet ees so faine! So eentairairsteen! So cheec! Oh boy! Eet ees een Lawnon I haf so mairney fren's! An' often zey wraite me to say pleese Andropopolous to send a vair goode rug or field-glasses, becos zey knaw Andropopolous keep only ze vair bairst! Yairss! Loo-ke! See zees! An' zees! For ten drachmas only! Vair sheepe, eh? Dammit! 'Ot stoff!"

Always the little gentleman, George examined the goods politely. But he was interested not so much in the exhibits as in their would-be vendor. That so young a Levantine could have drifted as far as London and back again to such a hole struck George as almost incredible.

"Tell me," said he—"in what part of London did you live?"

Then up spake Mr. Andropopolous, establishing in one short clipped sentence his right to the premier rank on George's piano.

"Near ze railway-station," said he.

"The young man in Newhaven Hospital who recalled his Jamaica address while suffering from loss of memory through the mention of benansa has been identified."—Daily Mail. It seems an easy way to oblivion.

This Name Makes News.
"Mr. Portwine has been appointed edito
of the Dairy and Creamery Journal."
Trade Paper.

# At the Play

"THE WINTER'S TALE" (OPEN-AIR)

THERE is one respect in which Regent's Park is the last place I should choose for the production of this play, and that is the proximity of

the Mappin Terraces.

These may be as secure as the Bank of England, but they put ideas into one's head; and when the furry beachcomber of thesea-coast of Bohemia first parts the bushes with his waving paws it is a decidedly nasty moment. I think I am sorrier for Antigonus than for any other of SHAKESPEARE'S characters, for he had a thoroughly dirty deal from start to finish and was a man who merited well of his creator; yet I confess to a secret feeling of relief when, in response to that most unfeeling of stage directions-"Exit, pursued by a bear" Antigonus heroically lured the brute away from us, to be consumed by it in the wings. So very realistically was it filled out by an actor about whose name the programme is unfortunately silent.

This production of Mr.
ROBERT ATKINS is uncommonly good.
Casting which gives Leontes to Mr. Jack
Hawkins, Hermione to Miss Phyllis
Neilson-Terry, Paulina to Miss Fay
Compton, and Autolycus to Mr. Leslie
French is beyond reproach, and the
crowd scenes are handled with an
attention to detail which makes full
use of the play's possibilities for
humour and spectacle.

Mr. John Gower Parks is responsible for the setting and the dresses, and excellent they are. Backstage centre he has planted a pink summerhouse on Attic lines, which readily serves a number of purposes, housing at different times the altar, Autolycus in hiding, and the Pygmalioned Hermione, and acting, so to speak, as a focal point for more original lighting than a background only of bushes will allow. The dresses are in a wide variety of clean soft colours, and group together very well.

During the Trial Miss Nethson-Terry bears herself with a noble dignity, but is not always entirely audible; she is at her best in the big scene when the statue of Hermione comes to life. Here she braves unflinchingly a vast number of watts for minutes on end, and then brings back Hermione to her husband in a fashion which does as much as is possible to give sense to a most unreasonable



A WINTRY NIGHT

The Baby. "When you finish scrapping would one of you mind picking me up?"

Leontes . . . . . . . . . MR. JACK HAWKINS Paulina . . . . . . . . . . MISS FAY COMPTON



HIS TAKING WAY

Autolyous . . . . MR. LESLIE FRENCH The Shepherd's Son . MR. VALENTINE ROOKE situation. Shakespearean scholars have been furiously crossing nibs with each other now for centuries as to whether any woman not actually certifiable could have behaved with such bewildering cruelty and inhumanity; and the only sound defence for Hermione's conduct seems to be

that this is a play about the Greeks and therefore it would be unthinkable for her to ignore the implications of the oracle that she should cut herself off from *Leontes* until *Perdita* should be found.

Both in pride and sorrow Mr. Jack Hawkins' Leontes is a truly kingly figure. He suggests most skilfully the depths of the King's remorse, and his enunciation is admirable. Miss Fay Compton gives a razor-edge to Paulina's tongue and slangs so magnificently that she almost makes one lose sight of Shakespeare's disgraceful treatment of the infant, which merits the condemnation of every babyclinic in the land.

Mr. LESLIE FRENCH is in his element. He is the true Autolycus, and in the scene of the sheep-shearing festival (an exceedingly gay party) he shows himself once again a master of spritely

impudence. Mr. Peter Murray Hill's Polixenes is good; Perdita is more than safe with Miss Lesley Gorden; Mr. Valentine Rooke makes the Shepherd's son consistently funny; the dances are led charmingly by Miss Nini Theilade, and, an important item, the speech of Time is beautifully spoken by Mr. Ion Swinley. As for the wrath of Apollo, the amplifiers lend it a force calculated to quell the most rebellious heart.

Altogether this is a production to remember.

There remain three things which want saying about the Open-Air Theatre. The deck-chairs, infinitely more comfortable than any stall, squeak atrociously, and somehow they should be reduced to silence; it should be made impossible for the insistent ringing of a telephone-bell close at hand to ruin a vital scene as it did the other night; and Mr. Sydney Carrolla still in need of donations to help this very public-spirited experiment, which deserves London's warmest support.

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## At the Revue

"NUITS DE FOLIES" (LONDON CASINO)

Ir a work of art should be judged as a whole, then one way of reviewing this show, which provides a good dinner (or supper) and an excellent revue at the same time, would be on these lines:

"The Caviar Frais Beluga was not only deliciously frais and extraordinarily beluga, but had the added merit of being most deftly presented. It was intelligently lit, taking on a gentle oceanic glow, and after the lemon spot had played upon it for a while it sat the toast with an easy and distin-Accompanied by a guished grace. dram of vodka, it was visually washed down by the stirring spectacle of La Belle France inviting the world to her Exhibition of 1937 and presumably explaining to them, beneath her breath, that while the Exhibition was still regrettably incomplete, very considerable reductions could be obtained on trams, etc. As a complete entertainment for eyes, ears, nose and mouth this item leaves little to be desired.

It would be quite an interesting experiment in gastrodramatic criticism, a field too seldom explored, but there is so much to be said about what happened on the stage that I am afraid I shall have to leave the dinner out of it.

Here, then, once again, is a spectacular revue conceived on a more ambitious scale and produced in a more artistic manner than is common in London. It is still in the best tradition of the "Folies Bergère," for M. LOUIS LEMARCHAND has staged it and Madame NAT-ALIE KOMAROVA has again arranged the choreography; the lighting and presentation are distinctly original without being either vulgar or bizarre.

The best single item, as impressive in its way as the huge gold box in the last Casino programme, is a scene at the bottom of the sea,

where a native pearl-diver finds a mermaid hiding in a large oyster-shell. The submarine effect has been gained very skilfully, not with the ghastly green lights and tweed seaweed which we sometimes find in pantomime, but with a highly-complicated synthesis of colour and lighting, used in depth. The result is lovely, just as if a bright lamp had been turned on over a model aquarium whose waters are stocked



TUNE AND TURN ABOUT Some of the Rhoenrad Troupe



FEAST FOR THE EYE AS WELL

with bright tropical creatures and rows of little black velvet sea-horses. Anemones and madrepores and nameless monsters are there, a black seaurchin and a devilish octopus. Poor bathing, but a refreshing sight on an August evening.

In another scene the Can-Can, so much gayer a contortion than any we can boast to-day, is put on as it was danced in 1880 at the "Moulin Rouge," to the general surprise and horror of Europe. Europe seems to have been a very easily surprised continent about that date.

In another the nations are shown on their way to accept France's hospitality. The Ambassadress of India carries enough diamonds to make Johannesburg delirious, Russia is shown leaving a crop of Ukraine wheat so magnificent that anyone rash enough to cut it would obviously be shot as a wrecker, while Greece has a retinue who look as if they had been exquisitely shaped out of the very best marzipan. The Ambassadress of Central Europe, rather depressingly, is given a background of howitzers and tanks, but to make up for this Austria wears a beautiful streamlined train which can only be regarded as a pretty holiday gesture to the Innsbruck Express.

And in yet another the background of the Arabian Nights allows of some rich Oriental décor.

On the side of fun and laughter I put first a droll called ROLF HOLBEIN. He draws on a large white sheet and his subjects have a mysterious gift of sudden animation. If he outlines a cat, it begins to wag its tail, and if a box of cigars, he takes one and lights it at his stove. All this he does with exaggerated solemnity. The back of his sheet must look like the engine-room of a battleship, but the turn is ingenious.

After him the RHOENBAD TROUPE won my heart. One man and five girls, they are each equipped with a double-hoop, of much the same design as the kind on which garden-hoses are wound, and about seven feet in diameter. Inside these they stand and bowl themselves about with perfect

control. The male RHOENBAD actually plays a violin while held into his revolving hoop only by ski-straps; which is a great deal more than either you or I could do.

Eric.

# The Interferer

ALTHOUGH the department store was crammed with frantic men and women clutching at towelling, shoes, hardware, toys and gloves like wolves in a sheepfold, the little alcove labelled "Interference Department" was without customers. A sudden wave in the crowd swept me into it.

The shelves were full of little black boxes studded with brass knobs. In one corner a deafening loud-speaker was producing that blend of bellowing and caterwauling which tells the initiated that Ed Snivelstein and his Loony Six are on the air. The noise It arrested one's was paralysing. mental processes.

The shopman came forward and put his fingertips on the counter in the

regulation way. I noticed that he had a flat lock of hair on his forehead and a little black moustache.

"Like to see the Interferer demonstrated, Sir?" he shouted, and, reaching out a black box from under the counter, he pressed one of the studs. bellowing and caterwauling subsided to half-strength. He pressed again, The shindy became almost inaudible. He pressed a third time. Ed Snivelstein and his Loony Six faded out.

"Dear me!" I said: "that's very remarkable." I could feel the waves of grateful silence flowing round me. 'How is it done? I suppose there isn't a catch in it? I mean, you haven't a confederate somewhere?

He pulled out the stud and Ed Snivelstein leaped to lunatic life again. "Try it yourself, Sir," bawled the shopman. "Press that stud."

I pressed it smartly. The hullabaloo stopped as if cut off with a knife.

"How is it done?" I asked again.
"Secret process, Sir," he replied.
"Guaranteed to soften or stop any wireless-set within twenty yards. Not only your neighbour's but your neighbour's neighbour's.

An entrancing prospect—those un-pleasant people at "The Laurels" turning their wireless up and up and up, hoping to get the well-loved blasting and roaring effect, while the noise sank steadily down and down, until, to their horror, it could not be heard outside the room.

I think I must have this," I said. "But what are all these other knobs

"I shouldn't recommend you to touch them until you have read the book of instructions, Sir," replied the shopman with a touch of earnestness. "That stud you have just pressed affects mechanical things only, such as wireless-sets. It can also be used against gramophones. The other studs have a telepathic effect on persons."
"Indeed?" I said suspiciously.

"What sort of effect?"

"Well, Sir, have you ever trodden on a loose paving-stone on a wet day?" "Often," I replied with some bitter-

"And have you ever done anything about it?

No. What's the use?" "Exactly. What's the use? But if you were to press this knob it would induce a change of heart in the official responsible for such things. It would pain him very much to think that people were treading on loose pavingstones and squirting water over their ankles. He would frenziedly set the machinery in motion to have the place repaired."

# Heat Wave

Water-lily To Tinkle. Tinkle, Know Clumps, Chunks And Have Of (How Not Ice! Gratefully!) Got Watch Of Me (Ha!) Mumps. Crush To The Mow Where Lemon-slice! This Do Garden They Plot! Gurgle, Come For Gurgle, In? My You Lager-glass . . . Wife Slowly Say. Ву Му Has Just Mumps My Alas! Lazy Hours So Pass, Rhyme? Cannot With Or-Make Hammock Eh-Me Swinging Have Cut Over Grass. The Gone Grass. While Heat-crazy, No! The Pray? Here Temperature 1 Jumps Not Lie And A While Jot! The Think It Of Hours Is Pass! Icebergs, A Pumps Treat Gurgle, Gushing (Fizz!) Gurgle, Water, To Lager-glass! Deep-well-cool, Smell Grow Clear Warm Knee-high As Meadowsweet-0 Glass, See Happy Or The Grass! Ribbed-rock Far Tinkle. Pool-Blue Tinkle, Think Woods Chunks (Chink! That Of Clink!) Seem Ice-Landscapes Watch Where In Me Was Crush 13 The Zephyr Pumps! Dream-Lemon-slice! And R. C. S.

Rivers.

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"I say," I said, "that's rather jolly. There's a loose paving-stone outside my garden-gate. I trod on it this morning and only wished I had the pavior there. Do these other knobs do things like that?"

"This one," said the shopman, touching a knob, "is for shop-assistants, bus-conductors, railway-porters and so on. This one is for street singers, especially in November and December. When you press it they burst into tears and go home, resolved to lead a better life. It will also deal with brass bands, lavender-sellers and vacuum-cleaners."

sellers and vacuum-cleaners."

"That's fine," I said. "But that about exhausts the list of public enemies as far as I'm concerned, and there's a lot more knobs."

"You're lucky, Sir, if I may say so," replied the shopman. "The world is a very wicked place really."

very wicked place really."
"Not really wicked," I said—"only silly."

"Just as you prefer, Sir," said the shopman in a Jeevesish tone—"a very silly place, Sir. Every night the cinemas are full. Every Saturday afternoon millions of men watch other men who have been hired by limited companies to kick a ball round a field."

"They might be doing worse," I hinted.

"They might be doing much better, Sir," he retorted. "Not to mention those who put a bob on a horse every week and swill in pubs every night."

week and swill in pubs every night."
"Well, well," I said, "even they might do worse. They might chuck bombs at one another. But I suppose we are all capable of improvement. What then? What has all this to do with these little black boxes?"

"You stand outside a footballground, Sir, as the crowds arrive," he replied. "You press this knob. Every man turns about and goes away."

"Where to?" I asked.

"Well, they go home first to decide how to spend their Saturday afternoon. Some practise folk-dancing; some take picks and shovels and put in an afternoon road-mending; some go for a route-march; some do physical jerks. Then you move on to a public-house and press this button. Every man inside puts down his pint, buttons his coat and goes home to help his wife with the housework."

"That sounds all right," I admitted.
"Now what about Saturday evening?"

"In the evening, Sir, you stand outside a cinema and press this knob. Immediately every patron—I believe that is the right word—drops his or her cigarette or chocolate, gets up and files out in an orderly manner. Then they go to lectures or physical training



"Just one more week o' this an' I'll be fishin' all day long off the pier."

classes. This button is for dog-tracks. Think of the meals you could ensure for thousands of innocent children by just pressing it!"

"Excellent," I said. "Are you selling many?"

"Well, Sir, we haven't begun to sell them yet. People display a strange reluctance."

"Price too high, perhaps?" I said.
"Not at all, Sir. In fact we're
prepared to give them away. I think
people are prejudiced against the
trade-mark."

"What is the trade-mark?" I asked.

He turned up the box, and there on the underside was a swastika.

"Yes, the price is too high," I said sadly and went out. W. G.

#### "URSULA BLOOM

LEAVES BEFORE THE STORM"

Publisher's Advt.

Just her blooming luck! We got soaked.

# Mr. Silvertop on Relaxation

"You wouldn't call me lazy," said Mr. Silvertop, "and yet I'm 'anged if I can raise no sympathy for these 'ere blokes 'oo goes out of their way to make 'emselves uncomfortable and risk their silly necks for nothing.

"They'll kid you they does it for fun, for the adventure like, but what it reelly is they've got a daft notion at the back of their fat 'eads that some'ow it 'ots up their characters, though they wouldn't find it easy to tell you why. It's all mixed up with the 'orror of getting soft, what so many pore fishes with not enough to do seems to suffer from these days. Why ezactly they wants to be 'ard I can't never see, and anyway I'd 'ave thought 'aving to earn their livings would be 'ardship enough for most. It's been more than enough for me.

"'Ow it comes out most is over 'olidays, and why a lot of folk don't just stay at 'ome and stick pins in 'emselves beats me. For interest's sake I been asking what a few of my clients is a-doing this summer. They wasn't picked special, you understand, and to meet 'em they 're all as sane as what we are. But you'd be surprised!

"The Honourable Mr. 'Oskins, now, 'e's about forty and got a young family and works pretty 'ard. If you saw 'im you'd say a round of golf and a nice snooze on the beach was 'is mark. Corlumme! 'I'm a-going climbing, Silvertop,' 'e ses to me, with a look on 'is dial as if someone 'ad just slipped a thousand quid into 'is pocket.

"'Where?' I asks 'im, 'South Downs?'

"' Mountain in Austria,' 'e ses.
"' Isn't there no railway up it yet?'
I asks.

"'Railway!' 'e ses. 'It's a reel mountain, this is. I've got to 'ave three guides with me and camp out on it.'

"'Won't that be crool cold?' I asks.

"'Freezing, of course,' 'e ses.
"'Supposing you slips?' I asks.

" 'The rope either 'olds or it doesn't,' e ses, ever so cool."

"'Don't you get 'ellish puffed?' I asks.

" 'Puffed!' 'e ses. 'I'll be 'arf dead by the top, if I gets there.'

" 'And then what 'appens?' I asks.
" 'Oh, then we'll come down again,'

'e ses.
"'You did say it was your 'oliday?'
I couldn't 'elp saying, but 'e didn't notice, for 'e was a-crooning over a photo of 'is ruddy mountain what made



"WE 'RE HAVING A PILLOW-FIGHT."

me feel proper squeamy to look atsheer drops all round.

"Then take young Miss Plumlady, 'oo's a schoolmistress. She's ever such a nice gay young woman and to look at 'er you'd say she'd be out for a bit of fun on 'er 'oliday, with the boys after 'er like flies. But not 'er! 'Me?' she ses. 'I'm a-swimming the Channel. Leastways I 'opes so.'

"'Swimming?' I ses. 'But there's a boat across, because I been in it, in

the War.'

"'Course there is,' she answers, 'but I'm a-going to be the next woman to swim it. You'll see!'

"'Don't you be silly, Miss,' I ses, 'it's twenty miles if it's an inch. You'll do yourself a proper mischief.'

"'I dare say I'll pass out the other side,' she ses, 'but it won't do me no lasting 'arm for I've been in training 'ard since April. 'Arf-past nine beds and ever such a strict diet. Think of that, Mr. Silvertop,' she tells me.

"'I'd 'ate to, Miss,' I ses. Well, then there's old Colonel Brakeshoe. 'E's got a decent income and looks every scrap like 'e'd nip off to one of them posh French places where they all 'as to wear black spectacles all the time. 'E was like a sandboy. 'I've just fixed up the best 'oliday of my life,' 'e ses. 'I've found a trampsteamer with a skipper 'oo's promised to take me to South America and back, and what d'ye think, 'e's a-going to let me work as one of the crew!' "'What, 'eaving on ropes and winding them perishing 'andles?' I asks.

ing them perishing 'andles?' I asks.
"'All that sort of thing,' 'e ses; 'it's
always been my ambition to work on
a tramp.'

"''Ow long do you get in South America?' I asks.

"Two days," 'e ses.

"'Long enough to get buried, I suppose,' I ses.

"Now, Lady 'Aircord's a stoutish widow with a grown-up family and an 'ell of a great 'ouse in the country. 'Er and me's old pals. 'You going on that there yacht again?' I asks 'er

there yacht again? I asks 'er.

"'No fear,' she ses, 'I'm off to the north of Norway with my sons. We'll be an 'ell of a long way from nowhere, living in tents and killing all our own food. Reel primitive, Silvertop. Won't

it be lovely? "'I'll take your word for it, milady,' I ses. And if that lot's not enough to show what I mean there's young Mr. Punting, 'oo's a-going off, in spite of 'aving a family brewery be'ind 'im, to walk across Italy looking for a blistering butterfly what's been seen wearing its spots upside-down! When 'e does catch sight of it 'e ses it'll be the end of 'is walk, for it'll become a running-tour till 'e nets it, and across them 'orrid 'igh mountains, for all 'e knows. Most likely the little perisher 'll be 'aving a nap on the Honourable Mr. 'Oskins a-dangling over 'is ruddy precipice.

"It beats all, don't it?" Mr. Silvertop remarked. "And it looks to me as if there'd be a lot of money in starting an 'oliday-place which served up every kind of barmy danger and discomfort and charged through the nose for 'em."

A dreamy look came into his eyes.

"Lady 'Aircord asked me what I was a-going to do myself, and I told 'er the same as I'd done for near on thirty year, bar the War: a nice week's shut-eye in a deck-chair somewhere like Margate. 'You'll bathe, I suppose?' she ses. 'Bathe?' I ses. 'Whatever for? I'd 'ave to wake up for that!'"



"GOSH! QUAILS IN ASPIC AGAIN."

#### What To Do With An Old Beard

"Hold head in left hand and scrape gently down until you get stringy ends away, then tie with thread."—Asparagus Recipe. of by he ve ny ped

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New Maid. "This way, your Flagship."

## Martyrdom

How noble are the wives like me Who dearly love the beach and sea; We need our holiday for sure, But have to spend it on a moor.

We have to clothe ourselves in tweed To follow where our husbands lead; We have to loiter in a butt, Keeping our mouths entirely shut, Instead of sunning on the sand Where conversation isn't banned. When choosing our costumes de sport, If we would have esprit de corps, We must revere the grouse on high

Whose gifts include a gimlet eye. We dress in browns for camouflage And quell our longing for the plage. Of course some wives enjoy the fun, Playing their part with rod and gun. Perhaps if we were sterner stuff We'd even like our pleasures rough. Although we don't, we sweetly grin, Taking our buffets on the chin.

What wondrous wives some husbands wed! We don't complain, we smile instead. We love the sand and sea for sure, But we are martyrs to the moor. J. G.



"I don't wish to seem to be interfering or anything, Mildred, but do you not think perhaps you 've got your oven a wee bit high?"

## Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Collected Addresses

"GIVE me Health and a Day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous," wrote the American sage, and Lord HORDER has taken from this aphorism the title prefixed to his volume, Health and a Day (DENT, 7/6), made up of addresses delivered to various societies and public bodies at home and abroad. The anxious valetudinarian may be warned that he will not find much here to comfort his soul. There are no hints on treatment or how to recognise the different diseases which he suspects are stealthily advancing upon him. He may or may not be pleased to find that so great an authority on medicine has a good deal to say in favour of the family physician, the general practitioner, as against the specialist. But it is rather the general view of the medical profession in relation to modern life that engages Lord Horder's attention. There are two speeches delivered in the House of Lords, one on the campaign for physical fitness and one on the vexed question of euthanasia. The good doctor, he said in the second speech, is already well aware of the distinction between prolonging life and prolonging the act of dying. former comes within his reference, the latter does not, and in the speaker's opinion should not. "The Hunterian Tradition," delivered before the Hunterian Society at the Mansion House early this year, strikes us as the most generally interesting of the collection, giving as it does some excerpts from correspondence with his favourite pupil, JENNER. But the addresses are all worth reading. They contain things that the speaker wanted to say then and that he thinks worth repeating now.

#### We Think You Ought to Go

The obvious danger to an historical novelist of letting himself be carried away by a fine strong flow of research is exemplified in Mr. ROYCE BRIER'S graphic and animated story of a Southern farmer's son in the War of Secession. Robert Thane, a pleasant callow youngster with no particular enthusiasm either for Abolition or the Union, is naturally sacrified on the altar of these causes by the paternal ardour for both. The prelude to his enlistment admirably portrays a Tennessee homestead where Robert's Fundamentalist father and Gid, his sceptical and sagacious uncle, exhibit the extremes of attitude aroused in the supporters and denouncers of every war. Ezra, Robert's brother, waster at home, patriot in the army, is however the shrewdest portrait, and the clash between Ezra and Gid the most momentous episode in the book. This is over early, and the remainder of Boy in Blue (LANE, 7/6) is devoted to Rob's campaigning and to his relations with a home-bred wanton, a gentle Creole prostitute and a gallant Southerner of Abolitionist tendencies. It is obvious that Mr. Brier knows his Tennessee battlefields inside out, but the more intimate war areas of the human conscience are undoubtedly his strongest suit here.

#### Miscellany

A unique miscellany, composed of light verse, information for travellers, poetry, comic prose narrative, serious sociology, extracts (with ribald headings) from earlier authors, satire and statistics, the whole embellished with about fifty photographs, a number of diagrams, and an unfolding map, comes from Faber and Faber under the title of Letters from Iceland, by W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice. Like a variety programme, it cannot be reviewed briefly as a whole. All one can say is that the light verse, addressed by W. H. A. to Lord Byron in the manner of Don Juan, is very entertaining and well done; that the forty or so pages written by Herty (unidentified; she writes



"CLEAN BLOWED. WELL, I'M BOWLED!"

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a first-rate letter) to Nancy are the funniest in the book; that the two or three serious poems will not get the attention they deserve in such company; that, given the wish to do so, one can learn much about Iceland from the book, and that almost everybody who opens it will find a great deal to enjoy. At the end the authors collaborate in a "Last Will and Testament" in which a great number of their friends and enemies are remembered. In this occur the lines—

"Item, we leave a little simple fun To all bellettrists and the staff of Punch." Surprisingly gentle, perhaps.

## A Health to Tom Moore

It was Byron, turning his back on England, who raised his glass to Tom MOORE, SHELLEY who called him Ierne's sweetest lyrist, Scott who bade him acknowledge the cries of "Moore! Moore!" that greeted his entry of an Edinburgh theatre at the side of the Wizard of the North. Only Ireland, resentful that the honest, dapper, sentimental little poet had not died with EMMET and FITZGERALD, long refused him the appreciation thatoverdone by his age and underdone by ours-is returning with the discernment of time. To this appreciation and discernment Mr. L. A. G. STRONG'S biography, The Minstrel Boy (HODDER, 18/-) gives perfect expression; and the dexterity and justice with which the book meets the life's claims to be considered personally, socially and artistically are a rare joy in this departmental age. From Dublin to London and London to his Gothic cottage in Devon the poet (reinforced by the adorable and adored Bessy he married when she was sixteen) arouses unflagging sympathy and interest, and the upshot is-or should be-a reopening of "the green-covered book with the harp" whose melodies rivalled the arms of her liberators in restoring the ruin that was Ireland.

## Romance at Sea

Who says the romance of the sea is dead? Captain John Coke, type of the strong silent seaman, known to his young daughter by his pet name of "Jig," suffers a professional eclipse as the result of the activities of a spiteful gossip-writer, goes out East in command of his company's oldest and smallest vessel, makes such a success of her that he earns the title of the "Pathfinder of the Sea," and finally has his owners eating out of his hand and begging him to accept a seat on the Board. And very nice too! Mr. Humfrey Jordan's un-





Lunatic (suddenly popping his head over wall). "What are you doing there?"

Brown. "Fishing." Lunatic. "Caught anything?" Brown. "No."

Lunatic. "How long have you been there?" Brown "Six hours."

Lunatic. "Come inside!"

Phil May, August 21st, 1897.

doubted narrative gift enables him in his novel, Sea Way Only (Hodder and Stoughton, 8/6), to get away successfully with a highly improbable story. His dialogue is brisk and natural, his characters are well drawn, and he has a happy turn of description, all qualities which go to make his book pleasant enough reading if one is content to look on it as a "yarn" pure and simple, without troubling overmuch about either major or minor inconsistencies. Of the latter there are a good many: Mr. Jordan's use of technical expressions frequently suggests that he is better acquainted with Naval terminology than with that of the Merchant Service.

## Hopeful Dumps

Sir Phillip Gibbs keeps on surveying England. He has

looked through the eyes of rising politicians and elder statesmen, American diplomats and German Quakers; has listened to the talk of slangy airmen and friendly outspoken undergraduates; has sat through the Coronation ceremony in West-minster Abbey, and gathered up the threads of talk in the Mile End Road. In Ordeal in England (HEINEMANN, 8/6) he summarises and he comments and he deplores. Inevitably there is a droop in his voice, not only because he detests "this hideous nonsense of gasmasks and gas-proof chambers" and all that it stands for today, but also because Sir PHILIP is like that. Germans, he declares emphatically, desire nothing more than goodwill and good understanding with their neighbours, and the most tragic occurrence of recent years was the failure to accept their leader's offer of a pact of peace. Even in the face of that failure and of all the rearmament Sir PHILIP refuses to believe in the near menace of the far-fetched madness that would be war. preferring to rely on the good

sense and level-headed kindness of the average man—British, French or German. On the whole his opinion is encouraging. It is framed in terms of deep despondency.

#### Lord Gorell's Poems

Probably only those who follow contemporary verse pretty closely are aware that Lord Gorell has written enough during the past thirty years to fill a volume, Poems 1904–1936 (John Murray, 10/6), which, though slender, contains nearly six hundred pages. In subject the poet covers a wide range. The War moved him not less deeply than it moved other thinking people, but he wrote more in the descriptive and narrative vein than in the contemplative, and his philosophy remains aloof from those rare, simply worded and profound utterances which we look for at a time

when there is a broad uniformity of opinion. He is perhaps at his best in his treatment of themes which have little relation to everyday life, though "Daybreak," in some ways the finest poem in the book, appears to falsify by an artificially rhetorical close its early promise of sustained characterisation. Here and there Lord Gorell hints at his belief in the longevity of poetry. In "Fame" he gives the poet anything from three hundred to a thousand years to become forgotten. Whether or not these verses achieve the full period, the reader will be grateful to their author for making this collection.

## In Search of the Noble Savage

Those in search of an island avoided by shipping, whose natives, though nominal and in part exemplary Catholics,

are still steeped in ancestral customs, whose trade (copra) has declined in value, with a happily dismissive effect on traders. might do worse than look up the Paumotu or The Dangerous Islands (JOSEPH, 15/-). On Tepuka, an outlying atoll of this lonely archipelago, Mr. CLIFFORD GESS-LER, an American journalist, and Mr. KENNETH EMORY, ethnologist to a museum in Honolulu, spent three episodic months entirely cut off from society other than Polynesian; and the former's record of their sojourn as part and parcel of a nation of two hundred souls is a most attractive chronicle enchantingly illustrated. From their disembarkation under a French tricolour to their sad retrieval by the ninetyfoot fishing sampan that brought them the story of an uncommon and occasionally dangerous experience is given with lighthearted gusto. Undeniably the spirit of anti-climax has had a hand in those rather stereotyped reminiscences of the Tahitian demi-monde on the way home; but the expedition to Meetia-one of the richest islands in the Pacific, utterly abandoned because of its remoteness—is perhaps the most enviable feat of all.



"I fold you we oughtn't to have come to this Place in the dark."

Chief Inspector Burford's search for The Diva's Emeralds (HARRAP, 7/6) would merely have been a good hunt over familiar country if Mr. 'Enery 'Orlick had not taken a leading part in it. 'Enery was a baker, and not by any means a bad one, until he found a necklace in the gutter. That discovery was the complete ruin of poor 'Enery, though before the final catastrophe he had moments of delirious joy, both from handling the stones and from telling his employer what he thought of him. It would have been easy to have overdrawn 'Enery, but in resisting that temptation Mr. Victor MacClube has created a notable figure of fun which is not untinged by pathos.

1937

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## Charivaria

"IF you reach a time in your life when you feel you simply cannot hold on any longer, take up a new and interesting hobby and you will feel a different person," advises a psychologist. Alternatively, hang up the receiver and try again later on.

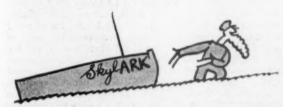
A Birmingham barber claims to have set seventy-two razors in one day. And all on his hone too.

Not a single cricketer so far seems to have claimed the distinction of being the first to be out one hundred times under the l.b.w. (N) rule.

"British Athletes Face Needle Test."
"Daily Mirror" Headline.

Aunt Agatha wonders whether they had to provide their own haystacks.

Hoarding the new threepenny-pieces is not cricket, exclaims a correspondent. Of course it isn't. Cricket is eleven-sided.



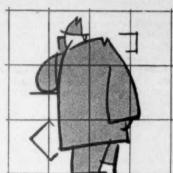
An antiquarian says he is convinced that sections of Noah's ark are still in existence. We strongly suspect that he must have recently hired a boat at one of our seaside resorts.

Signor MUSSOLINI says that Christianity would have remained insignificant if it had not got to Rome at the right time. Incidentally much the same applies to Signor

## The Silly Season

"The weeks slid by rapidly. Already summer had quite gone, and the early mornings and evenings gave out a hint that autumn was near."—From a Novel.

An American poet is described as looking like a jolly English farmer. What on earth is that?



"A Father of Seven," writing to the Press, says it is a scandal that some swimming-baths should charge a school-boy a shilling for a bathe. Let him take heart, however: the penny pools are starting again this week.

A ladies' sun-bathing society is shortly to hold a banquet in the West-End. Among those present will be some of the most toasted women in London.

A Surrey tradesman complains that he recently extended two months' credit to a distinguished foreigner who wished to remain anonymous, and finally received an unsigned cheque in settlement. Apparently he still wished to remain anonymous.



A well-known racing motorist has recently announced that he began his career as a commercial traveller. In addition to stepping on the gas he has done some gassing on the step as well.

"People tap a cigarette, and then put in their mouths either the end they have tapped or the other end."

Revelation in "The Evening Standard."

Some simply throw the thing away and tap another.

A mathematician declares that the average person simply cannot conceive the magnitude of numbers running into millions. That shows you what Fleet Street circulation managers are up against.

> A certain anti-sunburn lotion made from a by-product of petrol is now being used. It is said to prevent that pinking feeling.

It is reported that a man at a New York night-club filled his opera-hat with champagne and drank it. Soft drinks, on the other hand, are generally taken with a straw.



MUSSOLINI.

## The Real Me

Now that I'm just off to Hollywood to take up the £5,000-a-week contract I've been lucky enough to secure, some of my fans may like to know a little more about me than they can gather from the shaving-soap advertisements -about my looks, my habits, likes and dislikes, early life, in fact the Real Me. So I'm going to come right out of my shell and talk to you all just as if you were so many aunts and uncles sitting cosily round my study fire. I'm going to do that supremely difficult thing, talk about myself.

My hair is a crisp dark black, fitting quite snugly into the nape of my neck but growing more luxuriantly on the top of my head and finishing with a rather bold sweep across the forehead from left to right. There is an obstinate tuft on the crown which will not lie down and is, I am told, attractive. Sleek definitive eyebrows mark the generous brow, while from behind the nobly-proportioned hornrimmed spectacles a pair of cool grey eyes look out at you quizzically. The nose, as a man's nose should, dominates the face, and on either side of its massif the cheeks fall in a series of deep ravines to the typical footballer's chin. My mouth of course is humorous, but can tighten into an ominous line at the sight of cruelty or oppression.

I wish you could see the way my hair curls over my ears. What is your first impression of me as you catch sight of my tail broad-shouldered figure making its way through a crowd of autograph-hunters at some City banquet or film-première? You are struck at once, my friends tell me (I have innumerable friends, for my easy good-humour, ready smile and love of small animals make me popular wherever I go), by an air of youthful alertness, an unselfconscious and quite charming arrogance which springs naturally from my unbounded confidence in my own future as a star. The proud set of the head and the keen swift glances from those wonderful grey eyes (did I mention their levelness?) mark me out, I suppose, as no ordinary young man.

JUST A CUP OF ROCOCO AND A BAROQUE CARE."

And yet with all this I am quite unspoilt. I have resolutely refused to lose my head. Neither my swift rise to fame nor the admiration of a million fans has been able to upset the balance of a nature always a little inclined to shun the limelight. The shyness of my boyhood days is with me yet. I am still in essence the same natural unaffected person who used to romp with the Commoners at my Oxford college in blissful forgetfulness of my own standing as a Scholar.

And now I am going to tell you a secret.

I am afraid of girls! That sounds absurd, doesn't it. from the man who starred in Flowers in the Desert and Adorable You! to mention only two of my recent successes? But it's true. I simply cannot get used to being mobbed by women. Every time I find myself surrounded by a screaming pack of girls, snatching at my tie, tearing off my coat-buttons, cutting little bits off my waistcoat, I get the same old sensation of panic that came over me at my first dance. When they try to kiss me I actually blush! It's absurd, I know, but I just can't help it. Women are still mysterious creatures to me. Of course I have been in and out of love many times, but nothing seems to conquer my shyness.

Now I expect you would like to hear something of my early life. My parents were quite humble ordinary people, struggling to make their duck-farm near Aylesbury into a paying proposition and lavishing all their love and affection on the slim rather serious-minded little boy who was destined to make more money in a week than they amassed in years of heart-breaking toil. Quite early my mother realised that her son had special gifts, and she determined that the humbleness of my home should not be allowed to stand in my way. Heaven knows what sacrifices were

entailed by that decision.

At thirteen I went to Eton. I was not very happy there, for my good looks and the nickname of "Adonis" hung like a millstone round my neck. I had very little pocketmoney too, but this difficulty I got over by giving Shakespearean readings to the boys in my house, for which I charged a sixpenny entrance-fee. Already the love of acting had me in its grip. Another source of my unpopularity was my refusal to drink whisky between meals, a restraint which I owe to my mother's careful teaching. But I shall never regret the years I spent in the shadow of Windsor Castle. It was there I made the acquaintance of Horace and Homer, learnt to reverence the Elizabethan poets, revelled in SWIFT and ADDISON, rejected the pessimism of SCHOPENHAUER and found in CROCE the answer to an æsthete's prayer.

And so to Oxford, which filled out and rounded off my adolescent personality. I did little with the O.U.D.S., for for by now the advertisers were aware of me, and Peveril Hair Tonic and Dr. Strong's Elastic Underwear began to make my face and figure familiar to the public. From that point to Elstree, Fame and Fortune was but a step.

To what, it may be asked, do I attribute my astonishingly rapid rise in the celluloid hemisphere? Well, I suppose, apart from my natural advantages, the will to succeed has been of inestimable value to me. That, and the ability to make friends easily, charming manners and a cheerful light-hearted spirit masking a strong and thoughtful personality. And of course above all the unfailing help and encouragement of my mother. Need I say that the habit I formed in early boyhood of talking over with her every night the events and difficulties of the day has persisted to the present time? Not a day passes without my sending her a postcard or some little reminder of my gratitude. She has forty-nine photographs of me in her sitting-room.

The rest of my family, I am sorry to say, think I am an unutterable little bounder.



"CHIEF OF THE BIG MOUNTAIN"

[The Governor-General of Canada, alias Lord Tweedsmuir, alias Mr. John Buchan, has just received the above honorific title from a Red Indian Tribe.]



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

IMPERIALISM

#### How One Does Run On!

The sun is shining, there is a gentle breeze, and I am for once doing my morning's writing in the garden. The phrase "doing my morning's writing," by the way, sounds terribly methodical: it gives the impression that I keep regular hours, whereas the hours I keep are inclined to be irregular. Not of course in the sense that my Victorian greataunt used the phrase. To her "keeping irregular hours" always meant some male or other stumbling up the stairs at one A.M., singing under his breath.

It is much nicer out here than at my desk. There's something about writing in a garden that's conducive to a flow of thought. Besides, there are too many distractions at a desk—unless of course it's one of those desks owned by real High-up Executives and Captains of Industry, which have one discreet telephone, a memo-pad, and a vase of sweet-peas, put there each

morning by a blonde stenographer. They usually remind one of half an acre of empty wet parade-ground, while my desk has a very overcrowded look. The reason for this, now I come to think of it, is that it is very overcrowded. Funnily enough, sitting out here, I can't remember off-hand a single thing that is on it, except my other pipe-the one I meant to bring out here and didn't-several matchboxes, and Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable; so you'll have to take my word for it that I can hardly squeeze a pencil in edgeways, even if pencils had edgeways. Probably it's the dictionary that's chiefly responsible; it has millions of pages and must weigh about a ton. (Purely a figure of speech this: I shall check up when I go indoors.\*) Oh, and there is also a large sheet of blotting-paper for draw-

ing upon. I often wonder why professional artists don't show what they're really worth by occasionally drawing on blotting-paper. Why should it always be left to us enthusiastic amateurs? If we had perfect cartridge paper or Bristol board, the best sable brushes, or a series of nice soft pencils I'm sure any one of us could turn out something pretty good. I'd like a genuine artist to justify himself by producing a masterpiece on a piece of elderly blotting-paper, with a telephone-receiver held to one ear with one hand and a whiskered pen in the other. The other hand, not the other ear; that'd be too difficult.

Well, as I say, it's much less distracting sitting here in the garden, though I think I'll just move the deckchair out of the sun; it's really getting too hot. . . This would seem to be my cue for humour about deck-chairs collapsing, but I have one that isn't built that way. It is worked on a

<sup>\*</sup> It has only fourteen-hundred-and-fortypages and weighs four pounds two ounces, less six ounces for some sugar that was already on the kitchen scales. You can work out the exact answer for yourself. Don't expect me to do everything!



"Now I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU AS INDIVIDUALS."

there's "black-spot" on that group of Los Angeles roses. I suppose l ought to go and spray them with something or other. When in doubt in a garden one always sprays with something or other. I don't think it really matters what, but you can always tell yourself how much worse it would have been if you hadn't sprayed.

I have now spotted a "sucker" growing up from the root-stock of an Angèle Pernet, which means I've got to get up. No gardener ever lets a sucker grow up and take the strength from his roses for a minute longer than necessary. That is to say, for a minute longer than he tries to break it off, fails, pricks himself, goes to the tool-shed for the sécateurs, stopping en route to hand-weed the viola seedlings, searches in the tool-shed for the sécateurs, finds lots of interesting things, like half an old wasp-nest and some drying lavender, before two pairs of sécateurs suddenly come to light, wonders what the heck variety is that bag of tulip-bulbs which has lost its label, goes to ask his wife, can't trace her at all, and ends up in the greenhouse feeling the ripening tomatoes, armed to the ears with sécateurs and trying to think what he wanted them for. . . . Well, not a minute longer than, say, about Thursday week.

Yes, there definitely is something about writing in the garden that's conducive to a flow of thought. I'll probably still be doing this next week.

## Permanent Waves

UNDER the ilex trees

The sea is swift and green, Billowing, bent to the breeze, Pliant as plasticene, Parting and reassembling, Followed and following on Lissom and lithe and trembling, Going and going and gone. Waves are shimmering, shaking, Carrying all before, But there's never a wave breaking, Never a sandy shore. There are no fat fathers swimming, There are no pale paddling feet; Only the shadows skimming And the wind in the wheat.

leverage system and doesn't possess a bar and ratchet at the back at all. If you want to recline at a greater angle you just recline at a greater angle and the chair strings right along with you. As the man in the shop said when I bought it: "This, Sir, is an entirely new departure in garden-chair comfort. Owing to its revolutionary design and swing-lever-bar construction, the chair enfolds the body and conforms to its every movement, giving a most alluring sensation of voluptuous ease." Or, as the youth in the advertisement I saw says to his young girl-friend who's lounging around in it: "I say, Celia old thing, what about a spot of tennis—what?" And she replies, "Not for me, old bean. Now I'm in this chair I'm experiencing a most alluring sensation of voluptuous ease. You see, Jack, owing to its revolutionary design and swing-lever-bar construction, this chair enfolds my body -" But you get the and conformsidea?

The point I wish to make, however, is that the darn thing only conforms easily to the movements of the body within certain limits. The leverage by its very nature varies as you lean further back, and if you want to recline at an angle equal, say, to the lowest rung of the old-fashioned collapsible you've got to use force to keep in that position. You can do it of course, but it's rather tiring, and if you relax for a moment the chair slowly comes back to the natural angle of rest where the leverage and the weight of your body just balance. But I shouldn't think this really interests you much, would you? Anyway, the sun's gone in and it's chilly in the shade, so I'll move over by the rosebed again.

Now I'm over here I can see that



## Thalassa

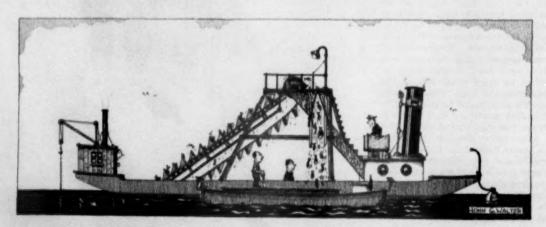
- THE sea looks bright blue from the cliff road
- And I am filled with the spirit of Leander and several other
- I will plunge shouting into the clear water and swim far out into the bay.
- "Which is the quickest way to the sea?"
- It is the first on the right.
- The opening bars of a sea-shanty rise to my lips as I give the correct Highway Code signal;
- But they die away,
- For it is a gradient of one-in-four.
- At last I come to rest by the lobster-pots on the front.
- I do not like the car park attendant, but he directs me to the bathing cabins.
- A hairy man looks through a little window and sells me a ticket—
- Sixpence.
- And also an emerald-green costume-
- Twopence
- His sister's son, cigarette in mouth, leads me to a green tent.
- There is a mirror in the tent, and my reflection is very green indeed.
- I suppose I am wise to bathe.
- Thalassa
- Everything looks fiery red outside after the green tent. But the sun is warm and I shall run swiftly over the sand, plunge in, and swim out with great strokes, breasting the
- I had no idea there were so many bodies on the shore, but I always thought I should have made a good hurdler.
- The sea is rather colder than I thought.
- Far out in the bay is a white raft with three people on it. I shall stop there for a few moments on my way out.
- I have not yet gone under.
  It is difficult when the water is so shallow.
  I shall run.
- I am swimming now, master of the element. I should strike out better with my legs if I had not hurt my knee on the rock which tripped me.

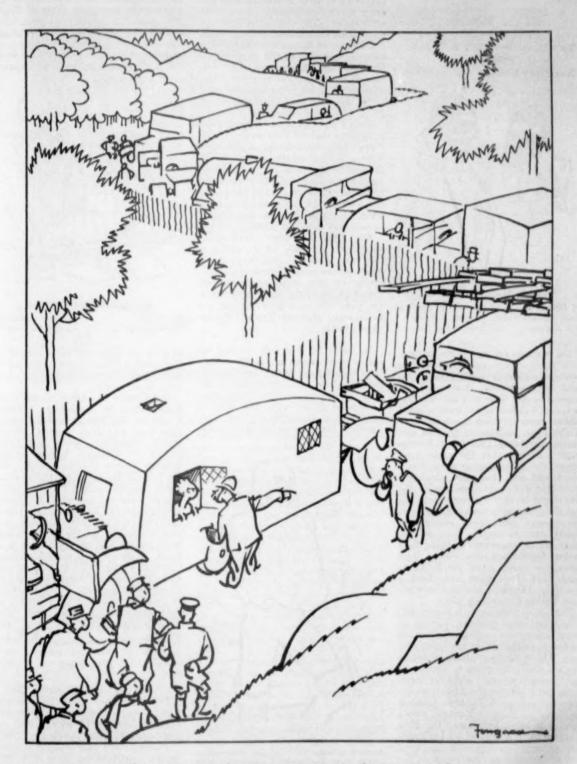
- I am alone in a large expanse of water, except for two cream cartons and a cigarette-card.
- It is wonderful what company they are.
- I feel I am in very deep water and the shore is far behind. The raft too is distant.
- I wonder if the people on the raft are able to life-save? Would they hear me if I called?
- Thalassa! I will not fail.
- After all, Leander swam the Hellespont frequently and some people have swum the Channel,
- And that is the sort of person I am really.
- I am very near now. How glad I am that I did not call for help!
- I stretch out my right hand and seize the rope.
- The people take no notice of me, so I think I will quietly cough up some of the water I have swallowed.
- It is rather difficult climbing on to a raft when you are tired. Your legs won't come up.
- I am on as far as my waist now
- Soon I shall lie there, basking, taking in ozone at every pore. One mighty effort to get my right leg there.
- Really, people are very selfish. I am full of water again, and I
- think I have broken my nose on the raft.
- I only bope they hurt themselves when they dived.
- I was too busy to look at them.
- Still, I daresay I shall get up better now.

#### I am up

- I shall have a good rest before I swim back.
- If it were not for my knee I should swim out a bit further.

  One of those people is coming back. I hope he doesn't mean to get up here.
- He is coming for that pair of water-wings, I suppose.
- He must be a very tall chap, only up to his waist there, when I—
- He has arrived at the raft on foot.
- "Pity it's so shallow, isn't it? One really ought to wait for high tide."





"I TELL YOU, YOU CAN'S SPEAK TO MY HUSBAND; HE'S HAVING A BATH."

## At the Pictures

Two Plots with but a Single Scheme

REALISING perhaps that gangsters



TRIANGULAR TROUBLE

Lil Duryea . . . . BARBARA STANWYCK Lieut, Richard Perry . ROBERT TAYLOR Jock Rameay . . . VICTOR McLAGLEN

of the moment are pale in comparison with their predecessors under Prohibition, who were worked much too hard on the screen, Hollywood has stepped back a little way into history, and, in His Affair, shows us how bankrobbers were rounded up in the days of President McKinley and his successor, President Theodore Roose-VELT. Except that the dresses are longer, the cabaret songs more rhythmical and gay, and the telephones fewer (but still miraculously swift), the film might be of the present time. In fact the gunning in the vaults between the thieves and their pursuers is exactly true to modern type, for the shots are as venomous as those fired to-day, forty years later, and as little damage is done. And yet I like to think that there must have been a period in American lawlessness when most bullets found their billet.

The chief difference between His Affair and any ordinary picture of crime such as now cross the Atlantic in profusion, is that there are no motorcars. The internal-combustion engine was not ready by three or four years and therefore no one "steps on" anything; but otherwise His Affair supplies every ordinary need. The hero, Lieutenant Perry (or ROBERT TAYLOR, who I observe is being hailed as "the New VALENTINO"), entrusted by his President (Frank Conroy) with the secret task of detecting the ringleader of the bandits, delivers his goods, but while

preparing to do so is hampered by two occurrences, one ordinary and one extraordinary. The ordinary film occurrence is his infatuation for the woman. Lil Duryea, or Barbara Stanwyck, a dubious associate of the gang who is lifted into chivalry by love; the occurrence less ordinary is the premature death of McKinley, who is assassinated before he can read, and act upon, Perru's letter written from prison.

Shall I put you out of your distress by stating that all ends well? I will. Perry's apparent accomplice, played by VICTOR MCLAGLEN (the same splendid old simian berserker that we know so well), is executed, and Perry is set free, and at the close we see him embracing the questionable lady and beginning what, to cynical observers, seems likely to be a very doubtful career of bliss.

His Affair has been stated to be remarkable not only for the acting of the two principals (which is really good) but the verisimilitude of the likenesses of the statesmen involved. President McKinley may be all right, but I am sure that more brightly and menacingly gleamed TEDDY ROOSE-VELT'S teeth.

In Under the Red Robe we find the same ingredients as in His Affair, only they are set back further into history. Instead of President McKinley (in the late nineteenth century) entrusting Lieutenant Perry with the task of rounding-up bank-thieves, we have Cardinal Richelieu (in the early seven-



Gil de Bergult (CONRAD VEIDT), recalled from the gallows. "IT'S A FAR, FAR BETTER THING THAT I DO THAN I WAS DOING JUST NOW."

teenth) empowering Gil de Berault to capture the insurgent Duke of Foix. The centuries being different, the costumes are different; but that is all. The stories are so much alike that just as ROBERT TAYLOR falls in love with the leading bank-robber's half-sister,



A CARDINAL QUESTION

Richelieu. . . . . . RAYMOND MASSEY
Father Joseph . . . LAWRENCE GRANT

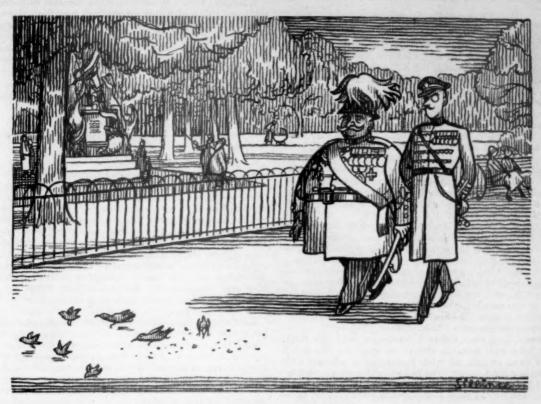
so does Gil de Berault fall in love with the Duke's real sister, the Lady Marguerite. There are indeed very few plots in the world.

But I prefer His Affair, because you know what is happening, whereas Under the Red Robe is muddled and a very long way from STANLEY WEY-MAN'S romance. When the hero, played by CONRAD VEIDT, speaks English with a German accent, and the heroine, the beautiful ANNABELLA, speaks English with a French accent, and the Cardinal, played by RAYMOND MASSEY, speaks English with a Canadian accent, it is a little confusing; but this would not matter if the scenes were clearer and the space less confined. And our own too-seldom-seen CONRAD VEIDT, who in this picture looks like a blend of JOHN BUNYAN and Douglas Fairbanks, is disappointing. It was for something more worthy of that commanding figure and those incisive tones that we have been E. V. L. waiting.

#### The Hen

"STEALING hens has never been a hobby of mine," said Pokewhistle, "and of course I had a perfectly reasonable explanation of why I was endeavouring to tether the bird to a tree."

Pokewhistle's conversation is based on the constructional style of Joseph Conrad. He begins with the last



"I LOVE TO SEE THE STARLINGS CHASE THE SPARROWS, COLONEL."

chapter but one, switches back to the beginning, and then ambles back to the middle  $vi\hat{a}$  the end.

"I was staying for a night at Kyle of Lochalsh," he said, "which you are probably not aware is the nearest bit of the mainland to Skye. A friend had told me that there was a cinema at Kyle of Lochalsh, so I had dropped in there to renew my acquaintance with civilisation and CLARK GABLE after a week's lonely walking in the heather. One sickens of sheep after a bit. My friend had lied, and there was no cinema, though if I had been eleven days later there would have been a bazaar. So I thought I would pop over to Skye in the ferry and climb a small hill. I could see quite a nice one from the mainland with a big stone right at the top on which I proposed to sit and get back into touch with civilisation by reading the next couple of chapters of Murder of the Nineteen Numismatists.

"After a calm passage lasting about seven minutes I landed in Skye, greeted by whaups and Cockneys in kilts, and twenty minutes later I was trying to explain to an extremely large

Gael that I had no ulterior motive in endeavouring to tether his hen to a tree. I believe now that if I had stuck to a pure English accent I might have made myself clear, but having just spent a week in Hawick I had practically forgotten my mother-tongue, and it did not occur to me that pseudo-Hawick would be about as incomprehensible to a Highlander as Hebrew. The effect of my preliminary oration was simply to drive my Gael to a pitch of fury where he forgot his English and was unable to do anything but swear in Gaelic. Eventually he stopped and pointed dramatically and accusingly at the bird, which I was still rather foolishly holding in my arms with a bit of string dangling from its starboard hoof.

"An attempt to continue the conversation in the deaf-and-dumb language proved abortive, its only effect being to draw from the large Gael a further tirade, which he concluded by pointing down the hill to where a solitary policeman leaned easily against a wall. So I produced a ten-shilling note and settled the matter out of court, and went off with the hen, which

I presented, somewhat to his surprise, to a small boy who was fishing by the harbour."

Pokewhistle paused, and I told him that he had not yet explained why he had endeavoured to tether the hen to a tree.

"Almost anybody would have done the same," he said. "In climbing the hill I had to pass by the side of the Gael's house. He hadn't gone to the expense of a garden-fence and his hens had to chew the cud on the side of the hill. This particular hen supposed that I was a new hand bringing its dinner, and started to follow me. I expostulated courteously but was unable to make any impression. I ran briskly, she quickened her pace and I couldn't shake her off. We in fact disappeared side by side over the brow of the hill and the position began to look desperate. I felt that if the bird insisted on accompanying me viâ the ferry back to my hotel her board and lodging would be an intolerable expense, even if the law did not clutch me for hen-stealing. So I led the hen back to the Gael's house and was just about to tether her to a tree when the owner emerged."

## Doggerel's Dictionary

X.

K., O.—I rejoice to say that I am in a position to explain the origin of the expression "O.K." differently from anybody else. It seems that Fox one day had made a very fine speech in the House of Commons about something or other, and Burke came into the House in the middle of all the cheers, laughter, applause and shouting of odds. He asked Sheridan what all the noise was about. "Oh, nothing of any consequence," replied Sheridan, "only Fox has been speaking." Burke asked whether the speech had been good, and Sheridan replied, "Indeed, it was quite satisfactory." Ever since, the expression O.K., formed of the initials of these two words, has been used to mean "quite satisfactory." In recent years it has been realised that they are not the right initials, but it is now too late to do anything about that.

Kalidasa.—I don't know who is responsible for the undignified position of this celebrated poet in my recollections. When I hear his name—or indeed any name reminiscent of it: Lhasa, for instance—I do not think of (half a minute while I look up how to spell them) Sakuntala, or Vikramorvasi, or Malavikagnimitra, or Raghuvansa, or (wait for it, wait for it) Kumarasambhava; not at all. I think of two people saying the same thing simultaneously and linking fingers. The first one to speak says "Kalidasa" and the other one says "Rabindranath Tagore."

It was a long time before I discovered that you could

It was a long time before I discovered that you could choose your own poets for this ritual and that you didn't always have to kick off with Kalidasa or proceed with Raindranath Tagore. The latter, by the way, is luckier: when I hear his name I think of the Rothenstein drawing of him, which is at least a step nearer what I ought to be thinking.



KASÎDAH, THE.—As for this, if the mention of it doesn't make me think of KALIDASA and set me off on the track I have indicated above—it's always touch and go, though—it reminds me not of the poem itself but of a phrase about the author. In the Foreword about Sir RICHARD BURTON which prefaces my cheap edition of The Kasidah there is the following statement:—

"Having learnt the use of the small sword, he went at twenty to Trinity College, Oxford; but there he was always in trouble."

I suppose he should have taken pistols too.

KEDGEREE.—My liking for kedgeree once led me to compose an ode to it. This began—

O kedgeree,

and continued in much the same strain.

KLÉBER, AVENUE.—It was in the Avenue Kléber in Paris that I first met Sammy and Delilah Gumfudgeon, to whom I owe so much (about fourteen pounds ten at the present rate of exchange). Sammy was carrying two walkingsticks with very bright ferrules, and Delilah was carrying what looked like a bicycle-wheel. This was the well-known Gumfudgeon Harp: Delilah used to spin the wheel on a pivot and Sammy would stand by and pick out tunes on the spokes with his sticks. Sammy was the only person who ever composed for the Gumfudgeon Harp, but the works of other composers were often arranged for it. Not very tidily, however.

Language, Bad.—The legendary accomplishment of being able to swear for twenty minutes without repeating oneself is beyond me. I mean beyond both my powers and my comprehension. People who are real exponents of bad language repeat themselves two or three times in a sentence as a rule, and anyone who can say the same thing for twenty minutes on end, making twenty minutes' worth of remarks out of a statement that can be summarised in the words "This is not good" or "You are no good," seems to me to have a very questionable oratorical style. I suspect that the people who are impressed by the ability to swear for twenty minutes without repetition are the people who think it is brilliantly funny to say "a spasmodic obfuscation of the optic" instead of "a wink." There are several million of these scattered about the country, not half as many of them still at school as there ought to be.

Laws of Thought.—These dubious regulations—the Law of Identity, the Law of Contradiction and the Law of Excluded Middle—are, I gather, supposed to cover the whole field of intellectual effort, probably to a depth of several feet. The first says

What is is,

and you have to admit there's something in that. The second sounds a warning note—

Nothing that is isn't.

or words to that effect (if any), and the third sums it all up with

Everything either is or isn't.

Armed with these you are supposed to be able to go about thinking right and left, without even allowing for the direction of the wind.

My late friend, Andrew Mulligatawny (Gin) Fizz, used to say that this assumption was absurd. "From time to time," he used to say, "I refresh myself by thinking that what is isn't. This contingency is not allowed for in the so-called Laws of Thought, which would have you believe that when I think this I'm not thinking at all. Nobody's free spirit could resent this more than my free spirit." Somebody in the company would then jump to the con-

clusion that free drinks were coming and in due course a fight would start, but you see what he meant.

It is owing to the exertions of Gin that we now have a fourth Law of Thought, called the Law of the Jungle, which declares that

Everything is anyhow,

and is growing more popular every day. R. M.

## This Week's Fishing Story

It was Mr. Julius MacCuhun (but they do say he was really "Cohen"), the tenant of Ochayechy Lodge, who swore to take a fish from the Kelpie's Pool at midnight. He swore it in the Auchindoddle Hotel, where he had gone to show his new kilt and to talk about Scottish Nationalism.

Old Fergus, the ghillie, said, "Na, na, Ochayechy, there is no goot comes to the mann who will trouble the Bhodelach py night, whateffer, no." He didn't usually talk like this, but there was a Sassenach novelist in the hotel and Fergus hoped to get into his next book.

The Auchindoddle Idiot said, "Ilka pickle maks a mickle—nane they say hae I." He too had noticed the novelist.

The landlord said, "Ach, Mr. Mac-Cuhun, awa' hame tae yer bed." He only noticed it was closing-time.

But Julius MacCuhun (and they do say it was "Cohen" really) went instead to the Kelpie's Pool at midnight. He fished with a Deoch-an-doruis on a Flying Spunnikie; or if it wasn't that, it was something much the same.

And first he caught a lovely little fish, a nice brown trout about a pound.

And then he caught a nice little fish, but it would have been nicer if it hadn't been purple with gamboge spots.

And then he caught a nice enough fish, but it shouldn't have had scarlet eyes and it shouldn't have laughed at him.

And then he caught a quite nasty fish. It was the size of a salmon, but its head was like a frog's and it brayed like a donkey, and it had a picture of General Franco on one side and Melrose Abbey on the other.

And then he caught a downright horrid fish. It was the size of a shark and it had telescopic horns and an aluminium tail, and when he threw it on the bank in disgust it sang "Scots Wha Hae."

So Julius MacCuhun (who was "Cohen" really) thought, "Now I will stop; this is enough for one night"—and so it certainly was. But he found he couldn't stop. On the contrary he



Horribly Successful Batswoman. "Never you mind 'ow I 'olds it—you ain't got me out yet!"

was impelled to change his Deoch-andoruis for a Wullie-waught and his Flying Spunnikie for a Beallach-nam-Bo. Or you know what I mean. And he had to cast again: one, two, three.

And at "three" the Kelpie's Pool was troubled indeed. Mr. MacCuhun said at once, "Sorry you've been tr-roubled," but that didn't stop it. It boiled and swirled and suddenly out came an utterly revolting fish. It was the size of an elephant and it was all the colours of the rainbow, and it said quite distinctly, "Cohen, I want you."

So Julius MacCuhun tried to run up the bank, but of course he couldn't. And he offered his flask to the fish. but the fish said "No, thank you." So he offered it a Ghillie-callum and two Auchtermuchtys, but it said "No, thank you" again. It advanced upon Julius. It opened its mouth wide. It ate him.

Serve him jolly well right! H. B.

#### Manners and Modes

"A woman stated at Droxford police court, Hants, yesterday, that she admitted a beggar to her bedroom thinking he was her bank manager."—Sunday Times.

"CLOCKS FOR ALMOST ANY PURPOSE."

Notice in Oxford Street Shop.

Even for telling the time.

## Mal de Mère

CHERE Mademoiselle Lauzanne, je veux Savoir, s'il vous plalt, Si chaque jour ma Veronica peut

Si chaque jour ma Veronica peut Boire quelques tumblers de lait?

Je sais qu'à Paris en Septembre, On est apt de attraper un chill; So voulez-vous *please* remembre De la donner chaque semaine un pill?

C'est une delicate child je l'avoue, Et il faut qu'elle s'habille dans un vest.

Et si il y a une signe of a toux Put Thermogene vite sur son chest.

Now, Veronica's juste comme son père, Elle est remplie de English reserve, Mais sous son expressionless air Elle est pleine de bonne humeur et verve.

Elle est vraiment artistique, je crois, Aimant peinture, et chantant, et danse:

Et même si je dis so, comme moi Elle a beaucoup de commun sense.

Mademoiselle, je vous donne La favourite fille de sa mère, Et vous serez excessivement bonne De la rendre votre spéciale care. V. G.

## The Daughters of Men

In spite of the advertisements for cosmetics and deodorants, in spite of the women of Harrow, who, although there is a fast and frequent electric service from their station, will insist upon crushing into crowded main-line trains and smiling you out of your seat, I have retained through the years an inclination to chivalry. Should any of my readers be similarly troubled I would commend to him a short course of reading such as that which I have just undertaken.

Most of us, I suppose, if we tried to picture a girls' school would imagine a crowd of pretty little innocents, dancing and prattling merrily, some making daisy-chains, others designing dresses for their dolls. By the Lord Harry! I would pity any wretched child who tried anything of that sort at St. Saphira's (Schoolgirls' Wonder Library, 4d.), or at the Dower House School (Girls' Gem Library, 3d.), or at St. Hilda's (Girls' Marvel Weekly, 2d.), or at the Harringham High School (Modern Girls' Library, 4d.).

For one thing, any sensible girl who is not actively engaged in (a) pinching her friends' jewellery, or (b) clearing herself of the charge of having pinched her friends' jewellery, is probably too deeply engrossed in sitting on her own jewel-case and eyeing her friends with

suspicion to have time for any feckless fooling with daisy-chains.

Indeed I found nothing in the whole course of my reading more significant than the recurrence of the jewelpinching theme in half-a-dozen narratives by different hands. Saphira's the central incident was a clean-up such as would have won the approval of a Hatton Garden safebreaker. Practically every trinket in the school that a fence would look at was wiped up while the girls were watching the match against Marion College. Dulcie's was the only dittybox that had not been broken open. It took Dulcie and her friend Peggy the remaining seventy-four pages to prove that—as I had suspected all along-the real culprit was Elsie, the sallow snobbish girl in the Upper

It is a point worth bearing in mind, by the way, that the sallow girls are the worst. Four of the most persistent jewel-snatchers were sallow; of a fifth it was said only that she was pimpled, but I have little doubt that she was yellowish too.

At St. Hilda's, Edith, the sportshating prefect, worked her jewel-collecting in conjunction with a black-mail racket. She threatened to reveal the secret of Mary's birth and so bring disgrace upon Mary's mother. By this means she forced Mary to do all her burglary for her. It was only by a bit of luck—if you can call breaking into Edith's desk and reading her private correspondence a bit of luck—that the Madcap of Remove discovered the true state of things and saved Mary from expulsion.

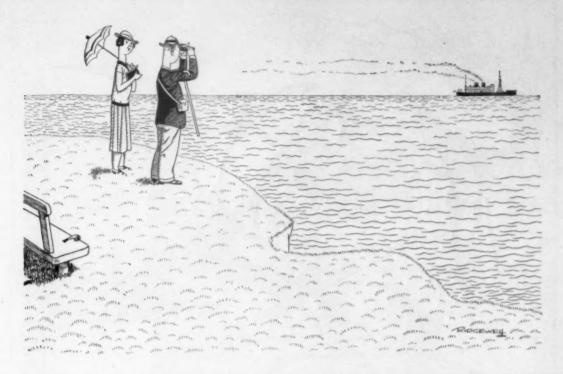
At Dower House School a rather curious state of affairs prevailed. The Head, who was loved by the girls—I suppose she left her rings about where they could be easily got at—had gone away for a long holiday and most unwisely had left the school in charge of Miss Pringle, the geography mistress, a tall ungainly woman of about thirty-

Miss Pringle was making the most of her superior's absence. She had accepted a bribe from a rival establishment to ruin the reputation of Dower House. She was also impersonating the Head in negotiations with a client represented by an unsuspecting firm of solicitors for the sale of the school before the Head's return. Luckily Joan, the scholarship girl who was looked down upon by the snobs of the school, had her suspicions.

Miss Pringle started by stealing an immensely valuable brooch from one of the girls and hiding it in Joan's locker with the intention of calling



"ANYHOW, I'VE NEVER ADMIRED THIS NEO-GEORGIAN STYLE."



"I EXPECT LILY WILL BE WEARING A PINK HAT WITH A RATHER DEEPER PINK RIBBON."

in the police and creating a scandal. Joan found it in time. She pinched Miss Pringle's handbag and hid it in that, leaving the bag where the owner of the brooch would be certain to find and ransack it.

Her next move was to announce a gymnastic display and deliberately to invite all the parents to the wrong hall, so contriving it that the blame for the confusion should fall upon Joan. Fortunately Joan was at the keyhole while she was making the arrangements and she countered the move by turning up with a fleet of Daimlers to convey the parents—who were probably congratulating themselves on the reprieve—to the right address.

Miss Pringle then introduced a new pupil who called herself Eloise Montvere. Her job was to incite the other girls to disgrace the school. With the connivance of Miss Pringle she persuaded a dozen of them to break bounds and have dinner at the Hotel Magnificent at Folkestairs. At the height of the evening's gaiety Eloise, with an abandoned gesture, jumped on to one of the tables and shouted "Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! We are the girls of Dower House School!"

Such behaviour was calculated, as you may imagine, to make the gay fashionable throng look down its nose pretty snootily. Eloïse did not realise that during the evening Joan, who had made herself one of the party, had suddenly recognised her. In an instant Joan had jumped on to another table and had denounced her. "She is no true pupil of Dower House School. She is Enid Mallington, the notorious She was educated at St. actress! Anne's!" After that the whole restaurant rose to its feet instantly when an elderly distinguished-looking man wearing the sash of an ambassador suggested that they should all drink the health of the Dower House School and of the plucky little lady who had defended its good name.

Miss Pringle had other shots in her locker, however, and Joan was kept busy bag-snatching, eavesdropping and burgling up to the moment of the Head's premature return. The Head was not sparing in her condemnation when she knew the truth. "You have shown yourself unfitted for a position of trust, Miss Pringle, and you will leave Dower House immediately."

I do not want to rub it in. It will give me no pleasure to reduce woman-

kind to a condition of hangdog shame such as that which has been universal in Harley Street since its exposure by Dr. Cronin. But I leave it to my readers to judge. Is it right, is it prudent to allow a sex like this, nurtured in petty crime, with a sense of social responsibility and straight-dealing that would shock a Dartmoor warder or a tic-tac man, to circulate freely in society unhandcuffed and unshadowed by detectives?

## A Bold Front Needed

"Smart young lady wanted for shoe store, previous experience in footwear not necessary, bust must be self-confident."

Advt. in Rhodesian Paper.

#### Hitlerism in India

"Since you have left office I find I have made a small moustache which I will point out to-morrow. Reason was bad stomachake. Hoping you will forgive."—Note from Indian Clerk.

"There was an amusing incident when T. Sowler, on the next court, let go his racket, which struck Miss Heeley in the middle of a rally. The point was, of course, played again."—Tennis Report.

The point is, of course, was Miss HEELEY amused?



"I'M TRYING TO PUT HIM BACK-HE'S A BIT UNDER WEIGHT FOR THIS RIVER."

#### The Salt of the Drama-A Trio

#### 411 .

We're the salt of the drama,
The prop of the play,
The dependable three you are certain to see
When the stars have all faded away.
We're none of us beauties
As beauty is known,
But we've learnt how to Act and because of this fact
We've a special appeal of our own.

#### The Maid :

I'm the Cockney domestic who brings in the tea When the toffs are upsetting Rows A, B and C. In plays about blackmail and murder and grief It's me wot provides all the comic relief; I cheek the detectives and mention the "smalls"—A word wot will even appeal to the stalls. And the house will go mad if, when waiting at table, I say something soppy concerning Clark Gable; But there's nothing to equal the side-splitting larf When I drop something precious and break it in 'arf. If you're down in the dumps, why not drop in and see The Cockney domestic who brings in the tea?

#### The Heroine's Friend :

I'm the friend of the heroine, worldly and true; My morals are pure but my language is blue. I deliver advice from the Haymarket stage To sweet little things in the hell of a rage; I tell them with candour that love makes me sick, And then go and fall for a planter named Dick.

I'm provided with epigrams pithy and bright Which always enliven a family fight.

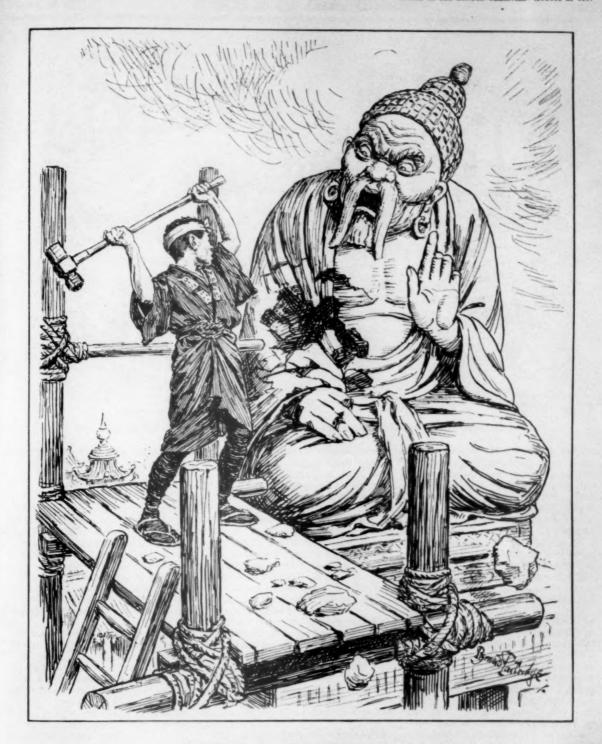
My ingenue days are a thing of the past,
But you're bound to discover, well up in the cast—
Delightfully cynical, far from demure—
The friend of the heroine, worldly and sure.

#### The Old Lady:

I'm the grumpy old lady whose heart is of gold; I encourage the young to stand up to the old. I've lived and I've loved and I know what to do To make you all clap at the end of Act II. I'm caustic and witty, audacious and wise, And never run short of the aptest replies When Dorothy Hyson or Vivien Leigh Is asking advice with her head on my knee, And I deal with the bounder who toys with a heart In a way which James Agate declares to be Art. You'd better be quick or the seats will be sold And you'll miss the old lady whose heart is of gold.

#### All:

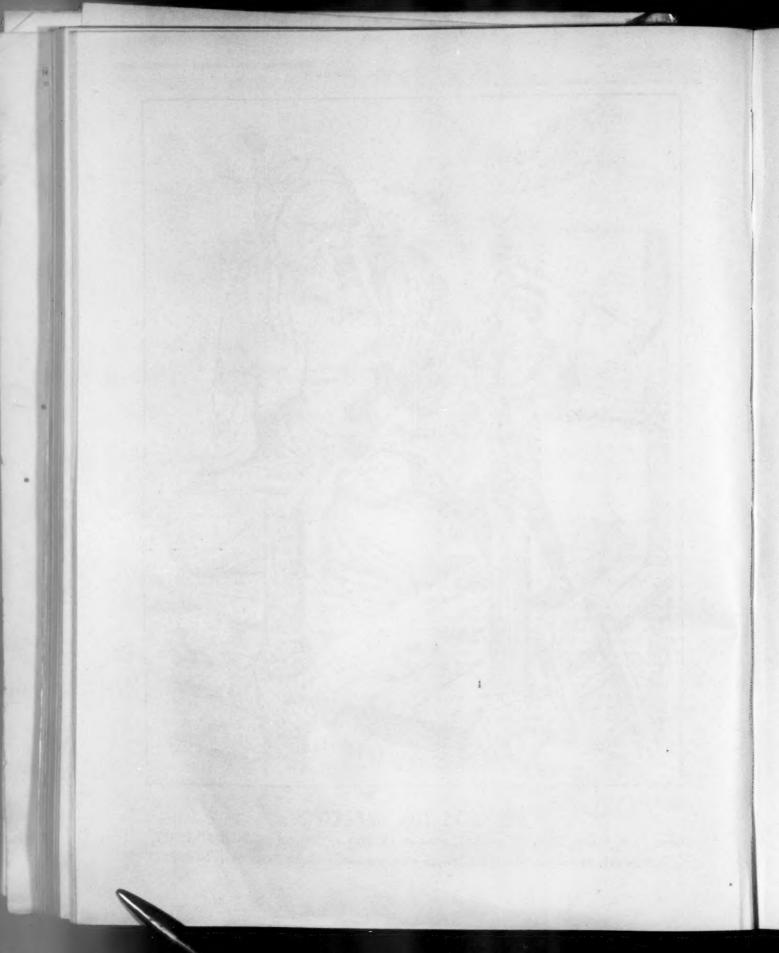
We're the salt of the drama
And will be for years;
We're out-and-out pros and each one of us knows
How to bring out your laughter and tears.
The dramatists love us,
We're happy to say,
For if we were not every time on the spot
They would find it all work and no play.

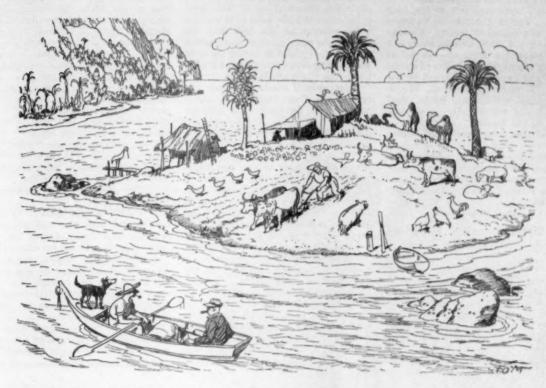


## CHINA IN THE BREAKING

JAPAN. "I'M DOING THIS, OF COURSE, SOLELY IN THE INTERESTS OF PUBLIC SAFETY."

[Suggested by the recent condemnation of the EPSTEIN statues on Rhodesia House, which are said to be a danger.]





"In fact, if it weren't for our overseas trade, I really don't ser how we could carry on."

## Familiar Occasions

"I'm very sorry, my dear, but come and meet that woman at tea I cannot do. Naturally, it's always a pleasure to come to your charming house and see those sweet children and that lovely garden—I hope you've got rid of your black spot, because otherwise those roses of yours are doomed, dear; there's no other word for it, doomed—but meet that woman, no. For everyone's sake."

"Naturally, Cousin Florence, if you feel like that—"

"No, dear, I don't want you to put it that way. There's no question of my feeling anything at all. Certainly not. But there are some things that are impossible. Just simply that. Quite impossible. I've absolutely no feelings one way or the other. The fact remains that I can't do it."

"Then of course I won't dream of asking you."

"Dear, you know how devoted I am to you all—the last of the Devon-shire branch after all, as I always say, though I'm sure the Shropshire lot

are as friendly as they know how to be, which isn't saying a great deal, but that's the fault of Great-uncle Albert to a large extent—and there's nothing I wouldn't do for any of you. Within reason. But when you ask me to come and have tea with a woman who's behaved as that woman has behaved—then, dear, it's time for me to say quite frankly that you are not being reasonable."

"Please, please don't think of it again. I really don't know how I ever came to suggest it."

"Don't give it another thought, dear. We all make mistakes sometimes. But to ask me to meet her at tea as if nothing had happened is a little too much. I'm not, I hope, in any way resentful, whatever may have happened in the past, but speak to her again I cannot and will not as long as I live. In fact I'd rather not hear her mentioned at all."

"I quite understand, Cousin Flor-

"We'll forget all about her, dear. When I think of the way she behaved about those begonias! You know what happened, don't you?"

"Yes, you told me."

"It was perfectly disgraceful. Your Uncle Ernest and mother and the Wilkinsons and Aunt Mary and the children all agree about that. Perfectly disgraceful, they said. And I said, Not another word. Don't, I said, let's discuss it in any way. It's better, I said, passed over in silence. If I meet her I shall, I hope, be courteous, but I shall neither speak to her myself nor take the slightest notice if she addresses me."

"Very well, Cousin Florence. I daresay you know best."

Whether I know best, dear, or whether I don't know best is hardly to the point. The whole thing, so far as I was concerned—and I may say that the Archdeacon, to whom I spoke with complete frankness, took my view entirely-the whole thing was finished and over and done with the momentthe very moment that I was told what sort of attitude she'd taken up over the Flower-Show. I didn't say one single word. I kept absolute silence and said not one single word. I simply said, Very well, if that's the case I must decline to have anything more to do with anything, anywhere, at any time. That's all. I'm not

angry, I said, I'm not even hurt; I'm perfectly calm and not in the least upset. But as a family we've never been accustomed to insult. We may be peculiar, I said—we very likely are, old families are often so—but to sit quietly down under a shower of insults never has been and never will be our way. We're funny like that. We do not submit to deliberate insult. And that, I said very quietly, is my last word on the subject."

"I'm sure you were wise, Cousin Florence."

"I think so, dear. Least said soonest mended. The whole thing, as I dare say you know, really began in poor Cousin Edward's time. It was really like this . . ." E. M. D.

## Mr. Silvertop and a Maritime Drarmer

"Most folks 'as a notion," said Mr. Silvertop, "that the briny lost most of what you might call its drarmer when sails begun to be 'auled down for the last time. There's no denying that to the fat bloke 'oo planks down 'is couple of 'undred quid and insists on 'aving 'is grub on ten different

plates the only difference between a top-notch liner and one of them posh doss-'ouses in Park Lane is that one 's a bit sharper at one end than the other—and more so since they started this 'ere potty 'abit of calling stooards waiters and decks floors and, for all I know, the Cap'n the Manager.

"But even if steam 'as made the briny more of an armchair job, it still 'as its thrills for them what asks for 'em with both 'ands. My pore old pal Alfred Cringletie proved that a few years back, up to the 'ilt.

"'E was in tripe-dressing after the War, earning good money, but some'ow tripe begun to lose its meaning for 'im, and from being a rare neat 'and with it 'e saw 'imself bungling 'is dressing in a way what showed 'im plain 'is 'eart wasn't reelly in tripe no more. The War 'ad left 'im kind of restless, the way it left a lot of blokes.

"Well, Alfred being a bachelor, 'e decided to 'ook it to Canada and try 'is luck in a timber-camp. 'Is only trouble was the ticket, but 'e was an 'ardy little bloke with any amount of cheek, so 'e packed a kit-bag full of eats and took a blanket and went down to Sout'ampton. 'E picked 'is ship for the size of 'er lifeboats, and

managed to get aboard 'er and into one of 'em while she was a-coaling. Short of central-'eating and a pile-carpet 'e found 'is billet as snug as 'e could wish, with a nice canvas cover over it. The evening after 'e arrived the ship filled up with customers in boiled shirts, and off she goes. Old Alfred settles down pretty quick. 'E took as long as 'e could over 'is meals, and 'e 'ad a torch with 'im and Ruff's Guide, what was 'is notion of literachoor, so 'e was quite 'appy.

"The second night out 'e laced back some of the canvas to get a bit of fresh air when suddenly 'e 'eard two voices just beside the boat, soft-like.

"'The stuff's in 279,' ses one, 'in a green suitcase.'

"'Good!' ses the other. 'You go on 'anging over the rail goofy-like outside, and don't forget we still 'aven't never set eyes on each other.'

"At that they opped it, but not afore Alfred 'ad poked 'is 'ead out of the royal suite and marked down one as a big square chap with music-'all teeth and 'is mate as a round-shouldered slinky little cuss.

"Well, it was a proper poser for Alfred. On the one and, as you might guess, 'e wasn't too keen to step into



"I THINK IT'S TOO PERRIEF THRILLING THAT WE'VE BOTH BEEN SLIMMING ON THE SAME DIET."

the limelight, but on the other 'e 'eld strong views about theft, even though 'e was 'aving a free ride on the shipping company 'imself. And the more 'e thought about it the more 'e felt the least 'e could do for 'is kind 'osts was to warn 'em what was a-going on. So 'e tears the front page out of Ruff's and gets out his pencil.

" 'DEAR CAP'N,' 'e wrote, 'I'm a stowaway and I've just tumbled on an 'ell of a big robbery what's about to take place on this 'ere ship. I can show you the blokes. It's no use you 'unting for me, because you won't find me. But if you gives three toots on the big 'ooter I'll take it you're a-going to give me a bunk for the rest of the trip and say nothing about

"After that 'e crept down to the Cap'n's cabin, which was empty, as luck would 'ave it. 'E sticks the note on the desk and dives under the bed, what 'e reckoned was the one safe place in the ship. A little later the Cap'n 'e comes in and sits down at the desk. There was quiet for a bit, then suddenly an 'ell of a growl, Alfred ses more like a bear than a man. In no time bells was a-ringing all over the place and officers come tum-

Stowaway!' roars the Cap'n. Search the 'ole ship, lock, stock and

'og's-'ead!'

After what seemed weeks to pore Alfred an officer comes in to report 'e's found a stowaway's gear in a lifeboat but no sign of the bloke 'imself. ''Ell's bells!' ses the Cap'n. ''Ere, read that!' The officer 'e takes Alfred's

"''E'd 'ardly risk it if 'e 'adn't something pretty solid to go on, Sir, ses 'e. 'That's what I feels,' ses the Cap'n. 'Give the perisher 'is three toots.

"Alfred waited till the 'ooter 'ad sounded and the officer come back, then 'e sticks 'is 'ead out from under the bed. 'I 'ope you're a man of your word, Cap'n,' ses 'e. 'E ses 'e'd never seen a bloke so took aback in all 'is life. For quite a bit the Cap'n couldn't get out a word, but when 'e could 'e got some out to good purpose.

'Ere, 'arf a mo,' ses Alfred, climbing out, 'give credit where credit belongs. I was 'aving a fine time up in my lifeboat, but the thought of you and your mates being sacked over this 'ere crime what's about to be cracked was beginning to spoil it all for me.

'Did you say your ruddy lifeboat?' asks the Cap'n.

In a manner of speaking,' ses Alfred, ever so cool.



"AND I CAN TAKE IT ON THE CHIN WITH ANYBODY." DON'T YER FORR'EAD GET IN THE WAY?

" 'Well, out with it, quick!' ses the Cap'n.

My terms O.K.?' asks Alfred.

"'If your story is,' ses the Cap'n.
"'That's fair,' ses Alfred. 'You listen.' And 'e spills the beans. The Cap'n 'e looks very serious indeed. 'Oo's in 279?' 'e asks the officer. 'The Maharoojah,' ses 'e. 'And you can swear to them two chaps?' the Cap'n 'e asks Alfred. 'On the book,' ses Alfred. 'I saw 'em plain.' 'Right,' ses the Cap'n. 'I believe you're telling the truth. We'll 'ave to 'ave an

identification parade and call it a boatdrill.

At that moment Alfred ses 'e as good as felt 'imself in a nice springy bunk. But as it turned out that was the nearest 'e ever got to it.

"' Excuse me, Sir,' ses the officer, there isn't no need.'

Why not?' asks the Cap'n. " 'Because I knows them two men already. They're the Maharoojah's personal private detectives.

Pore old Alfred!' said Mr. Silvertop. 'Crool, wasn't it?"

## At the Play

"GERTIE MAUDE" (St. MARTIN'S)

The Edwardian period marked the end of a long and memorable epoch in

London life below-stairs, for the War had not yet occurred which was to eat into the stability of the bigger houses with savage taxes, and life above-stairs, still leisurely and prosperous, was much more worthy of subterranean comment over endless pots of tea. Cooks were still stout and oracular and blessedly innocent of Honours Degrees in Culinary Economics, queens of a society as yet comparatively undisturbed by the lure of the cinema; and kitchen conversation was undiluted by the vapourings of loudspeakers.

Small wonder, then, that such a subject has attracted Mr. John van Druten, a writer who has not only a natural leaning towards a time notable for theatrical activity, but also a great capacity for understanding and interpreting the zests and sorrows of simple people. His First Act

here is inclined to be a trifle in slow motion, but this is searcely a fault where the atmosphere of a London kitchen in 1911 is so well reproduced.

From this beginning springs what is not more than a short short-story, but one well told about live people. Its heroine, Gertie Maude (Miss CAROL GOODNER), is the Cook's niece. She is a young actress just promoted from the Chorus to a small lead, and she is allowing herself to be kept in a flat in Maida Vale full of chocolate-boxes and fretwork by a dashing young manabout-town, not for what she can get out of him but because, in spite of her acceptance of their attachment as one which will pass, she has made the mistake of falling in love with him. A generous-minded girl where others are concerned, she has a theory that so long as she hurts no one nothing can matter very much.

When her swain gets engaged, sooner than he had intended, to one of the young ladies above stairs, the shock is too much for poor Gertie, and having first had the unusual decency to arrange for the destruction of all incriminating papers, she swallows a whole bottleful of sleeping-tablets and dies. It is a sad business, for she is a likeable creature

and she deserves a far better fate than that her last moments should be harassed by the presence of a terribly inhibited young man (the housemaid's brother) in whose mean heart an earlier passion for *Gertie* has been most uncomfortably reborn.



FATHER'S INNOCENT ENJOYMENT

Gertie Maude . . . . . . MISS CAROL GOODNER Mr. Malkin . . . . . . . . Mr. Sebastian Smith

The play left me with the feeling that it needed, so to speak, a stronger wind in its sails than its author had provided, my chief reason for this criticism being that in spite of a distinguished performance Miss GOODNER



BROAD AND NARROW VIEWS BELOW STAIRS

Annie . . . . . Miss Joan Swinstead Mrs. Bessey . . . Miss Florence Wood

failed to convince me that a girl of such robust mind, so warmly attached to life and so keen on her job, would have killed herself without a far more desperate struggle. Mr. VAN DRUTEN may for all I know have the alienists and the statisticians on his side. If

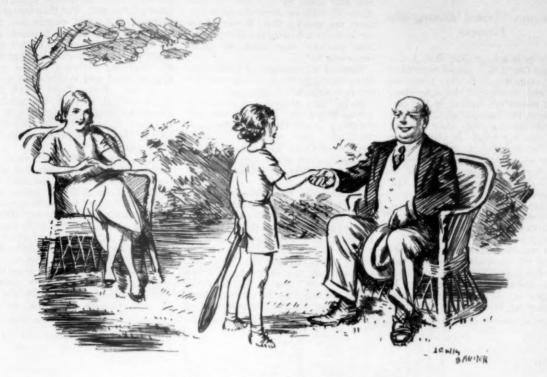
so, he has still failed to put his case with overwhelming effect; but this aside, he has made his story interesting, filled it out with characters who compel attention and arranged it neatly into a period frame. For the finish of the picture he is indebted to Miss Auriol Lee's production, and for its visible contents he owes much to the settings of Mr. John Gower PARKS, who has already made a name for himself by the cynical discretion with which he pounces on the decorative absurdities of our ancestors.

Miss Goodner was charming, and set out the premises of Gertie Maude's philosophy openly and fairly. After hers the most remarkable performance was that of Miss Annabel.
Maule, aged fourteen, who played a precocious child (from above-stairs) with less apparent nervousness than was shown by any other

member of the cast; it should be fairly safe to prophesy that she will be heard of again. In the part of a housemaid over whom the shadow of Calvin hung cruelly heavy, Miss Joan Swinstead was so good that Barebone himself might have welcomed her as a Fifth Monarchy Girl-friend; and as the housemaid's only partly-Calvinistic brother, Mr. Griffith Jones was a complete appendix to Freud. The other members of the cast played their parts competently along conventional lines.

# Shnertyz—The Man and the Mathematician

FRIENDS of the late Professor Aloysius Shnertyz—and they were many and varied—have asked me to give to the world at large a short study of this great mathematician. They tell me that I am the best fitted to undertake this arduous but honourable task by virtue of my comparative sobriety, my lifelong friendship with this peculiar man (although it is hardly fair to call him peculiar; I myself, for instance, classify seent according to its noise and laughter according to its colour,



"My DEAR, YOU ARE GETTING A BIG GIRL. TOO BIG TO RISS, EH?"
"WELL, HANG IT ALL, UNCLE, I'M THE WRONG SIDE OF TEN!"

and no one could call me peculiar. Oh, dear me, no!), and, lastly, my ability as a writer whose clarity of expression is only equalled by his grammatical perfection.

Shnertyz was barely turned twenty when he first propounded what is now universally known as the "Shnertyzian Theory of Word Values." He it was who first pointed out to a wondering world that words have exact mathematical values.

"Take," he said, the word 'upsidedown' and consider the following simple equation:—

6 upside-down = 9 9 upside-down = 6

... 15 upside-down = 15

upside-down = 1."

After two years of intense research Shnertyz followed this up with a further proof:—

8 upside-down = 8

1 upside-down == 1

 $\therefore$  9 upside-down = 9  $\therefore$  upside-down = 1.

His proof that the noun "sausage" was equal to 13 - 95 was undoubtedly

his greatest mathematical triumph. Unfortunately he lost the proof paper whilst mountaineering in Holland and all that I can remember of it is that it depended on the use of the figure 0 written sideways.

The fearful mental strain that he must have undergone during those searching years was the undoubted cause of his illness in the following year. I visited him in the mental home to which he had been taken and there asked him to tell me in his own words the story of his great mathematical discovery.

He turned his large saucer-shaped eyes on me.

"It came to me as I was opening a tin of lobster in the bath one morning," he said, "and I was so overwhelmed with the possibilities of my discovery that I went on cutting away at the lobster-tin without much thought of what I was doing." He laughed a rather forced blue laugh. "It was only after I had bumped my head against the bathroom-window that I realised that I had cut the bath in half."

I said I hoped the bath wasn't full.
"No," he replied gravely, "the bath
wasn't full, but it might have been, and

I can well remember the unpleasant half-hour I spent cleaning up the mess the bath-water hadn't made."

These last words of his contain, I think, the finest example of Shnertyz's painstaking thoroughness—a quality he was to retain all through the long years of his short life. Always one move ahead, he could visualise the ultimate resultants of immediate probabilities with a selective perfection bordering on the sublime.

Only the barest details of his death having appeared in the popular Press, I feel it incumbent upon me to record that he gave his life in the cause of science.

It is known that shortly before his death he was working on a proof that

To do this he had to perform the extraordinarily delicate and painstaking operation of cutting the figure 8 in half with a razor-blade, and thus prove that it was made up of two 3's joined together. Unfortunately the razor slipped and Shnertyz died four days later from sunstroke.

If genius is the capacity for taking pains, Shnertyz was a genius.

## Maddison Morton Among the Flowers

IT is such a long time since I saw Box and Cox that I cannot remember which character it is who sleeps at night and which who sleeps by day; but as, recently, I walked in the garden these two exceedingly non-horticultural persons and their creator came into my mind-in the strange way that dissimilars and unsympathetics will. Not that the worthy hatter and the worthy compositor, as I recall Box and Cox, or Cox and Box, to have been, might not have rejoiced in a garden too; but, in the play, we are shown so little of that side of their lives that our conception of them is wholly urban.

The reason, however, that they entered my thoughts is because this particular garden happens to be full of flowers that share their peculiarity. In disproportion, I will admit, because, assuming for the moment that it is

Box who sleeps by day and Cox who sleeps by night (or never sleeps at all), there are, among these flowers, hundreds of Coxes to very few Boxes. But how precious and desirable those Boxes can be!

Take as an example of herbaceous Boxes the Night Stock. Under a bright sun it is a shrivelled little pink affair, dejected and languid, as negligible almost as a weed. But no sooner has the sun gone and the dusk begins than the Night Stock, coming to its own, confidently raises its head, gazes unabashed at the stars, and diffuses a sweet and subtle scent that pervades the place.

Take again the Tobacco Plant, another Box. During the shining hours the Tobacco Plant wilts, affecting, if not actual death, senility. Its stalk bends, its flower hangs and closes; it appears to wish only to lie down and be let alone. Among the Coxes (who may or may not sleep at night but certainly are rampant by day) the Tobacco Plant cuts the sorriest figure: the Phloxes assert themselves more

and more; the Heartseases' angry faces grow angrier still. But then comes the twilight, and, as it approaches, the Tobacco Plant stands up to salute, and its white flowers proudly spread, prepared togleam mysteriously all through the darkness, diffusing at the same time a sweet and subtle scent which joins that of the Night Stock and floats with it through the windows above and mingles graciously with our dreams. Tobacco Plants and Night Stocks, they are the chief workers in the dark.

Of the Coxes, or flowers that we are sure bloom only in the day, and, when the sun goes to bed, go too, chief are, I think, those of a rich yellow tint, with pale feathery leaves: flowers that are peculiar in being extremely difficult to spell and in having little conical caps, such as gnomes wear, which we can pull off. Just as it is difficult to resist popping a fuschia bud, so it is difficult to resist pulling off these little conical caps. As to their difficult spelling, I thought that with the aid of the "Concise Ox," (as, in this



"Is YOUR HORSE GETTING MORE USED TO CARS?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;AY; WHEN THEY TRY TO PASS HIM NOW HE LETS 'EM."



Batsman. "You know the ball has to be going to hit the wicket; it's not enough for it just to hit the man's pads."

Umpire. "Is that so? Well, 'BOUT HERE WE MOSTLY 'AS IT OUT."

house, the small Oxford Dictionary is familiarly known), I could get it right; but no. In vain have I searched its pages. To find the name I had therefore to consult a more voluminous authority, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, where it is given. A fearsome word, I admit, and I am not surprised that the "Concise Ox" shied at it: Eschscholtzia.

Well, that is, I think, chief of the Coxes. E. V. L.

## Revolt of an Underling

I WALKED into the telephone-box with determination in my heart and two pennies in my hand.

"Now, Mr. Francis Jones," I said to myself as I dialled his number, "I'm going to do a thing I've wanted to do for years.

"Brrr brrr," said the telephone,

"Brrr brrr," and then I heard his detestable oily voice say "Hello."

For two glorious minutes I spoke without interruption.

Mr. Jones," I said, "you are without doubt the most objectionable man I have ever met. I dislike your face intensely-in fact I might say that it revolts me. Your hair reminds me of nothing so much as an old nail-brush and your voice sends cold shivers down my spine every time I hear you speak. I deplore your taste in clothes, and after contemplating the back of your neck for years I have come to the conclusion that you should change your collar more than once a week. But repulsive though your personal appearance is, it is almost pleasant compared with your character. You are a low type of humanity, Mr. Jones. Your business methods are unspeakable, your conceit insufferable and your manners non-existent. You should be

locked up in gaol for the rest of your life, and it would give me great pleasure to visit you there on visiting days. There is nothing good about you, Mr. Jones. You are an objectionable, conceited, dishonest, humourless, scurrilous, vicious, mean, vile, inhuman, miserly, hideous, nauseating, patronising, ill-bred, uncouth, pathetic worm of a man, and it is I, George Smith, your secretary, who say so. Do your worst, Mr. Jones; I am not afraid of you."

I heard him mutter something unintelligible, and put down the receiver.

Then I pressed Button B and got my twopence back.

#### Stories in Brief

Ruth went to glean Soaz To be seen By Boaz.

## Gentlemen and Players

Between now and the middle of September, when all the solemn things like County Championships and League and University matches are fading out, will come all the best cricket. Even Lord's relapses into lovely fixtures between London Clergy and Southwark Clergy, and all over the country there will be those delightful affairs like Thirteen of Poppleton v. Mr. Snook's XI., Actors v. Plumbers, and Decree Nisi Divorced v. Decree Absolute Divorced.

Pleasant as they are, however, I have always felt that from the point of view of the spectator fixtures of this kind tend to be a wee bit disappointing, conjuring up visions which they hardly fulfil. Somebody-or-Other v. Jockeys is always quite fun, because jockeys are always small enough for one to see that they are jockeys. But for the rest, one would never know that the sides were not just ordinary teams. I defy anyone to say without being told whether the team in the field on these occasions is Lords or Commons or Musicians or Married or Single. They just look like eleven ordinary men in flannels; or, in the case of Married v. Single, five men in flannels and six in braces. Teams of Plumbers hasten to the wicket with a complete outfit of gloves, pads and bat. Teams of Mayors and Corporations never interrupt the game to argue about the batting order. Mental Hospitals beat their opponents by clever declarations at exactly the right Even a team of pawnbrokers which I once saw had so little pride of craft that they played with a single ball and an unenclosed poppingcrease. I myself have kept wicket with Mr. RALPH STRAUS and Sir JOHN SQUIRE batting, and would one have realised that the cream of English Criticism was performing? One would One might have been made faintly suspicious by their tendency to form conclusions about a fast ball by giving it a mere cursory glance, but that was all.

It seems to me that there are two factors which contribute to this disappointingly ordinary effect:—

(1) So often representative teams consist of people who are notable cricketers, but not particularly notable Lords or Commons or Actors or what not. It is rare to find such combinations of cricket and critic as Sir John



"... AND I'M AS FIT AS A SAXOPHONE."

SQUIRE and Mr. STRAUS. Take as a simple example the Lords and Commons. One visualises the well-coached Etonian style of Mr. EDEN batting on a wicket affected by storms; the long, loose-limbed action and fiery delivery of Mr. MAXTON; a fighting innings against the clock by Mr. HEBERT; and constant ringing cries of "Hozzat?" from a few Lords of Appeal. One visualises Mr. GALLACHER insisting on coming out of the professionals' entrance and on being referred to as Gallacher (W.). One even hopes for some such historic score-card as—

N. Chamberlain.....not out 337
A. Eden.st. Churchill b. Dalton 50
Earl Baldwin....retired 70
J. R. MacDonald. hit wicket 5



"I EXPECT THAT WAS TO-DAY'S I WAS LIGHTING THE FIRE WITH, SIR."

 Gallacher (W.).....run out\*
 0

 Sir S. Cripps.....not out
 0

 C. R. Attlee...c. & b. Simon
 10

 D. Lloyd George..lbw b. Brown†
 0

The Archbishop of Canterbury, G. Lansbury and A. N. Other abstained from batting.

Supplementary Estimates, £2,000,000

Majority 273

But what do we get in fact? Why, simply the old Jones-caught-Bones-bowled-Lones stuff. A team consisting of one man one has heard of vaguely and ten of whom one has never heard at all. I do not doubt that the people who play for the Lords and Commons are Lords and Commons, but I do emphatically deny that they are the best team one could get from a box-office point of view.

(2) People who do play for representative sides always seem to be slightly ashamed of their professions and to concentrate on playing the game quite normally, instead of realising that their sole raison d'être as a cricket team is that they are not in fact normal. Personally I resent this intensely. I yield to no one in my love of cricket, but I do dislike seeing all the colour and glamour of the Bench and Bar, or the Dumpshire Hunt, or the Inland Revenue Department submerged beneath the sober and uniform white of a rather bad cricket team.

It is therefore with pleasure, slightly mixed with misgiving, that I note that there is to be a match between a company of actors of SHAKESPEARE and a company of actors of Shaw. Surely it is not too much to hope that these sides at least will realise what the public has a right to expect from them ? As a member of the cricket-loving and stage-loving public, I ask that this match shall be given a chance to fulfil its magnificent possibilities. Let both sides be cast. Let there be no question of that ordinary-looking white flannelled figure being "Mr. So-and-So who plays *Hamlet*," but let him play playing *Hamlet*. After all, people have written books about the psychoanalyses of Hamlet and Othello. Surely a first-rate actor, a man who was really inside his part, could give an interesting reading of Characters in the Cricket-Field? Hamlet-a good player in constant practice but undecided about when to declare the innings closed.

\* Result of a rash call.

† Out for obstruction. A very loud appeal.



"I WANT A TICKET TO YORK FIR LONDON."

Laertes—a body-line bowler, muttering aside to his captain, "My lord, I'll hit him now." Othello surviving a series of most disastrous chances only to be bowled by making a half-volley into a Yorker. Falstaff as one of those hugely-padded jovial wicket-keepers who chaff the batsman and tend to kick off the bails when the umpire isn't looking. Octavius, backing away from fast bowling and holding the bat like a dancer. . . . The thing does itself.

The Shaw side is admittedly more

difficult, but any cricketer will recognise the temperament of a typical professional fast bowler in 'Enery Straker, and there is, of course, the initialless Warren.

Come, gentlemen, it may not be cricket, but it would be grand theatre.

## Wife Wanted

ALL relatives self-supporting and in telephone-book. Able compose own

dresses from old bedspreads. Clean. Graceful. Skin of face pleasant in daylight. Accent adapted to every occasion. Unable to utter word "money," indirectly or other. Accurate at accounts. Graduate one or more the older universities. Good driver and mechanic. Able refuse vacuum-cleaner salesmen. Good with animals and bank-managers. Popular with shopassistants and gossip-writers. Muchartistic tendency any form absolutely disqualifies. Private income no bar. Own hair and teeth.

<sup>&</sup>quot;DO YOU WANT A CIRCULAR TICKET?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;I DON'T CARE WHAT SHAPE IT IS SO LONG AS I GETS THERE."



"Personally I wouldn't give this stuff

## Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Tribute and Apology

MR. GILES PLAYFAIR'S My Father's Son (BLES, 10/6) has a double purpose: to pay a filial tribute to his father, Sir NIGEL, and to present an apologia for his own short life which an unhappy temperament has filled with enmities, mischances and frustrations not normally incident to youth. The relations of father and son were always happy. Sir NIGEL figures as a kind, even an indulgent, certainly a conscientious parent. He had a dry and a teasing humour; was cautious but not calculating, being often carried away by his enthusiasms; was unhappy in ugly surroundings and spent freely to escape them, but otherwise lived frugally; had much of the honest puritan in him; played bridge abominably and made jokes thereat; was otherwise easy to live with. If he faced the world with something of a cocksure air he reckoned himself a failure; suffered acute alternations of depression and exaltation, following closely the curves of the box-office charts. The world attributed to him a fortune from his Hammersmith adventure. It was never more than a decent livelihood and ended in serious financial anxieties. The character of a father is presented with skill and a mature faculty of observation. As for the father's son—he hated Harrow, was persecuted for "jawing about poetry" and being generally superior, for issuing pink political manifestoes, for hating the O.T.C. and games

and the ugly buildings and the system generally. At Oxford intrigues for position in the O.U.D.S. and the Union, a passion for personal publicity at all costs and other false estimates of values, and the ill-advised enterprise of the "Oxford Blazers" revue company brought more disappointments. There is a happy ending in that the beginnings of humour, self-criticism and detachment look like providing armour for future battles.

#### Grouse and Blackgame

Here's a book by Lord George Scott,
Who has knowledge, who has nous
To tell us what is what
Of the driving of the grouse
Till the bonny birds impinge
On the heather's purple floor;
It's called Grouse Land and the Fringe
Of the Moor.

Milord does much observe
The lines of natural flight,
And the coveys never swerve
From the butts he builds aright;
And from Caithness to Dumfries
Do we do as we are told,
Our bags shall have increase
Twentyfold.

So from Messrs. WITHERBY
Let us purchase what we lack,
Which is crack proficiency
In the red grouse and the black—
Purchase craft which has accrued
From a lifetime's keen outlook,
All condensed within a shrewd
Little book.

## Lion v. Unicorn

One can never be certain nowadays whether the Victorian hostess is to be rated for endeavouring to marry off her daughters or belaboured for an unnatural blindness to this primary duty. The Lady Charlotte French-McGrath, who so successfully dominates the first half of The Rising Tide (COLLINS, 7/6), finds time to run her flabby little husband's Irish estate and rear his one son and four daughters after the approved pre-War pattern; but when it comes to securing suitable partners for Muriel, Enid, Violet and Diana she unaccountably fails to marshal her forces. True her dashing daughter-in-law, Cynthia, promises to take on the



". . . AND THE DOCTORS ALL SAID THEY 'D NEVER SEEN ONE LIKE IT."



IN THE FAR NORTH



ISOLATION!-OFF THE ORKNEYS

Southern Tourist. "GET ANY NEWSPAPERS HERE?"

Orcadian Boatman. "Ou aye, when the Steamer comes. If it's fine, she'll come ance a week; but when it's stormy, i' Winter, we dinna catch a glint o' her for Three Months at a time."

S. T. "THEN YOU'LL NOT KNOW WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN LONDON!"

O. B. "Na-but ye see ye're just as ill aff i' London as we are, for ye dinna ken what's gaun on here!"

Charles Keene, August 30th, 1884.

job; but Cynthia's household at Rathglass is the garish pole of Lady Charlotte's ménage at Garonlea, and the only one of her sisters-in-law who manages to naturalise herself in Cynthia's orbit is that accommodating parasite, Diana. It is a dishevelled and somewhat aimless story that Miss M. J. FARRELL tells with such picturesque vivacity: the legend of a rivalry between two obstinate women of sharply-opposed conventions, neither of them endowed with enough fundamental integrity to turn their poultry-yard sparring into a trial of spiritual strength.

## Much to Explain

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, setting out in What Communism Means To-day (Nisber, 3/6) to provide a simple explanation of the present faith and policy of the party to which he belongs, for the benefit of a public which he has found to be lamentably uninstructed in the matter, has allowed himself to become entangled in a mesh of excuses and propitiations. Simplicity is an objective not easily attainable where so many mistakes have to be carefully "explained," his Russian colleagues, for instance, having behaved with an extreme of tactlessness. The author's own attitude towards religion is in itself a curious piece of diplomatic vacillation, the intolerant sarcasms of an immature philosophy posing age-old difficulties with an air of new discovery alternating with smooth phrases aimed to reassure those who are conservative in belief. His discomfort at the lately repented attacks of the Communists on those Trade Union and Socialist leaders with whom they

now claim kinship is only too apparent, anxious as he is to forward the formation of a genuine United Front where all lovers of representative government may join to resist the threats of Fascism. Unfortunately for his purpose the real case for progressive socialisation is presented in this rather unsatisfactory little volume only casually and ineffectively.

## A Holiday Arlen

The Crooked Coronet (HEINEMANN, 7/6) is a collection of short stories by Mr. MICHAEL ARLEN which are easily read and rather too easily forgotten. It is published at a time of year exactly suited to its weight. There is nothing in it so good as the best of the May Fair volume, but it exhibits the same strain of sophisticated fantasy and the same delight in analysing sections cut through the twisted souls of those unhappy creatures doomed by sheer wealth to live in Charles Street and its environs. Another category, of which the book contains several examples, concerns "My Cousin Pullman" and comes so close in method to that of Mr. P. G. Wodelf.

HOUSE as to demand comparison, which cannot be flattering; there is only one Mr. Wodehouse, and Mr. Arlen can himself be too amusing a writer to need to trespass on a trail so individually blazed. His titlestory deserves first place, for it is a neat and witty piece of work, and the runner-up is an ingenious crime-story called "The Legend of the Agreeable Widower."

#### Some Eton Cricketers

The Eton Ramblers Cricket Club, Vol. II., 1881-1914 (GEORGE BURGE, 20/-), edited by GODFREY FOLJAMBE, is a record primarily but not exclusively for Etonians. Any lover of cricketing names love love bimself in a

can here lose himself in a happy dream of STUDDS and GOSLINGS, LYTTELTONS and HOARES (a whole eleven of them once played for the Ramblers in Hampshire), of LUBBOCKS, MITCHELLS, BOSANQUETS and PILKINGTONS. Canon LYTTELTON says truly that to-day "Etonians and Harrovians find it increasingly hard to pretend to be enemies"; and though he gives a most spirited account of the immortal Fowlers' year, the reader must not expect to find bloodthirsty cricket in these pages. It is the very friendliest of cricket, of a kind not, alas! quite so common as it was in more spacious days, namely country-house cricket. Kent alone provided yearly a sequence of heavenly matches at heavenly houses; and we find "MIKE" (R. A. H. MITCHELL) dropping into poetry as a friend in honour of Linton and its hospitable CORNWALLISES. It must be added that his verses were hardly so good as his leg hits. The cricket was always cheerful; sometimes it was almost convivial, as when at Welbeck the famous WILLIAM BARNES of Nottingham stoutly declined to go on because he had left his bowlingboots behind, and his captain led the team on to the field on all fours, singing "I would I were a bird."

#### Successor to Kettle

The nautical hero whose exploits are related by Mr. GAVIN DOUGLAS in Captain Samson, A.B. (COLLINS, 7/6). is a shipmaster rather of the Captain Kettle order, and though, like that worthy, he might be a highly objectionable acquaintance in real life, his adventures make quite good light reading. In the present instalment (Captain Samson appears from the list of the author's previous novels to be a hardy perennial like boyhood's Sexion Blake or his forerunner, Deadwood Dick) he secures while under a temporary cloud a berth as skipper of a small coasting steamer designed to be the means of carrying out one of a succession of insurance frauds, loses his ticket in consequence, and then turns the tables on his fraudulent owners while serving in one of their vessels as A.B. This plot is ingenious if a trifle too complicated, and the story is briskly told. From the literary point of view the style leaves a good deal to be "the findings of the court was made known after the usual legal farce of considering" is a typical sentence—
and Mr. Douglas is wide of

and Mr. Douglas is wide of the mark when he asserts that his Captain Samson "could get a master's berth in the coasting trade without a ticket." The Board of Trade would probably have something to say to that.



"Don't be foolhardy, George. Let him have the kettle if he wants it."

#### Achievement

Mrs. Nora Cruickshank and Miss Prunella Stack write so simply and quietly that even those who are familiar with the fortunes of "The Women's League of Health and Beauty" from its start will find no difficulty in welcoming Movement is Life (Bell, 3/6). Mrs. Bagot Stack, with heavy odds against her, founded the League in 1930, and the description of her as

"a dreamer with the knack of making her dreams come true" is amply justified by her achievements. The League received a severe blow when Mrs. Stack died in 1935, but willing and able hands were ready to build upon the foundations that had been so fearlessly laid. To-day the League has a membership of over 100,000.

#### Wild Weather

Mr. Christopher Hale is assuredly among the most lavish writers of detective novels. Both in the matter of corpses and suspected criminals he gives almost overflowing measure in Stormy Night (Heinemann, 7/6). But Mr. Hale sees to it that his story is not lacking in pith and what most of his characters would without doubt call pep. His outstanding merit however is that he can create atmosphere. His Americans, whether pursued or pursuing, fairly shiver and shake in the wild winds of March. This tale may not be in the top class of thrillers, though it is by no means to be despised, but as a book to read in a heatwaye it is entirely commendable.

## Charivaria

OLD metal is still wanted for national purposes. So far, however, very few brass-hats have been found among the scrap.

A New York column 107 feet high is, after a lapse of twenty-eight years, to be provided with a statue. The provision of columns 107 feet high for London statues should follow automatically.

A thief stole a judge's car recently.

Signs are not wanting that prosperity has returned to this country. Only the other day a heath fire was caused by a discarded cigar-end.

A Russian has devised a system intended to improve a saxophonist's execution. Nothing, you will notice, about hastening it.

"G. B. S. is now the complete Man of Letters," asserts a literary critic. So apparently he has got

over the postcard stage at last.

turves costs a dollar a square

foot. Notices all round it

warn visitors to KEEP OFF

A contributor to The Even-

ing News states that midge-

plagues come in cycles. And

of course they carry their

own puncture outfits.

THE GRASS.

He quickly set the machinery of the law in motion.

Our Reactionary Magistrates "Flying in opposite directions, two giant flying-boats-the one British and the other American-crossed the Atlantic and arrived at their respective airports on Tuesday. The journeys were described as experimental commercial survey flights as preludes to a regular

10s. for a similar offence."-East Coast Paper.





A journalist describes an article by a heavyweight boxer as one which he should like to have written himself.

The same thought probably occurred to the boxer.

A burglar has been caught in a London warehouse stealing Christmas - cards. The

police are evidently doing their Christmas copping early.

A lawn made for an American millionaire from English

Court News

"In a second car were the King's Golden Labrador, Jock, and the Princesses' Weish terrier.

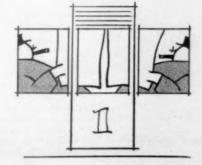
All looked fit and sunburned after their brief stay at

Glamis."-News Chronicle.

"Although our girls were beaten in the Wightman Cup, they were not disgraced," declares one of our leading sports-writers. Next year we must try to find a team that will be disgraced but not beaten.

"I'm prepared to back my motorcar against any other," boasts a motorist. Our sympathies are all with the person who parks immediately behind him.

"There is a secret in opening oysters with a minimum of effort. Just assemble a dozen and yawn.



Burglars who broke into a Yorkshire cricket club's pavilion drank most of the wine and smoked a number of cigars before they left with practically everything of value. It is to be hoped that they didn't use the Gentlemen's entrance.

"On a morning train to London one can always distinguish the really successful stockbrokers," says a writer. By the way they corner carriages, of course.

## Non-Intervention

(Hints for those engaged on the coast of Spain)

Ir you see a German airman flying high above the city and you think that dropping bombs is his intention, just report it to the Chairman, International Committee for the Maintenance of strict Non-Intervention.

If an Iti or a Russian calls upon you to submit, he needn't cause you any anxious apprehension; just refer him for discussion to the Chairman's sub-committee, International Committee for the Maintenance of strict Non-Intervention.

If a Spanish sub-lieutenant at the head of his banditti threatens you with things beyond your comprehension, just hoist the black-balled pennant of the working sub-committee of the Chairman's sub-committee, International Committee for the Maintenance of strict Non-Intervention.

If you're hit by a torpedo, which would be an awful pity and quite against the umpteenth Hague Convention,



"How D'YOU LIKE YOUR TROUSERS, SIR? TOO LONG OR TOO SHORT?"

just utter up a credo to the acting sub-committee of the working sub-committee of the Chairman's sub-committee, International Committee for the Maintenance of strict Non-Intervention.

Any case of misbehaviour not referred to in this ditty should not receive your personal attention; just refer it to your saviour—to the standing sub-committee of the acting sub-committee of the working sub-committee of the Chairman's sub-committee International Committee for the Maintenance of strict Non-Intervention.

### At the Dance

I have found that many dancers, standing on the threshold of the ballroom floor, do not take the precaution of mapping out a plan of campaign for the evening. I must impress upon the reader that this is in the nature of an essential. The plan will however differ according to whether the dance is run upon the card system or whether it is match play, sometimes known as catch-as-catch-can.

One of the greatest card-and-pencil players I ever knew gave me the following as the best performance he put up in his long career:—

1.	Fox Trot		×			The girl he came with.
2.	Fox Trot					
	Slow Fox Trot					
4.	Tango	*	,			That dizzy blonde.
	Paul Jones					Resting.
6.	Viennese Walts	Z				His sister.
7.	Rumba	*				Old Mrs. Wilkinson.
	Fox Trot					Young Miss Wilkinson.
9.	Fox Trot					

## Supper

Missing

10. Waltz ...

11.	Tango		 	 Missing.
12.	Paul Jone	85	 	 Resting.
13.	Fox Trot		 	 His hostess.
				His sister.
15.	Fox Trot		 	 His hostess's daughter.
16.	Fox Trot		 	 That dizzy blonde.
17.	Carioca		 	 That dizzy blonde.
18.	Fox Trot			The girl he came with

#### GOD SAVE THE KING.

This great player's success was all the more remarkable because of his total inability to dance anything but the Fox Trot—and that uncertainly. But by footslogging through the second and third with the blonde he was able to sit out the fourth, thus concealing his ignorance of the tango's intricacies. On neither occasion did he take the risk of the Paul Jones, in which any step may suddenly be sprung upon the unwary dancer. Some bolder spirits may perhaps criticise him for writing down his sister's name—a mere formality that did not entail his leaving the bar—against the two tricky Viennese waltzes, but in my opinion this represents thoughtful steady dancing. By asking Mrs. Wilkinson, who never dances, for the rumba he avoided making a fool of himself with her daughter,



THE SERIOUS SEASON

ADMIRAL NEVILLE TO ADMIRAL ANTHONY. "I SAY, EVEN IN HOLIDAY TIME I THINK WE SHALL HAVE TO TAKE SOME NOTICE OF THIS."



"EXCUSE ME, MR. TWISSELTON, BUT MAY I HAVE MY HAT NOW ?"

and so completed the first nine in par figures. By prolonging supper with the blonde he was able to steer clear of two numbers that might well have brought him to grief. Continuing his way steadily homewards, he disposed of both his hostess and her daughter in a brilliant spell, and then, by suggesting that the bar might be shutting, escaped the fatal seventeenth. Touring a few times round the floor with his original partner, he brought the meeting to a successful conclusion.

Totally different problems arise if the match play system is in force, for while it is easier to retain a blonde when others have not got her signature on the dotted line, the difficulty of transferring one who does not fulfil early expectations is considerable. Important tactical points are:—Using the Paul Jones to effect a profitable exchange of partners; discovering as far in advance as possible which will be the supper dance; bribing a thirsty bandsman to let you know what type of dance is coming next; going to see if the girl you think you ought to be dancing with next is by any chance in the bar.

No discussion of dancing can be complete without mention of conversation. Of this there are two kinds, the normal and the bizarre. The normal opens with a statement that the band is very good but that you don't know many people here. It progresses by easy stages to an exchange of ideas about theatres, cinemas and books. It closes about five hours later with a commendation of the band for their evening's work. To induce your partner to speak it is only necessary to praise the gown or coiffure of a girl on the

other side of the room. The bizarre, as used by most authors and artists, all philanderers and university freshmen, involves talking the whole evening on any subject from STALIN to transmigration. Intermittently lavish praises of your partner are introduced, followed by demands for her telephone number. For this method it may sometimes be necessary to suppress your partner's conversation. This is most simply done by singing loudly the tune to which you happen to be dancing.

Note. However much you are urged to do so, never play the percussion with a couple of empty beer-bottles just after the supper interval.

#### August in Town

The roads are up, the 'varsities are down,
And everyone I know is out of town.
The butler's gone to Dover;
The cinema is like a Turkish bath,
And when I walk along the garden path
I find the roses over.

"I'll take my holiday," I cried, "in June."
"You're wise," they said, "to get away so soon;"
But June was like October.
Thus I'm in London while the bumpkins swarm.
Only the fact that all the beer is warm
Is making me keep sober.

# Old Lady Flagge Fails Us

"You wouldn't say, would you, that entertaining Uncle Egbert was at all difficult?" asked Laura.

I replied that there were some things

one didn't care to say.
"You mean because they're just too obvious for words? Well, I quite agree. He doesn't seem to like doing anything except the crossword-puzzle in The Times and telling us how splendid everything was in the 'sixties.

"And Charles is always taking the crossword-puzzle away and doing it himself, and nobody else can really say much about the 'sixties except what fun they must have been-and even that isn't true.'

"Oh, I don't know," said Laura leniently. "Pork-pie hats and croquet and chandeliers, you know.'

I refrained from commenting upon this epitome of a (doubtless) thoroughly significant and historical decade. Anyway, I wasn't sure if she was right or wrong about the pork-pie hats.

"I believe I've got an idea," said Laura. "I think you ought to ask old Lady Flagge to tea to meet him. The 'sixties are absolutely nothing to her."

The phrase, curiously enough, conveyed to me the exact opposite of what it actually said. Old Lady Flagge evidently, in Laura's opinion, had in all probability already been old Lady Flagge in Uncle Egbert's golden epoch, loosely referred to as "the 'sixties." She and she alone could be intelligently responsive to his reminiscences. It seemed all right until one remembered old Lady Flagge.

Laura saw my doubt and replied to it-and I thought her reply a bit on the colloquial side.

I know she's a frightful old toad and you can't bear her, but after all it's only tea-not like dinner. We can have the crossword-puzzle for dinner.'

Again one knew what she meant. "All right," I said recklessly. "We'll ask old Lady Flagge to tea, and they can get right down to it and have an olde-worlde afternoon.

We'll let them do all the talking," said Laura. "I may just lead the conversation round to the Indian Mutiny or something like that, but they can do all the rest.

As a matter of fact it wasn't as easy as we'd expected. Old Lady Flagge began by talking about wireless, and Uncle Egbert said. What about this swing-music? and then they both discussed flying. I could hear Laura trying to work back to balloons, the Great Exhibition and—probably—the Siege of Lucknow, but the nearest she seemed able to get to them was traintravel as opposed to flying.

And Uncle Egbert said: "Ah, it won't be long before we're all going everywhere by plane," and old Lady Flagge said that modern life had practically eliminated both time and space

and a good thing too.
"Still," said Laura fi said Laura firmly, "travel isn't what it used to be. I remember your telling us, Uncle Egbert, how wonderful it seemed when a train did twenty miles an hour.

Uncle Egbert, who'd never told us anything of the kind, looked rather startled.

But it did the trick.

He began to relate one of his anecdotes

"Have I ever told you a rather curious little incident that occurred in connection with the Flying Dutchman a good many years ago?

'No," cried Laura and I simultaneously-and we both looked at old Lady

"The dear old Flying Dutchman," she said graciously.

Uncle Egbert looked gratified.

"It was in the early days, comparatively speaking, and wash-basins in the train were still a novelty. And a lady in washing her hands had the misfortune to drop a valuable ring down the waste-pipe. And what do you suppose she did?

Pulled the communication-cord." "Jumped out of the window.

"There was nothing,"said old Lady Flagge authoritatively, "that she could

"She had sufficient presence of mind," Uncle Egbert said impressively, "to look instantly at her watch and make a note of the exact time. She then reported the matter to the guard, who thus knew the precise spot over which the train had been passing at the very moment of her loss. And the ring was recovered without difficulty.

"How marvellous!" said Laura. "Presence of mind!" murmured

I think it was wonderful," I said. Then we all looked hopefully at old Lady Flagge

"When I heard that story," said old Lady Flagge, "it was her watch that she'd dropped." E. M. D.

"Well-educated Young Lady requires position as Secretary-Receptionist to doctor, dentist, or gentleman.

Advt. in " The Times."

She seems to have been reading The Citadel.



"PUSSY'S BEEN AT THE VANISHING-CREAM AGAIN."

# Tennis Party

For once I have managed to drive in at their gate Without hitting any of the hydrangeas in pots, So perhaps this time they will not say

"You got your driving-licence before the days of tests, I suppose?"

I can see as I get out of the car that Colonel Harris is there. He hates playing with me;

I hate playing with him.

I should like to play against him and hit him with my Budge-like service,

But I fear it will not happen.

"What a lovely day!"

"Yes, isn't it?"

"Let's have a set at once. Will you play with Colonel Harris?"

"I should love to."

"Will you serve, partner?"

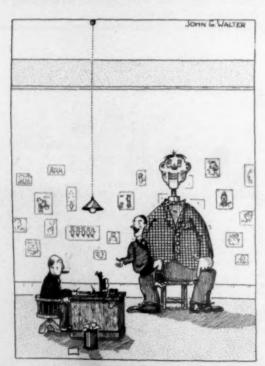
I wish he would not stand so far into the middle of the court.

I am going to serve now.

"Look out, Colonel!"

"Oh, I am so sorry."

"Have two more."



'MARK MY WORDS, MR. GOLDERSTEIN THIS IS GOING TO REVOLUTIONISE THE ART OF VENTRILOQUISM!

He has learnt his lesson now and is cowering near the post.

I serve four doubles.

"One-love," says the Colonel crossly.

The Vicar serves one of his hard ones at me, but I exclaim "No!"

Now he will send a short high one and I shall kill it.

It has nearly killed me.

He must have been studying a slow-motion film of TILDEN or somebody.

The Colonel has sent his return into the net.

Now the Vicar is facing me again, and I am standing right back.

He sends a short one and Colonel Harris cries "Watch it!" I certainly shan't if I am told to like that.
I don't.

Now we are having a rally.

The Colonel and the Vicar have been driving at each other for some time;

If I get the ball I shall show them how to finish off a rally.

I do show them, and I am rather afraid the ball has gone into the river.

The Colonel says it would have been out if I hadn't hit it.

"Love-two," he says, grabbing the balls. "Now we must pull up our socks."

I don't know how I am to teach the Colonel to let me play my own game.

I shall show him after tea if I get into a really good set.

The set is over.

We sink into deck-chairs and watch the Colonel playing in a men's four.

The others exclaim "Shot!" "Good work!" and "Bad luck!"

But I don't, because I don't think it.

There is nothing like honesty really, and I don't believe in saying what I don't think.

All the same I am quite pleased when after tea the Vicar praises my back-hand volley.

The only one of its kind I have hit for some time.

I hope Colonel Harris saw it, but I am rather afraid he has gone to look at the rockery.

A pity.

"Now, Marjorie, will you play a return of the first set? I think you and the Colonel were partners."

"I wonder what the time is?

Six already?

Then I'm afraid I must rush off to the Women's Institute. So sorry. It's been lovely.

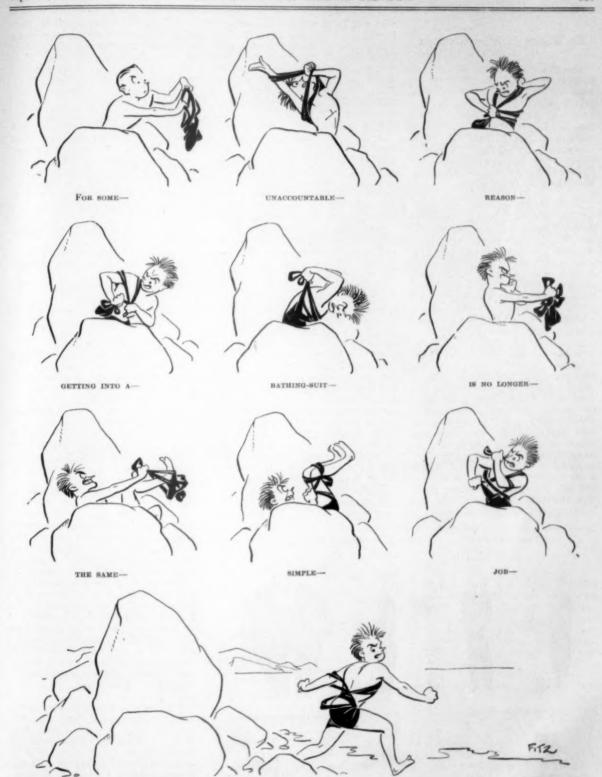
Such nice tennis.

(I don't think.) Good-bye!"

I don't think the prospect of a set with the Vicar later is worth the martyrdom Of another with the Colonel first

Of another with the Colonel first. Perhaps he will get tennis-elbow soon; And even if he doesn't, it is not long now

Till he goes North for the shooting, And then I shall begin my tennis season.



IT USED TO BE.

# To Whom It May Concern

FOR some days now a cloud has been hanging over me. I tend to find myself with my teacup halfway to my lips, gazing moodily into the middle distance. I wake in the morning with that peculiar feeling that something unpleasant is going to happen. For a moment I am puzzled. Is it the European situation? My overdraft? My health? And then I remember. Miss Pilcher is leaving.

Don't, as Mr. Max MILLER would say, get me wrong. It is not just Miss Pilcher's departure which is worrying me. That in itself would be a cause for song and merry laughter, for a looking forward to a bright future of decently-typed, accurately-spelt letters and well-kept files. But in order to qualify for a brand-new secretary I shall be bound to write Miss Pilcher a reference; and frankly this reference business gets me down.

To start with, I cannot believe that a reference from me can be of the slightest use to Miss Pilcher. I know she has plenty already, because she insisted on showing them to me when she came. There are already half-adozen gentlemen who are prepared to take their Davy that Miss Pilcher is honest, reliable, conscientious, keen, intelligent, rapid, adaptable, methodical, responsible, satisfactory and withal a thoroughly nice girl; who have said so on substantial-looking paper from substantial-looking addresses, and

who will be charmed to answer any inquiries. Why drag me in? Miss Pilcher has only been with me a year. There just wouldn't have been time for her to Go Down Hill and to become dishonest, unreliable, etc., etc. Besides, there is nothing which I can usefully add. If I were asked for a snap opinion on Miss Pilcher I should reply at once that she is a well-meaning girl who sniffs. But one cannot put that in a reference. Quite apart from the fact that Miss Pilcher would not like it, it would be against the rules of the game. If I were to end a glowing panegyric by saying that Miss Pilcher left me of her own accord owing to a breakdown in health due to severe catarrh, an experienced reader of references might listen carefully for sniffs when interviewing her. But why should I, anyhow? The last man she was with didn't give me the tip.

The trouble about references arises. I fancy, in the first place from the fact that they are written when people are going. It is not difficult to forgive old injuries when one is to suffer them no more. On the day when Miss Pilcher leaves me I shall be in a position to take a lenient view of her sniff. I shall feel almost an affection for the girl. I shall feel that it would be a shame for a little thing like a sniff to handicap her in her career. I shall probably make myself believe that any less sensitive employer will hardly notice it. Certainly I shall wish Miss Pilcher well and want to do the decent thing by her in the way of a reference.

Having reached this stage, of course

I am lost. For unfortunately the very minimal decent thing in the way of a reference is a document which, if sworn to in a court of law, would immediately be sent to the Public Prosecutor. A man who sends a girl out into the employment world with a reference which merely says that she did her work satisfactorily is implying that if she didn't actually steal the petty cash it was only because it was kept locked up. I cannot conceive that any employer would take on a secretary with a reference which said that her work was just satisfactory. Roughly the glossary of reference terms seems to run something like this:—

Satisfactory — Completely unemployable.

Conscientious—Tries but stupid.

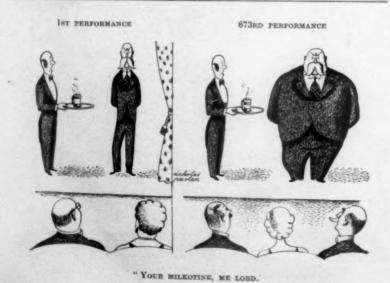
Rapid Worker—Sacked for careless-

Methodical or Careful Worker—Takes an hour to do a short letter. Adaptable—Bored by secretarial work.

and so on.

On the whole, however, I am not really very worried about deceiving Those Whom It May Concern about Miss Pilcher. Presumably they too will have written references and will know the language. But it so happens that Miss Pilcher, amongst those ills which the secretarial flesh is heir to, has one or two quite good points which might be useful to somebody. And as far as I can see there is positively no way in which I can convey them. She is, for example, an absolute adept at answering the telephone in my presence, discovering the name of the caller, letting me know it, finding out whether I am in or out, and acting accordingly without any of those rather obvious and awkward little pauses. A girl like that would be worth a fortune to somebody. But there is no word in the reference language which means that. "Fluent and convincing liar" is obviously impossible. "Tactful" is viously impossible. already taken up to imply always-hasan-excuse-for-anything, whilst "adaptable," when it does not mean willmess - about - with - any - job - but - her own, usually implies does-not-leave-ifsworn-at-or-flirted-with. . . .

I cannot help feeling that in the last analysis there is only one way out, and I propose to take it with Miss Pilcher. When the time comes for her to leave me I shall simply write on a piece of paper, "I'm fed up with this reference business, which is all hooey anyhow. Miss Pilcher is a perfectly ordinary straightforward secretary with





THE BRITISH CHARACTER

FONDNESS FOR EVERYTHING FRENCH

a talent for quick lies about being out. She has never stolen anything from here, or if she has I haven't missed it. If you can stand her sniff you might do a lot worse.—(Signed) ME."

That is what I shall do—or—well, anyhow, if Miss Pilcher happens to come along to you with a reference from me beginning: "To Whom It May Concern,—Miss Pilcher was in my employ from blank to blank, during which time she showed zeal and intelligence of the highest order, combined with . ." You'll know that the other was what I meant.

## Plaint of the Amateur.

AFAR I glimpse the day when I Perchance may know this cup is Ming. This dish the date of Yüan Shih-k'ai,
That famille rose of later Ch'ing.
Maybe I'll learn when I am bald
Why pots have names—why some
are Ting,

Why bowls are "Wan," why vases called

The onomatopoeic "Ping."

Yet dull dejection lies in store

For me. These names are naught
To guide me when I'm buying, for
I don't possess the things I've
bought.

They said my bronze was early Chow, But now I find it's only Jo, My Ko is Goo; no matter how I strive to learn, I'll never know Why Ju is "Ru" or Kuei "gway."

Come, brother victim, come with me, Let others puzzle while we pluei And quaff a "wan" of fragrant T'i.

## Car Wanted

ALWAYS ready and willing. Trained to police cars, traffic-lights, pedestrian crossings, white lines, driving tests. Two-seater expanding to six or more national emergency, no other occasion. Sleep three comfortably. Fitted small concealed cooking stove, good cupboard room, linen airer, etc. Fold up to stand in hall overnight. Capable ninety. Self-righting in skids. Road manners as London buses in all things. When petrol low, automatic soft wail approaching next petrol station. Expensive appearance unacceptable. Selfcleaning apparatus no disadvantage. Plenty of lamps. Price: must be moderate; sewing-machine (hand), complete set Scott (practically as new) given part exchange.

# A Course of Golf

It is now exactly six months since my friend Turnbull decided to save the country from any possible disaster in the future by keeping fit. There had never, so far as I could see, been anything wrong with him, but he said that he was going to keep fit really seriously in future. What he needed, he said, was exercise, and so he began to play golf again. I gathered, less from any direct information than from numerous vague hints, that it had only been Turnbull's premature retirement from the game some ten years previously which had prevented England from winning the Walker Cup.

After a month's vigorous practice he challenged me to a game. From his attitude I inferred that I was going to get what America had so narrowly escaped. He embarked from the first tee with a retinue consisting of a large caddie, an enormous bag of clubs of types hitherto unseen on the course, a supply of new balls, and two small schoolboys who, it seemed, had seen

Turnbull playing before.

It is only fair to him to say that he was unlucky. Any man who finds him-

was unlucky. Any man who mas himself in the space of a hundred yards in two bunkers, a sandpit and a river can only be called unlucky. Turnbull, stoically watching his ball gambolling along towards the Atlantic Ocean, generously conceded the hole, and we went on to the next. It would be inaccurate to say that he improved: it became gradually obvious that the reason he had all those unique clubs was that he frequented parts of the course which no one had ever explored before him.

After the end of the seventh hole he said that all good golfers liked to be behind. Considering this, it seemed inconsistent of him when, eight behind with seven holes still to play, he appeared to be anything but pleased. He begged me, however, not to judge him on that display, as he had sprained his wrist only the day before. He would not, he said, have played but for his anxiety not to let me down. Some day, he promised, he would show me what he really could do.

A month later he kept his promise. What he could do with nothing but a succession of golf-balls and a few clubs would have made his fortune on the stage, but unfortunately it failed to get him very far on the golf-course. After he had lost again he observed accurately that he had not played well. I tried to encourage him by saying that there was always hope for improvement in a man who was ready to admit his

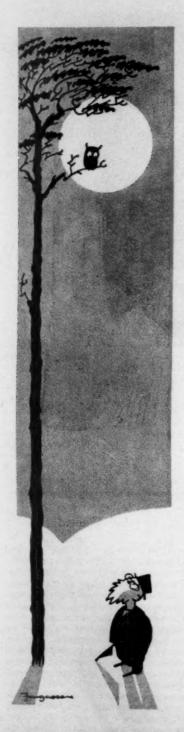
faults. Turnbull then proceeded to enumerate these shortcomings. No man, he told me earnestly, knew just how ill he was until he started keeping fit. That afternoon, for instance, he had been adversely affected by a pain in his stomach, which he attributed to a strain caused by overswinging; also, he added a little later, it was impossible for him to give of his best when he was suffering from the most bitter toothache.

At various times during the next few months I played with Turnbull again. It was still his habit to strike the ball and then stand and exchange theories with his caddie as to the best place to start looking for it. Though I invariably beat him, it hurt me to add the pain of defeat to his other ailments; for in place of the fine upstanding man who had so recently taken to keeping fit there stood a delicate weakling, a broken reed.

After each round he would keep me in touch with his physical condition. He had lost his digestion altogether apparently; he was now driven to taking his steak-and-chips without the chips and his lobster mayonnaise without the egg. His liver, it seemed, was but a poor mockery of an organ. His eyesight was rapidly weakening beneath the strain, and business worries were preying on his mind as never before. When his ankles were sound his wrists had given way; when his wrists had recovered he would have sprained his ankles by falling over bunkers. No one surely had ever previously struggled round a golfcourse in the face of such odds.

It is nearly a fortnight since I last played Turnbull. I was surprised, considering the precarious state of his health, to see him turn up at all, but he appeared punctually and gallantly carried on. Oddly enough, he overcame his disabilities to such effect that he succeeded in beating me. I was at first afraid that the excitement of winning would be too much for his heart, but he bore it nobly and generously refrained from commenting on any of his ailments. Indeed he said that he had never felt fitter in his life, but this, I suspected, was only to palliate my own disappointment at losing.

It was only later that it occurred to me as being strange that Turnbull's renewed vigour should coincide with his first victory over me. What, I wonder, would he have been suffering from if I had beaten him again? For I am sure that I should have won easily if I had not been playing with a bad knee and a new driver and been worrying so much about Turnbull's health.



"TO WHOM, YOU MUDDLE-HEADED BIRD."

# Victories

The newsagent forgot to deliver my Thunderer the other morning, and when I called round on him to collect it I was just in time to see an elderly clergyman staggering away under the burden of the last copy.

"Well," I said, accepting the situation philosophically, "if I can't have The Thunderer I suppose I must have something else. What do you recommend?"

He was a bright young man with big glasses and he thought carefully before he answered.

"It's entirely a matter of your personal taste," he said. "Would you like an Insurgent victory or a Government victory? I think I can promise that you will find an Insurgent victory in The Daily Blare (they have had one in The Blare every day since the Spanish business started), but if you prefer a Government victory I can confidently recommend The Daily Flare. If the Government had advanced every day as far as they are said to advance in The Flare they would have been in the sea long ago."

I confessed that I was not particu-

larly interested in Spain.

"You're not the only one," said the newsagent. "I find that most of my customers have transferred their interest to China. Like the Athenians, they are always running after new things. Would you like a Chinese victory or a Japanese advance? Either The Daily Blare or The Morning Muse guarantees at least one Japanese victory every day, though generally speaking there are more Chinese aeroplanes destroyed in The Blare than in The Muse. On the other hand, The Muse makes rather a speciality of

the plague."
"I don't want to read about Japanese victories," I said rather

"Then The Flare is the paper you want. The Japanese position is absolutely hopeless, according to this morning's Flare. They are short of ammunition and a major mutiny in the army is expected hourly. If you want to feel quite easy about China, buy The Flare."

"I don't like The Flare," I said.
"Then you must take The Daily

Moon. Neither side can ever advance an inch in The Daily Moon, The Moon feeling that until China and Japan abandon Capitalism they can't possibly be expected to wage a war with any hope of success. Although Japan never gains a victory in The Moon, the losses on the Chinese side are tremen-



The Bridesmaid. ". . . and then, Grandpa, the great big doors opened and there was me with the train!"

dous, and although China never gains a victory, the Japanese army is by this time reduced to about a tenth of its former size."

He paused for breath, but I brushed aside the copy of *The Moon* and explained that both wars left me absolutely cold.

"I want the paper with the best cricket reports," I said, "and I am particularly anxious to know whether Garsetshire beat Wessex."

His face fell.

"I'm afraid Garsetshire lost," he said humbly, "in all the papers. It seems feeble not to be able to offer

you alternative results, but I hope that by next season the newspaper proprietors will have seen the wisdom of running their sports sections on competitive lines. I quite expect next year to be able to offer you a Hampshire victory over Surrey in The Blare and a Surrey victory over Hampshire in The Flare, with a drawn game in The Moon. After all, it is the duty of newspapers to give the Great British Public exactly what it wants."

"Making pot pourri needs patience."

Local Paper.

And, of course, takes thyme.

# From the Ish Anthology

#### VI.

#### CLIMAX

With extreme care the man in the cafe Stripped the cellophane From his cigarette-packet, which He then put away.

The cellophane
He first smoothed out on the table,
And then slowly, delicately, lovingly
Folded it in half.

(Fond of the stuff, I deduced; Saves packs of it.)

But in half again; and again; And again; and in half again.

(No, this is no hoarder: He's making something.)

Then in half diagonally; and the corners Twisted. . . . .

(A boat? A hat?)

Smoothed, pressed . . .

(A glider ?)

And finally He flicked it to the floor And went out, treading on it.

#### REMEMBER

But if you are careful not To bite the hand that feeds you, Everybody knows exactly why.

#### A FANCY

Mr. Callimachus founded and perfected A tremendous and intricate organisation Which for many years Collected, indexed and collated All discoverable details About every recorded horse-race.

"Ah!" said an acquaintance,
"And you find,
Of course,
That the law of averages works here,
As everywhere else? It all
Evens out?"

Mr. Callimachus said, "Well,
The curious thing is that it doesn't.
The winner, in ninety-nine per cent. of races,
Proves to be the horse,
To which certain—
Apparently quite arbitrarily chosen—
Details pointed beforehand."

"Good Lord, and what are the details?"

Mr. Callimachus replied: "Ah!"

# SUBURBAN POETS

Writing a poem
Is like thinking up a name for a house.

For every one person Who produces a new one There are thousands

> (Holmhurst, Viewholm, Hurstview, Mereholm, Lyndmere, Lakeview, Hurstmere, Holmleaf, Merehurst.)

Who rearrange The old ingredients.

#### Possibilities

Every declension of a noun
Is a short story.
As soon as one thinks of the word
One has to exhaust the subject.

"O table! . . . Of a table. To Or for a table. By, with, or from A table. (Or tables.) . . ."

What vistas Of peculiar activity!

Decline the noun "cream-separator"

And you have nearly enough for a novel.

#### OVERHEARD

"Ai nevah go to bed.
It is so disconcerting
To wake up and find
That that is where one is."

#### Nor Now

"He knows it
Like the palm of his hand."
Yes?
You know the palm of yours, perhaps?
Probably the phrase dates back
To a time when there was
Nothing else to read.

# Fragment of Biography She used to walk about there In a long coat and dark glasses,

Hoping
To be taken for a film-star incognito.

#### A SPECIAL BLEND

The barman was dismissed: He had, it was found, an understanding With the band-leader,

Who undertook to have a rumba played
Whenever the barman wished,
Unheard by the manager,
To shake himself a cocktail.

#### A THOUGHT

The things that really deserve To be mentioned in theatre programmes Are the petrol-lighters Used on the stage. They always work, And they never are.

Of course it would be unfortunate If they were, and didn't. R. M.

# Compression

#### CHAPTER XIX.

By this time Ivy had left Hillerby, climbed the hill which separates it from the cleaner countryside beyond, and was making for Bawtry. Hedges and trees slowly approached and then slid quickly by. Bycicle Bicycle wheels purred on the macadam of the main roads and crunched along the gravel surfaces of the smaller lanes; spokes swished as she sailed down hills and she felt the sturdy tremor of leg and thigh as she worked up them. She passed the Belton Coking and Chemical Works, an active fortress sending out jets of steam and a streamer of smoke back towards Hillerby, and almost immediately afterwards a dingle powdered with late bluebells carpeted with late bluebells misted with bluebelle pied with anemones

## CHAPTER XIX.

By this time Ivy had pushed her bicycle up the steep road out of Swirl valley and was making for Bawtry. Hedges and trees slid by, wheels purred and crunched along the roads. She heard the swish of spokes as she sailed down hills and felt the sturdy tremor of leg and thigh as she worked up them. The Belton Cokin The countryside became cleaner The Belton Cokin T

#### CHAPTER XIX.

Ivy looked up at the lowering rainclouds and decided not to go for a bicycleride.

# Making History

IMPALED upon a battlement
I see the Pageant pass,
Exuding from its dressing-tent
Athwart the pea-green grass.
History it seems about a property and property.

History, it seems, abounds with pages, Some young cherubic things But mainly of the middle ages

And wreathed in wedding-rings. How swiftly slide away the years! I see an early earl,

Armed to his early English ears,
Alternate plain and purl.

I see an ornamental seat,
Giving its strong support—

Now it is BOADICEA'S concern,
Now bad King John's hard court.
Six men of Calais pale and chill
Shiver beneath the trees;

They would have been much paler still If they had washed their knees.



" Notice any improvement, Sandy?"

" AY-YE 'VE HAD A PERM."

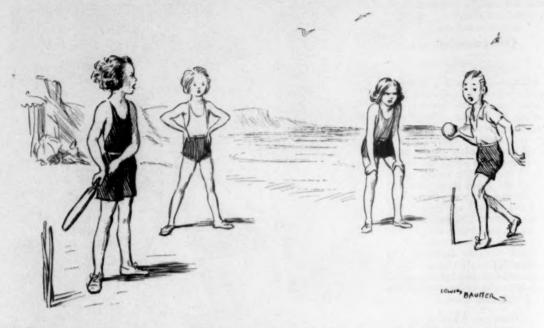
And these brave knights in cloth of gold,

What hot stout stuff they're made of!
What noble cause do they uphold?
What are these men in aid of?
Why do these milestones of mankind

In chivalrous pursuit
Call irresistibly to mind
The Women's Institute?

Serve supper in a beard?

And when this posthumous parade, Twice dead, has disappeared, Why does the panting parlourmaid We learn with great regret of the death on August 23rd of Mr. Frederick Pegram, whose quiet skilful drawings have for more than thirty years enriched the pages of "Punch." His gentle kindly wit and accomplished craftsmanship will be greatly missed.



"AND LOOK HERE, YOUNG PETER-IF YOU PLAY WITH US WE DON'T WANT ANY SCHOOLGIRL STUFF."

# Highland Games

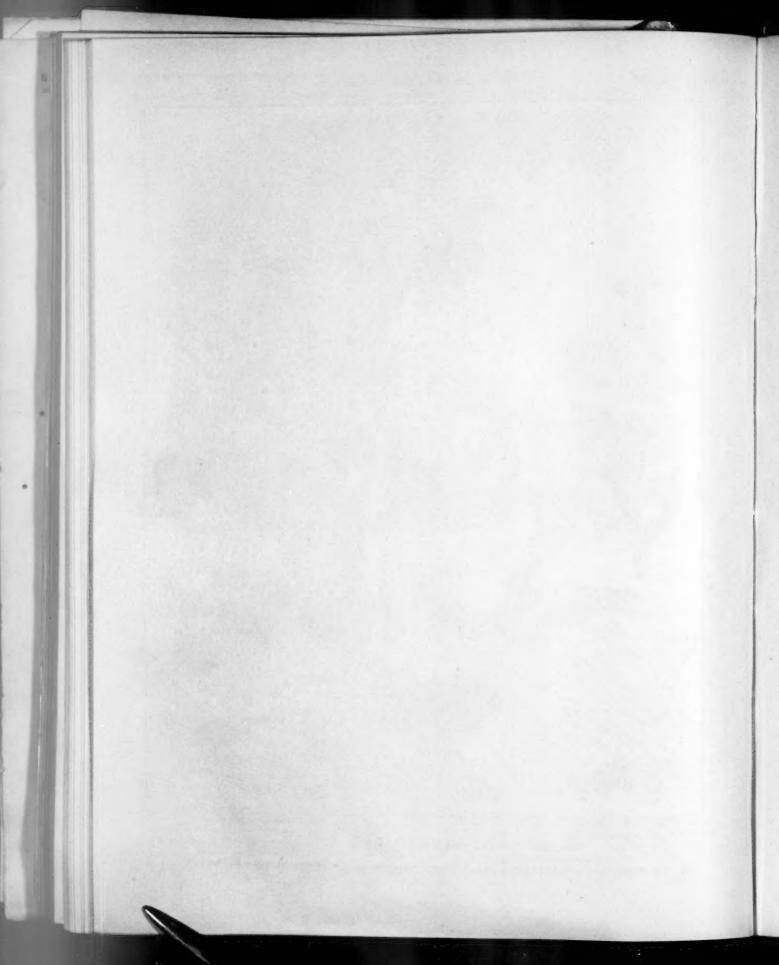
- "What is the idea in having all these Games?"
- "My dear George, to keep up the old Highland tradition, to keep alive the old Highland sports and pastimes, the old Highland feats of strength, the old Highland melodies and—and so on."
  - "Oh, I see."
  - "The next item on the programme is a race for ponies."
  - "Did the old Highlanders have ponies?"
  - "Of course they did."
  - "Like these?"
  - "Well-er-no, not quite like these."
  - "What splendid-looking men these athletes are!"
  - "Yes, grand. Fine Highland types."
  - "I suppose they are all local Highlanders."
- "Well, no. As a matter of fact I think most of them come from Glasgow."
- "And what do they do when they're not competing at Highland Games?"
- "I really don't know. I don't think they do very much. You see, they're mostly professionals."
  - "Now we're to have a cycle race."
  - "A cycle race?"
  - "Yes. Why not?"

- "Well, did the old Highlanders have cycles?"
- "Of course they didn't. What's that got to do with it?"
- "I thought you said-
- "I suppose the chaps in the special enclosure are the clan chieftains, eh?"
- "No, not exactly. One of them's a fellow called Rosenbaum who's taken the Lodge and the other two are Americans."
  - "Then why are they wearing kilts?"
  - "Ah, now you're asking."
- "Now we come to the star event on the programme. Bung Crasher and his Skyrocket Skidsters are going to give a demonstration of dirt-track riding. They've come all the way from London——"
- "The old Highlanders did a lot of that, I expect. Three times round Lock Ness oh? Or un Ben Nevia and back"
- times round Loch Ness, eh? Or up Ben Nevis and back."
  "Now, look here, George, if you've come here just to sit
  and wisecrack——"
- "What is that tune we are hearing on the loud-speaker?"
- "I think it's a tune called 'The Love Bug Will Bite You If You Don't Watch Out.'"
  - "Is that an old Highland melody?"
  - "Oh, shut up!"



DANSE MACABRE

"I COME OF A DANCING FAMILY, AND I CAN'T HELP FEELING INTERESTED."





"OH, WELL, IF YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A FUSS ABOUT IT I'LL PUT IT BACK!"

# Ship's Log

Time 1400. Wind Light S.W. All aboard. Final preparations made for sailing and the bottles thrown overboard. Skipper splices a lanvard on to his knife, and some marline on to his eyeglass. Burgee halliards all he now needs to complete his personal running rigging.

Time 1430. Wind ditto. We make sail. Mainsail hoisted. Mate foul of throat halliards and also hoisted. Mainsail lowered. Mate revived. Mainsail hoisted again. Throat halliards part. Mate overboard. Mate inboard. Mate changes his clothes. New halliards rove and mainsail hoisted again. New halliards prove to be jib-sheets. New jibsheets rove.

Time 1500. Wind Strong vertical. Under way, Mainsail and jib drawing very well intermittently, but ship will not answer helm. No progress.

Time 1510. Wind strong from all over the place. Anchor discovered still down. Anchor broken out.

Time 1515. Wind fresh but can't make out where from. Course due west. Ram barge lying at anchor in stream on starboard bow. Bargeman, inarticulate, comes on deck, pushes us off and goes below again.

Time 1516. Wind ditto. Course still due west. Ram same barge starboard quarter. Bargeman, articulate, comes on deck, turns us round and pushes us off again, this time staying on deck. Course, thanks to him, due east.

Time 1517. Aground. Time 1700. Afloat and at sea. Life has been very full and not conducive to keeping an accurate log.

Time 1702. Wind strong S.W. Course for Black Rock Lighthouse. Patent log set.

Time 1715. Wind ditto. Course ditto. Log reads "Very Stormy," and proves to be the ship's barometer. Matter Matter remedied.

Time 1720. Wind ditto. Course ditto. Jibe-oh. No sign of mate anywhere. Scan sea and decide to jibe again to try to pick up mate. Do so, and find mate aboard again with his feet wet. Discover he was removed by the boom when we jibed the first time, and has been holding on to it out to leeward ever since. Mate a typical sea-dog, whose bark is worse than his bite. Or so I hope.

Course (apparently) Time 1730. N×S×W, with just a touch of E. Staysail set. Fouls skipper's running rigging while being hoisted. Skipper's eyeglass carried away, and is discernible aloft, scanning horizon. Skipper

Time 1750. Skipper sights Black Rock lighthouse two points on star-

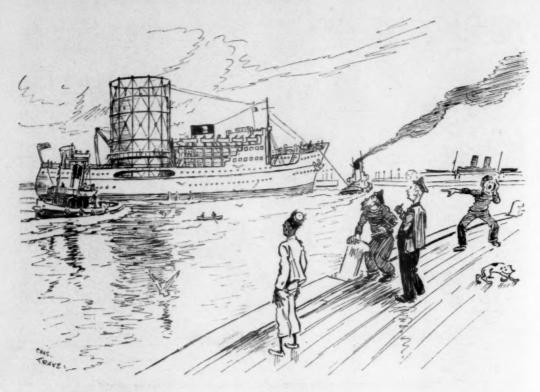
board bow. Bears away for it.

Time 1800. Black Rock lighthouse dead ahead, making up on it fast. Sea

Time 1815. Black Rock lighthouse makes sail and proceeds to northward. N.B.—Report this to Trinity House on return. Sea very angry

Time 1900. Black Rock lighthouse elusive. Go about and proceed to run for anchorage. Mate very sick and suggests letting go an anchor. Skipper suggests heaving to. Mate goes one better and suggests heaving three. Sea furious.

Time 1930. Ship leaking somewhere. Mate awash at his post on floorboards and comes on deck to take over wheel. Skipper goes below to look at chart and verify position. Returns on deck and throws bottle overboard. Mate thinks he had better check up on skipper's position and also goes below to verify it. Mate throws two bottles overboard.



THE SECOND FUNNEL

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE PASSENGERS WHO PREFER CAS FIRES IN THEIR CABINS.

Time 2000. Position verified. Ship

hard aground on bank. Tide falling.

Time 2100. Sea now some distance away, just visible from masthead through glasses. Supper for all hands eaten on deck. Glasses very useful. Getting dark.

Time 2200. Skipper goes below to set barometer. Skipper's head strikes paraffin lamp, which breaks. Skipper, undeterred by darkness, sets barometer, which strikes twelve. Skipper strikes match, which ignites paraffin.

Time 2201. Ship abandoned.

# The Grouse Inquiry

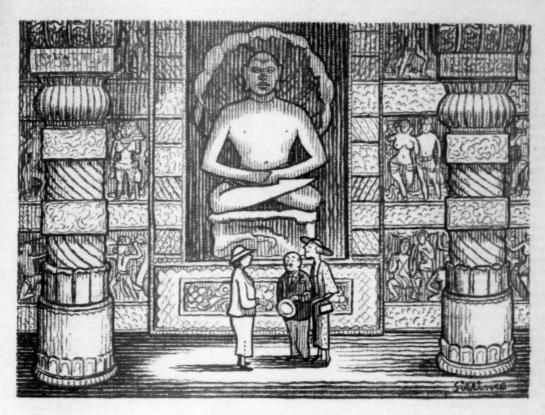
For the past four years there have been no grouse on Ardmore Hill. So that but for the diehard spirit of old Major Fenton-who resents this fact much as he resents green pillarboxes and the farmyard animals on the Free State coinage—the Twelfth would pass over Mullinabeg entirely unnoticed. As it is, he continues to set out at an unearthly hour on that morning, complete with gun and setter. Not only that, but he compels Mick Doyle to go too. For a jobbing gardener who as such spends a good deal of time leaning upon the handle of his spade and conversing with his various employers, this day on Ardmore is an unpleasant experience. "It isn't even as if I was one of them born hikers," he has said, "that makes no demur about beltin' around all day in the hottest sun wid their faces like a fire in a furniture facthory.

The start is always the same, though the drive itself varies a good deal. It has been said of Major Fenton that "what he doesn't know about driving would fill a cemetery," but, the narrow road being practically empty at that hour, the worst that has happened so far was the compulsory chasing of a misguided bullock for some miles, until, as Mick reported, "the Meejor put every sort of an insinuation upon it an' in the latther end he hot it a bump." And this account was quite as correct geographically as in point of

This year an English guest of Major

Fenton's went with them, which meant that the unwilling gillie had more to carry; and even though the day was hot the pace on the hillside was brisker than ever. "For such a span an' spickit ould Gulpin he was a rale galloper," Mick complained afterwards to the man who in his capacity of pedlar visits Mullinabeg late in August and expects to hear all about the day on Ardmore. And only that gentlemen's recollections of the proven truths spoken by Mick concerning the Colorado beetle could have persuaded the pedlar that the conversation said to have been overheard high on the hill was anything more than what he called "an out-an'-out fabric."

"It wasn't till we sot down to attack the sangwidges," Mick told him, "that they dhrew down the Grouse Inquiry; and if the half of what they said was the thruth them grouses always had woeful grievances, the creatures." He settled himself more comfortably upon the low wall. "Accordin' to what th' English fella said." he went on, "a Commy-tee was sot up,



" WE ARE BOTH CHAPEL."

no less nor, to see what in the livin' earth was gone wrong wid the grouses over there in years past. An' the Commy-tee was in two notions would it be the heather-beetles they devoured that ruz a commotion inside in them, or was it the flour-mites leppin' about upon their shkin. Whatsomever it was, they were dying be shteam before the people had time as much as to rise a gun. Look 'd if you was to go be what the Meejor an' himself said, grouses might very near as well be in the nether raygions in celluloid suits as to sthrive to exist widout some epidymic of a complaint.

Mick took a deep breath and went on. "The keepers over there thried every known resoort, seemin'ly," he said. "Didn't they even burn the heather in sthripes, whatever charm they had in that? But it was all no good; they were dead before they were shot at all." He knocked the ashes from his pipe. "It was then," he said slowly, "that the keepers took to sthrew corn upon the hills in the spring, the way the birds might renaygue the beetles an' be in good condition for

the Twelfth; but that was where they overdone theirselves right." Again he paused. "As far as I could make out the lawdy-daw talk he had," he said, 'the corn fomented in the wet, an' when the grouses ett it didn't it act upon them semething scandalous? They could fly all right, he told the Meejor, but when they'd sthrive to light down upon the ground, wouldn't they fall on their heads in a kind of a stupe, an' annyone at all could pick them up before their brains'd be cleared—ay, an' put them in their pocket for the matter of that."

There was silence for a little while, then the pedlar spoke of his intended return to Rathberry, where his home was. "There's plenty of grouses upon the hill there," he said, "an' there's nothin' we wouldn't do for them that'd nourish them.

He had passed a short way down the road when Mick called on him to stop. "Don't forget," he shouted, "that the corn must be fomented stop. before it'll go to their heads.'

There was no answer from the D. M. L. pedlar.

# Country Pleasures

I ALWAYS rather bar A Bazaar.

I simply cannot bear A Fancy Fair.

I'm not keen On Dancing on the Green.

An Olde Englyshe Revel Is the very devil.

I just won't go To a Baby Show.

I particularly dislike A decorated bike.

But the thing I absolutely hate Is a Common or Garden Fête. C.F.S.

"Mrs. Whittemore did the take-off in most humorous off in most humorous off in most humorous fashion."—California Paper.

Anyhow, she took it off.

# At the Play

"OLD MUSIC" (ST. JAMES'S)

THERE is something mysterious about this new play of Mr. KEITH WINTER'S. (A marries B and C marries D. A is a captain and C is a lord, but that is by the way.) In less than a year A takes D as his mistress, half-strangles B and is shot by D, whose brother is in love with B. On top of all this the political situation is far from satisfactory, culminating in that moment sacred to stage and screen when one of the characters throws up a window to admit the strains of martial music and says in a voice pregnant with emotion, "It's war!" (GROUCHO MARX does something of the sort, it will be remembered, in the Brothers' latest film.)

And yet my recollection of the play is of a quiet and pleasurable entertainment. The period—1853—4—may have something to do with this, for violence and crinolines sort ill together and it is difficult to take the combina-

tion seriously, but chiefly the explanation must be sought in the restraint of both author and actors. The story is told and acted on a subdued note. There are outbursts, but they have a stifled quality about them; they seem no more likely than the outbursts of real life to effect any considerable change in the situation. The spirit of Lord Tresham broods over the play. The emotions are stirred but never ravaged-and with that I have no quarrel whatever. Only I do not think a story told in such a way should end with violent death.

The Decker family consists of Mrs. Decker, her daughter Geraldine, and her two sons, Brian, just old enough to be in the army, and Nicholas, still playing with soldiers of the lead variety. There is also Judith Cameron, an orphaned niece, with ambitions as a novel-writer, more intelligence than the rest of the household put together, and a fixed deter-

mination to extricate herself from her dependent position as rapidly as possible. Marriage is the obvious way out, and into this she allows herself to be hustled by handsome Captain Tony Yale, a gambler with a past

(and, as it turns out, a future, though a brief one), to the chagrin of *Geraldine*, who has just discovered a passion for him herself.

We skip six months and look in on



HIKERS 1853

Mrs. Decker. . . Miss Marjorie Fielding Edward Tresham. Mr. Gyles Isham



"Nothing is to be gained by taking a gloomy view of the situation, Geraldine."

Judith Cameron . . . Miss Celia Johnson Tony Yale . . . . Mr. Hugh Williams Geraldine Decker . . . Miss Greer Garson

one of Judith's less comfortable evenings, when she is first throttled by her thwarted and jealous husband and immediately afterwards subjected to a visit from Geraldine and her consolation prize, Lord Tresham, just

back from their honeymoon. In the next scene the whole party go off for a pienie, in a wood so substantial that Judith actually leans against one of the trees, and it is here that Geraldine and Tony Yale begin their unfortunate association. The lapse of a few more months brings us to the eve of the Crimean War. By this time Judith has discovered that she loves Tony and can understand and forgive his unfaithful. Whether she can also pay his gambling debts remains uncertain, because in the final scene Geraldine, being told by the pair of them where she gets off, picks up a handy pistol and shoots Tony dead.

The strength of this play lies in some excellent character-drawing and the skill with which Mr. WINTER avoids overstatement and the unnecessary stressing of even quite crucial factors. He leaves a great deal to the imagination and intelligence of the audience, and we are properly grateful. The play is about two marriages which are physically null, yet the subject is hardly mentioned; and that is a great and heaven-sent achievement. Or take the character of Lord Tresham, which

is very lightly sketched in, yet emerges in retrospect as clear and sharply outlined as any in the play. Mr. GYLES ISHAM indicated the forceful personality behind the mild and mannered exterior of this nobleman with extraordinary skill. Ninetynine actors out of a hundred would have succumbed to the temptation to over-act.

The marriage of Judith and Tony fails partly because Judith was not in love and did not, as she comes to realise, give him a square deal, partly because Tony is really rather an impossible person. He has that kind of overwhelming conceit which makes him look for faults anywhere but in himself. He can construct a grievance or an insult out of anything Judith may say to him. He is almost as selfcentred and, in a different way, quite as stupid as poor Geraldine. At least I think so, but I may be biassed; Judith, as Miss Celia Johnson plays her, is so very

sweet. In any case their belated understanding of each other did not seem to me to hold out any promise of really lasting happiness. It was better that *Tony* should die—but not, as I have already suggested, on the stage.

Violent death in a serious play is surely only justifiable if it brings with it a sense of tremendous tragedy, if its effect on the audience, that is, is at all commensurable with the finality of the deed. And I felt no tragedy here. Nor I think did Miss Johnson, for it was at this moment alone that her acting failed to carry complete conviction.

The acting as a whole is on a very high level. Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS is extremely good as Tony Yale; Miss GREER GARSON successfully points the contrast between her Geraldine and Judith and rises at times to real emotional intensity, while the secondary parts of Mrs. Decker and Brian Decker are safe in the hands of Miss FIELDING and MARJORIE GEOFFREY KEEN. REX WHISTLER'S settings have real distinction: they give the period without obtruding it. And the costumes, by G. K. BENDA, fill the eye. Many must have heaved a sentimental sigh over Judith's appearance in the picnic scene; others, of a grosser mould, probably coveted Lord Tresham's beautiful check trousers.

The play has a Prologue and Epilogue, which add little but the reflection that children who say their parents know nothing about love may be labouring under a misapprehension. And most parents know that already.

H. F. E.

"WANTED FOR MURDER" (LYCEUM)

The trouble with homicidal maniacs, as many policemen will tell you, is that they are so cunning. But of course even the best of them may make a slip. Victor Colebrooke, for instance, when strangling his ninth girl, ought not to have left his handkerchief near the scene of the crime, still less have contradicted himself in cross-examination afterwards. The suspicions of Superintendent Condon were very nearly aroused by these trifles. But with the tenth murder he was back in his best form. Taught by the handkerchief error, he emptied his pockets of all droppable articles before leaving home, keeping only a cigar, which he later left in a erushed condition on a table at Scotland Yard. That was a clever stroke, because a copper smoked it, thus destroying valuable evidence.

We do not know what property he left about the place after the first eight murders, but we may be certain there would be nothing tell-tale. An odd hat perhaps, an inscribed cigarettecase, one or two personal letters—this is mere guess-work. But I was a little disappointed about Victor's diary. No one would blame him for keeping one—it is indeed obligatory on homicidal

maniacs to jot down their strangling engagements in a little book, with a column for remarks, weather conditions, etc. But he ought not to have locked it up in such a flimsy desk under his mother's eye. I don't think that was really cunning. Miss Louise Hampton would have been spared an exhausting fit of hysterics if he had put the book in a really safe place—under the sofa-cushion, say.

Two scenes in this terrific drama will live in the memory of all who see it. The actual murder in Richmond Park (my second throttling in one week, and a more finished performance, naturally, than the one in Old Music) and a glimpse of a bridge in Hyde Park after dark. I cannot attempt to give more than a rough impression of what goes on on that bridge. There are girls and flirtatious Guardsmen, there are a working-class couple, there is a joke about haddock for supper. There is a Quarrelsome Man and a Quarrelsome Woman (so the programme says), and a Foreign

Stranger, whatever that may be, and a bandsman who plays a cornet solo. (I am a little doubtful about that cornet. I think, dramatically, it should have been a trombone). There is also Victor, making a professional visit, but he doesn't linger. Then come the police, driving the herd back across the bridge in an attempt to clear the park and being a good deal hampered by Mrs. Colebrooke (and Friend) who want to go the other way. At its height the spectacle resembles a film-version of the sinking of the Titanic.

A cast of thirty-nine persons has been assembled to do honour to this remarkable piece. Miss Louise Hampton puts all her energies into the part of the distressed mother; Mr. Terence de Marney (who collaborated with Mr. Percy Robinson in the story) is a likeable sadistic maniac, and Mr. Austin Trevor gives his usual accomplished performance as the Superintendent. All the other thirty-six are worthy of mention for one reason or another.



<sup>&</sup>quot;WHAT SORT OF BIRDS ARE THESE SUPPOSED TO BE?"

<sup>&</sup>quot; PARTRIDGES."

<sup>&</sup>quot;THEY LOOK MORE LIKE PHEASANTS."

<sup>&</sup>quot;WELL THEN, PHEASANTS.

# Mr. Silvertop and the Infant Mind

"WHENEVER they tells me of one of them crank schools what are run on the gag that the kid can't be wrong," said Mr. Silvertop, "and where the 'Ead-mistress gets sacked if the Basketwork Class come to dislike the shape of 'er dial. I always 'ave an 'earty laugh to myself and think what 'appened to young William, my Cousin Gert's

"'E didn't need no encouragement to express 'imself, I can tell you. 'E knew just what 'e wanted from the day 'e was born, and 'e saw to it 'e got it, otherwise there was 'ell to pay. The first time my old Mum ever set eyes on 'im, a-sitting up in 'is pram as cool as mustard, she ses, 'That one'll need a taste of the stick sooner than most.' And she was right, as she 'ad an un-

canny way of being.
"It wasn't that 'e was a bad boy, for 'e did what 'e was told in the little things and was an 'elp to 'is Mum about the 'ouse even when 'e was no more than a toddler; but from the word Go 'e knew 'is own mind over what you might call 'is destiny. And what with 'im being an only child and is parents 'aving 'ad to wait some time for 'im, they was as weak as post-War bitter where 'e was concerned.

"So when 'e strolls in on 'is sixth birthday and breaks it tactful-like but very firm that 'e'd decided 'e was a-going to be a jockey when 'e grew up they swallered it perfectly serious. It seemed kind of unexpected, 'is Dad being a wafer-puncher in a biscuitfactory and 'orses not exactly running in the family, but there it was. The only thing what worried 'em was both of em being on the bulky side, what didn't seem to argue too well for William's chances as a featherweight, especially as 'e was a fair-sized kid

'You got to be ever such a little tick for that,' ses 'is Mum, 'more like a monkey than a man. You 'aven't forgot Dad's six-two and I'm five-

eight?

'Course I 'aven't,' ses William. 'I been talking to Bert's brother, the stable-boy from Epsom, and 'e's give me a list of eats what'll keep me small. 'E ses,' 'e tells 'em, without batting an eyelid—''e ses I got to 'ave a tot of gin afore I goes to bed, three nights a week. 'E ses that'll do the trick.

'Coo, William, you can't 'ave gin at your age,' cries'is Mum. 'Whatever would your Grandma say to 'ear you a-talking of gin?

"Well, William never 'ad cared two 'oots what 'is Grandma ses, and 'e gives 'is parents such a look of 'undredper-cent, determination that 'e gets 'is way, on the one condition that 'e never lets on to a soul, for 'is Mum was proper scared it might get round to the Vicar. As well she might be, all things considered

William settles down to 'is special diet, what would 'ave killed a less 'ealthy child of starvation, and 'e goes through a lot of exercises night and morning. And after 'e'd read all the books on 'orses what 'e could lay 'is 'ands on, 'e begins to walk ever so bandy. Thorough, that's what William was, but ever so quiet about it. You couldn't deny 'e 'ad strength of character.

"It worked all right. By the time 'e was twelve 'e was still pretty near the same size and as lean as a grey-'ound pup. Proper 'orsy little cove 'e looked, and it was all fixed for 'im to go off to a posh stables as a learner. The day afore 'e was due to go 'is Mum 'ad arranged a special 'igh tea and she and 'is Dad sat a-waiting for 'im, ever so excited, for they'd bought 'im a watch to take away, with a droring of one of them 'unting-do's on its back. William comes in very solemn and sits

"'Mum and Dad,' ses 'e, 'I've always took you into my confidence and never told you no lies. Well, I just made a big decision. I'm not agoing to Noomarket to-morrow, and I'm not a-going for a jockey at all.'



"'ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH, DEAR FRIENDS, ONCE MORE. . . .

" Not a-going for a jockey?' they

gasps. "'No,' ses 'e. 'After thinking it all over very careful I'm going for a Guardsman soon as I'm old enough.

" But look at you! ' they cries. " 'That's nothing,' 'e ses, ever so calm. 'I've decided to start growing again.'

"Well, the pore things was so rumbled they didn't know what to do except follow William's example, 'oo was a-tucking into the 'igh tea as 'e 'adn't done since 'e was six. Eat! Nobody'd never seen a kid wolf so. From swallering 'ardly anything 'e began swallering everything in sight as a matter of what you might call principle. There was a big saving on the gin 'e'd knocked off, of course, but even so 'is Mum found 'er 'ouse'old bills shooting up something crool.

"But they wasn't shooting up 'arf as quick as what William was 'imself. 'E was like a ruddy young 'olly'ock the way 'e grew once 'e'd took the brake off, and by the end of that first igh tea there was nothing bandy left about 'is legs. Once a month 'e got weighed and measured, and the neighbours used to run a sweep on the results. It was always the top guess what won, 'E wasn't only getting tall, but wide as well. 'E'd made 'is Dad buy 'im all sorts of fancy exercisers, and 'e used to smash 'em one after another. Proper young 'Ercules 'e was!

By the time 'e got to the age for joining up with the Guards there wasn't no doubt but what they'd jump at 'im, for 'e was comfortably over six foot and sound as a bell. 'Is Mum was sitting chatting to 'is Dad the afternoon afore 'e went for 'is medical,

when in 'e walked.

'Dad and me was just 'aving a laugh over that there tea-time when you sprung on us you wasn't going for a jockey,' she ses. 'Thank 'Eaven you know your own mind now,

Yes, I know my own mind all right, Mum,' ses William, and they ses for the first time in 'is life 'e looks a bit uncomfortable-like. 'I'm not a-going for the Guards to-morrow after all.'

'Not a-going for the Guards?'

they cries. No,' 'e ses. 'Biscuits is in the blood, and it's no perishing use fighting against 'eredity. I signed on 'arfan-hour ago as a butter-mixer in the factory, along of Dad!'

"Corlumme!" said Mr. Silvertop. "The kid can't be wrong indeed! All William wanted was a few 'ard 'its be'ind early on, and if I'd 'ave been 'is Dad 'e'd 'ave 'ad 'em!" Eric.



"OH, MAJOR, YOU MUST HAVE A SECOND CUP OF TEA AFTER THAT PERFECTLY DREADFUL TIME YOU HAD IN PATAGONIA."

#### The Old Folks at Home

THE other day I had a curious experience. Happening to be kept to London in what is called the silly season, I paid unusual visits to three old friends whom I knew would be in London too, and found all three engaged with their wives in the study of maps. There is, you will say, nothing surprising about this: they were not going for a holiday until September and were planning where to go. Very natural, I agree. But such, however, was not the case. These fond parents, with maps and an array of picture-postcards before them, were tracking the progress of their children in France, in the Ardennes, and in the Harz mountains.

It almost seems to be the new pastime for elders: to stay at home and, in this way, see where John and his friends are, in Germany, and Harry and his friends are, in Belgium, and how Hermione and her friends are getting

along among the châteaux of the Loire. The friends, I learned, were mixed. With John, dear boy, there were two very nice girls and another man, and none of them had ever been abroad before. Harry was also in a party of four, two charming girls among them; and Hermione, who is at Lady Catherine's in Oxford, was with a fellow-student and a couple of male undergraduates.

"Very sensible, don't you think, this travelling on the Continent?" Hermione's father asked. "Broadens their minds. What can they know of England who only England know, and all the rest of it."

"She will probably come back engaged," I said.

But the idea was laughed aside—why, I shall never understand. Young people are always coming back engaged, yet parents are always laughing the idea aside.

There was now and then a note of acerbity too, as is always a possibility with fathers and mothers. For instance, John's mother was certain that John and his friends had slept at Claustral before they went to the top of the Brocken, whereas John's father had it clearly in his head that they had approached it from Blankenburg.

"Here are the postcards," said John's mother. "I'm sure they arrived in that order."

"But John hasn't dated them," said John's father, "and the postmarks have been rubbed. It's monstrous," he added, "how little care is now given to postmarks. As a lawyer, I——"
"Yes, dear," said John's mother,

"Yes, dear," said John's mother,
"I know. But the postcard that came
this morning is from Goslar, and it
would be so natural to have gone
there from the Brocken on the way
back. It's not a very long hike."
"Walk," said John's father.

"Walk," said John's father.

"They always call it hike, dear," said John's mother.

"I know," said John's father firmly, "but it's a word I won't recognise."

"You don't mean 'recognise,' dear, I'm sure," said John's mother. "You



"POOR OLD HERBERT. HE WAS MINE AT SCHOOL."

mean 'permit,' 'encourage,' 'sanction.'
But anyway, where do you think tomorrow's card will come from? How
far could they get? Of course, with
blisters . . ."

And so forth.

But there was doubt about Hermione on the banks of the Loire: in a firm hand she dated every card and applied a critical summary. On the other side of a picture of the Château d'Amboise she had written: "LEONARDO DA VINCI died here in 1519. The view is the goods."

"And then," said Hermione's mother, "they went on to Tours. This way—" and she traced the route. "Here's Hermione's postcard from Tours," and I read: "This town is O.K. Jolly good omelettes at this hotel and tonight we're going to an English film. Love."

Harry, however, seemed to be more serious, and one of his cards was entirely devoted to St. Hubert.

"This is where St. Hubert was buried," said Harry's mother, pointing to the little town named after him. "He was the patron of hunters and sportsmen, you know. If only

Harry could have been there on the third of November to see the festival of the dogs, but he's got to be home long before then."

"They're working back through Brussels," said Harry's father, "and then to Bruges, and they're going to fly from Ostend. A wonderful opportunity."

"Yes," said Harry's mother, "and to think they almost went to the Lakes! Isn't this foreign travel splendid?" E. V. L.

## Death on the Doorstep

"WHILE I was away," Aunt Miriam said, "I read a very interesting book." "Which one?" I asked.

"I don't remember what it was called, but it was something about murder or death. A man was found murdered—a most horrible business, and right on his own doorstep too—and no one knew who'd killed him. Have you read it?"

"Very possibly."

"It was a wet day, you see--'

"When he was murdered?"

"No, when I read it. I'd broken

my spectacles and this was the biggest print they had on the bookstall. So after the murder a policeman came. He was a sergeant or a chief constable or something."

"Did he arrest anyone?"

"No, not at first. He was the most stupid man. I always thought they had an examination for people who wanted to go into the police force."

"They have."

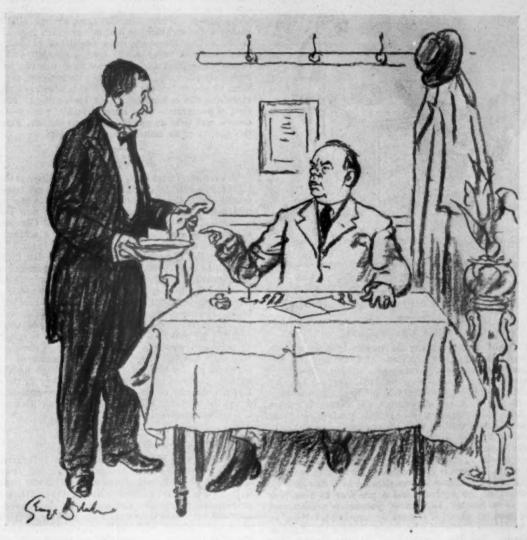
"Then if that one passed it I'd like to see one who failed. And no one did anything at all about the poor man who'd been killed. It never seemed to occur to anyone to send for the undertaker or a barber: they just left him lying there, right on his own doorstep, as though he'd been left there by the milkman."

"Perhaps he had."

"Oh, no, there wasn't a milkman in the story. But apparently everybody else had been wanting to kill him for a long time. He was a most unpleasant man. It would have been far better if they'd just buried him straight away and forgotten all about it."

"And didn't they?"

"No; the policeman just went on



"WAITER, YOU'VE GOT YOUR THUMB IN MY SOUP." "IT'S O.K., THANK YOU, SIB-IT'S QUITE COOL."

asking everyone the most impertinent questions and found out some terrible things about them. He must have been getting his own back for all the questions people asked him. I'm sure I shall never dare to ask a policeman another question.'

'Did he find out who'd done it?" "No, but that's about the only thing he didn't find out. Really, I never knew anyone could be so tact-less. It made me feel quite uncomfortable when I looked at all the other people in the hotel and wondered who they would like to murder."

"But they did find out the right answer, didn't they?'

"Yes; an awfully nice young man happened to be staying in the district -though goodness knows why, because there was nothing at all to stay there for and he couldn't have known there was going to be a murder. So he came and met everyone and asked some much nicer questions, and then he went and sat up in his room for a few minutes, and when he came down again he had worked everything out."

"And then there was a happy end-

"Oh, of course. The man's daughter was so pleased with this new young man that she married him straight away. And he didn't have to make half as much fuss as the policeman did. Everyone said how much cleverer he was when he could work it all out without any evidence at all.

"It sounds very interesting."

"Oh, it was. But it just occurred to me at the end that the policeman was really cleverer than anybody else.'

"How was that?"
"Well, you see," said Aunt Miriam,
"he got paid for it."



" No, IT STILL CATCHES ME IN THE CALVES A LITTLE."

# Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

## An English Ugly Duckling

You might, without being far wrong, look upon John Cornelius (MACMILLAN, 8/6) as one of those high failures of fiction which leave the low successes looking rather puny. In endeavouring to create a romantic genius, born in Glebeshire in the 'eighties but with many of the traits and circumstances of Hans Andersen, Sir Hugh Walpole finds himself up against the British readers' habitual distrust of novels dealing with the doings of literary men. Acknowledging this distrust, I find it odd that he does not take more pains to substantiate (1) the magic of his hero's fairy-tales; (2) the working of that magic on his hero's world. There is a fascinating Port Merlin prelude with glances at romantic sources parallel with Andersen's old women in the asylum; and a pre-War to post-War picture of a literary London of possessive women and egoistic men on whom it is hard to conceive anything so other-worldly as Cornelius's fairy-tales making the slightest impression. Yet the Cornwall of Baring Gould, the London of Andrew Lang and the continual resurgence of the folk-lore element in English letters were all available to lend backbone and credibility to this tantalising, original and stimulating book.

#### Wendy in Tartary

On an already celebrated Forbidden Journey (Heine-Mann, 12/6) in quest of "news from Tartary" a hitch occurred. That was nothing: it was neither the first hitch nor the last: what makes it interesting is the reaction to it of the travellers. "Peter was furious," writes Mile. Ella K. Maillart; "I was enchanted." In that antithesis lies the essence of the distinction between her story and Mr. Fleming's. Seeing the same things as he, she saw them through an atmosphere which gave a difference of relief and proportion to their details. Mr. Fleming was the brilliant reporter in a hurry. What mattered to him was the goal and the achievement. Mile. Maillart, on the other

hand, was not very much interested in the arrival—the end of her adventure and the return to civilisation. Her soul, as Stevenson said the traveller's should be, was in the journey. Where Mr. Fleming, though all the while taking notes and making journalism which is good enough to be called literature, was impatient of delay, Mile. Maillar was "enchanted" by the moment and its accidents. And what enchanted her most was the people she met. By them and the animals who bore her, much more than by scenery or the politics which it was her mission to elucidate, she is inspired to her best writing. She gets a deal of humanity—as of humour and of poetry—from the desert, and tells us much more than did Mr. Fleming of the quality of an unusual companionship.

#### **Broken Fortunes**

To give new lustre to a graceful old tradition is the happy lot of Miss N. BRYSSON MORRISON, whose latest novel recalls-with the difference of a more literary intention and a less pervasive sentimentality—the now outmoded triumph of The Green Graves of Balgowrie. Glasgow of the eighteen-twenties and thirties provides a setting not so archaic as to need peopling with purely "period" figures; and here the Murrays—mother, sons and daughters—seek to readjust their lives after seeing their West Indian opulence irretrievably engulfed in a Highland lead-mine. How one son loses his life on the eve of the catastrophe, another tries to repair his fortunes in Jamaica, and another weds a beautiful woman of easy virtue; how the still more interesting daughters break the engagements once thought so suitable to mate into a different world, is related in a shapely and sensitive fashion which has charmingly recaptured the picturesque sententiousness of its age. From its pawky bourgeois prelude, through its characteristically Scots blend of trade and theology to the strophe and antistrophe of two garrulous old servants that bring down the curtain, When the Wind Blows (COLLINS, 7/6) is a refreshment and a delight.

#### **Deferred Claim**

By us here in England the Moscow Art Theatre, which may be called the theatre of significant or selective realism, is thought of as being the work of Constantin Stanislavsky. It was in fact Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, professional playwright and teacher of dramatic art, who approached Stanislavsky, manufacturer and amateur actor and producer, with the dream which, after appropriate struggles, became so successful a business, and who long worked with him in the capacity of organiser and administrator. Perhaps My Life in the Russian Theatre (Bles, 18/-) has



"SILENCE, DARLING? WHAT SILENCE?"



#### AN INNOCENT ABROAD



#### A PHILOSOPHICAL EXCURSIONIST

Elderly Gentleman (politely to middle-aged Spinster opposite, evidently one of Cook's Tourists). "And where, may I ask, are you going next?"

Middle-aged Spinster. "Oh! LET ME SEE!—I'M GOING TO GENEVA!"

Elderly Gentleman. "Going to Geneva! Why, you are in Geneva!"

Middle-aged Spinster. "Am I really! Oh, then I'm going to Milan!"

Du Maurier, September 7th, 1878.

been written to record a claim to his due share of the credit for this experiment which has had so profound an influence on modern work; if so, it is without any air of grievance against his colleague. The careful reader can gather a substantially clear idea of the practice of the innovators, in particular the revolutionary methods of rehearsal, the team-spirit and discipline of the company and the supremacy of the régisseur. If this is not new it is set at a new angle. There is an informative account of CHEKHOV and his reluctant connection with the theatre and of the failure that was converted into such brilliant success. An interesting and unexpected opinion of the author is "The public is never to blame"—an opinion which, with

its supporting reasons, may well be pondered by entrepreneurs and by those who are to be responsible for the work of our belated National Theatre.

#### Vale

Miss KATE O'BRIEN, who drew Spain, her people and her foreigners so exquisitely in Mary Lavelle, has now, in Farewell Spain (HEINEMANN, 7/6), as it were documented that work. What a convenient idea for some of us that might be! She is that rarish bird, an Irish Catholic partisan of the Republic, and no half-hearted one at that; but even those who do not agree with her in either of these enthusiasms.

even those who do not admire the brisk ultra-modern idiom into which she occasionally breaks in expressing them, may appreciate her love for that Spain which is even now in the melting-pot. There are twelve papers in her book, self-contained yet made one by her attitude and personality, her knowledge and wide reading, written with an easy informal vividness, with passion—sometimes of love and sometimes of despair—laced with wit, so that it has the effect of rain shot through with sunlight. In its own way this is the best thing Miss O'BRIEN has done, and that is considerable praise. Miss MARY O'NEILL provides several illustrations.

## Mexican Tragedy

Commendable for its expressive title, its ground unbroken (so far as one knows) in fiction, and its unaffected picturesque narrative, *Nocturne in Sunlight* (LANE, 7/6) fails a trifle

of its due effect by reason of its imperfect fusion of the historical and the imaginary. Opening in Paris of the 'sixties, it attractively portrays a young painter so little of a careerist that he proposes to abandon the delineation of rich men's mistresses to seek his fortune in the Mexico of MAXIMILIAN and CHARLOTTE. The tragedy of the abandoned Emperor and his pathetic consort has in it, however, so much genuine appeal that it tends to dwarf the fictitious intervention of Julian Braie and the American dancer he retrieves from revolutionary intrigue to serve the cause of MAXIMILIAN. The young couple and Mary's entre-preneur, Silburton, are little more than the usual figures, gallant or sinister, of Ruritanian adventure; but the

Emperor and Empress, appearing all too seldom, are both convincing and attractive and are well set off by their background with its Aztec reminiscences of unconquerable barbarity. Both for what it performs and what it promises Mr. Charles Lorne's novel is an experiment to be sampled.

#### Heroics in Austria

Mr. Dornford Yates has been moved to produce a new hero. Jonah and William Chandos, after their recent brisk encounter with Vanity Fair in She Fell Among Thieves, are resting deservedly on their laurels, and this gives Richard Exon an opportunity to display his impeccably manly qualities. Not that he differs in any marked respect from William, whether in strength of arm, devotion to his lady, or swift thinking in time of peril. She Painted Her Face (WARD, LOCK, 7/6) is the story of how Richard, with the aid of one Herrick (a kind of pale shadow of Berry) and the formidable old Duchess of Whelp, rescues a girl of abnormal perfections from the wicked devices of her uncle and cousin.

Needless to say the setting is an Austrian castle, and there is a Rolls always within call. Needless to say also, unfortunately, there is far too much of that lusciousness of sentiment and of writing which Mr. Yates is allowing more and more to obscure his exceptional qualities as a writer of adventure stories. Will he not, in his next book, return to the manner of Blind Corner, which was blessedly free from women with glorious eyes and, to one reader at least, the best of all the books of this type he has written?

## Pride and Prejudice

The Misses Faudree, in The Case of the Unconquered Sisters (METHUEN, 7/6), belonged to a family of Southern irreconcilables who had crossed the border and become Mexican citizens. Even poorer than they were proud, these ladies supplied lodgings to various people, among them some archæologists whose activities included the shipment

of skeletons to an American museum. For the most part these men were of unimpeachable respectability, but nevertheless they attracted the attention of those in charge of the United States Customs when it was discovered that one of the skeletons was that of a man who had quite recently been alive. In fact it looked as if murder had taken place, and Mr. Todd Downing's investigator, Hugh Rennert, quickly found himself almost surrounded by people who might have committed the crime. It is a well-told tale in an unusual setting, and if the conclusion will surprise those unskilled in detection, it will probably receive the approval of expert deducers.



"I SUPPOSE I MAY AS WELL SAVE THE STAMP."

#### The Art of Detection

Man Hunters (ROBERT

Hale, 12/6) deserves the attention of those who are interested in crime and criminals, because it not only contains the history of some famous cases but also, in its last chapters, includes some suggestions which, to a lay mind at any rate, call for consideration. Among the true stories that Mr. George Dilnot has brought back to our memories, fiction cannot rival "The Nearly Perfect Murder" for ingenuity, and for humour "Berlin Laughs" takes a lot of beating. Mr. Dilnot's chapter "Sidelights and Stories" should be studied by all who aspire to write detective fiction, and let them remember his statement that "science to the detective is a good handmaiden but a bad mistress." This is, whether one agrees or disagrees with Mr. Dilnot's views, a most informing volume.

## Our Outspoken Contemporaries

"A RELIEF

"For the next four weeks, Miss Gray, Louise Street, will play the organ in Mortlach Church, while Mr. Brodie is on holiday."

Banffshire Paper.

## Charivaria

"Foop should never be taken after you have been emotionally upset,' says a doctor. That is why the bill doesn't arrive till the meal is over.

The average Britisher can argue and work at the same time, says a Continental visitor. Business as usual during altercations.

A physical culture expert says that every member of his family has a tepid bath immediately upon rising, thus promoting happiness and harmony

throughout the house. Even the bath-water gurgles no British judge has yet asked who he is. happily as it runs away.



"The wooden-headed driver will never be ousted from the links," says a golfing writer. Nor from the roads.

"The next evening, Sheila and Rose went down-town to a 'Shilling hop.' Halfway through the first dance Rose's partner ricked his ankle."—Short Story.

That's the worst of those cheap joints.

Mr. ROBERT TAYLOR, we are informed, has by no means achieved the pinnacle of his success. At any rate

- was at Wimbledon yesterday remanded in custody for a week, charged with having house-breaking implements in his

At the police station an electric torch and a nail file were found on him."—Report in "Morning Post."

He must have hidden the hair-pin.





An emu has been timed to run at thirty-one miles per hour. But not, we hope, in a built-up area.

A superstitious writer points out that casino gamblers often wear something turned inside-out. Even if it is only just the pockets.

We read that germs are less likely to attack a man with a beard. Even germs have to draw the line somewhere.

A man who has supported the same London football team since 1920 announces that this season he will attend all the matches of another club. The amount of the transfer-fee has not been disclosed.



In trying to avoid a motor-car a Kettering man fell down a street manhole. As bad luck would have it, the motorist had forgotten to bring his ferret.

"Politeness is the art of making your guests feel they are at home," says a hostess. Instead of just wishing they were.

Following a bowls championship at Wimbledon the victor kissed the vanquished. DRAKE didn't do that.

"Push will get a young man anywhere," declares Mr. HENRY FORD. Has he ever tried this system on a door with "Pull" on it?

Experiments are being made with a specially strengthened type of brown paper as a building material. The idea is that an Englishman's home should be his parcel.

Nothing is more annoying to a welldressed man than to find that his back stud has become unfastened. His choler immediately rises.

# Doggerel's Dictionary

XI.

Lemon.—Probably you don't know the origin of the phrase "The answer is a lemon." In this event you should sit down and write the following letter to the editor of a newspaper that appears not a thousand miles from every Sunday morning:—

"Sir,-Can any of your readers-"

Of course there is no reason to sit down if you write better lying down or standing up. To resume—

"Sir,-Can any of your readers tell-"

Nor, by the way, do I wish to dissuade you from using a typewriter, if you can use a typewriter. (Plenty of good establishments exist which can teach you how to use a typewriter.) The point is this letter—

"Sir,-Can any of your readers tell me-"

Well, you know the kind of thing. Write it if you want to know the origin of the phrase, and also if you don't. The result will be the same: you still won't know when you've read all the answers.

Lender.—It is my contention that *Polonius's* warning "Neither a burrower nor a lender be" ought really to read "Neither a borrower nor a lender be." There seems far more connection between the ideas "borrower" and "lender" than between "burrower" and "lender." Of course I realise the extreme difficulty of returning anything lent by a burrower, and I realise the awkward position of a burrower who has to cease burrowing for a moment in order to get back anything he has lent. On the other hand, what would a burrower have worth lending, except a spade



"CONFOUND THESE AUTOMATIC LIPTS!"

or a steam-shovel? No, I maintain the word should be "borrower."

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remarks should therefore be reversed.

LOBSTERS I HAVE MET.—I never met any lobsters, but if I had I should write about them here, mentioning each by name. Since Moholy-Nagy's documentary film about lobsters they have become, I believe, socially useful to know; but I can't seem to get up any particular enthusiasm. Gérard de Nerval used to lead a lobster about Paris on the end of a ribbon, I admit. So what?

LONG DAY, MANY A.—See MANY A LONG DAY.
MANY A LONG DAY.—See NO END OF A TIME.

METHYLATED SPIRITS.-I don't drink them myself, but I have known people who did, or were alleged to. I remember particularly a pale hook-nosed young man whose claim on one's attention was partly that he was supposed to be in the habit of drinking methylated spirits and partly that he quite certainly did make his own candles. Why he should have done either of these things I don't know. It was certainly not to get energy to make the candles that he drank the methylated spirits, because what he was said to drink was not Red Biddy or Yellow Jake but King Fergus, the mixture that is guaranteed to produce twelve hours of coma, plus a further twelve hours if you drink a glass of water when you come to. I don't see how a consistent drinker of King Fergus can possibly turn out his quota of candles. Indeed, I should imagine that in his waking moments he has to be kept clear of everybody else's quota of candles for fear he should start eating them. There are no vitamins in candles. They are a depraved taste even in rats.

Speaking of rats, see RATS.

METIS.—I know nothing particular about Metis except that she was the personification of prudence and the first wife of Zeus, who ate her for reasons of his own. This is the sort of thing that makes one vacillate. If the personification of prudence gets eaten, the thing is to be rash, obviously. But you must keep on being rash. The young lady of Riga began well, but she must have had an attack of prudence

which made her dismount from her tiger.

METRE.—There must be, I should think, a good many people who when confronted by that notice outside some park—

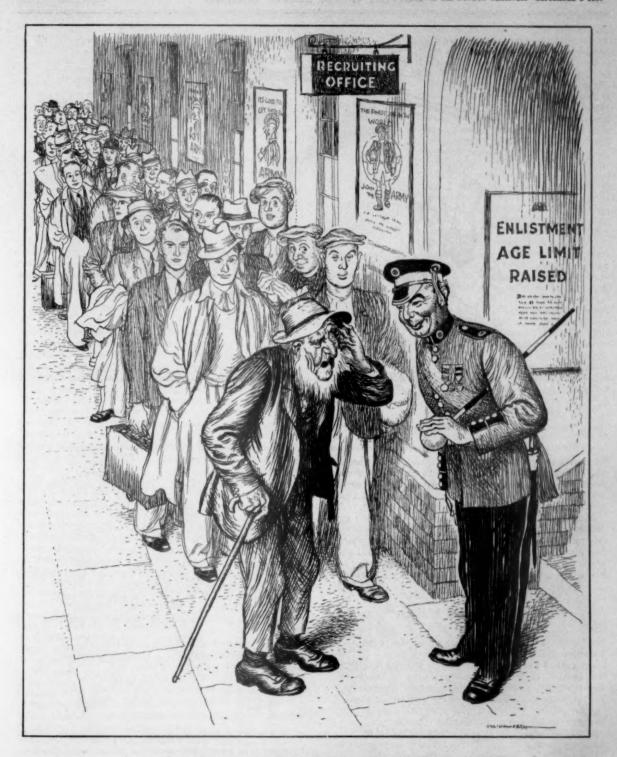
SPEED LIMIT IN THE PARK 20 MILES AN HOUR

are teased for some moments by an unidentifiable reminiscence which eventually proves to be—

Pease pudding In the pot Nine days old.

But there must, I think also, be fewer who, after having for days at the back of their mind or minds the rhythm or metre that may be recorded or represented thus:—

are (Are you still with me, ladies and gentlemen, in this sentence, of which we are now in the middle, I am happy to say, of the verb?) able at length to trace it back to the twelve shots fired from a pair of old-fashioned blunderbuss-shaped pistols by the stout villain of a *Mickey Mouse* film they saw in the year 1932 or 1933, twice. Well, however few there are, I am one of them. I have performed this feat, which is indeed typical of the behaviour of my memory when it ought to be concerning itself with, for instance, the rules for the formation of the subjunctive in French. It



BOYS OF THE NEW BRIGADE

"NO, DADDY; IT'S 28, I SAID, NOT 82."

# Doggerel's Dictionary

XI.

LEMON.—Probably you don't know the origin of the phrase "The answer is a lemon." In this event you should sit down and write the following letter to the editor of a newspaper that appears not a thousand miles from every Sunday morning:—

"Sir,-Can any of your readers-"

Of course there is no reason to sit down if you write better lying down or standing up. To resume—

"Sir,-Can any of your readers tell-"

Nor, by the way, do I wish to dissuade you from using a typewriter, if you can use a typewriter. (Plenty of good establishments exist which can teach you how to use a typewriter.) The point is this letter—

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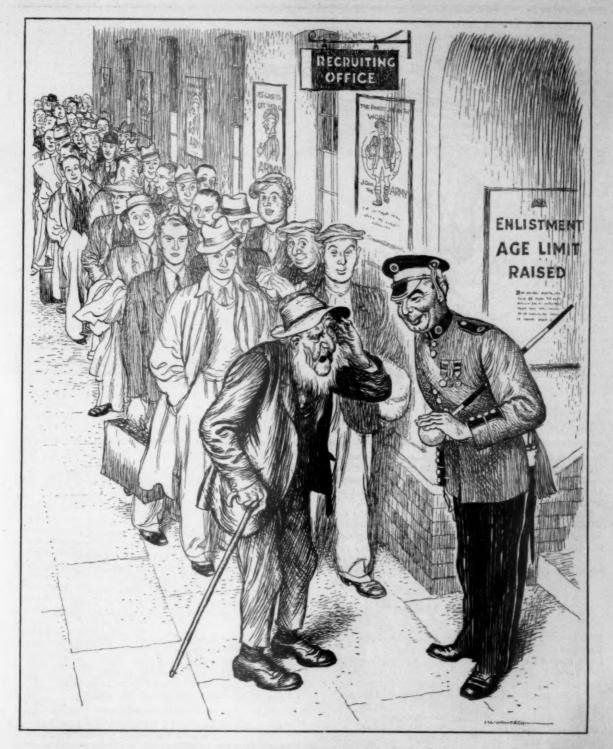
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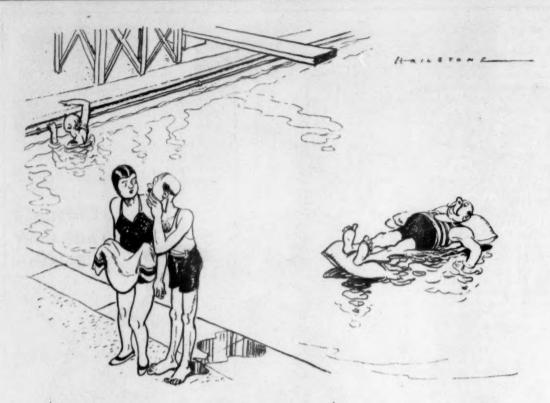
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BOYS OF THE NEW BRIGADE

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"DON'T LOOK ROUND AT ONCE, ETHEL, BUT THERE'S THE CHAIRMAN OF OUR BOARD OF DIRECTORS."

R. M.

has never been able to retain more than a vague idea about the subjunctive, but it will repeat to me word for word a twelve-line paragraph of absolutely no use to anybody which I once cut out of a book of mine so that Chapter XVIII. should end on page 138 instead of page 139.

MILDEW.-I never was acquainted with anyone named Mildew. I knew a man named Estimate, however; he seldom shaved, and when the girls he kissed complained of his chin's being scrubby he used to reply, "Ah, but I am one of the rough Estimates." He is now married, and of course his children are described as supplementary Estimates.

# "Spécialité de Maison"

You know, I can talk for hours about the piquant Varieties of food you get when travelling; I can rave, I assure you, rave about the "mellow But heady" cider they serve you with in Devon, The weird fish-pastics with head and tail protruding. The herrings drenched with cream, simply delicious; Oh, I can yarn all night, with eyes half-closing In sensuous reverie, of Highland bannocks And "that smoked stuff you get in little baskets," And heather-honey. . . . Cheap? You'd never guess, dear; They press it on you-always on the table. Yes, I can grasp the cloth and slowly burn it, Unheeded cigarette in tight-clenched fingers, Drawing quick pictures of the square in ParisYou remember the beggar, dear—you know, the fat one? (Do I remember! We'll tell you later, darling, You'll roar with laughter. The square, dear, you were

saving?)

Ah, yes, the square where over in the corner We came upon that dirty little hovel Where they produced a casserole or something Full of a sort of tripe and eggs-exquisite! With fraises des bois and sour cream to follow. Sour? My dear, it makes it twice as thrilling. Why, I have held six guests, at least six, spell-bound, Crooning, so lyrical my appreciation, The poignant details of some "sausage-meat stuff, Sprinkled with herbs, I think" I ate in Tunis, Far from the guide, you know, the native quarters. . . .

Oh, I have done it all. Which of us hasn't? But I have never chanced, I think, to mention That I am very partial to a steak-and-Kidney pie, and if anyone dared to offer Me cunning tripe or herring-heads at home here I'd throw the filthy stuff out of the window.

<sup>&</sup>quot;A detective sergeant, giving evidence at the London Sessions yesterday, said that when it was necessary to find eight men to take part in an identification parade at Hammersmith Broadway concerning a prisoner who usually wore a black hat, the police found it impossible to find sufficient men bare-headed."

South Coast Paper. Policemen, of course, are not aware that hats take off.



Dougal. "You'll be glad the get on the dry land again, Sir, efter your rough crossin'."

# Ablutions

Correspondence in The Times on the infrequency with which our great-grandfathers washed themselves recalls to my mind a visit I paid to the family of my Great-uncle Herbert in 1853. I was a mere lad at the time but my recollection of the visit is perfectly clear, and as I happened to arrive on the very day of the annual family bath I had a unique opportunity of seeing how ablutions were performed in those days in a rather backward part of the country.

My great-uncle's house was an ancient Saxon manor, and he told me with pride that the annual family bath was conducted on the principles which had governed the family ablutions for nearly a thousand years. In the middle of the flagged hall was placed a small earthen vessel about the size of a pudding-basin, which was filled with beer. I was naturally surprised to find that the annual bath was taken in beer instead of water, but when I asked my great-uncle for the explanation he said that it was an old tradition in the family that water should never be allowed inside the house. A neighbouring swineherd had poisoned the wells back in 982, and this had prejudiced the family against the use of water for any purpose.

The beer was brought to the right temperature by being heated over a candle, the master of the house holding the candle and the eldest daughter the beer. The rest of the family meanwhile danced round and round singing madrigals and folk-songs, while the menials looked on from the minstrel gallery and threw eggs at the performers.

When the beer was hot enough the family retired to an ante-chamber and the menials returned to other parts of the house to continue their menialing. With boyish impudence I concealed myself behind a grandfather-clock to see the actual method of ablution. It was a thrilling moment when, assisted by his oldest retainer, the master of the house proceeded to disrobe. First he removed his boots, and as it was the only time in the year he took them off it was naturally a long job. (I should mention here that it was an old family tradition for the master of the house always to sleep in his boots. Back in 1032 a neighbouring churl crept into the best bedroom at dead of night and bit the then master of the house's toes, which had prejudiced succeeding generations against removing their boots.) At last, however, the boots were off, and the retainer was free to concentrate on the socks, which were scraped off with a file. There was an angry scene when a second pair of socks was discovered underneath the first pair, as it was obvious that the old retainer had not done his job properly the previous year.

When the naked feet were at last visible the ablution proper commenced and I can state categorically that, in this family at least, actual immersion was entirely eschewed. Instead of plopping his feet down in the beer my Greatuncle Herbert merely held them over the earthen vessel and allowed the steam from the beer to play gently about them. A brisk rubbing with an odd piece of Bayeux tapestry completed the work, and my great-uncle then drew on a clean pair of socks and a new pair of boots. This was the full extent of his annual ablutions, and the rest of the body was not touched. The master of the house and the old retainer then poured the beer into the moat, and retired together to an antechamber singing madrigals, thus leaving the field free for the next member of the family to get washed.

"Matthews and Johnson on the respective wings were the spearhead of the home attack."—Birmingham "Sports Argus."

Didn't the centre-forward feel a bit squashed?



" Come now. M. Huggins - I believe I said adagio patetico

# Rage, Thou Angry Storm

On thinking it over I have come to the conclusion that I lost my temper about twenty years ago and have never regained it. I do not mean that I have been in a state of choler for the last twenty years. On the contrary, when I say I lost my temper, I merely mean that I stopped losing it, if you understand me. The evidence of my family, the friends of my early years, and an eighty-year-old ex-nannie proves that originally I had a notable temper one of those very loud and colourful tempers which leave one's elders torn between the desire to give one a good hiding and fear lest one should have a fit. And then suddenly—quite suddenly -it went. Nowadays I never lose my temper. Perhaps sometimes a passing irritation shows itself in a book thrown out of the window or a chair kicked across the room, but that is all.

Looking at the thing (as ever nowadays) dispassionately I can see that this early loss of my temper has been a great handicap to me in life. Thus:—

(1) There are so many circumstances in which a man is expected to lose his temper, e.g. when people belittle something he holds sacred, or attempt to swindle him, or make the slightest movement which could be interpreted as insulting to a female under his pro-Etiquette in such cases tection. demands rage, and having demanded rage makes no provision at all for poor and spiritless fish who just can't I am always acutely conscious of these occasions. I even say to myself inwardly, "Now come on. You have every justification for being extremely angry at that. Every right is on your side. Flush. Thunder. Display spleen." And then all that happens is that I just hint to the man who has insulted my gods that he is, in my view, misinformed; I gently tell the man who has tried to swindle me that he has underestimated my intelligence; and I suggest to the female under my protection that it would be better if we went away. Weakly.

(2) There are an equally large number of occasions when a real burst of rage would be salutary and would bring one real respect. How often have I heard people warning others to humour X, to be careful with X, at all costs to avoid arousing X's magnificent and hot-headed fury (known to be always on tap)! Nobody ever does that with me. Nobody minds in the least if I am quietly annoyed. "That's all right," they say, "he won't like it of course, but he'll be reasonable."

And as a result I am exploited, disregarded, treated as of no account—all because there is no danger of smashed glass, physical injury or roarings which will wake the neighbours.

(3) The absence of a temper puts me at a frightful disadvantage in a row with men who easily go red or purple or white with fury. I have had friends who did this sort of thing at me. Calmly and reasonably I have pointed out that they are making fools of themselves; I have handled the situation gently and verbally I have won with the greatest ease. But what is the result? Has my stock risen? Am I admired and congratulated? When the storm has blown over there is always a feeling on the part of anyone who has been present (particularly any female) that I have taken a slightly unfair advantage. Almost I am expected to apologise. "Poor Tom," they mutter to me, "he will be so wretched about having lost his temper. Of course it's easy for you, but he's so peppery. I think you ought to be nice to him." And there is nothing left to do but to approach Tom and, shaking him by the hand, mutter awkwardly that you are sorry he called you a swine. Certainly, if the incident is ever recalled later, Tom will be displayed as a slightly heroic King-Learlike figure, with oneself at the best as a rather colourless Gloucester.

I have therefore resolved that by hook or by crook I must regain my temper—that temper of which my parents still speak with awe, tinged I fancy with reproach for my lack of fulfilment of early promise. But I must confess that it is heavy going for

a man like myself, with an established reputation for mildness, to live that reputation down. I have experimented with the various forms of temper which I have seen other people use with effect. I have tried going white and shaking, and people simply ask me if I feel ill and offer me a whisky-and-soda or open the window. I have tried tightlipped silence, and people just commiserate with me about my liver and recommend fruit salts. I have tried thunderous and red-faced rantings, and people rock with laughter and say I'm marvellous and implore me to wait a minute whilst they go and get their friends to see it. Once, when insulted by a cab-driver, I even threw myself into a posture of belligerent selfdefence, but he merely looked at me with interest, hung my attaché-case in my outstretched left hand and drove away quite unimpressed.

It is all very unfortunate. Here before me in the evening paper is an account of a man who was fined for losing his temper and insulting a constable who stopped him for passing a red light. Here is another of a man who lost his temper and hit a member of an opposing political party with a bottle. Here again is a lady who bit a strange motorist who ran into the back of her

car. Whilst I—
"I'm extremely sorry, officer—l

thought it was green. . . . ."

"My dear chap, I've have nothing whatever against Socialism, though I'm not a Socialist myself. . . ."

"Oh, that's all right. Only a dent. I did stop rather suddenly. . . ."

It's—it's so feeble.



"PRECISELY THE SAME AS THEY SAID ABOUT POOR FREDERIC, MY DEAR, AND HE SCARCELY LASTED THE WEEK."

#### First Novels

To any right-minded reader first novels are infinitely refreshing and soothing. Refreshing because they are so charmingly unlike everyday life. Soothing because they yet so comfortably resemble each other. How fortunate it is that such a steady percentage of each fresh generation appear to be born with, so to speak, a manuscript in their mouths!

Experienced first-novel readers like myself find an exquisite pleasure in hailing with glee every familiar landmark. The setting, the circumstances may vary widely. Yet surely we have met, not once before but many, many times, the exquisitely sensitive child so brutally mishandled by its elders? Such is the sound core of every first novel worthy of the name, and from this all else springs—the scene, for instance, in which the meaning of death

is first brought home to the adolescent by means of the discovery of a dead rabbit, a drowned kitten, or even, if the child is quite peculiarly sensitive, a withered daffodil. "(Put it in the dustbin," said Namy. How could she, how could she not care?) The beginnings of sex, so carefully, so very carefully portrayed, and the further splendid opportunities this gives to the author to illustrate the depravity of the minds of older people. (Will one day our young heroes and heroines of fiction learn how to bathe naked together in a lake without being discovered?)

Just as happy nations have no history, happy heroes and heroines remain unrecorded, at least in first novels. Indeed the reader would feel swindled if it turned out that the hero enjoyed his school, was good at games, and passed on to a successful office career. On the contrary. "Petty," "narrow," "sordid," "commercial" are the adjectives that star the pages which deal with the hero's attempts to fit into everyday adult life. As soon as our hero has been discovered reading poetry when he should be adding up a ledger or treating the senior partner as an equal (instead of "sucking up" to him) the experienced reader knows that the stage is set for the great denunciation scene. This is the grand climax of the story and the reader can rarely complain that he does not get his money's-worth. The more "progressive" the novel the wider the field of denunciation. Often nowadays, in this infinitely satisfactory chapter, the whole world gets a thorough dressing-down. And after this outbreak of course the hero is free at last, and on this splendid note the book usually ends. Useless for the reader to carp, to protest, to inquire "What happens now?"-to suggest that the novel might perhaps begin rather than end at this point. Such criticism invites the simplest of retorts from the author-'I haven't got any further yet myself.

However, readers whose views on the merits of Freedom are already hopelessly tainted may prefer the story to end instead on the crash of a love-affair. Since love-affairs in first novels invariably cause intense suffering to all parties, this is another very popular ending. In this case the hero often spends the last chapter striding about a moor or wandering in a wood in reflective mood. But does all this reflection lead to anything? you may ask. Yes, it leads to a discovery. Either spring is coming, the little green fronds of bracken are pushing up through the dead leaves, and conse-



"PLEASE, 18 HE KIND TO CHILDREN?"

quently the fact is established that Life Goes On; or else it is night, the heavens are full of stars, and thus it is brought home to the hero that in all these spinning worlds he himself and his troubles are comparatively insignificant. Either discovery rounds off the story nicely.

Devotees of first novels, like myself, are not really troubled by the recent tendency to make the hero bitterly cynical. We can see through this easily enough. What is it but our old friend "exquisite sensitiveness" in a new

garb? Genuine cynics (if any there be) presumably do not suffer, whereas on every page of a real honest-to-God first novel the hero suffers with quite extraordinary intensity. This simple test may relieve all our anxieties on this point.

Yes, first novels are splendid stuff. I would not have them changed for anything. I have just one suggestion to make. Would it not be a fascinating experiment to have one—just one—first novel written by the parents of an exquisitely sensitive adolescent?

## At the Pictures

#### BEAUTIFUL STARS

In Easy Living there is some amusing dialogue and a fairly interesting fabricated story, but two things in particular distinguish it and, I should guess, draw the audience. One of these is the courage of Mr. Bull the steel magnate in his operations on Wall Street, because somewhere in our hearts we all love a gambler, and not less when he is a millionaire who has befriended a girl. The other thing is the girl herself, because she is played by Jean Arthur.

Having seen JEAN ARTHUR as often as I could, in various films, I am in a position to say that there is no movie-star, no matter how she is cast, who carries such an air of radiant innocence. No malevolent words that might be given to her to speak, no deeds, however treacherous that she might have to perform, could, I believe, dim that radiance. She would say the words and do the deeds, but she would remain the same incorrigibly cheerful creature, very easy to look at, very pleasant to listen to. No wonder the cinema attracts when you can be assured of an hour-and-a-half of JEAN ARTHUR'S presence.

These are, indeed, the days of the pretty twinkler. In a picture called Ladies in Love there are no fewer than four of them, a lavish supply, comprising JANET GAYNOR, CONSTANCE BENNETT, LORETTA YOUNG and SIMONE SIMON. All four are in big type (for the Regal still prints programmes), whereas some quite good performers, being mere males, such as Don Ameche, Paul Lukas and Alan Mow-BRAY, get only small. I am not sure that four "Beautifuls" are not too many, especially when they are on the screen at the same moment and the array of teeth and smiles becomes almost overwhelming. One at a timewith a man or an older woman as a foil-is, I am sure, the best rule; but when they are so eager to

make a conquest as these twinklers are, the whole film turning on languishings, for the most part unrequited, I suppose there may be an exception.

Ladies in Love is from Hollywood, but Let's Make a Night of It, the other

picture that I have seen, is a British production with some American talent to help it out, including Buddy Rogers (Mary Pickford's latest) as an incredible servitor. I cannot remember seeing any film with such a variety of



A FUR COAT FROM A STRANGER, OR THE GUILTLESS GIFT

J. B. Bull . . . . . EDWARD ARNOLD Mary Smith . . . . JEAN ARTHUR



THE HEAVY FATHER

Henry B	oydell	*							FRED EMNEY
Peggy Be									JUNE CLYDE
Laura B	oydell			*	*	*	,		IRIS HOEY

participants, nearly all with too little to do, and so many and such irrelevant musical numbers. Whenever the story threatens to develop, there is a song or a dance or a quartet. Two nightclubs and a restaurant form the background, and entertainers break into all of them. Even waiters who ought to be waiting join incontinently in glees; even navvies (whom I suspect of being the same persons) pause in their labours to put over a concerted piece.

Chief among the many characters is that flippant, inconsequential colossus, FRED EMNEY, who will, I hope, take more and more to the screen. And after a long absence—or so it seems to me—here is CLAUD ALLISTER again, in a typical "silly ass" part, while room was found for a few moments—far too few—of OLIVER WAKEFIELD; and, apropos of nothing, or of everything, AFRIQUE gives an imitation of WALLACE BEERY. Let's Make a Night of It is, you will agree, a hotch-potch, and not what I personally care for. But this world, we are continually being told, is made up of different kinds of people.

The untimely death of Jean Harlow has kept me from Saratoga, in which she was acting when she died, and which, therefore, another has finished. Apart from the fact that there are so many new films that any particular one may be avoided, I should be very unhappy to see an actress, whom in her vivid appearances on the screen

I had admired, suddenly passing for ever. The cinema draws so much of its life-blood from dissolution that this reluctance of mine may sound foolish; but there is a disparity. Miss HAR-Low is really dead, dying actually at her work, and I cannot forget it, and I do not want Saratoga to emphasise the loss. I was even more unwilling to see a film, released after his death, in which GERALD DU Maurier performed, because I had known him personally and the manifestations of him which the screen afforded-the voice, so recently stilled for ever, the mannerisms-were too moving. But I would not make my own sensitiveness a rule for others, and, from all I hear, Saratoga is E. V. L. exceedingly good.

#### Straight from the Butt

"The grouse shooting season in West Waterford is satisfactory to date and good port is promised."

Irish Paper.

"Back in her room at the Hotel Palatial, Lady Joan gazed vacantly before her. 'I am in a hole,' she sighed."—Novelette.

Despite its imposing name.



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

PASSION FOR RUINS

# It Looks so Easy

It looks so easy
To hit a backhand drive
Like Budge or Perry,
Or stroll across a stage
Like Owen Nares;

It looks so easy, So absurdly easy To net a sixty-five Like HENRY COTTON, Or manipulate one's feet Like FRED ASTAIRE'S;

It looks so easy,
So absurdly,
Incredibly easy
To make a thousand break
Like Smith or Newman,
Or write a play that runs
Till all is blue;

It looks so easy, So absurdly, Incredibly,
Ridiculously easy
To skim across a lake
Like Sonja Henie,
Or turn out books that sell
Like Priestley's do;

It looks so easy,
So absurdly,
Incredibly,
Ridiculously,
Extraordinarily easy
To write this sort of stuff
Ad infinitum,
To mass-produce this light
And airy rot.

It looks so easy, So absurdly, etc., easy, But funnily enough, Like all the other things That I have mentioned, It is not.



"JUST RAISE THE CHIN A LITTLE. SIR HENRY."

## The Puff Pestilent

Oy! This must stop.

Sea Reach on a still summer morning is a very fine place—and, what is more, a tranquil place. While the weather behaves well the amateur mariner is much safer and happier in that spacious thoroughfare than in the troublous reaches of the Port of London or even Charing Cross. Great ships go by, it is true, but afar off and at a gentlemanly speed, making much less disturbance than the tugs of London. We must except the paddle pleasuresteamers which thump their way down the river making far too much wash, and ought to be spoken to by somebody

But most of them had gone by and we were at peace, jogging up the Jenkin Swatchway in the misty morning. We had given a tow to a loaded sailing barge labouring on a lee-shore near the Blyth Sands, and we were not only peaceful but proud. And then we had a shock.

We saw a new advertisement—a brewery advertisement—on the noble cinnamon sails of another sailing-barge.

There is a place for everything, they say, though I should have said they were wrong. There are certainly places proper for the advertisement of beer, of bricks, of cement and other of the good products of England.

But the sails of sailing-vessels are not among these places. Or so we shall

always emphatically maintain. It may be mere illogical instinct. We do not think so. Advertisements, we know, can be elegant in design and execution, and frequently are; but they must always be trespassers upon an object or seene of dignity or beauty. We should resent as strongly a large advertisement on the locomotive of a Scottish express or the funnel of a destroyer; on the Nelson Column; on the trees in Kew Gardens; on the lions at the Zoo; on the Terrace of the House of Commons. We have no particular interest in the air and we detest aeroplanes;

but we dislike too the advertiser by air who trails the name of his horrid goods across the empyrean. He insults not only the sky but the aeroplane which, at a very great distance, can sometimes achieve both dignity and beauty.

So that these are not merely the prejudiced ravings of an old-fashioned mariner. But sails, we do maintain, are among the special places where advertisements ought not to be (if you follow us). And that enlightened body the Port of London Authority, we believe, agrees with us, for they have a strict regulation concerning the exhibition of advertisements in London River; and all down that long lane of commerce and business, 66 miles from Teddington to the Nore, you will not see the goods of any man advertised upon the water-which is a remarkable thing. (The adjacent land of course is littered with advertisements.)

But there is a loop-hole even here for the less enlightened. Though you may not advertise a commodity on a vessel, there is nothing, we gather, to prevent you from exhibiting your name. A very few steam vessels do exhibit the name of a certain gas-company on their not very handsome sides. No great harm is done; and most steamer companies rightly prefer the ancient practice of indicating their identity by means of flags and colours.

But sails, we shout again, are different, especially the beautiful brown sails of the barges. Two barge-owning companies have for a long time blazoned their name on their top-sails. One of them, we believe, went further at first and largely wrote SMITH'S BRICKS. But the authorities came after them, because bricks were goods; and they ingeniously substituted the



"WHAT SORT OF THING DO YOU WANT?"

"I WANT SOMETHING FAIRLY SIMPLE, AND I DON'T WANT, IF POSSIBLE, TO HAVE TO TAKE OFF MY MOUSTACHE."

legend SMITHS BRICKMAKERS, which appears to be in order, for there it is up and down the river to-day.

Still—two firms only out of so many?—again the mischief might be borne. But there, this peaceful morning, by the Jenkin Buoy, we saw a new one—new, at least, to us—Brown's Brewery, bold and brazen on a coffee-coloured top-sail. "This thing is spreading," we said; and we steamed in anger across to Southend, where it was Yachting Week.

At Southend we met the Navy, and certain yachting-folk, who have right minds upon these matters. And they told us of a Thing which we could not believe; but presently we saw It. Southend was looking very well from the water, as Southend does on a hazy day; and off the pier-about the third mile the yachts were making ready for their first race. All on parade at their moorings, with their mainsails set and the misty sun upon them, they were a lovely sight. For once, no aeroplane was overhead; for a few minutes no speed-boat roared around the guardship; no paper-boy or loud-speaker spoke; no film-star blocked the traffic: the mist thinned, the sun descended, the white sails shone; and there were graciousness and calm.

It is a good advertisement in the right place — verbally, one of the best: and it commends a good commodity, which we have been accustomed to buy. Indeed, we like it well, for it is a whisky: and it would take a lot, we should have said, to put us off it. But that shocking spectacle has done it. We swore, and those with us, that, whenever possible, we would decline to purchase that particular commodity until this outrage is taken from the waters: and we hope that those of that opinion will say "Ave."

that opinion will say "Aye."
What else can be done by men of right minds? They tell us that this same vessel, with the same superscription, travels along the coast from regatta to regatta. Well, we do not regularly visit regattas, but, if we did, we feel that with other mariners and lovers of sail we might be able to devise some "appropriate action." But, failing that, what? We appeal to the Port of London Authority to examine their regulations and, if they are insufficient, consider what they can do. For, if one man or two may do these things, then why not many? This thing is spreading, we believe: it may spread rapidly: and, Oy! it ought to stop. A. P. H.



THE BILLIARD LEG

## The Mirage

When I was a boy
And worked on the land
I thought the farmer
Was rich and grand.

When I was a farmer
And sold my hay,
It seemed a shop
Was the thing to pay.

When I had a shop
It appeared to me
The pensioned man
Was the chap to be.

And now I've a pension
It's very strange
I'm still remarkably
Short of change.

The shopman, the farmer,
The boy with the plough . . .
Which in the world gets
The money now?

## Things That Might Have Been Better Expressed.

"Do not let an opportunity pass of not mentioning to your friends in Norwood Green the necessity of becoming members of this healthy and virulent body."

Journal of Residents' Association.

## Chapter Three: My Early Struggles

OF course I have retired now. But they still remember me in the City; my name, I am proud to say, is one with which people still conjure. Even now strangers rush up to me in the street to ask me if they may conjure with it. My name, curiously enough, is Rabbitt.

But life has not always been easy, I too have had my disappointments. For years I tried to make my name as an artist, but with little success. It was

not so much the actual painting that defeated me, but the immense strain involved in choosing the right frame.

And then I met Ernest Portable, and we made up what we used laughingly to call our minds to start up in business together as Agents. We had no agencies, of course, but this was just as well, as it left us free to devote our time to other interests.

I remember the trouble to which we went over our notepaper. We called ourselves The Portable-Rabbitt Syndicate, Ltd. We even had a coat-of-arms, of which we were extremely proud. It consisted of a shield bearing six pies

in a row, with a finger inserted in each. on a background of what looked like trellis-work. Of course it was not trellis-work at all, it was just various strings being pulled in all directions.

But it was over our motto that Portable and I nearly came to blows. His first suggestion was "Gimme." He said he thought it summed up the posi-

tion fairly concisely.

"A trifle austere, I think, don't you,
Ernest?" I queried.

"Well, what about More Syndicate Than Sinning?

Mm, possibly," I said. "But I was rather in favour of something Latin-Quos deus vult perdere prius dementat,
—something of that sort."

"Oh, and what does that mean?" inquired Ernest rather suspiciously. "If I may make so bold," he added as an afterthought.

Well," I answered, "a fairly literal translation would be that Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first deprive of their senses.'

Portable was absolutely furious at this, and immediately got upon his high horse, an ex-racehorse called Michael's Moustache.

Are you trying to insult me?" he shouted down at me. "Why, I've a good mind to thrash you within an inch of your life.'

'You can't do that."

"And why not?" inquired Ernest.
"Because," I explained patiently,

"you're no judge of distances." Realising the truth of this, Ernest was forced to climb down from his high horse, and we were soon firm friends again. Three days later we opened our doors to the public. We prospered immediately.

In our youth it had been firmly impressed upon us both that to be a success one must work just a little harder than the next man. However, as Ernest and I sat next to each other this turned out to be a lot easier than either of us had expected. It seemed that success was within our grasp.

A week later success was ours. We based this assumption upon the fact that after the first few days we never reached the office until it was time to go out again for lunch.

But then misfortune befell us. One day, whilst Ernest was addressing the board of directors, he got carried away by the sound of his own voice. I waited about for hours, but he never returned.

This sudden shock unnerved me considerably, and for quite a time I was not myself, a fact which my friends were not slow to appreciate. But then came my big chance. I was offered an important position with a large firm of vacuum-cleaner manufacturers. I was enrolled upon the staff by one of



AY, THAT BE CAPTAIN, ALL DOLLED-UP LIKE."



"QUICK! COME AND TELL GRANNY WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER MOTOR-BIKE."

the directors of the concern who wished to conduct an experiment to discover whether his sales department was as strong as its weakest link.

It was—and two weeks later the company went into liquidation.

Naturally I was very gratified by the striking success of the experiment and the very large part I had played in it. This, however, was nothing to the pride experienced by my mother, when she opened *The Spoelworthy Recorder*, our local newspaper, to find my photograph upon the front page, and the caption beneath in large letters—

LOCAL ANÆSTHETIC MAKES GOOD.

Yes, they were great days all right. But of course I have retired now.

## Nil Desperandum

This business of heredity
Disturbs me very much;
It seems as though my ancestors
Had caught me in their clutch—
The Celt, the Jute, the Norse, the
French,
And those too that were Dutch.

Who knows, I wonder, when some trait—
Some atavistic vice
May reappear in me to mar
And turn me in a trice
To gangster, cut-throat, tippler, crook,
And other things not nice?

Of what avail, then, was I shown
The way that I should grow
If far progenitors hand down
Their shocking modes, and so
Annul the lessons that I learned
At home—ah, long ago?

Yet need I really be depressed?
Surely amongst the lot
Were some whose lives were otherwise,

Blameless, without a blot?
Could these not also pass me on
The good luck that they got?

And what about my own make-up?
Shall that not count a bit—
The Multiple that is Myself,
However weak in wit?
It shall. The bane of ancestors
I will no more admit,

And pictures which I have of some I'll turn with face to wall,
That following eyes observe me
not

Nor make me feel so small; I'll snap my fingers, unafraid, Henceforth at one and all.

## Cousins Wanted

HARLEY Street physician. Music-Athlete (running Blue Professor (not history). hall artist. preferred). Cabinet Minister. Leading man or leading lady to leading playwright Painter (not Society por-(either). traits). Bridge-builder (can be tunnels Lady doctor. Film star if good). (female). Stockbroker (must be well established). Tennis champion (county would do if famous). Magistrate or Eminent K.C. (either). London policeman (Hendon College preferred). Theatre-ticket printer, ditto railway. Send recent photographs and stamped addressed envelope for questionnaire from which one applicant each profession will be selected.



" I WILL MOST CERTAINLY CORRECT HIM!"

#### My Wonderful British Revue

I'm combing out Europe for talent
To put in my British Revue;
In sunny Milano I found a soprano
Whose trill is like that of a lark,
And one evening at Cannes I discovered a man
Who can caricature in the dark;
So I told them their talent would do;
And before very long they'd agreed for a song
To appear in my British Revue.

I'm combing out Europe for talent
To put in my British Revue;
I managed to get a delightful soubrette
Who was wasting her talent at Calais,
And while staying at Crete I acquired a complete
And authentic surrealist ballet;
The deals were not long going through,
For I got them to sign on the requisite line
And they're booked for my British Revue.

I'm combing out Europe for talent
To put in my British Revue;
I signed up a tenor marooned in Vienner,
Discovered a crooner in Rome,
And a wizard of "tap" (a Roumanian chap)
Fell a prey to the teeth of my comb;
And these artists are only a few
Of those who'll appear at the end of the year
In my wonderful British Revue.

I'm combing out Europe for talent
To put in my British Revue;
But there's one little snag, for this talented bag
Can't speak any English unbroken,
So I'll send them away to the great U.S.A.
To learn how it really is spoken;
And when the production is due
You can take it from me that you're going to see
A staggering British Revue.



# POLITICAL PHRASES EXPLAINED: "THE ROME-BERLIN AXES."

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI. "I WONDER WHICH OF US WILL GET THE KEENER EDGE."





"IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT. THE MEDICAL AUTHORITIES ARE TAKING THE MECESSARY STEPS,"

## Maturity

A good deal of fuss has been made, one way and another, by poets, artists, mothers and other unbalanced persons about all sorts of first occasions. First love, the first quarrel, baby's first smile, tooth or curl (nothing much is said if baby's first hair is a straight one), and of course the first swallow, although, as we all know, it can't even make a summer, poor little thing. In the very, very old days—after Trafalgar, but before you and I were really grown up—a young girl had her first long dress and put her hair up for the first time.

There are no such episodes now in the careers of young girls. For the matter of that there are no young girls. Only just sixth-formers, and then definitely marvellous, or alternatively definitely septic, young lovelies.

But the careers of young men still contain one extraordinarily significant occasion, which is—most unjustly—seldom or never sung. The first shave.

One has had, quite recently, an opportunity of taking in impressions. "Mummie! Have you been told what may be going to happen this

evening ? '

It might, from the tone of the announcement, have been either the arrival of their Majesties the King and Queen to spend a week-end in Little-Fiddle-on-the-Green, or an earthquake, or even the Day of Judgment.

Experience, however, led one to ask, "Are there going to be meringues for dinner?"

"Much more exciting than that. He may be going to shave himself, and he says I may come and see—and you too, if you like."

"Good heavens!"

Theoretically one knew that he had had a seventeenth birthday two days earlier, and that Cousin Cicely had seen fit to send him a razor in a little case. But this announcement of definite intentions came as a shock.

Naturally one followed the excited guide to the bathroom.

The hero of the occasion was standing with a solemn expression in front of the looking-glass. On a shelf beside him were the necessary implements, looking extraordinarily new and clean.

The reaction of a middle-aged mother to a sight of this kind is quite different from that of a thirteen-yearold sister, and much less vocal.

"Oh! what a twee little brush!"
"Oh! can I hold it a minute? Oh!
it's marvellous, isn't it?"

"Can I smell the soap? Oh! isn't it

super?"
"Isn't it marvellous to think that
in about a year's time you won't think
anything of shaving?"

This last thought was so startling that it delayed proceedings for quite ten seconds whilst we all took it in.

But eventually the great work began. "Oh! you look marvellous all lathered. Exactly like Daddy!"

"Do you suppose you'll ever cut yourself and have to come down with cotton-wool stuck on? Wouldn't it be marvellous if you did?"

In what seemed an incredibly short time the razor had performed its task. At least one was told that it had.

"I don't see much---"

"Mummie! You don't mean to say you can't see that the blade's got hairs on it? Why, I can see them distinkly. I can acshally count them!"

The owner of the razor gazed closely and anxiously into the looking-glass at a very pink-and-white reflection.

"It's almost a shame," one murmured, "that he still looks so very young,"
"Murmie! I don't think he looks

"Mummie! I don't think he looks young a bit! I think he looks frightfully old!"

"How old?"

"Seventeen," said the loyal supporter defiantly. E. M. D.

## I Was a Spy, I Think

I have always been a firm believer in giving credit where credit is due. But in this case the credit is entirely mine. Mind you, I do not wish to call Goodchild a liar, but all the same he did not win the Boer War. I did. Personally I very much doubt if he even took part in the war at all. He was always a backward child and needed a great deal of care, particularly with firearms. He had an extremely disconcerting habit of pressing such weapons to his forehead and then pulling the trigger to see if they were loaded. No, it was I, and I alone who won the Boer War.

I have never told this story before, but in view of Goodchild's claim I feel that the true facts behind our victory should be placed before the general

Well do I remember the fateful day that the telegram came ordering me to report to the headquarters of the Intelligence Department. "REPORT IMMEDIATELY HQ," it ran. My first thought was for my wife, for we had been married only three weeks.

"I cannot leave her," I said to myself.

"YOU MUST," continued the telegram. "THE SECRET SERVICE NEEDS

And so, pausing only to pat my wife on the back and murmur a hurried "Good-bye, little woman; see you in five years' time," I was off.

"Good-bye, Henry," she whispered, smiling bravely through her knitting. It was not until I rushed pellmell into Pall Mall on my perilous quest that I realised my name was not Henry. But it was too late; the Chief had issued his orders.

"I depend on you, SW 17," he rasped out. The Chief never gave orders, he always rasped them out, just in the same way that war clouds always hover and chasms invariably yawn. "Proceed at once to the Orange River and let me know what colour it is."

I will not weary you with a description of my journey, those lonely nights in the bush, where one false step spelled disaster (instead of one false step, as one might reasonably expect), my only sustenance a small tin of condensed milk bearing the strange label, "Possibly Unfit for Children." But I won through, only to find that the tremendous lack of resistance put up by the enemy had shattered the moral of our brave boys. There was an air of tension over the camp, nerves were stretched to breaking-point.

Some few days later the storm broke. A colleague of mine, W 2, an international spy of some repute, walked towards me. He had been acting strangely for some time, brooding tensely in his dug-out for hours on end, a programme he varied occasionally by darting about madly in what the Army Handbooks of the day were pleased to call a series of short sharp sectional rushes.

A hush fell upon the camp as W 2 approached me, holding in his hand what had once been a comparatively clean shirt.

"Look here, SW 17," he complained, "just look at this. Why, I haven't a single clean shirt to my name."

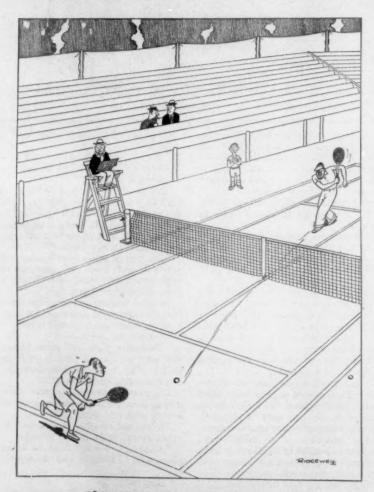
The situation was fraught with danger, but I was equal to it.

Drawing myself up to my full height—I was on all-fours at the time, smelling a rat—I replied laughingly, that as he was now in the Secret Service he had not got a name to have a clean shirt to anyway.

It is now a matter of history, of course, but very shortly after this we won the war.

I will leave my readers to draw their own conclusions from the proximity of these two events. But I may say that the combination of circumstances gave the War Office furiously to think, which is no mean feat in itself, whichever way you look at it.

As Honorary Secretary to our local branch of the Association for Hiding Small Lights Under Large Bushels, it is more than my position is worth to say more. But I do think it makes Goodchild look a bit of a fool—don't you?



"I THOUGHT THIS WAS A DOUBLES COMPETITION."

<sup>&</sup>quot;YES, BUT THERE WAS ONLY ONE ENTRY."

### The Friends Thou Hast

"I MET such nice people at Seacliff," said Cousin Aurora. "I must tell you about them."

"No, really," I said. "There's no

compulsion at all."

"Ôh, but I must. They were so amusing. Where do you think all these amusing people come from? You never see them all the rest of the year."

"You hear about them," I said

bitterly.

"Did I tell you about David?"

"No."

"He was ever so funny. He took us all out in a boat and insisted on rowing by himself. And what do you think? He lost the oars! There they were, drifting in the bay, and they had to send another boat out to rescue us or we should have drifted all the way to the Canary Islands. The people at the hotel thought we were lost and got quite alarmed. Oh, we did laugh!"
"Very funny," I said.

"And the boatman was ever so cross when he found out we'd lost the oars. But people don't really care on holi-

days, do they?"
"Apparently not."

"I mean, it's such a change when you have to rough it a bit, isn't it? It does people good to get away from their home comforts, I always think. The theatre, for instance."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, Frank, for instance. He took us to the theatre to see a revue, but he forgot to book and we had to go and sit right on the back row of the gallery."

"That was awkward."

"No, not at all. We were such a jolly party, you see, and we took it all in the proper holiday spirit. We couldn't see very well and we could hardly hear a word they said, but it was such a nice change. I don't think I ever enjoyed a show more in my life."

"In the case of some seaside revues," I said, "that wouldn't be altogether a

disadvantage."

"And you should have seen Henry afterwards!"

"Why?" I asked.

"When we got home afterwards he tried to do all the tricks the conjurer had been doing. He's ever so clever: he's got a lovely car."

"The conjurer?"

"No, Henry. He kept us roaring with laughter. You see, he tried to do a lot of tricks with beer bottles, only he couldn't quite get them right and he broke all the bottles over the carpet. You'd simply have burst if you could have seen him doing it!"



"YES, SIR, ENTIRELY FROM MEMORY."

"Probably. But wouldn't it have been cleverer if he'd caught the bottles instead of dropping them?"

"Oh, you're a silly spoil-sport! That's what the landlady seemed to think. She was quite annoyed. We thought it was most inconsiderate of her. After all, we aren't children, are we?"

"No, certainly not."

"And then there was Edwin. One day when we were bathing he borrowed my camera and took pictures of us all. You've no idea what he did!"

"No, that's quite true. I haven't."

"He took all the pictures without turning the film! It all looked too funny for words when it was developed. You just couldn't see a thing!"

"It must have been great fun."

"But Tommy was the real comedian of the party. I wish you could have met him. Of course he was so happy with us. He always used to say that Seacliff was his spiritual home."

"Yes, I've met him," I said. It was

irresistible.

"Really! Where was that?"
"In his mental home," I said.

#### At the Revue

"LONDON RHAPSODY"
(LONDON PALLADIUM)

LONDON, oh yeah! I don't think it has been used: if not I present it as a title to the makers of revues. London (I got up late this morning)—London which seems to me more and more a place we live in because we have to, and less and less a theme for rapturous delight-London which stretches from the Southern Midlands to the end of the Brighton piers, and from the Cotswolds to the mouth of the Thames-London which (not content with this) is erecting itself gradually in a series of perpendicular boxes half-way to the fuliginous (Webster - "sooty") sky; London which is sometimes a drove of whirring boxes on wheels and sometimes an impenetrable petrol-jam-London which is a Babel of loudspeakers and gramophones-London which puts us all at the mercy of rapacious ground landlords and house agents who hardly seek to disguise their cynical immorality (I got up late, I say, this morning and am tired)-London which overwhelms us with standardised entertainments, a negroid, an Americanized city, which exhausts us with abominable transport and condemns us to every form of massproduced clothing and action and food and thought-London of which the best that can be said is that it may be a tolerable place of residence for uncomplaining millionaires-London is the sort of place that you would suppose a comic revue might want to satirise on the lines that I have indicated with a gentle restraint quite foreign to my kindly disposition; for

satire is the function of a revue, and the Cockney of his own nature is supposed to be a grumbler, and a goodhumoured disparager of the life he leads. But no. Discount some honourable exceptions and you may say that every London revue (if it has a motif, which of course it never has) attempts to exalt our local pride in a city not one tenth of which we are ever likely (or want) to see or to understand, and begins with a kind of maudlin adulation of this weary, complicated wen. So it is at the Palladium in opening and closing choruses of almost unusual demerit, although I admit that the Crazy Gang and others make some plucky attempts at intervals to modify our romantic ecstacies. I daresay revue audiences are known to like this sort of London pride; they are, possibly, in the main a peculiar people, a race apart.

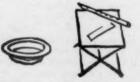
Apart from motif there were some very good things in London Rhapsody on the first night, though Mr. Nervo and Mr. Knox seemed to delegate more of their responsibility than usual: there have been revues at the Palladium in which no performer however talented was safe from their lively and far from delicate assaults; they are not non-interveners; and perhaps as the Rhapsody proceeds on its triumphant career they will more freely non-non-intervene.

I liked the "Six Flower Women in Piccadilly Circus"; in fact, they were terribly funny; and "terribly" is, I am sure, the word. I liked CARDINI the Prince of Prestidigitators, from whose mouth cigarettes continued to blossom, however many were cast away, like wild roses on a midsummer hedge; I liked the Ganjou Brothers, who flung their smiling JUANITA from one to another as though she were a cricket-ball; I liked the compères (if they are compères) as Life-Guards interrupted in their passive duties by the operations of the "short-handed" L.C.C. I liked the oldtime melodrama, though the gallery comments could be better than they are; the WIERE BROTHERS were funny as "Three Slick Business Men"; and if you are enough of a Londoner to like a gipsy wedding on Epsom Downs coming straight from Buda Pest, well, there you are.

It was midnight, I fancy, before we all stood to attention, and the Crazy Gang for some reason or other had got into evening dress (black ties); laughter and cheering were unabated, and I think the Palladium will be as full as ever for a long time and as hot.

Evos.

Jungame



THEATRE QUEUE (New style)

QUEUE ENTERTAINER (New style)

## At the Play

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS"
(DUCHESS)

It is not necessary, mercifully, to preamble deeply and shrewdly about the nature of Time in order to give Mr. PRIESTLEY'S new play its due. The theme, essence or what you will of the piece is not, as some critics appear to have felt, a new interpretation of Time; Mr. PRIESTLEY knows far too much about the theatre to think that you can make a play out of a philosophical concept. This play is simply about the sadness of getting older, the havoc that time plays with youthful hopes and happiness and friendships, the lacrima if we must have erudition-rerum. Well, there is nothing very new about that; only Mr. PRIESTLEY has made it new by the skill of his writing, by the extraordinarily successful move of putting his last Act second, and of course by the introduction of a "message of consolation" in the form of a modern theory of the nature of Time.

Time and the Conways is far and away the best new play running in London. I say this without having seen most of

the others - and equally without hesitation. It has an idea which makes you think, in other words it is about something, it has plenty of life and more than its share of wit, it grips, it is about real people, and it is supremely well acted. It is not a play one would choose to go to after, say, the University Match at Twickenham, but then that is a time when the faculty of choice is notoriously at a low ebb. But for any other evening it should be first on the list.

There are a lot of Conways, and they live in "a detached villa in a prosperous suburb of a manufacturing town"; they belong, that is, to the upper stratum of the class about which Mr. PRIESTLEY writes. There are Hazel and Carol and Madge and Kay, daughters, and Alan and Robin, sons, the whole boiling presided over

by fat and forty-eightish, comfortable, silly, touch-of-the-silver-cord-abouther Mrs. Conway. The only other characters, while we are about it, are Joan Helford and Gerald Thornton, friend of the family, and Ernest Beevers, a common determined newcomer to the town.

It is Kay's twenty-first birthday, the

date is 1919, and there are, very properly, charades. So we are introduced to the family, all very different in temperament but all young, eager, hopeful. Hazel is pretty and shallow, Madge earnest socialistic and full of enthusiasm for a bright new post-war



HOME FUN

Carol . . . . Miss Eileen Erskine Hazel . . . . Miss Rosemary Scott



DOG'S-EYE VIEW OF THE MEETING OF THE CONWAYS

Kay	*	MISS JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON
Alan		MR. RAYMOND HUNTLEY
Gerald Thornton		MR. WILFRED BABBAGE
Mes. Common		MISS RADBARA EVERIST

world, Carol is about sixteen, impulsive and generous and sensitive enough to feel sad sometimes when she is most gay, Robin, just demobilized from the R.A.F., is what you would expect. There remain Kay and Alan, who form the pivots of the play. Kay takes herself and life very seriously—hardly, I

should have thought, with that supernatural solemnity which Miss Forres-Robertson puts into the part, but that is a matter of opinion. She is troubled (Kay I mean, not Miss Forres-Robertson) by a tendency to be fey and to catch glimpses of the future which disturb and alarm her. It is the actuality of one of these glimpses which forms the content of Act II. She is the direct opposite of her brother Alan, who is quiet and utterly without ambition and quite content.

Joan Helford and Gerald Thornton and the abominable Beevers are also, it should be unnecessary to add, of

and at the party.

For the Second Act the scene is the same, but the year is the present one, eighteen years on. All the characters, except Carol, long dead, assemble again, but not this time for charades. Gerald, now a pompous solicitor, has called a family conference to discuss the failing finances of Mrs. Conway. There is no need to detail the misfortunes that have fallen severally upon the members of the family. Unhappiness, disillusion, bitter recrimination make their state in 1937 a sufficient

contrast with the atmosphere of 1919. And why, asks Kay. the bitterest of them all, when she is left alone with Alan, at the end-why should life do that to people, why should it be all deterioration and failure and a falling away from grace? Alan, who has been improving his mind in the last eighteen years, has his answer ready. We have, he tells her, a wrong notion of Time. Life is not a series of successive states or events, which come and pass for ever. It is a co-existent whole, on some particular fragment of which our attention is momentarily concentrated. Yesterday's happiness is no more lost than is to-morrow's sadness or joy; it is just not present. And so on. The theory is only slightly sketched in in the play; it shall be still more slightly dealt with here.

With Act III. we are back again, so to speak, in Act I. The party is still in progress, and we begin to see the

in progress, and we begin to see the seeds of some of the coming trouble. Robin is rather hustled into an engagement with Joan Helford, Madge rouses a spark in prosaic Gerald Thornton, only to see it extinguished by jealous Mrs. Convay's skilful nastiness, Hazel shows the first faint signs of wavering

before Ernest Beevers' naïve determination. Kay, who wants to write a great novel, is troubled by another prophetic mood and appeals to Alan to help her. But Alan can't do it-yet. He will try to be wise, he says, and one day will have something to tell her. (It is curious, by the way, that neither of them seems to recall this conversation, when, eighteen years later, the promised help is given.)

Of course Mr. PRIESTLEY has taken certain licences to get the effect he wants. Not many families, one likes to think, suffer such almost unrelieved misfortunes as the Conways. unhappy marriages, one shattered romance, one embittered failure and an early death is a largish allowance for a family of six. And we do not see the characters at their best in Act II. Grown-up family conferences have a way of being rather unhappy events.

Apart from the fact that Miss JEAN FORBES - ROBERTSON seemed to me much too sombre and strained in the First and Third Acts, the acting allround was quite excellent. Miss EILEEN ERSKINE as Carol and Miss MOLLY RANKIN as Madge deserve the highest praise. H. F. E.

#### From Our Postbag

"SUMMONED" writes-

Is the Law on the side of a Pedestrian who is run down by a motorcar proceeding at the rate of three miles per hour at a "Belisha" crossing which is not regulated by lights or police, he having stepped off the pavement without warning, backwards, and with his eyes tightly closed?

We believe so, unless he is actually blindfold.—ED.]

"LADY CONSTABLE."

Can a young man who has become annoyed beyond measure with the policewoman to whom he is engaged to be married be arrested by her for giving her a good smacking on her

She cannot take him any further into custody. She should untiringly ask him why he is doing it .- ED.]

"WORRIED."

A curious friend of mine prefers to

drive his car backwards, and to facilitate this he is proposing to have his driving-seat reversed. On which side of the road should he travel?

On the right, unless he has headlights behind.—ED.]

"TREMOLO."

I possess a very sympathetic nature and am particularly fond of sentimental music and the lighttenor voice. I am distressed to find, however, that, after listening for even a few moments to my favourite singer, BING CROSBY, and others, my face turns a vivid blue-"crooner blue," as my wife rather offensively calls it. Can you advise me of any cure for this gruesome manifestation?

Slices of raw meat consumed at short intervals may be found effective. - ED.]

"Out of term, during the greater part of June, the calm of the bathing sheds is only faintly disturbed by the presence of a few contemplative dons.

As has been said, more than thirty species usually nest in this one-acre plot and the piece of marsh immediately opposite."

Daily Paper.

Of these the "black cap" predominates.



"YOU HAVE THE TENACITY OF A BLOODHOUND, MR. PEEBLES!"



"WELL, GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN!"

#### Non-Intervention

(Folk Song)

["The names are published of the ten Italian Generals who directed fighting in the battle for Santander. They are given as Bastico, Perti, Roatta, Frusci, Piazzoni, Bergonzoli, Francisci, Biscaccianti, Velardi, and Manca."

"Times" Rome Correspondent.

"The Non-Intervention Sub-Committee met for the sixty-third time yesterday."-"Times," same column.]

THE Non-Intervention Committee are meeting,
The Non-Interveners are meeting again,
The ridiculous Basques had a bit of a beating,
But non-intervention continues in Spain.
And so let us drink, in a little Chianti,
To the non-intervention of BISCACCIANTI.

The Asturian peasants who rudely resented
The casual dropping of bombs from the air
Are non-diplomatic, they're dotty, demented,
For everyone knows there is nobody there;
And, that being so, it would clearly be dirty
To speak of ROATTA, BASTICO or PERTI.

The number of Spaniards in Spain is decreasing, You can walk for a month without meeting a Basque; The barbarous men of Madrid are deceasing,
But neutral observers are still at their task;
And Franco's as lonely as Casabianca
Bereft of ROATTA and FRUSCI and MANCA.

Though few of the nations have paid their subscriptions
The non-interveners are meeting again;
Those tanks must belong to the Turks or Egyptians,
For how could there be an Italian in Spain,
When the buglers of Rome are exhausted and husky
Recalling ROATTA and MANCA and FRUSCI?

So let every soldier go non-intervening—
Oh, fly with me Southward and non-intervene!
The words that we use have no longer a meaning
And we shouldn't in any case say what we mean;
And so let us drink in Chianti or Clicquot
To the non-intervention of bonny Bastico. A. P. H.

### Mr. Silvertop's Enmity is Dissolved

Mr. Silvertop was thumbing the edge of a favourite chisel with something

very near affection.
"I've often thought," he said, "'ow ighly interesting it would be to be dumped on a desert island with your greatest enemy. Either one of you'd jump on such an 'eaven-sent chance to dot the other quietly over the 'ead with a bit of desert island or else you'd both come to feel pretty quick you'd found the only friend in the world. The closest I ever got to a desert island things worked out the second way, though it was touch and go

Some time afore the War I used to go down to Sir George Pudding's 'ouse in the country and see to all 'is odd jobs. 'E was about fifty then, a nice gent but what you might call proper variable, for ever taking up like mad with some new 'obby. One time I'd find 'im a-laying out a nine-'ole golf-course in 'is meadows for all 'e was worth, the next I'd find the golf-course a mass of weeds and 'im locked in 'is study a-mugging up Chinese. But I used to 'ave a goodish time on my visits, the only moth in the marmalade being the butler, Perkins, 'oo thought an 'ell of a lot too much of imself. I can get on with most, but im and me was daggers drawn from

"Well, one time when I went down I found Sir George 'ad just switched over from breeding them silver foxes to ballooning, and wasn't 'appy unless 'e was up in 'is washing-basket drifting 'e didn't know where. The morning after I got down 'e was due for a flip, and 'e asked me to come along and 'elp alter the lie of the seat afore the sand-

bags was put in. The gardeners 'ad got the gas-bag full and the 'ole perishing outfit was fair straining at Sir George 'e the mooring-rope. showed me what wanted doing to the seat, and I climbed in and got busy with a saw. While I was working Perkins climbed in too to stow away a big 'amper of rations, Sir George being a wonderful 'ungry man. One of the gardeners was 'eaving it up to 'im when it 'appened. There was suddenly an 'ell of a loud snap, like a 'uge banjo-string going off, and I found myself on my back with Perkins on top of me. There being no ballast aboard, by the time we'd sorted ourselves out and looked over the side Sir George was only a purple dot, and even the 'ouse didn't look no bigger than a mouse-trap. Perkins 'e tried to draw 'imself up, only 'e 'it 'is 'ead on a rope.
" 'Well, I never!' 'e ses.

"' Nice up 'ere, isn't it?' I ses. 'But it's a pity you didn't catch the 'amper in time. I dare say we could 'ave done with a snack afore we gets to Russia.'

" 'Russia?' 'e cries, and 'e goes

pretty white.

"'That's where the wind's blowing,' I ses, though of course I 'adn't a notion. 'And I don't see what's to stop us. I'm afraid the Russkys'll 'ave a good laugh when you steps out in your tail-coat, but you'll 'ave to let on you're the new ambassador.'

'Are you 'aving the impudence to make merry at the expense of my person?' 'e ses, blowing out 'is 'ard

shirt.

'Guilty, milord,' I answers.

"'Do you know 'ow to bring this 'ere ve'icle down?' 'e asks.

Surely any fool knows that,' I ses, and that was the end of that conversation. 'E sat at one side of the basket and looked over, and I did the same the other side. We was rising

'ard and swaying enough to 'ave to 'ang on, for it was a gusty cloudy day. The ropes above us was like a reg'lar cat's-cradle, and all I knew was that one worked the valve and would bring us down nice and slow, and one worked the rip and would bring us down like a ton of bricks. I would 'ave given an 'ell of a lot to know which was which.

"After an hour or so, when we was miles above the clouds, I ses, chattylike, 'We ought to make Moscow in about ten days if this breeze 'olds. Can you ask for a dog's-nose in Russian, Perkins?' 'E didn't answer, but 'e turned and give me a look, and I could see at a glance 'ow it was with 'im. I'd seen that look afore on the South-

end paddle-boat.

Well, 'is pride 'eld out for about three hours, at the end of which 'e was pea-green and as cold as I was, what was saying a lot. Then 'e ses, 'Mr. Silvertop," 'e ses, 'it's 'arder than what it might seem not to get a swelled 'ead in my job, but that's no reel excuse. I've treated you shocking rude, and I'm 'eartily ashamed of it. Unless you wants to 'it the moon with a corpse on your 'ands will you please be so good as to land this 'ere perishing invention of the Devil?' That was 'andsome, that was. I ses, 'Right,' and I started in to find the valve-cord. what, as luck would 'ave it, I got first go off. I 'ung on to it like chimp, and that there gas 'issing was about the nicest sound I'd ever 'eard.

We 'ad no way of telling 'ow fast we was a-coming down until we got to the cloud-banks over the earth, but then we was able to tell only too well, seeing 'em rushing past us. The next thing we knew we'd popped out of the clouds only a few 'undred feet above

an 'ell of a great town.

"'Ere, shut off that ruddy valve!' cries Perkins. 'I would if I could,' I ses, 'but it's jammed, 'arf-open!'
"We 'ad about a minute to wonder

what exactly we was a-going to 'it. It looked like a clean toss-up between a church, a brewery and a railwaystation, and then a sudden puff o' wind takes us sideways and swings us with a bang through a big glass skylight in a sort of public 'all. The gas-bag was caught up outside, so we ung there, suspendered like from the ceiling. By a miracle neither of us was urt, and when we looked over the side we found the 'all below full of people, with some blokes sitting on a platform at one end and a chap on 'is feet.

" 'Ahoy there!' I shouts in case they 'adn't noticed. 'Very sorry to butt in. Nobody 'urt, I 'opes?

"'Nobody,' someone shouts back. " 'What's the party about?' I asks.



"Sorry, Sir, but he keeps dropping his aitches."



"HAVE YOU ANY BUTTERFLY NETS?"

"'Professor Stickleback is in the middle of 'is lecture on ballooning,' they should

they shouts.
"'The 'ell 'e is!' I cries. 'Is 'e for or against?'

"'For!' they yells.

"'Then you all listen to me and let 'im go 'ome!' I cries—and while the fire-brigade was fetching ladders I let go a few well-chosen remarks about ballooning what none of that audience was likely to forget.

"The funny thing was that just before we 'it the skylight Perkins and me shook 'ands in a way I'd never shook 'ands before—and to this day 'im and me's the fastest friends. But I dare say a desert island might 'ave done the trick just as well." Eric.

"They met at Newmarket at the First July Meeting—when Real Estate finished a head in front of the filly—and beat her decisively. Which is just another instance of how one horse can go on from strength to strength, while another stands still or goes back."—Sunday Times.

If you need another instance.

#### Mr. Punch on Tour

THE Exhibition of the original work of Living "Punch" Artists will be on view at the Pump Room, Bath, from September 18th till October 16th, after which it will be shown at Cheltenham.

Invitations to visit this Exhibition will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Office, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

<sup>&</sup>quot;BUTTERFLY NETS? No, SIR, BUT I COULD LET YOU 'AVE SOME FLY-PAPERS."

#### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Conrad on Conrad

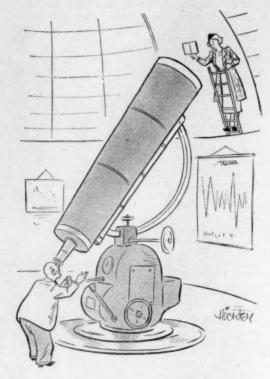
IT was a welcome inspiration in Mr. DAVID GARNETT to republish in one volume all the author's notes prepared for the collected works of JOSEPH CONRAD and to usher them in with an essay on the novelist completed by EDWARD GARNETT shortly before he died. In his rôle of publishers ideal reader-stern with the publisher and tenderness itself to discernible genius-GARNETT headed CONRAD off a discouraged self-dismissal from the world of letters, and his essay finely depicts the literary 'nineties; shows the novelist bridging the gulf between England and the Continent; and champions his assumption of "the method of the poets" for the depicting of imaginative reality. They are over a score of prefaces, in which—for "one does one's work first and theorises about it afterwards"—Conrad the critic discusses CONRAD the author, follows up sources of inspiration, poses and solves problems of technique. He did not, he admits, wish to write the prefaces. But one is glad that, bribed and cajoled by editors, he came "as near as I shall ever come to déshabillé in public," and that Conrad's Prefaces to His Works (Dent, 7/6) have found at last so happy a corporate setting.

#### The Great Trek

Patriots of the bigoted kind, who like to believe that England has always been right, should avoid Mr. Francis BRETT YOUNG'S new book, They Seek a Country (HEINE-MANN, 8/6); there is so little cause for national pride in the lot of the labourer of the I'830's, the tyranny of the Game Laws or the English treatment of the Dutch in South Africa. This novel is in one sense the story of John Oakley, who, convicted as a mere boy of poaching, is deported to Botany Bay, escapes to a Dutch farm and shares the adventures of the family, finally marrying one of the daughters. But it is, more essentially, a description of the misery and injustice of the poor man's life in the year of the Reform Bill, of the horrors of a convict ship and, above all, of the Great Trek. The story is always subsidiary to the setting. For that reason the main characters have hardly the completeness and grip that one expects from Mr. Brett Young. But there is ample compensation. The story of the Trek, of the perils that had to be overcome,



"YOU SEE, SIR, I'M EXPECTING MY BEES TO SWARM AT ANY MOMENT."



"Your train leaves Greenwich at 6.15."

the jealousies that divided the Dutch among themselves, the fight for existence against the faithless DINGAAN and his Zulus, is told with a force and insight that give this book much more than the magnitude of an ordinary novel.

#### Municipal Microcosm

Mr. R. H. MOTTRAM is antiquary as well as novelist, and East Anglian to boot. Thus when in Success to the Mayor (ROBERT HALE, 12/6) he sets out to trace the growth of local self-government in a provincial town it is Norwich that he selects for the purpose, partly because it seemed to him a good average specimen of a county capital, partly because it possesses a long and comparatively perfect series of records, but chiefly, we suspect, because Mr. MOTTRAM takes a special interest in East Anglia and her worthies. The municipality, he writes somewhere, is only the nation in little, and its government has been adjusted from time to time with all the flexibility characteristic of English public life. Thus his careful history of the municipal government of Norwich, describing the slow growth of law and order and of the meaning of citizenship, shows the advantage of our English method of adjusting machinery to suit our changing needs instead of allowing it to become a tyranny to which all must submit. Antiquarians will relish this book, though perhaps the general reader would prefer rather less about leet courts and charters and ancient municipal quarrels, and more about such local worthies as the MARTINEAUS and GEORGE BORROW. There is, in fact, a certain lack of human interest in the book, but no one will dispute the thoroughness with which Mr. MOTTRAM has conducted

his survey of the growth of Norwich City during some eight centuries.

#### Heavy Going

The first chapters of The Moon is Making (Cassell, 8/6), Miss Storm Jameson's new novel, are certainly rather heavy going; after that the conscientious reader, having "referred back" once or twice, will realise that he is being offered the history of a family of four people, from middleage to death, and of their children during the same period. Of the four, three might be respectively the incarnations of brutality, meanness and malice, with greed and lust as family characteristics; the fourth, Handel Wikker, is a faulty fanatical saint, who dies as the result of his protests against oppressors of the poor. The development of his character is the story—and triumph—of the book, but its telling is so embarrassed with excursions in other directions that its power may not be appreciated as it might have been. Miss STORM JAMEson has, of course, very great gifts, in evidence here in many a vivid description of thought or suffering or natural beauty, but her insistence on detail, often ugly, often repeated, often seeming a mountain of portentousness in labour to produce a very small mouse of effect, has made her book tedious reading.

#### Your Slice of Life, Sir

Mr. DAVE MARLOWE, the waiter who has just published his autobiography under the title of "Coming, Sir!" (HARRAP, 8/6), saw plenty of the seamy side of life in the States under Prohibition. He was in a real gang-fight in a well-known New York night-club. In a stick-up in a speakeasy he was within an inch of getting plugged by a "cokey" gunman. He ran booze, and he got highjacked. After these things, scandals in Mayfair, and even a singularly unpleasant little episode in the heart of Bayswater, seem quite homey. Mr. MARLOWE has some good stories to tell. He tells them well. Mr. DESMOND MACCARTHY vouches for his authenticity. Why does his true life in the raw mean rather less to us than, say, the adventures of a fictitious Juan in America? Possibly because Mr. MARLOWE trusts

too much to the sensational situation and forgets to bring us in touch with the people who went through it. We should like to know these coves, guys and dames better. Was Lola a good girl or not?—how did Charley run his readhouse just outside Albany?—more too about Mr. Marlowe himself, by no means a dumb waiter, it is plain.





MUCH ADO

"MAMMA-A-A! BOO-HOO! WE'S CRYING! TUM UP 'TAIRS AN' SEE WHAT'S DE MATTER WIV US!"

Phil May, September 14th, 1895.

## Quintessence of Japan

Happily for the Japanese and ourselves there are still enthusiasts who will not let us forget that the only thing worth preserving in a nation is its culture and the ideals that lie behind it. In the case of Japan, the greater part of the culture derives from China, a fact generously acknowledged by Mr. Noritake Tsuda—formerly lecturer on Fine Arts in the University of New York—in his Handbook of Japanese Art (Allen and Unwin, 25/-). This attractive and ample volume sets out to stress the alliance between the forms of art and its spirit and to engineer a better understanding between East and West; but the ardour of an esthetic philosopher is delightfully wedded to the precision of an expert who can tell you all about the three firings of Satsuma and the triple collaboration which goes to the perfect wood-cut. The first half of the book is a history of Japanese art; the second takes you over the chief museums and "nationalized treasure-houses" of to-day; and three hundred-and-fifty illustrations of pottery, bronzes, pictures, prints, statuary, lacquer, gardens, palaces and monasteries heighten and sustain the enchantment of the text.

#### A "Gracious" Lady

Steering a middle course between the high forehead and

the low, Miss Ann Stafford has written in Pelican Without Piety (COLLINS, 7/6) a delight-ful novel. Her "Pelican" is one Kitty Hereforde, a complacent woman of the world who decorates houses at high fee, founds "The Guild of Gracious Living" - making one activity nicely help out the other-and has sophistry enough to see her many liaisons as evidence of "gracious" breadth of mind and sane self-expression. Her one child, Angel, is brought up on "modern" lines and encouraged to be as gracious as her mother but finds it a difficult and unpleasant experience, and falls in love as utterly as any Victorian. Thanks to this and the efforts of several other ladies-one almost incredibly the gold-digger-who are by no means her well-

wishers, Kitty's plans miscarry to the reader's entire content. This is a very up-to-date book, the heroine learns flying just as our grand-heroines learned to ride, but though Vivien's description of Arthur's Court would fit most of the characters it is a wholesome one, upholding the essential best in human nature and laughing at self-deceivers and shams.

#### Tempestuous

Tom Anderson, fresh and breezy recruit from the Hebrides, slugged a corporal, broke his arrest, stowed away to America, figured in a Ku-Klux raid, mismanaged a Trinidad cocoa plantation, was loved and bludgeoned and loved again and stabbed, and finally escaped to Natal all in the first hundred pages of An African Tragedy (RICH AND COWAN, 7/6). There is in this novel by Mr. Stephen Graham something at times of the hushed and sun-stricken atmosphere of a tropical afternoon, and quite incidentally he has introduced a short but sympathetic sketch of missionaries at work in the wilderness, but mainly it is a story of action with a blare

and a clang, for in Africa his hero plunges into the labour troubles of Johannesburg, only to find refuge this time in a pest-ridden farm in the bushveld. The writer possesses in the highest degree the vital energy that captures and holds one's attention with a minimum expenditure of mere words, but *Tom Anderson* and his butterfly loves become eventually too much even for him, and he is driven at last to apply a hurricane to promote *Tom's* exit. The publishers also seem to find *Tom* a little difficult, for their account of him on the jacket is very noticeably different from anything discoverable in the pages.

#### "Right and Left Bower"

Anthony Weymouth is, so we are informed, the penname of a well-known physician, and those who read Tempt Me Not (Rich and Cowan, 7/6) will accept this statement without demur. But although Mr. Weymouth's medical knowledge is obviously extensive, he uses it tem-

perately enough in rescuing Carol Rhodes, himself an author of thrilling fiction, from the dilemma in which he is placed. It is easy to guess and guess rightly the name of the leading villain of the piece, but even when that is done a surprise will await the reader. Inspector Treadgold conducts the case against Rhodes with conspicuous fairness, and it is a pity that a photograph at the beginning of the story gives him such a terribly ferret-like appearance.



"... AND THIS IS A SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT FOR MEASURING TIME BY MEANS OF THE MOTION OF THE SUN'S SHADOW CAST BY A STYLE ERECTED ON ITS SURFACE." "WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT!"

#### A Busy Woman

Jane Amanda Edwards, "fat and fortyish," has already gained recognition as one of fiction's most industrious sleuths, and in Death of an Eloquent Man (The Master Thriller Library, 7/6) Mrs.

C. M. Russell is far from giving her a holiday. In fact, from the time *Moke McCaffery*, an American politician, was killed at a meeting until one of the prettiest girls in the little town was kidnapped, *Jane* may accurately be said to have been on the jump. To British minds some of her excursions must seem to be illegal, so it is well to remember (see p. 266) that she had "the status of a special deputy." Whatever her status, she is in her sublime self-satisfaction an amusing creature, probably far more entertaining to meet in fiction than in solid flesh.

#### End of an Idyll

There was a young Boer on a kopje,
Who plucked for his lady a popje;
But she threw it aside
And impatiently cried:
"For heaven's sake don't let's be slopje!"

#### Charivaria

A VISITOR from Scotland said he was shocked to see a banana-skin on the pavement in the West-End of London. The shock might have been greater, however, if he hadn't seen it.

In one South American town there are earth tremors nearly every day. Billiards is officially classified as a game of chance.

While opening a bottle of whisky a Dorchester hotel manager was suddenly confronted by a burglar. The cork-screw got quite a turn.



With Full Supporting Shorts."—Cinema Advt. Civilisation seems to be getting him.

A Liverpool woman told a magistrate that she married her Chinese husband by mistake. It seems she thought he was white until she saw him against her next-door neighbour's.

Who are the man behind the hig London newspapers?

"Who are the men behind the big London newspapers?" asks a writer. Just Tube passengers too engrossed to notice that there are ladies strap-hanging in front of them.

There are some features of this country, according to an American visitor, that could be improved by a little imagination and hard work. So we must go on keeping our nose to the grindstone.

"Even when the country is in the throes of a National crisis, the first thing a woman looks at in a daily paper is the fashion news," declares an M.P. Naturally she wants to know what is going on.



There are hundreds of small debating societies in the country. Not to mention the Liberal Party.

China, points out an expert, is not an easy thing for beginners to collect. Japan it will be recalled is not exactly a beginner.

A collector employed by a Midlands gas supply company claims to be one of the fastest workers in his particular line. In fact he holds

the record for the 100 meters.



"Some people could never master a saxophone if they blew it until they were black in the face," says a writer. Notwithstanding the number of efficient saxophonists who are black in the face already.

"Italy must have room to expand," says Mussolini. Can that be why he is going to Germany?

According to *The Evening News* his visit is giving rise to much rejoicing in Rome. Perhaps it hasn't been broken to them that he's coming back.

Where Was George?

"After the reception the bride left for a motoring tour in Devon and Cornwall."—Hants Paper.



A sports-writer points out that although Tommy Farr had both his eyes cut, his nose was in no way damaged. So that he ought to find Schmeling comparatively easy.

According to the laws of physics, a bee does not possess sufficient wing surface to fly. Unfortunately the bee does not know this, so it just has to go on flying.

## A Political Causerie

I HAVE always wanted to write a political causerie, though I don't strictly speaking know what a causerie is. However, that makes it all the more exciting. And I am familiar with the meaning of "political," so we are that much ahead of the game.

This is going to be an informal chat about the Mediterranean—a tideless sea, by all accounts, but turbulent too in a metaphorical sense, if you follow my meaning, and a good deal troubled by its littoral, which isn't metaphorical, naturally, but (here it comes!) literal.

Oh dear, oh dear!

One might have called the thing "Dabbling in the Mediterranean," with a kind of pun on the littoral (Ha!) sense of dabbling, which means, as you know, poking and sloshing about in mud, shallow water and so on, but of course that would have meant scrapping the "Causerie," which would be hard after all the trouble I've taken, and then again one can't be absolutely sure we shan't get on to extra-Mediterranean topics before we are through. There's no sense in shutting one's eyes to the Far East, is there?

Now look at Russia.

Russia has been accused (not in this Causerie) of trying to torpedo the Twelve-Power Conference. A grave charge. Because if people start torpedoing a conference which has been called to stop people torpedoing other people's ships, where are you? The question arises: Ought there to be a conference to stop the torpedoing of conferences called to stop the torpedoing of ships? In other words, Is it an offence against International Law to torpedo a conference without warning? The answer must of course depend on whether the participants in the conference have been granted belligerent rights for the duration of that conference. And Great Britain is strongly opposed to any such step. In the long run the attitude of the United States may well decide the issue.

Meanwhile, Italy has been talking of the difficulty of sitting at the same table with someone who has grossly insulted her. Nothing could be more childish or typical.



"Now all our cards are on the table, who are we?"

If everybody were to take that line, family meals would become an impossibility. The fact is that to sit at a table in an atmosphere of mutual insult and distrust is one of man's most instinctive and cherished occupations. Look at bridge. It is obvious that Italy ought to go to the conference, sit down in a marked manner and simply give Russia a good old-fashioned look. Germany could do the same, perhaps putting in a hack under the table to mark the solidarity of the dear old axis.

What other countries besides Germany, Italy and Russia were invited to attend the conference? Let's guess. Yugo-Slavia, Greece, Bulgaria, Roumania, Turkey, Egypt. These with England and France make up the twelve—no, they don't, they only make eleven. This is rather serious. This is the kind of thing that plunges Europe into the horrors of a modern war. Goodness knows there is little enough likelihood of getting the whole twelve to a twelve-power conference at any time, but if you only send out eleven invitations you've as good as cooked your goose before it's hatched. We must think again. Ah, yes—Albania. I shall be forgetting my own name next. Albania, scourge of pirates, mistress of the Adriatic, most littoral of all the Great Powers of the Mediterranean.

Is Albania willing to sit at the same table as Egypt? I don't think we ought to attempt to answer that question because it might lead us into a discussion of problems rather outside the scope of a Causerie. A sort of suspicion has crept into my mind that it is the essence of a Causerie to be light and varied, to flit from topic to topic like a honeybee, to indicate, to suggest rather than to plumb. One must beware of boring the reader with diplomatic subtleties beyond his ken.

Nuremberg is a nice easy subject. I have to thank my morning paper for this extract from a "tribute of praise and adoration addressed to the Führer" which was sung at the Labour Service Rally:—

"We thank thee, Leader,
That we have seen thee;
Look upon us as thy handiwork;
Let thy heart's pulse beat in our own hearts,
Let thy love glow in our lives."

Something of the same sort, it seems to me, ought to be sung to Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN at the next meeting of the Women's Conservative Association. Only in this way shall we in this country bring our politics into a living, breathing relationship with our innermost selves.

Let thy fishing-rod wave over us, Premier; Plunge thy hook into our hearts And draw us firmly into thy political basket.

We must move with the times, you know, if the world is to be made safe for democracy.

"Tension between Nicaragua and Honduras eased when delivery of air-mail bearing a Nicaraguan stamp engraved with a map showing disputed territory was prohibited."

So the political outlook is not one of unrelieved gloom, is it?

<sup>&</sup>quot;An interesting and amusing example is provided by the futile striving of an Englishman to pronounce the Welsh 'll' generally attempted by the substitution of 'th.' And even the advice given by a Welsh clergyman to the English Bishop of his diocese is unlikely to bring success: 'You must put the tip seventy-fifth meeting of the association'the roof of your Right Reverend mouth, and hiss like a goose.'"—Liverpool Paper.

The result is a noise like the fourteenth Sunday after Septuagesima.



TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE

Frau Germania. "IT IS EVIDENT TO ME THAT COLONIES ARE THE LEGITIMATE SPHERE OF ACTION FOR HERR MICAWBER."



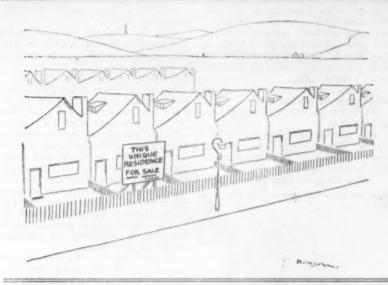
THE BRITISH CHARACTER

BELIEF IN LETTING OFF STEAM

## It Makes a Nice Change

- This chara's too narrer for wimmin like me— Still, it makes a nice change.
- And I've somebody else's two brats on my knee— Still, it makes a nice change.
  - The kids have got oranges, they're right as rain,
  - My Bill's got a bottle, so he won't complain,
  - And I've got that cramp of mine come on again— Still, it makes a nice change.
- You can't see the sands for the people that's there— Still, it makes a nice change.
- I feel a bit queer—it must be the fresh air— Still, it makes a nice change.
  - There's donkeys (some 'uman), there's swimmers
  - There's a lot of young 'ussies all lipstick and 'ips, An' it's strange to smell fish and not smell any chips—
    - Still, it makes a nice change.

- There ain't nothing much in my sandwich but sand— Still, it makes a nice change.
- The kids holler out so you can't 'ear the band— Still, it makes a nice change.
  - Young Bert's got a marthful a-trying to float,
  - Now I wonder how Alfie got into that boat, And old Bill's had too many, he's playing t
  - And old Bill's had too many, he's playing the goat—
    - Still, it makes a nice change.
- It's Monday to-morrer and, phew! what a wash— Still, it's been a nice change.
- My best Sunday hat isn't looking so posh— Still, it's been a nice change.
  - Young Alfie keeps wiping his nose on his cuff,
    - My Bill's making eyes at a flash bit o' stuff,
    - I'll be glad when we're home—I've had more than enough—
      - Still, it's been a nice change.



### Ordered Abroad

You may say what you like, but as one on the verge of going out to serve you in distant lands I feel I am entitled to have my say. For you I have been inoculated twice, and the second time where than the first; for you I have been vaccinated, or, to be perfectly accurate, for you I am going to be vaccinated to-morrow morning, rather before my usual time for breakfast; for you I have been made to take my embarkation leave when I didn't want it, and refused it when I did want it. For you, I say; and who are you, denmit? I don't know half of you.

And what is worse none of you seem to know me. Mr. ROBERT TAYLOR comes to London and crowds wait for him wherever he goes, although he hides whenever he can. Yet what has he done for you in effect but take your half-crowns and in return show you photographs of himself? And here am I, the servant of you, the Great British Public, about to leave you for years of service abroad. Do I hide myself from you? Do I escape from you by lifts, claim police protection and throw cigarette-ends at you from hotel balconies? I mix with you almost as one of yourselves. I meet you in buses and in the street, in shops and restaurants. Do you so much as take your hats off and shake me by the hand? Do you say to me, with or without tears in your eyes, "Noble fellow that you are, going out to look after our Empire, good luck go with you"? You do not.

Worst of all, none of you even seem to know that I'm going. It is no secret.

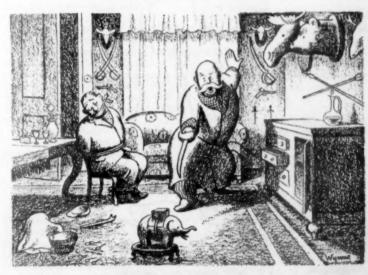
Important as my impending departure is, I cannot pretend that there is anything hush-hush about it, or that the fact of its leaking out might have any deleterious effect on foreign affairs. I am doing a perfectly ordinary trip on a troopship to the East, by a perfectly ordinary route. (I think we take the second turning on the left after the Isle of Wight; I'm not quite sure, but the Captain will know.) HITLER almost certainly knows about it, but does the Great British Public? It would almost appear not.

And after all it is a job of some importance. I think I may divulge with-

out impropriety that the job I am going out to take over is the command of No. 2 Platoon of D Company. I was on leave when it was announced, but I am told it caused a good deal of stir in military circles. Yet what notice was taken of it in the world at large? What did you think when you heard it on the wireless? Did you hear it on the wireless? You didn't? Neither did I.

Well, there it is. Whether you knew it or not, you know now. I'm telling you. Here I am, in the middle of the grouse season, with the pheasants coming on nicely, throwing out all my arrangements and going abroad, without a word of complaint—except about that second dose of inoculation: it was pretty strong, you know—to keep an eye on your Empire, and you haven't even told me what you want me to do with it. I daresay I shall get some instructions in the course of time from senior officers; I find there are always plenty about wherever I go; but the point is, what do you want me to do with it? It's yours after all.

I hope I haven't hurt your feelings, but really it is up to you to take more interest in me than you have done so far. You can still make some sort of amends. Come and give me a good send-off. Come in your thousands and cheer. Bring your hooters and your sirens. Bring your mayors with their chains of office. Bring your children with their oranges. Bring Mr. EDEN back from his holiday again, or at the very least Mr. HORE-BELISHA. And another thing, Couldn't you spring me a bit more cash?



"...and that's why the Rajah gave me the jade elephant."

#### The National Debt

HAVE you ever considered the National Debt?

The gross National Debt, I believe, is roughly £8,000,000,000.

The population of the United Kingdom, I believe, is roughly 40,000,000. So that every citizen begins life with a debt of about £200.

Every little baby, that is, the moment he is born, may be called upon to cough up £200. Or he may be permitted to pay in weekly instalments of, say, £4 a week—with interest at, say, £8. Most babies, however, do not earn £4 a week till they are about twenty—and many not then. So that when the boy goes out into the great world at that age he is twenty years behind with his interest, which, at four per cent. I make £160.

(Do not, however, place the smallest reliance on my arithmetic.)

He starts his active life, therefore, owing £360.

And this sum increases every year by, say, £8 (I can't do Compound Interest—never could). So at the age of fifty he owes £600.

And at the age of sixty he owes £680.

And then they wonder why the population falls.

And the National Revenue, mind you, is something short of £800,000,000. The nation owes ten times as much as it earns.

What a situation! Is it all right?

I mean, if I were earning £500 a year and owed you £5,000, would you worry? I feel that you would; and I feel that you would be right, even if I kept up with the interest. But no one seems to worry about the National Debt. Should we? I feel that we should; and sometimes, in an odd moment, I do have a little lonely worry about the National Debt, wondering when we are going to pay it off, and how. I never find anyone else worrying about it. People go about laughing and dancing, quite oblivious, it seems, of the crushing burden on their backs.

Do they worry at the Treasury, do you think? Do all those picked Civil Servants wake up every morning, and mutter, "Another day. My hat, what are we going to do about the National Debt? Eight-thousand-million pounds, or £200 a head."

And, if not, why not? For, if they don't worry it can't really matter. I have an uneasy suspicion that it doesn't really matter. Nothing really seems to matter in National Finance, except when I am late with my income-tax. Years and years ago, I remember, the experts whispered to me that Italy was on the verge of collapse. Years ago too they told me that Germany was up the spout-it was only a matter of weeks. Since then France has been completely ruined twice, and America once. And now they tell me that Japan has (economically) only about a couple of days to live.

Well, it never seems to matter. The bankrupt, they say, always smokes the longest cigar: and all these poor wrecks obstinately survive and buy expensive armies.

But let us go deeper into this enthralling thing.

Some of the National Debt is "internal"—£6,878,867,277.

And some of it is "external"—£1,036,545,184.

So that of his £200 the citizen owes, at home about £175, and to the horrid foreigner only about £25.

This is some consolation.

On the other hand, he is owed much more by the foreigner—to wit (if Whitaker's Almanack and my addition are right) £2,559,322,600.

That is to say, about £60.

And certain Dominions and Colonies owe him £106,315,329, or, say, £2 10s.

So that externally he is up, in a way, about £40. (The fact is, I believe, the



THE SHOOTING SEASON Both. "My worm, Sir, I THINK."



" MUMMY, MAY ME AND VERA BATHE?"

"Not me and Vera, darling. Vera and I."

"YES, BUT WHAT ABOUT ME?"

nations live by taking in each other's National Debt.)

Nevertheless, the whole remains at the figure of (about) £8,000,000,000, or £200 a head.

Now to keep up a good fat luxurious Debt like this costs money; and in fact it cost the citizen (in 1935-36) £224,000,000, or, say, £5 10s. 0d.

(All these calculations are pretty approximate, and some, I dare say, absolutely erroneous. But, so far, I have not detected a single capital error.)

Of this large figure the payment of interest took £210,000,000. And "Management and Expenses" no less than £1,044,055. (Though that, after all, is only about 5/-, and the citizen is entitled to say that he gets the work done pretty cheaply.)

The National Debt used to cost him much more than that. In 1920-21 it cost him £328,331,757, and for each of the eleven years from 1919 to 1929 the figure was £300,000,000, or over, or about £7 10s. 0d.

m

Indeed, I have added up—and what a job!—the amounts the National Debt has cost us—in interest and management expenses—since 1914 (in which glad year the figure was only £16,000,000—odd). And I make the total £5,659,000,000, or £140.

Golly!

That is, we have, in twenty-three years, paid £5,600,000,000, by way of interest and expenses only, and we still owe £8,000,000,000. And at the present rate, I calculate, in ten years' time we shall have paid £8,000,000,000. And the National Debt will still be £8,000,000,000 (or, because of all this rearmament, rather more.)

Is this all right?

Well, I mean, why don't we club together and pay the darned thing off? A. P. H.

## Ripe

The grass grows above the hedges, The hedges above the wheat; Buried in green Lies the street With its old blurred bricks And a dark mountain-ash between The hayricks. In this solemn secret village
Movements and sounds are stilled
Because all tasks
Are fulfilled,
All work is complete;
The chimneys snore and the church
basks
In the heat.

Who is there that knows of this road? For we saw but one signpost Three miles away, Squat, almost Hidden, and the type Bleached dim upon the arm that lay Towards Ripe.

Now we are lost and must remain For ever in this safe stray Place, keeping Holiday Quietly with the one Inhabitant, who is also sleeping In the sun. O. D.

#### Hot on the Trail

"Mobile police patrolling Chorlton-on-Medlock were warmed to keep a look-out for a missing car."—Local Paper.

## Any Rake-off For Us?



THE PESSIMISTS' CRICKET CLUB WINS THE TOSS. Reproduced from Punch, June 30th, 1937

"The following are the awards in connection with our 'Nutshells' No. 76:-

First Prize of £500, a Riley 'Monaco' Saloon Car and a Campro Cine-Camera Projector with Carrying Case and Films.

Winning entry :-

Example: All Together. Nutshell: Pessimists Eleven Don Pads!"

"Sunday Pictorial," August 22nd, 1937.

#### Speech

SERING the hat-check girl glance questioningly inside his hat and register what he took to be disappointment, her client jumped to the conclusion that she was on the lookout for rabbits.

"Oh, no, Sir," she said when he put it to her. "Very few gentlemen bring rabbits in their hats, in the summer; but quite a lot have little pieces stuck in. You'd be surprised."

"Little pieces?" repeated the customer. "What of?"

"Oh, little kind of bits, like," she explained.

"Flags of all the nations?

"No, little-

"Flags of some of the nations?"

"What, not even the flag of this right, tight little island, many of the inhabitants of which are also, at this hour, God rest their souls!" he took his hat from her and put it on so as to be able to raise it reverently, "just as tight?"
"No flags at all," said the girl placidly, taking the hat

back. "I mean little bits of reading."

"Oh, reading. No racing tips, I suppose?"

"Oh, nothing at all of that, Sir. What I mean is things like 'Never hurry, never scurry' or 'Every step towards one tree is a step away from another."

Well, so I should hope. Things have come to a pretty pass if we have to step towards every tree at once."
"Perhaps I've got it wrong," said the girl doubtfully.
"And anyway of course it doesn't mean real trees."

The man stared. "Seems to me that makes it even less intelligible. 'Every step towards one imitation tree is a

"Not imitation, no. Imaginary, what I mean."

"Imaginary?

The man blew out his cheeks. "Tell me," he said at length, "something else that was in a hat."

"Well, the only thing I can think of just on the spur of the moment, as they say, is Mr. Candydno's speech. Some gentlemen, you know," she explained kindly, "have their speeches in their hats."

"Now that's a thing that baffles me. I'm never at a loss

for a word.'

The hat-check girl said she could believe it. "But lots of gentlemen are. I often find a gentleman's speech in his You'd be surprised. But Mr. Candydno's is the only one I can remember.

'You can remember Mr. Candydno's speech?"

"Yes."

"All of it?"

"Yes. Well, what I mean, it was only about five or six

"Even so you can beat Mr. Candydno, evidently."

Oh, said the girl, almost anybody could beat Mr. Candydno. He couldn't remember anything. He was what she called an absent-minded gentleman. So he had a speech in his hat that would do with little alteration for almost any occasion on which he was unexpectedly called upon to make

"It would interest me to hear that," said the man, "pro-

foundly-passionately.'

They've begun long ago," the girl remarked, looking towards the auditorium. "Don't you think-

No play on earth would interest me more at this moment

than Mr. Candydno's speech.' Okay. It began 'Mr. Chairman, Your Royal Highness, My lords, ladies and gentlemen."

Wow! Gets about, this Candydno?"

'Oh, I think that was just for an emergency. Usually, you see, he left out everything but 'Ladies and gentlemen.' Then it went on: 'I must admit that I was not aware when I came here'—then there was a space for him to put in to-day' or 'this evening' or whenever it was-

How do you know all this?

"He told me when he first brought the hat in two months ago. '-that I should be called upon to exercise my all too

rudimentary powers of oratory.

'That's bad," said the man, shaking his head. "'To' and 'too,' 'rudimentary' and 'oratory'-the fellow has no ear. Besides, he might often find it was an awkward thing to say. One should never be too optimistic in the tasks one sets oneself. Did you ever see that in a hat?

"No. But I'm sure this is what it said in Mr. Candydno's.



"ON A POINT OF ORDER, MR. WOTHERSPOON, TRAF HAPPENED AT THE PRINTERNIN!

'Indeed,' it went on like this—'indeed, since it is my considered belief that only by mistake can I have been called upon to exercise them, I will allow these few words to discharge my obligation, and re——' I think it was 'resume' . . . it was 'resume'——"
"You forget?"

"Well, it's some time since I saw it," the girl defended herself. "Wait a minute." She turned and extracted from some corner a soft black hat. "Yes, 'resume,'" she said, looking inside it, "—and resume my seat to what I hope may be relieved applause.' That's all."

The man stared at the hat. "Is that Mr. Candyno's? He's here to-night, then?"

"Oh, no, he hasn't been here since he left it the first time, two months ago. I told you he forgot everything. . . . I keep it brushed for him."

. . . I keep it brushed for nim.
"But how does he manage without his speech?"

"I couldn't say, I'm sure," said the hat-check girl. R. M.

## Galloping Horses

(After the Flower Show)

COME, for the prizes All are allotted, Leaving the ranks of Cut flowers and potted, Leaving the marrows Monstrous, incredible, Turnips and carrots, Vast but inedible, Leaving the honey (Bottle and section), Leaving the conquering Queen-wasp collection, Leaving the fruit-cakes (Underdone, mostly) Lone in the show-tent Vacant and ghostly. Come—on the common Where golden the gorse is Wait the Original Galloping Horses!

Listen—the organ's Just about starting! Who could resist That imperative blarting? Hark to the voice of it, Clamant, compelling, Blaring down even The ballyhoos' yelling. Hamelin's pipers Advertised playing Never could charm like that Resonant braying. Which horse will you have, The chestnut—the bay one? Pick where you like, but Mine is the grey one.



"No, thank you. Just some salt pork and ship's biscuit."

What though his mane
And tail have been slightly
Thinned by equestrians
Clutching them tightly?
Still must his crinion
Command admiration
(That, I believe, is
The right designation).
Look at his nostril,
Redly distended,
Mark too his action,
Spirited, splendid!

Shriek goes the organ,
Lustily blowing;
Get to your saddles;
Now we are going!
Up and then down
Like the waves of the ocean—
Where could be found more
Inspiriting motion?

Down and then up Like a gale in the Channel-Cook from the Manor Is whiter than flannel! Up again, down again, Quicker and quicker-Stick to 'im, 'Arold''-Look at the Vicar! Over the elm-trees Climbs the moon's crescent, Thin as a shaving, Pale, opalescent; Flits the white owl by, Who as he passes Mingles his hoots With the squealing of lasses, While in the zenith The stars in their courses Wink at their brothers The Galloping Horses!

C. F. S.



"THERE, DEAR, I TOLD YOU HENRY WAS THE TALLER."

#### I Was a Doctor

(With apologies to the medical profession, but none to those who tell tales about it.)

WHEN I went to take up my first appointment as assistant to a practitioner in a little town on the border of Wales, my only worldly possessions were the clothes I stood up in and my little black bag. But I had my oath.

My oath! The oath of Hypocrites, father of medicine! It ran thus: "I swear that no doctor shall touch another doctor's patients, so help them God." I had it inscribed on a little brass locket that hung round my neck. In moments of depression I would take it out and revive my failing courage by reading the inscription out loud, and I would spit on it and polish it until it shone. Other times I would just spit on it.

Never shall I forget my first case, the trepidation that assailed me as I entered the little bedroom where lay the stricken man, the growing bewilderment with which I listened to his wife's story of his symptoms.

The first evidence of disease had appeared, it seemed, when the man had staggered and fallen on leaving the public-house the night before. He had not moved since then nor spoken, except to curse wildly when someone had tried to force water between his parched lips. His breathing was stertorous, his face flushed, his limbs relaxed.

Raw and untried as I was, I could not put these symptoms together to make a diagnosis. Typhoid? Spotted fever? Diphtheria? Epidermis? Lepi-

doptera? These and other hypotheses flashed through my mind as I made my examination. Quickly I reached a decision.

"So long as he keeps on breathing," I said to his frightened wife, "you have little or nothing to fear. If he stops, send for me." And with that I walked quickly out of the house and back to the surgery, where my chief was making up medicines in a cocktail-shaker.

With the trained insight of the good physician he guessed the trouble almost before I had opened my lips.

"Give him a bottle," he said tersely.
"A bottle?" I cried. "What kind of a bottle?"

"Any kind of a bottle," he said. "We have plenty of variety. No, not that!"

he shouted as I hastily picked up a large square bottle that stood near the mixer. "Here, take this." And thrusting a small medicine-bottle into my hand he applied himself afresh to his mixing.

I hastened back to the house of my patient and gave the bottle to his wife. Thanking me effusively, she took a gold watch from her husband's waistcoat and pressed it upon me.

coat and pressed it upon me.
"I haf no money," she said tearfully. "You keepa da watch."

I put it in my pocket.
"I ask no payment," I said quietly,
"but I will take the watch to buy
more bottles." And with that I turned
on my heel and left the house.

It was the same with all my patients. Money they had none, but watches, alarm-clocks, brass bedsteads, pots, pans, old footwear—all these they showered on me in gratitude for my ministrations, until I had enough to set up a home of my own in Harley Street. Very quickly I found myself in London with a train-load of bottles.

"What's that you've got there?" asked Dr. McTonsil, the man who was to be my partner in Harley Street.

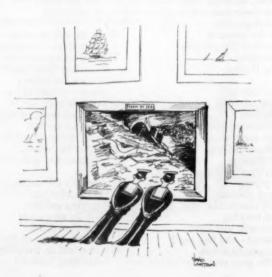
"A train-load of bottles," I answered proudly.

"Then get rid of it," he said. "All you need here is your scalpel and a little application. Come along." And he led me to a luxurious car that waited outside the station.

My partner proved to be an extremely able man.

"Now," he said to me as soon as I had finished my first operation, "what did you take out?"

"I removed the appendix," I replied,





"and sewed up a couple of sponges in its place."

He pursed his lips and shook his head.

"Promising," he said, "very promising, but crude. You see," he pointed out, "leaving things in the patient might be construed as mere carelessness. In our profession subtraction is always to be preferred to addition. Remember, what's in a man will come out." He laughed cheerfully. "Now let's have another look at your patient."

He led the way back to the operating theatre, where Lady —— was just emerging from the anæsthetic, and

jerked open her mouth.

"As I thought," he said. "Tonsils badly eroded. They must certainly come out. I don't like the look of some of these teeth either. Can't imagine what she's doing with so many at her age. Somebody's been careless. Now let's see what we can take out lower down..."

Within a few days, or it may have been hours, McTonsil and I had built up one of the most lucrative practices in London. Rosy indeed seemed our prospects when, alas! Nemesis, jealous of our success, intervened.

It was my oath that caused my downfall. (I knew that oath would have to come into the story again sometime.) One night there was a terrific crash outside my surgery and the sound of groans indicated that a serious accident must have occurred. I hurried out into the street to find a young man lying on the pavement a few yards from an overturned sportscar. An older man was bending over him.

"My boy!" he cried. "My only boy!" I guessed in a moment that they were father and son. He turned to me with anguish in his eyes.

"Save him!" he cried. "Charge what you will, but save my son!"

"I regret," I answered sternly, "I cannot help you. You must send for the young man's own doctor."

"Listen!" cried the old man frantically, pulling a bundle of papers from his pocket. "Here is a quarter of a million in bearer bonds. Save him and they are yours."

A terrible struggle went on within me. My oath, or the life of this innocent boy? Humanity gave me my answer.

"There is a higher law," I said, and,

tearing the brass locket from around my neck, I flung it down the nearest drain. Then, pausing only to count the bonds, I sharpened my scalpel on the edge of the pavement and performed on the spot the most delicate operation of my career.

It was successful. The boy survived. But at the price of my career. I was hauled before the Medical Council, found guilty of breaking my oath and disbarred from the further practice of medicine. Now I eke out my existence on the coast of Southern France, an exile.

My only solace I find in fishing. There is something about the fish as they wriggle themselves ever more firmly on to the hook that reminds me of old times.

#### These Names Make News.

- "Mr. Anthony Eden is the driver of the Queen Mary."
- "Sir Thomas Beecham is a healthy man."
  Schoolboys' answers.

"MAN DARES SHARES TO ESCAPE POLICE."

Headline in Sydney Paper.

And did they?

## The Spirit of The Age Again

Is your Parish Magazine moving with the times?

No.

Do you, the Vicar, the organist's wife and old Mrs. Trueblinker at the lodge, all feel that it ought to move with the times?

No, again, probably.

But do you, on the other hand, wish to increase its circulation?

Surely, yes.

Then you must positively bring it up to modern requirements. Remember that the wireless, the motor-car, the refrigerator, the humane-killer, the travelling ice-cream man, and all the other myriad resources of our present day civilisation have now placed culture within the reach of all—the Parish Magazine and its readers included.

We needs must love the highest when we see it, and the only drawback to the Parish Magazine so far is that it hasn't

seen it.

But quite a short study of any collection of newspaper posters, outside any newsagent's shop, will easily put

all that right.

Of course, hitherto neither you nor the Vicar—let alone the organist's wife and old Mrs. Trueblinker—have ever seriously thought of posters in connection with the Parish Magazine. But there can be very little doubt that the Post Office would readily agree to putting a half-sheet of best cream-laid, ruled faint, up in the window. On it is whatever you judge—after a close study of the newspaper-posters—to be most likely to appeal to an educated public.

"PEER'S FOURTH COUSIN FALLS DOWN CHIMNEY"

is the kind of thing that springs to your mind at once; but Little-Fiddle-on-the-Green, though rich in chimneys, is poor in the fourth cousins of peers, and those there are do not jump down chimneys, but just take their exercise in the ordinary way. So you may have to substitute something more rural;

"Grocer's Assistant Falls off Bicycle"

will be nearer your mark, or

"GIRL FOUND FACE DOWNWARDS IN PUDDLE."

In the case of the newspaper-posters it would probably read rather more dramatically—

"PRETTY GIRL FOUND FACE DOWNWARDS IN THE WATER;" but as the occurrence that you have in



"COME ON, EVERYONE, LET'S HAVE A RACE OUT TO THE RAFT."

mind is only Mrs. Wadge's fourth slipping up on a banana-skin and being picked up and put into the pram with the twins, better leave it at that.

Anything in the nature of

"Eccentric Widow Says Cats are her Only Friends"

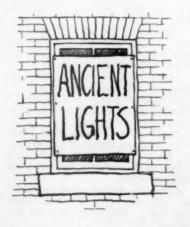
will be a failure as news. Little-Fiddleon-the-Green has more widows to the square yard than most parishes—and more cats too for that matter—and it will only lead to trouble if you emphasise the already perfectly well-known fact that the adjective "eccentric" can be applied to practically all of them.

One thing you must never forget. Posters, like *Cassandra*, are essentially *harbingers of woe*. They never announce anything cheerful. Do not therefore on any account be led away into pleasant by-paths such as:

"MERRY CHOIR-SUPPER LAST NIGHT"
—unless indeed you can add

"MERRY CHOIR-SUPPER ENDS IN FATALITY"

meaning that six glasses were



FABLE

smashed when the eldest bell-ringer accidentally sat down upon them.

Again, of what use is it to proclaim: "Well-Known Local Fishmonger

INHERITS MONEY"
when you might just as well turn it
round the other way—

"AGED RELATIVE OF WELL-KNOWN FISHMONGER DIES OF SENILE DECAY?"

Well, we now assume that you have got the general idea.

In our next instalment we shall have something to tell you about special features.

E. M. D.

#### Third XV.

I HAVE been elected once again to the captaincy of the Old Boys' Third Fifteen. The Selection Committee feel, no doubt, that as the oldest playing member some fitting recognition should be made of my long service, and I am not ungrateful. Our Third Fifteen is a glowing example of the Great Game's power of attracting all that is best and most brilliant in our community; and to lead on to the field a team so variously talented is a unique experience denied to the captains of more orthodox teams.

Take Barwick, for example. He is our full-back, a position for which he is admirably fitted by reason of his ability to kick the ball, an accomplishment no other among us can claim. True, he rarely kicks it in the right direction, and then only by accident, for with Barwick it is always the unexpected that happens. But this proves so disconcerting to the opposing team that their moral is badly shaken. There was an occasion when Barwick's kick, going off at a considerable tangent, described an arc, bisected his own goal-line at an angle of 35°, and finally broke the windscreen of his own car, which was absurd; but then Barwick is a Professor of Mathematics. Betting on the likelihood of Barwick's finding touch this season starts at 6 to 4

We are not so fortunate in our half-backs. A few years ago Watkins, the fly-half, sold a block of dud oil shares to Jesson, the scrum-half, and since then Jesson has steadfastly refused to pass the ball out to his partner.

It might perhaps be thought that this unhappy circumstance would prevent the ball reaching the threequarters, but this is not the case. It happens that Tomlinson, a demonstrator of gas-stoves by profession, is extremely sensitive to cold. He frequently tires of waiting with the three-quarter line



" OF COURSE THAT'S MT IDEA OF LIFE."

while the forwards push warmingly against each other and leaps bodily into the scrum, which collapses. Tomlinson then emerges with the ball, and, given a fairly slack referee, our threes are away.

Tomlinson is quite unable to pass accurately, but he overcomes this difficulty by running close to Pitt and handing the ball to him. Pitt immediately passes it to McNab, who drops it. Pitt is obliged to pass it immediately owing to the insecurity of his shorts, which he is compelled to hold up with one hand while running.

McNab is not obliged to drop the ball, but he invariably does so on principle. He is an Anarchist, and any kind of routine is distasteful to him. Even if he passed the ball it would be of little use, however. Young Sanders, our fastest wing three, is always so far ahead that the pass would be a forward one.

The tackling of our three-quarters is on the whole unsatisfactory, though an exception may be made in the case of Pitt. Pitt's method is to run behind his opponent and shout so loudly in his ear that, if at all sensitive, he drops the ball. Pitt then picks it up with one hand.

But it is in the forwards that our Third Fifteen finds its chiefest glory. There are of course eight of us, and in theory we pack 3-2-3 in the set scrums. In practice we just rally round and push, provided we are on the spot in time to do so. We boast a front rank consisting of an economist, a statistician and a Doctor of Philosophy, all skilled in debate; and it is no uncommon thing for an argument begun in the changing-room to continue through most of the game. The effect on our adversaries of hearing words like presupposition and nullifidian bandied about in the scrum is immense.

The second rank is composed of myself and a curate named Sykes. Sykes is the giant of the team, an excellent fellow and as muscular a Christian as ever pounded a pulpit. Unfortunately he is as blind as a bat without his glasses, and my office is to lead him to the scrum and insert his head in the proper opening. Once he is in the scrum is ours, providing always that it does not at once collapse.

But I am not always at hand to guide him, and then it is that the less controlled spectators have hysterics on the touch-line. Occasions have been known when, after repeatedly losing the ball in the scrums, we have found that Sykes had been shoving wholeheartedly in the opposing pack. And the match in which he tackled the referee, causing him to swallow his whistle, will never be forgotten by those present.

Our rear rank in many ways approaches the ideal. The three brothers Todd who form it are triplets and

partners in a glue-making firm. This fact, mentioned to the opposing captain, puts us on friendly terms at once, for he is sure to remark that he supposes they stick together. Oddly enough they do. At any given moment of the game you will find the Todds within arm's-length of each other, irrespective of the position of the ball. I am credibly informed—I was not myself present—that during a certain rather gruelling match one of the Todds was injured and all three were carried off.

As to our prospects for the coming season, they are not at all bad. Of the eight fixtures we have managed to obtain, five are with teams who have never been known to field more than ten men. Two of the others are certain to be scratched, and the remaining match is against our old rivals the Irrepressibles.

It is to be followed by a dinner, paid for by the winning side. With five wins, two scratches and one defeat we shall feel, I think, content.

"Von Cramm, who is leading the first German lawn-tennis team in the United States since the Great War, was accompanied by Henner Henkel, his sheep, 7 horses and I donkey were exported and Fraulein Horn. They are to take part in the American national doubles championships."

Irish Paper.

Isn't this stretching the definition of "Aryan" a bit?



### Wonderland

(On a recent report from Florida)

Though the world is growing old,
As has been observed by some,
There are wonders yet untold,
There are mysteries to plumb;
For example, there's a land
By the southern breezes fanned
Where the pow'rs of Nature riot at their ease
In so glorious a fling
That the little fishes sing
And the oysters, as I gather, grow on trees.

Much experience I've had
Of the warblers of the East
From the bulbul (he's not bad)
To the koel (who's a beast);
I have revelled in the wail
Of the moonstruck nightingale
Which is grand, but not so gay as one could wish,
But so far in my career
I have never lent an ear
To the first fine careless rapture of a fish.

I have eaten in my time
Of the sultry mangosteen,
I have plucked the acid lime,
I have picked the tangerine;
It has been my lot to gnaw
Both the mango and papaw,
I have e'en essayed the prickly pear (a brute),
To the apple, plum, and peach
I'm devoted, all and each,
But I never held the oyster as a fruit.

I would charter me a ship;
I am fain to travel far
On an equatorial trip
To the land where wonders are
In the shadowy deeps to lie
When the sun is riding high,
And when night brings up her coolness from the sea
To recline beneath the moon
While the little fishes croon,
And to pluck a casual oyster from its tree.

DUM-DUM.



POLITICAL PHRASES EXPLAINED:
"A CONFERENCE OF THE POWERS"





"THE CAPTAIN SAYS, 'I DON'T MIND BOT YOU BRING,' 'E SAYS, 'SO LONG AS IT ISN'T ELEPHANTS.' "

#### Raised to the Peerage

CONNOISSEURS of London will be sorry to learn that they have lost a street, and a very good street too, with demure but distinguished houses dating from the reign of George II., with panelling still in its place and looking like the background in one of Wheatley's "Cries." When I first came to London these parts, which had been built early in the eighteenth century, belonged chiefly to the lower middle class, but a time came when they were discovered and captured by the Little Rich, and they, with a sprinkling of the Greater Rich. have renovated and decorated and lived there ever since. I am referring to the district between Smith Square and the Abbey, and particularly to North Street, which, for a reason unknown to me and very annoying to its inhabitants, a few weeks ago was changed to Lord North Street. And, to the satisfaction, I imagine, of a few die-stampers and dealers in notepaper, and of them only, there is a North Street, Westminster, no more.

As, on a recent afternoon, I walked about this district (after a visit to RODIN'S "Burghers of Calais" in the Victoria Tower Gardens, to see if they really were in the right place), I tried to find the house in Cowley Street where a literary critic (now famous) and I once had neighbouring rooms. The landlady was normal in every way, except that she had a negro husband, whom, carrying boots and smiling, we occasionally met on the stairs; and this peculiarity, I remember, gave me the opportunity to inform those persons who were sceptical of our journalistic ability that we "contributed regularly to 'Black and White.'

Without definite knowledge I presume the Lord North of Lord North Street to have been the most illustrious bearer of the title, Francis, second Earl of Guilford (1732–1792), one of George III.'s counsellors, who was, however, born in Albemarle Street and died in Grosvenor Square. I hope that this is the Lord North now commemorated, because I have always thought of him with peculiar admiration, and shall in future, whenever I am in this congeries of little distinguished streets between Smith Square and the Abbey,

think of him again. Such a judge of public character as BURKE called him a man of admirable parts, of general knowledge, and a versatile understanding . . . of infinite wit and pleasantry, of a delightful temper, and with a mind most perfectly disinterested," while HORACE WALPOLE, who was not always seeking virtues to praise, while staying in the country with the Norths, after Lord North had become blind, wrote that he "never saw a more interesting scene. Lord North's spirits, goodhumour, wit, sense and drollery are as perfect as ever. . . . If ever loss of sight could be compensated, it is by so affectionate a family.

Of Lord North's share in the loss of our American colonies and his other political sympathies and antipathies, others may write. I find myself remembering certain of his good things, chiefly concerned with the House. When, for example, a Mr. Martin, who disapproved of him, proposed that a starling should be bought to be placed near the Chair and continually utter the words, "Infamous Coalition," North, then Prime Minister, replied that as long as the worthy Member was preserved to them it would be a

needless waste of public money to acquire a starling, since the starling might well perform his office by deputy. On another occasion an M.P., also hostile, was calling aloud for the Prime Minister's head, when he noticed that Lord NORTH, who was much given to slumber, was asleep, and went on to denounce a destroyer of his country who could be so callous; to which NORTH, waking up, replied that it was very hard that he, a criminal, should not be allowed the ordinary criminal's privilege of having a night's rest before his fate. But his best re-joinder was made to the M.P. who had contemptuously called him "that thing of a Minister." "To be sure," said Lord NORTH, drawing attention to his bulk, "I am a 'thing.' The honourable gentleman, therefore, when he called me a 'thing,' said what was true and I could not be angry with him; but when he expanded the description to 'that thing of a Minister' he called me that thing which, of all others, he himself wishes to be, and therefore," he concluded, "I take it as a compliment.'

Such was the genial statesman in

whose honour the little street in Westminster has been raised to the Peerage.

P.S.—While on the subject of renamed London streets, I may add that in Southwark, where some of Charles Dickens's early years were spent, Orange Street has just become Copperfield Street; Rodney Street, Pickwick Street; Little Lant Street, Weller Street (but who shall decide which Weller?); Nelson Place, Peggotty Place, and Union Square, Dickens Square.

E. V. L.

## Tragedy of a Night Liver

I AM writing this on the broad back of one of the extravagantly marked menus provided by the Premier Mansion Hotel (Dancing till 2 A.M. Extension night Tuesday). It is now a quarter of an hour after midnight. I have managed to sneak away from the supper-table while the lights are lowered for a negro tap-dancer who appears to differ in no way from any other negro tap-dancer except that possibly he may sweat a trifle more profusely. I am in the white-marble effect gentlemen's

wash-rooms and the liveried attendant is eyeing me askance. He can go on eyeing me askance. It is a lot more than he usually does for the shilling I shall soon have to give to him if he persists in hovering by the door with that clothes-brush in his hand. But I must rest here a while to record my woes on paper (or, to be strictly accurate, on art style pasteboard). The trouble is that I have been trapped into "going on somewhere afterwards" for the fourth time in a week.

The question arose of course directly after the theatre. Someone said, "Where shall we go?" and I, rather cunningly, said wouldn't it be a good idea to go and have a drink at my flat and then an early bed for once? The daring novelty of the scheme so startled everyone that I think I would have got away with it if that fearfully bright red-headed girl of Jimmy's hadn't said that there was a simply marvellous juggler she had heard about at the Premier Mansion. That just tipped the scales. They are the only things I haven't tipped this evening.

The red-headed girl was quite right. The juggler is a marvel. But then we



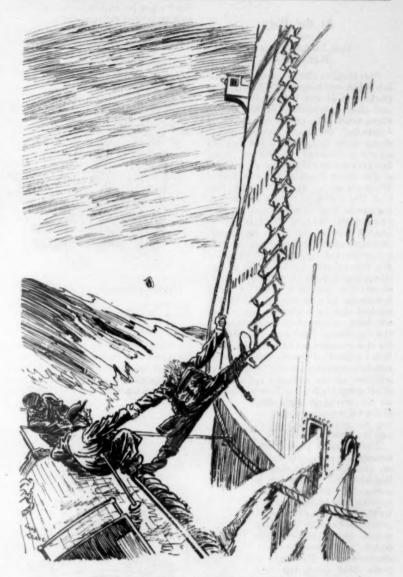
"YES, BUT LOOK WHAT HE SPENDS ON MANURE!"

had all agreed about that when we saw him at the theatre two hours earlier. The only difference about the second performance was that he was more hot, cross and tired than ever, and the rubber ball fell off and bounced even more times across the floor before he finally balanced it on the bridge of his nose. (Jolly useful trick, that, I always think. If you had to stand in a crowded bus with both your hands full you would know exactly what to do with your rubber ball.)

It was a pity that we had seen the comic man at the piano in the theatre too. Because of course this time he was different. Instead of ending all his jokes with a crescendo thumping of the piano and a roar of hearty laughter he just tinkled one or two notes and left out the last line of all his songs, raising his right eyebrow slightly instead. Also he was now wearing a white tie.

I am suffering from acute indigestion. which began at 8.45 P.M. in a taxi. I feel that it is in some way due to our method of eating dinner. We took approximately an hour to consume hors d'œuvres, soup and bird, after which there was a short interval while I had heated words with the head-waiter. I then swallowed sweet, savoury, port, coffee, brandy and had an inch of cigar smoked in the next ten minutes. My constitution appears to have struck against this treatment. However, it is at present making efforts to cope with another huge meal. After three-quarters of an hour in this luxury establishment I have once more passed the soup stage. though not without difficulty. soup was hot when it was brought to me, fairly hot after "One in a Million," tepid after "It Looks Like Rain in Cherry-Blossom Lane," and quite cold after "The Merry-Go-Round Broke Down." Nor has the strain involved in rising at intervals from my seat, curvetting past two hundred tables to the dance-floor, shuffling twice round said floor and regaining my place, improved my internal condition.

My pocket is another thing due to suffer heavily. From the way Jimmy and Tony looked at me when that darned red-head suggested the Premier Mansion I know perfectly well that they not only haven't got a bean on them but that their cheques won't be cashed here. Then there is that confounded wine-waiter. It's all very well for him to smile the smile of long friend-ship as he comes up to the table, but every time he puts that list in front of me, open at "Champagnes," I could brain him with any bottle he cares to suggest. If you turn the page one way you come to "Brandies,



"DON'T THEY CALL THAT THE SPLITS, PILOT?"

Liqueurs, etc."; if you go the other you hit on "Claret." You know as well as he does that neither are suitable for the occasion, but you can't go shuffling through the whole book without incurring the suspicion that you are trying to find "Beers, Minerals and Table Waters."

If that nigger has finished tapdancing perhaps there will be enough light for me to eat my second grouse in five hours. I suppose I had better tip this ruffian by the door before I go. Oh, dash! I used all my change at the theatre. Still I have no doubt at all that he will be delighted to change a note. . . . That's funny . . . I always carry my note-case in my hip-pocket. . . .

The liveried attendant has apparently no sense of humour at all. Manager?... Ridiculous... Ponderous footsteps seem to be coming down the passage.... I am just about to throw this card out of the window of the gentlemen's washing-rooms at the Premier Mansion Hotel. Would any good Samaritan who happens to pick it up be so kind as to come along and bail me out? I can give him excellent references... It will be Vine Street, I suppose.

### At the Play

## "THE PHANTOM LIGHT" (HAYMARKET)

Sam Higgins (Mr. GORDON HARKER) is a lighthouse keeper, who as a London Cockney will not believe in ghosts; and these adventures of his at the Haymarket fully justify his ingrained scepticism, for these are no ghosts doing eerie things off the dangerous coasts of Cornwall, but crooks, blood brothers to the villains we came across in The Ghost Train and in the EDGAR WALLACE saga. Apparently believing that the secret of success in crime as elsewhere lies in thoroughness, Dr. Charlton (Mr. ATHOLL FLEMING) shows himself one of the most immensely thorough criminals of whom dramatists or novelists have given us glimpses. For fifteen years he has made money smuggling dope in petrol cans, and to secure the use of a good working lighthouse as a clearing depôt he has worked out an elaborate method of wrecking passing ships by putting out the lighthouse light and substituting for it a treacherous light on the cliffs. It is a difficult, dangerous and, one cannot help thinking, totally unnecessary addition to the ordinary risks of the illicit drugs traffic, but it serves to give

us an evening with Mr. HARKER, watching and sharing his growing discomfort and his eventual triumph.

The Phantom Light is announced as a comedy-thriller, and the combination of laughter and excitement is a singularly difficult alliance to bring about and maintain. In this play the excitement proves to be what biologists would call "the recessive factor." It never gets very much chance. We laugh a great deal from the first scene in the Higgins' kitchen, and we have got the habit of laughing at Cockney slang, at words wrongly used and at an unflagging succession of other simple humorous effects, so that when suspense ought to begin laughter in fact continues. We are eager enough for the action to begin, for we cannot help growing rather weary of the ceaseless reiteration of the dominant joke of Act I., the lugubrious way everybody connected with the lighthouse treats Sam Higgins as one already

dead when he arrives to take the place of a murdered predecessor.

But when the action does come it is too plain to us what is afoot, and among



THIRD DEGREE IN CORNWALL

Sam Higgins . . . Mr. Gordon Harker Jennifer Knowles. . Miss Edna Best

the many deficiencies of this lighthouse life there is a dearth of real mystery and real suspense. But there are other good things and some attractive company; in particular there is Miss Edna Best as the courageous girl heroine, Jennifer Knowles, and Miss VIOLET LOXLEY as her sister Sylvia.

There is plenty of laughter, and while Mr. HARKER cannot redeem all the weaknesses of the story he can and does keep it very much alive while he is on the stage. His is a long and arduous part, in which he has to keep a balance between the prudent timidities and unheroic postures of a man who must be frightened if we are to be amused, and the underlying resilience, shrewdness and decision which enable him, with good luck, to be the hero of the piece as well. He steers this course with much judgment, but the things he can do particularly well, confabulation and the twin rôle of an accessory before and after the crime, do not come his way. On the boards too he is at his happiest when he is on the wrong side of the law. D. W.

# "CREST OF THE WAVE" (DRURY LANE)

The Duchess of Cheviot hadn't got any money, nor had the Duke for that matter, though he wasn't her husband, naturally; you don't have married Dukes at the beginning of musical-comedies, only at the end. He was her brother-in-law, and so, I think, was Lord William Gantry, who hadn't any money either and even less reason than the

other two for existing at all. So off they all went on a cruise, and what more natural than that Honey Wortle, a chorus-girl with a tenthousand-pound legacy and a mother played by Miss MINNIE RAYNER, should be on board too, or that he (I mean the Duke of course, dear) should mistake her for Helen Winter, famous filmstar, also reported to be a passenger. Honey Wortle-Helen Winter-same initials, if you see the significance. Well, all went merry as eight bells aboard the S.S. Queen Anne, with nothing untoward to report-except that she suffered a sea-change into a battle cruiser (I mean the ship, dear, not the Duchess) for a few minutesuntil we came to Rio de Janeiro, where Helen Winter, the real one, came out of her retirement and shot IVOR NOVELLO (yes, yes, the Duke, of course) in the back. This thoroughly understandable action brought Act I. to a

Two years later (though it



#### DARK DOINGS IN THE LIGHTHOUSE

Doctor Charlton .	,		*	*		MR. ATHOLL FLEMING
Jake Verney	k			*	×	MR. RONALD SIMPSON
Wal Treherne .		+				MR. HERBERT LOMAS
Jennifer Knowles				2		MISS EDNA BEST
Sam Higgins						MR. GORDON HARKER

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ALL CHANGE AT DRURY LANE

seemed less) the Duke and Duchess are discovered once more about to leave their ancestral home for foreign parts. The Duke, Don to his friends, plans to save Gantry Castle by offering his charms to Hollywood, where Honey Wortle (now June May) has already become a tremendous success. Don is as poor as ever, you see (he probably still owes the surgeon who took that bullet out of his back), and something has got to be done. We have a glimpse of Gantry Abbey (a masterpiece of stage manipulation this) and of some sea-green incorruptibles who flit hastily across it. representing the ghosts of bygone days HENRY VIII., being readily recognisable, gets a clap-and then off we go to Hollywood. Don becomes a star and takes June May back to Gantry for a nice rich ducal wedding—this in spite of the efforts of Helen Winter and a certain Otto Fresch (also played by IVOR NOVELLO) to put a spoke in their wheel. The spoke takes the form of upsetting an express in which June May is travelling-or, at any rate, seated. This train smash is generally agreed to be the high-light of the piece, but opinions differ as to its merits. Some say that it is a magnificent and shattering piece of stage realism, others that you can almost hear the hinges creak as the coach roof lifts up. What is certain is that the first four rows of the stalls appear to great advantage

through a haze of drifting smoke. And of course one gets very worked up waiting for the accident.

There is no reason at all why in an affair of this sort the story should not be as silly as it is (and it certainly is as silly as it is, if not sillier); it is only a string on which to hang the humorous interludes, the gay songs and dances, the brilliant spectacular effects which one has come to see. But of course if there are no humorous interludes, nothing exceptional in the way of spectacle and precious few good songs and dances, only the silly story remains. And that, unfortunately is the case with The Crest of The Wave, which will run no doubt for months and months and months

The most glaring fault of this production is its lack of humour. There is no comedian, and those redoubtable comediennes, Miss MARIE LOHR and Miss MINNIE RAYNER, cannot do much with the wretched stuff at their disposal. Miss Dorothy Dickson is her charming self and works nobly, there is some excellent drill by the enormous chorus, and a colourful and effective scene in a Rio de Janeiro café. Also one or two good tunes. And that is really that-except that one ought perhaps to ask why Miss Ena Burrill is wasting her sweetness in the trough of this H. F. E. frothy wave.

### Fishing Lines

- Lie still and unmolested in your nook And do not move at my unskilled approach;
- I am no angler with a malted hook, I would not harm thee, Roach.
- I am no angler, but I bring my tea
  To eat upon the bank, and, being fed,
  I shall not fish, but under yonder tree
  I'll go to sleep instead.
- The rhythmic pulsing of your open gills
- Induces me to wonder why we men Should drown, while your more fragile body fills
  - Quite full with oxygen.
- I am no angler, but a simple soul Who would not trick you with a counterfeit;
- Herewith please find the remnants of my roll
- Enriched with potted meat.
- Swim on or lie inert with head upstream
- Exactly as your fancy may dictate, And shun all foods that on inspection
- Too bland. They may be bait.

### Mr. Silvertop Lies Down

"I 'EAR the pore old Professor's pegged out," Mr. Silvertop murmured across his tankard.

'Professor who?" I asked.

"Oh, I suppose you wouldn't 'ave 'eard of 'im, reelly. It was a bit of a fluke I got to know 'im myself. I still see that there morning as clear as vesterday, though it was ten year ago. I was a-finishing off some shelves for old Mrs. 'Arpsickle after an early breakfast when a taxi draws up at the door and an elderly gent gets out. 'E 'ad a fine big black beard on 'im and 'is clothes was good in a careless kind of way and there was something about 'im what smacked of an easy life.

"'Your name Silvertop?' 'e asks.

"'The same,' I ses.

"'I'm told you are a very 'ot man on locks,' 'e ses. 'I arrived from the South of France this morning, and when I goes to open my 'all-door just now I found I'd left my keys on my dressingtable in Monte Carlo. The 'ouse is shut up and, what's worse, I'm going to Norway on business this afternoon and I got to pick up a lot of papers what are in my desk. Can you do a quick burg-lary job for me?' 'e asks with a grin. "'What sort of lock's on the door?'

I asks.

"'Big old-fashioned one,' 'e ses "'So much the better,' I tells 'im.

"When we gets to the 'ouse it was one I didn't know, it being a bit off my beat, a biggish villa in its own grounds. After 'is suit-cases 'ad been unloaded 'e paid off the driver and I got going on the lock, while 'e sat beside me on the steps and smoked a cigar and told me about the wonderful wild flowers 'e'd been a-picking on the 'ills be'ind Monte Carlo. Very pleasant gent 'e was to meet, no side and ever such a nice 'umorous manner. It wasn't more than a five-minute job, and then 'e led me in.

We'll go straight to my study,' 'e ses, 'and settle the 'ash of that there desk. This way.' 'Arf-way up the stairs he stops all of a sudden and leaned against the banister and 'e laughed and 'e laughed. 'It's only just struck me,' 'e cries, ''ow 'ighly suspicious all this might seem! You're a very trust-

ing chap. Suppose I was a burglar?' "That would be a lark!' I ses, joking-like. 'But you'd 'ardly go about

it quite so open as this.'
"I suppose I wouldn't,' 'e ses. 'Still the least I can do is to show you my card. I'm sorry I didn't do so to start with.

"'That's all right,' I ses, 'I can

see you're honest. Where's this 'ere desk?

"'In my study,' 'e ses, leading me into a smallish room at the back of the 'ouse. There was a big solid ma'ogany desk by the window, with an easy lock, and I ad it open in no time.

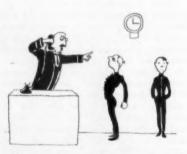
You're a bloke after my own 'eart,' 'e ses. 'Now you sit over in that chair and make yourself at 'ome. I'll be through in five minutes and then we'll 'ave one. Like Irish?' I

'ad to admit I did.

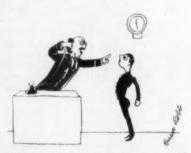
'Good!' 'e ses, and busies 'imself in 'is papers. It was nearer ten minutes afore 'e spoke. Then 'e ses, very quiet, You'll forgive me, Silvertop, if I breaks it to you that you're not such an 'ell of a judge of character as you



"QUICE, GO AND PAGE MR. WOTHERGILL."



'QUICK, GO AND PAGE THE PAGE THAT'S PAGING MR. WOTHERGILL."



'QUICK, GO AND PAGE THE PAGE THAT'S PAGING THE PAGE THAT'S PAGING MR. WOTHERGILL.

""'Ow do you mean?' I asks.

"Because I am a reel burglar after all.

"'That's a good one, that is!' I ses, and laughs 'earty.

Not as good as all that, my friend.' 'e tells me, lighting up 'is cigar again, 'for I'm very much afraid I'll 'ave to put you to considerable inconvenience. I'm sorry, because I've took a proper fancy to you.'

'Ere you are on the level?' I ses. "'I'm not only a burglar,' 'e ses, but a very well-known one. Ever 'eard of the Professor, one-time Oxford don ?

"Corlumme!" I ses, for of course I

'ad. "You will kindly not move from that chair,' 'e ses, 'otherwise I shall be obliged to blow a small but telling 'ole in your napper, a thing what so far I've managed not to 'ave to do in a longish and fairly successful life of

"'What the 'eck are you after in a place like this?' I asks. 'Not money?' "'No, not money,' 'e ses. 'The

bloke 'oo lives 'ere is a bit of an inventor, only 'e's not even a sharp enough business-man to keep 'is drorings in a safe. Lately 'e's been working on something reel good. Do you understand mechanics?

'Pretty well,' I ses.

"'Then I shouldn't dream of telling you what it is 'e's discovered. But I can assure you it's worth a packet in the right 'ands.'

'Look 'ere,' I ses-'why the 'ell doesn't as 'ot a crook as you pick 'is locks for 'imself?' 'E laughed, a nice deep laugh.

For the simplest reason,' 'e ses, 'because I can't. I've 'ad lessons from all the most expensive tootors, but the plain truth is I'm a born fool with my ands.

"Aren't you scared of me recognising you?' I asks 'im.

You wouldn't do that if we leaned up against the same bar to-nightwhich we're not a-going to,' 'e added. 'This 'ere dial peels off in pretty well one unit. Any more questions?' 'E wasn't 'uffy, mind.

"Ever been to Monte Carlo? I asks. "'Never,' 'e ses. 'I don't 'old with

"'One more,' I ses. 'Does a gent like you-and there's no dodging it you are a gent-don't you never feel a bit sick at robbing honest men?' 'E laughed again.

Never,' 'e ses, 'not for a moment. All this stuff about remorse is bunk, believe me, Silvertop, and doing down mugs is the best game in the world. Besides, I wasn't a very good don!'

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"'What are you going to do about me?' I asks.

"There we come to the point," 'e answers, 'and I do ask you to believe I'm reel sorry about you. But I'm afraid it's got to be. I'm agoing to fill you up with biscuits and whisky and tie you to that there sofa. You'll be comfy enough but you won't be able to stir. And you can shout the roof off but nobody'll 'ear. Soon after ten this evening the police, bless their 'earts! will come along and cut you free.'
"''Ow do you know!' I asks 'im.

"'Because I shall ring 'em up and tell 'em to,' e' grins, 'and they always does what I ses.' Five minutes later 'e 'ad me trussed up like an Aylesbury duck, and 'e waved 'is 'and and was off. And in the evening, just when 'e ses, along come a sergeant and a couple of coppers.

We was to be sure to give you a glass of 'ot toddy to take away the stiffness,' they ses. Talk about cool! And what do you think? Two days after I got a quid sent me with a typewritten slip what ses 'To one 'orizontal day on sofa, with a thousand apologies!'

"They got 'im of course in the end.
But I can't 'elp feeling kind of sorry
'e's gone. 'To one 'orizontal day on
sofa!' Corlumme!" Eric.

## Natural History Note

THREE or four years ago I wrote, in this paper, an account of how a Dandie Dinmont (that used to be mine but was then in control of the Kentish rectory to which I had consigned it) was, one night, heard laboriously climbing the stairs and later was discovered to have been carrying a hedgehog, which he deposited on the mat outside his young mistress's door. From the satisfaction expressed by the dog's tail it could only be deduced that he was delighted with his performance and proud of it. looking upon it as yet another proof of his devotion; as indeed no one who has ever tried to carry a rolled-up hedgehog in his mouth could deny

When I heard about this chivalrous act I thought it of sufficient interest to be worth recording, as a few readers may remember, but I might myself never have recalled the incident had not a fortnight ago a similar event occurred. And to me.

I too, it happens, have a Dandie Dinmont, not related to that other but very like him in appearance, and he too is fond of prowling about at night. Well, a fortnight ago, at about halfpast ten, just as I was going to bed,



"And, I say, don't bother to dress. We've asked one or two rather grubby Bohemians to meet you,"

this dog entered the room with a hedgehog in his mouth and laid it at my feet.

I know very little about anything, and nothing, at any rate esoteric, about the Dandie Dinmont, but I long to be taught. Being naturally very curious about this particular form of homage, I ask if any other breed of dog, wishing to express fidelity, says it with hedgehogs; or is this custom a Dinmont peculiarity? I should also like to know if any other dog-owner has had a hedgehog laid at his feet? E. V. L.

"Fifty firemen, with 10 appliances from five City fire stations, put out a third-storey fire in Fetter Lane, E.C., from the top of the fire escape."—Daily Paper.

There's always room at the top.

#### Plain Words from the Hills

"PROGRAMME OF THE FRONTIER MINISTRY, URGENT NEED FOR A MENTAL HOSPITAL." Indian Paper.

#### A Nasty One

"Mr. — feelingly thanked the subscribers for their gifts and said how grateful he was to a staff who over a very long period had given him nothing but the most loyal support."—Bank Staff Magazine.

#### An Influential Newspaper

"Its daily tasks are freed for ever from mechanism and insignificance for every man who knows that his fidelity in doing them makes him, not in mere phrase but tremendous reality, a fellow-worker (By arrangement with The Times) with God."

Rhodesian Paper.

### Perm

- As a great favour
- I have been granted an appointment,
- And here I am on the stroke of ten-thirty.
- I wish they would hurry; though, for I am going out to lunch.
- I haven't a watch, but I think I must have been here ten minutes now.
- I have taken off my hat and coat and let down my hair; I wonder if it would be a help if I began washing it? The basin does not look too spotless. I think I will wash that instead.
- That brought them.
- "Do you wish for the whole head, Madam?"
- "Will it take long?"
- "Well, a little longer, Madam, but it is
- Much more satisfactory.'
- This girl's fingers are like the claws of an eagle.
- "Are you going to do the perm?"
  "Oh, no, Madam, our Mr. Timley does the perming." I am glad to hear it.
- Mr. Timley has arrived.
- He has a magnificent perm himself, but I have a strong feeling
- That he has rather clammy hands.
- A woman's instinct is always right.
- Mr. Timley is one of those conscientious workers:

- He broods over each curler and holds it close to his moustache Before attaching it to my head.
- He is not as ruthless as the girl who washed my hair, But he seems to be good at pulling out large handfuls
- (Quite painlessly, I admit) And strewing them on the floor.
- My head is covered with curlers now,
- All pulling different ways.

  I shouldn't be surprised if I screamed soon.
- Mr. Timley must think my expression curious
- For he bends over me and says,
- "We are just going to put the curlers on to the heater, Madam.
- You will find it more comfortable."
- He has put the curlers on to the heater and switched on the current.
- Now he is bending over me again and handing me one of last year's Vogues.
- "We shall leave the heat on for five minutes, Madam."
- "Are you sure it is not too hot?"
- "Quite sure, Madam."
- In the mirror I see him touch a curler and jump hastily back I open my mouth to tell him to turn the current off at
- But even as I do so he rushes from the cubicle.
- I call faintly "Mr. Timley!"
- But no answer comes.
- Alarming smoke is coming out of the curlers.
- I expect when Mr. Timley returns he will find that the hair comes off quite easily,
- And he will be sorry he wasted his energy in pulling it out When he might have left the curler to do its own work.



<sup>&</sup>quot;YOU LOOK VERY BIG TO HAVE A NANNIE."

"WHY SHOULD YOU THINK I HAVE A NANNIE, MY DEAR?"

"WELL, WHO BUTTONS YOUR GAITERS?"



" No, I THINK ALL THES OUGHT TO BE DANSANTS."

It is rather sad for a woman of my age to be bald; I suppose a complete transformation will be necessary. I shall get the price of that in damages, of course, And when I have recovered from the serious illness Which always follows a shock of this kind There is nothing I shall enjoy more Than giving evidence against Mr. Timley in court.

He has suddenly returned, wiping his moustache,
And there is an aroma of coffee and biscuits.
Before I can speak, though, he and the girl fall on the curlers,
Snatch them from my head and throw them into a box.
I am very much surprised to see my hair still attached to
my head—

Yes, very surprised, and I should like to say so to Mr. Timley,

But somehow I don't.

They have thrust my head into a helmet and gone away. Very hot air is pouring into my ears.

I don't like it and I don't like the roaring noise that accom-

I am aware that the girl is standing in front of me, mouthing: I shake my head and hurt it against the side of the helmet. She gives me a bulb to hold and points to a switch on it. I am quite impassive, so she leaves me.

When she is gone I move the switch to "Cool" And settle down to the *Graphic*, Xmas 1933.

At last Mr. Timley raises the helmet and pronounces the hair to be dry.

He spends a few minutes patting the waves and looking in the mirror,

And sometimes he pats his own waves by mistake. "I hope you are satisfied with the perm, Madam?"

"Oh, yes, quite satisfied, thank you."

"Then I will leave you to put it up yourself."

I meet him again on the stairs as I go out, And also, curiously enough, the eagle-clawed girl, Who hopes I like my hair. I assure her that I will come back and ask for her Should I ever have it washed again.

I did leave them something, where they will find it If they wash out the basin; And if they don't wash it out I expect the next customer will get it. But that's their look-out, isn't it?



" OF COURSE THEY'RE USING THIS NEW INVISIBLE GLASS."

### Cakes

Pokewhistle looked me right in the eve.

"Are you cake-conscious?" he said solemnly. "Did you go to the Bakers' Exhibition?"

I had to admit that I had not been to the Bakers' Exhibition.

"I nearly went," said Pokewhistle, "but I was restrained by the fear of disillusionment. This time an American section was included in the Exhibition for the first time, and I have thought many pleasant thoughts about that American section. What sort of cakes do they eat in America? I should imagine that a first favourite would be a sort of Swiss roll with chewing-gum instead of jam. And then no doubt they have special cakes on which gangsters may sharpen their teeth."

may sharpen their teeth. . . ."

"G-men," I corrected him. Pokewhistle is always a bit behind the times. He does not know that gangsters have no teeth left since all the LAWES CANNEYS, injured the Common terms.

no teeth left since all the James Cagneys joined the G-men. "And then," he added. "I expect they name special cakes in honour of their national heroes. A sugary sort of cake might be called Shirley Temple, a sponge-cake might be dignified with the name of Wallace Beery, a nut-cake might be called William Powell, and of course there would have to be a Robert Taylor cake for girls to put slices of under their pillows at night. But why I was really afraid of going to the Bakers' Exhibition was because they might not have any sports."

"Why should they have sports at a Bakers' Exhibition?"

"They could have a Taking the Cake race," said Pokewhistle wistfully. "There are so many people in Europe to-day who Take the Cake or (is it the same thing?) Take the Biscuit.

"One would like to see HITLER and STALIN and MUSSOLINI lined up together at the Bakers' Exhibition, each armed with a rolling-pin and wearing a white apron, all afire to Take the Cake.

And then of course my natural greed made me fear to go to the Bakers' Exhibition. I am quite sure that the makers of all the different sorts of cakes gave away free samples of their wares, and I am always unable to resist free samples or free anything. When I went to Wembley Exhibition I used to come away positively staggering under a load of pamphlets. It was inconvenient, but luckily I could not eat them. But once when an aunt took me to the Cookery Exhibition I was ill for weeks afterwards. It wasn't merely that I consumed too much food, but that I did not plan my route scientifically, and seven different sorts of soup followed by ice-cream make a poor prelude to a plate of real Indian curry followed by porridge and stewed fruit. And though I was saved from absolute prostration on that occasion by the fact that there are a few sorts of cookery I don't like, I really cannot think of a single brand of cake that I can resist. I see that there were 10,000 entries for 300 trade championships, and even 300 different sorts of cake is a lot for a man whose digestion is not what it was. If the Bakers' Exhibition wants my custom next year they will have to adopt a little suggestion I have sent in. I will attend the Bakers' Exhibition only if it is run concurrently with the Chemists and Druggists' Exhibition.'

#### Score Even

"Lord Dufferin is now convalescing in his London house in Hanscrescent. Two weeks ago he lost his appendix; while recovering he has acquired a yacht."—Evening Standard.

"Young carrots can be eaten far into the winter with the help of a frame."—Staffordshire Paper.

What's wrong with the old knife and fork?



"MY DEAR, I CAN'T THINK HOW YOU MANAGE WITHOUT ONE."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### The Last of the Medici

In Catherine de' Medici (HARRAP, 15/-) the personality of that wife of one King of France and mother of three is skilfully allowed to permeate a biography of six hundred pages which is essentially an indictment of wars of Religion. One remembers G.K.C. maintaining that religious wars were the only wars worth fighting; and this might be so if they were not so deeply entangled in economics. In this graphic account of the Florentine banker's daughter who tried, and failed, to make Catholic and Huguenot settle down as decent French citizens, the economic aspect is the most interesting. It is a misfortune that Mr. RALPH ROEDER is so little versed in Christianity, for you cannot really understand corruption unless you understand the thing corrupted. However, he gets such unfeigned pleasure out of the Franciscan General who approved the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Anglican Bishop who wanted MARY STUART executed by way of reprisals, that it is perhaps ungrateful to suggest that anti-clericalism is not enough. Undoubtedly he clears CATHERINE of an intentional desire to frustrate her own conciliatory policy, and ends with HENRY QUATRE'S tribute to a motherin-law who "might have done worse."

#### The Ballet-Mistress Explains

Invitation to the Ballet (LANE, 12/6) is not an easy book, partly no doubt because Miss NINETTE DE VALOIS does not always make her meaning clear at first reading, but mainly because she is attempting a difficult and controversial task-to state a coherent and conservative theory of ballet as a part of the theatre rather than as a spectacular form of variety entertainment outside it; to examine the conditions for its permanent establishment as a native institution when the accidental audience gathered by its shrewd commercial exploitation at the height of the vogue has shrunk to normal dimensions; and to discuss the qualities essential in the creators (choreographers), directors, executants, critics and audience. Especially wise are the suggestions towards a better instructed professional criticism and the protests (on behalf of the poise and integrity of the artists) against uncontrolled applause. The fan bubble is gaily pricked, and the rhapsodist reporter neatly reproved. There are discerning





THE GENTLE CRAFTSMAN. (2)

Irascible Angler (who hasn't had a rise all day). "THERE!"—(Throwing his fly-book into the stream, with a malediction)—"TAKE YOUR CHOICE!"

Charles Keens, September 20th, 1879.

appreciations of contemporaries—and as a test of general trustworthiness one may accept her balanced verdict on DIAGHILEV. Five hard and (let us supplement the author's too modest account) extremely successful years at Sadler's Wells as ballet-mistress and choreographer have tested her theories so that there is no flummery in this book. It well repays the effort of reading. It is enlivened with strokes of Irish wit. The illustrations are excellent even if, inevitably, they illustrate nothing particularly relevant to the thesis.

#### Light-Hearted Memoirs

Sir Laurence Guillemard has found this a pretty good world. He rose rapidly in the Civil Service and was Private Secretary to a number of distinguished statesmen in Downing Street. Later he became Chairman of the Board of Customs and Excise. He concluded his official career as Governor of the Straits Settlements. His book, Trivial Fond Records, (METHUEN, 10/6), is an unpretentious and charming auto-

biography. He is always gay and thereverse of long-winded. In fact, now and again he cuts the cackle too short altogether and presents the horses without any preliminary. Sir Laurence admits to having been a very lucky man, if only for his record number of narrow escapes from sudden death. As one reads his pages one becomes conscious of a sincere and delightful personality. It is clear too that he possesses a genius for friendship.

#### Quis custodiet . . .?

The straws that show the way the educational wind is blowing in small public schools are as deftly reproduced in

are as deftly reproduced in Summer Half (HAMILTON, 7/6) as are the more constant types of schoolboy. Mrs. Angela Thirkell has contrived between the covers of one pleasant novel to tell the lovestory of a nice girl who sews on buttons, etch a malicious portrait of a hussy who doesn't, and comment on the shifting reactions of boys and masters, both confronted with the resolute determination of the British parent to avoid a surfeit of family life. She does all this with ease, grace and high spirits and an undercurrent of discerning sympathy which makes her blackest picture—that of the young "Red" master engaged, for his sins, to the hussy-as affecting to her readers as it is, to do them justice, to the boys. Of Hacker, the studious youth with the salamander, it is said that you can meet him "at any age from twenty-five to eighty in almost every common-room in Oxford"; but though this is equally true of the hero and several other members of the cast, the narrative is sufficiently human to survive its academic implications.

#### Delectable Débutante

The young woman called Jacinth (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), whose course Mr. Denis Mackail bids us follow

from sweet seventeen to sweet-and-twenty, is truly an admirable creature. Modern to her undoubtedly rose-tinted finger-tips-her life a carnival of cocktail parties and casual. complicated and sometimes mildly compromising camaraderie she has yet the kindest of hearts which resists with justifiable vivacity the coronet designed for its owner by a matchmaking mamma and reaps a reward as old-fashioned as romance. Perhaps there was never a girl quite like Jacinth. Perhaps none was ever so true to type as Rosalind or Millamant or Dolly of the immortal Dialogues. But is that anything against them or her? It is through the eyes of a doting uncle that we watch her delights and devices and transient distresses: and in portraying him one feels Mr. Mackail has committed a curious anachronism. On internal evidence, though he is himself coy on the point, Simon cannot be more than five-and-forty, an age which nowadays most who have reached it seem to consider the heyday of heady youth. Yet he regards his adored niece from the standpoint of mellow but unadventurous middleage, solicitous, sentimental and gently bewildered by the

antics of modernity. This gives a savour of Hope to an otherwise up-to-date chronicle; which, if it is not a clarion to call faith, is at least a persuasion to charity.

"AND I'VE TAKEN THE LIBERTY, SIR, OF DUSTING YER ORNAMENTS."

#### Escapade and Escape

With justification Mr. Alec Glanville has called his latest tale Death in Our Wake (Harra, 7/6); for from the moment when Archie Gow in his ketch Grey Goose saved the mysterious Leonie from a watery grave, these intrepid adventurers were beset by every conceivable kind of peril. No matter whether they were on land or sea people of evil intent pursued them, and

Mr. GLANVILLE clearly thinks that no pity should be wasted on the sudden deaths of those who served no good purpose when alive. So *Archie* and *Leonie*, having left a few corpses strewn behind them, won through in the end. This is a real story of adventure.

#### Fraud on the Grand Scale

If some of our popular sensational novelists are to be believed no one will want to argue with Hugo Stern when he states, on page 317 of The Clouded Moon (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 8/6), that the Côte d'Azur "is the loveliest and most rotten spot God and Mammon ever created between them." The second chapter of this carefully constructed tale is called "Death of a Frightened Girl," while the heading of the succeeding chapter is "Death of a Federal Agent." But there is no reason to be unduly alarmed, for Mr. Max Saltmarsh is far too clever a story-teller to be distressingly gruesome. Perhaps the sadist of the tale, a genius by the way, is a little overdrawn, and Stern, the rude and strong man, belongs to a type that already deserves the old-age pension, but apart from this couple the players in this rather lurid drama are exceedingly alive and ably presented.

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#### Charivaria

A BURGLAR has been caught by a policeman in an unoccupied house playing the piano. It is supposed that he had intended to take up a silver collection later.

A correspondence school advertises that its lessons on English bring home to the student things he has never seen before. Just like a laundry.

An actress who recently retired from the stage proposes to become the proprietress of a country inn. She is expected to refer to it as her dear public.

Ships flying the British flag in the Mediterranean salute each other in passing. When Greek meets Greek.

\* \* \* \*



A musician says that crooners always give them-selves away. Be that as it may, we still don't want one.



It is revealed that many ex-college men are now taking up pedigree pig-breeding. In old college sties, of course.

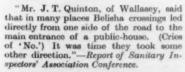


An artist in court said he had been forced to pawn all his painting implements. Pop went the easel.



While under treatment with a Hampstead veterinary surgeon for a broken leg, a valuable twelve-year-old parrot escaped from its cage and has not yet been found. One theory is that

the bird has gone hopping in Kent.



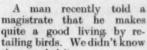
As, for example, from the main entrance of the public-house to the other side of the road.



A critic of mathematical education declares that the ability to discover the difference between A and B is of no practical utility in the everyday life of these times. He has presumably overlooked the telephone-boxes.

In Somersetshire an apiarist has been stung fifty-seven times while attending his hives. Even a beekeeper's job is not all honey.

Some critics think that what we need in the cinema to-day is more movement. They should try a seat at the end of the row.



they needed it.

A Tit-Bits contributor points out that race-horses often kick themselves during a race. Their backers wait till the

race is over.



Very few young people by the time they become of age have read the books they ought to have read, says a librarian. Many of them, however, have made up for it by reading quite a lot of the others.

A Southampton correspondent claims to have some monster weeds in his garden. Southampton docks, of course.

> "23rd. Opening of the Organ, by Mr. R. T. Morgan. It is hoped that the appropriate prayers will be said by the Archdeacon of Gloucester. Parish Magazine.

A timely hint might keep him to the point.

Arriving to play croquet at a South Coast sports ground the other day two retired weightlifters found a man who had broken into the club-house. So they put him through the hoop.



VOL. CXCIII

#### Mind Over Matter

#### The School of Memory Training, Catchem Court, W.C.2.

DEAR SIRS,—Earlier this year I began to take your Correspondence Course in memory training. I wish to inform you that my memory is now worse than ever it was, and I am of the opinion that your Course is absolutely worthless.

Yours faithfully, HORACE HICKEY.

Horace Hickey, Esq., Forget-Me-Not Villa, Acacia Terrace, S.W.36.

DEAR SIR,—We thank you for your letter of the 13th inst.

Upon consulting our books, however, we find that we have had no pupil by the name of Horace Hickey, and we are of the opinion that you never enrolled with this school at all.

Yours faithfully, pp. The School of Memory Training, Y.Q.

The School of Memory Training, Catchem Buildings, W.C.1.

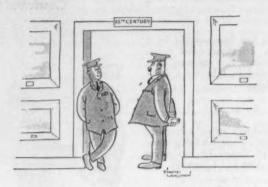
DEAR SIRS,—Your letter came as a great surprise to me.

I was almost certain that I had enrolled with your School. In fact I am still not certain that I didn't, and I demand that you refund any money which I may have sent you.

Yours faithfully, HORACE HICKEY.

Horace Hickey, Esq., Forget-me-Not Villa, Acacia Terrace, S.W.36.

DEAR SIR,—We thank you for your letter of even date and beg to make an apology.



"I'M GOING BACK TO THE PRIMITIVES ON TOOSDAY."

Upon re-examining our books we find that you did receive our Course in Memory Training, and beg to point out that you have not yet made the remittance of £4 19s. 6d. which we requested in our letter of August 11th. An early settlement would oblige.

Yours faithfully,

pp. The School of Memory Training,
Q.X.

The School of Memory Training, Catchem Lane, E.C.3.

DEAR SIRS,—Your letter asking for £4 19s. 6d. is an outrage.

I believe I stated in my last letter that I wasn't sure that I hadn't enrolled with your school, which meant also that I wasn't sure that I had. I am of the opinion now that I didn't.

As I am almost sure now that I didn't, I absolutely refuse to remit the £4 19s. 6d. for which you ask.

Yours faithfully, Horace Hickey. Horace Hickey, Esq., Forget-me-Not Villa, Acacia Terrace, S.W.36.

DEAR SIR,—We were very pleased to receive your communication of yesterday's date, in which you expressed the opinion that you had never received our Course of Memory Train-

In your letter of the 13th inst., however, you stated quite definitely that you had.

Such uncertainty of mind is sufficient evidence that you never did enrol with our School, and points, incidentally, to your great need of such a Memory Course as we offer. A Good Memory Is The Greatest Asset In Both Business And Social Life.

We are enclosing our free 91-page booklet, *Mind Over Matter*, explaining our "A" Course for really stubborn memories, and trust to hear from you again in the near future.

Cordially yours,
pp. The School of Memory Training,
Y.Z.

The School of Memory Training, Catchem Street, W.C.3.

DEAR SIRS,—Thank you for your letter and free booklet.

I am enclosing P.O. for 7/6d, as payment for your first lesson in the "A" Course of Memory Training.

Yours fraternally, HORACE HICKEY.

"Too often is a birthday made nothing more than an occasion for present giving and a party. It should have another side to it, if it is truly to be made a subject for congratulations, small balls, flour and fry in boiling fat."—Southampton Paper.

In that case we'll stick to the same old side, thank you.



"THAT MAKES THE SIXTH THIS MORNING. WHAT HE DOES WITH THEM I CAN'T IMAGINE."



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A NATIONAL THEATRE?

"TO BUILD OR NOT TO BUILD, THAT IS THE QUESTION."



" COLLECTING FOR THE GUY IN SEPTEMBER-WHATEVER NEXT?"

"This ain't fer the GUY, LADY, IT'S FER THE CHRIS'MUS PARTY."

## Cyril the Centipede

Day after day the westing sun, a ruby glittering in a lake of wine, poured his life-blood into the sea. Night after night the lustrous moon spoke of harvests gathered, of grain stored and of ghost-green apples going russet on the floors of the barns.

The winds wrenched their golden gowns from the trees, and the last of the migrant birds fled over the whiteflecked seas.

But Cyril's mother knew nothing of all this, for she lived in a spout. It was one of those spouts that lead from the gutters on the roof to a drain deep under the ground. Life in the spout was uneventful. As long as you held tight when it rained you could be sure of no worse calamity, and most of the centipedes who lived on a ledge level with the ground attained a venerable age. They then fell into the black

depths which legend described as the mouth of the underworld, and which really led to the "Corporation."

Perhaps I have been previous in describing Augusta as Cyril's mother, for he was as yet but one of the thirty-seven twinkles in his father's eye.

One September night Hilda the housemaid threw a piece of chewinggum out of her attic window. Most of us, alas! have a Secret Sin, and by now the more intelligent of my gentle readers will have surmised that Hilda chewed gum. The sin was secret not so much because Hilda's mistress objected to the revolting habit itself as because the discarded remains frequently got into the works of the vacuum-cleaner.

The trifling incident may seem irrelevant, but let us turn aside and contemplate a while from what insignificant actions Providence can wrench a great destiny.

The gum rolled down the roof, was escorted along the gutter by an autumn

shower, and landed neatly on the ledge which was the immemorial haunt of centipedes. Near this gum Augusta laid thirty-six beastly little eggs, and, as if it were an afterthought, a thirtyseventh touching the gum.

That night black clouds hid the moon, the thunder rang over the hills and mingled strangely with the seabirds' cries. Then came a steady torrent of rain under which the trees bowed and wept for the summer that was no more. Not even the gum could console the terrified Hilda.

Then it was that tragedy befell the centipedes. Augusta held the eggs until her strength was exhausted. Then she and they were swept into the abyss and only a solitary egg remained, attached firmly to the gum, to carry on a distinguished line.

Hilda the housemaid had finished the spring-cleaning before Cyril stirred. One moment he was a beastly little egg and the next a fine stalwart centipede. Quite how the transformation occurred is a mystery, for it is dark in spouts and your author has a nose.

Disentangling himself from the gum, Cyril circumnavigated the ledge. It was, he perceived at once, a dead end. It was no place for a centipede of unusual ambition and vigour. Perhaps the gum had made him wriggly (Ho! ho!). The unending circular pilgrimage of his relations wearied him. The downward path was equally unattractive.

"Excelsior!" shouted Cyril and

began to climb.

The longer days brought the cry of the cuckoo, the rainbow glint of the kingfisher, the gay dalliance of the butterflies and a dilemma for poor

On Thursdays she walked out with Terence the tram-conductor; on Sundays with Malcolm from the milkbar

Malcolm was gay and dashing, a reaction no doubt from his compulsory

week-day sobriety. Terence was timid well-meaning. Besides, Hilda considered that there was a future in trams and could see none in milk-bars.

Malcolm proposed every other Sun-Terence never proposed at all. Malcolm often handled Hilda as if she were a milk-shake. Terence seldom dared to hold her hand.

Meanwhile Cyril climbed and climbed

and climbed.

Hilda decided to wait for next Leap-Year day. Terence had got a rise in wages, he had beaten Malcolm at darts and he didn't object to the gum. Besides, Malcolm sometimes talked about vitamins.

Hilda prayed for a thunder-storm when she was out with Terence, or a rat-any excuse for jumping into his arms and giving him the encouragement he so badly needed.

And Cyril just went on climbing. One August evening Terence told

Hilda he was being moved to a depôt on the other side of the town. would probably be their last meeting. For once he saw her to the tradesmen's entrance. He bade her an inadequate and embarrassing "Good-bye." And, gentle reader, incredible as it seems, at this very moment Cyril came over

Kicking wildly with a hundred ambitious legs, he landed on a wisp of hair which hung over Hilda's sorrowful face. She screamed-not quite spontaneously perhaps, but a pretty good effort. She leaped into the arms of her beloved. Terence did not fail to

take the hint

Cyril, a forgotten actor in a mighty drama (bitter, gentle reader, is the fruit of ambition), was trodden under-

But died ABNER as a fool dieth?

#### Lament of a Car

LOCH DUICH swam in sunshine; The hills were opal blue; The car flew up Mam Ratagan And groaned to leave the view. The camshaft twisted round to see, The axle's tears were spent, The pistons whistled angrily And-the big end went!

The bonnet saw the Coolins, Sgurr nan Gillean capped in cloud, The radiator boiled with rage, The gear-box wept aloud; The wheels swept round on Sligachan, The clutch with grief was rent To leave such scenes of beauty, So-the big end went!

Kyle of Lochalsh was left behind, The Coolins sank from sight: The road to Balmacarra Gleamed in the clear sunlight: The carburettor spat and fumed, The engine's spine was bent; She had turned her back on beauty, So-the big end went!

"Moreover, Gen. Teruzzi, formerly Com-mander-in-Chief of the Italian Fascist Militia, and now 'Inspector of the Italian Legionaries in Spain,' last week sent the Duce a telegram regarding the Spanish operations of his men, which was published in Rome, and is felt to be equally revealing. He said: 'All the Blackshirts have completely He said: 'All the Blackshirts have completely and heroically fulfilled their duty. The Duce's orders have been carried out. The Blackshirts wore, as always, the same war-like expression which was shaped for them by your will."—Daily Telegraph.

This is the famous non-intervention look, with the forefinger laid to the nose.



YES, IT'S VERY NICE, BUT WHAT IS IT ADVERTISING? "

### Doggerel's Dictionary

XII.

MISTAKES.—Among the mistakes I have hitherto made in this work are, so I am told by people who have seen bits of it, these: I spelt the name of the Chinese artist Ch'i paishih wrong (that was under Cheese) and I said the late King Feisal was King of Egypt instead of Irak (that was under Jamshid). A lady also challenges my statement that "habits" was the only rhyme to "rabbits" until the publication of Babbitt (that was under Habits, remarkably enough), but I stick to that. I didn't mean makeshift stuff like stab it and dab it that can be used at a pinch, I meant single-word rhymes. After all, you could get rhymes to the old stinkers "orange" and "silver" if you cared to write about how more inj-ustice had been done to Tom Ver than to his brother Bill Ver; but personally I'd rather write blank verse, or price-tickets.

Errors are inseparable from a work of this kind, no matter who does it. It is not generally known, for instance, that in the article Protozoon in the Encyclopædia Lethargica the writer is wrong in stating that "the late Miss Joyce Kilmer's poem Trees is the only existent serious verse connected with shoe manufacture." He should have written "the late Mr. Joyce Kilmer," and the word "poem" isn't called for either.

You may wonder why, since these mistakes of mine have been pointed out to me, I don't go back and correct them instead of writing all this. I often wonder myself.

Money.—According to that Dictionary of Commerce I have mentioned before, there was a lot of interesting money knocking about in 1847. Best, I think, was the currency in use in Mogadore (a seaport town on the west coast of Morocco), where accounts were—and I hope still are, but

TYAN TO THE TOTAL PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF T

" I HEAR YOU HAVE DESIGNS ON MY DAUGHTER."

I fear not—kept in nutkeels of ten ounces, the ounce being divided into four blankeels, and the blankeel into twenty-four fluce. In Bremen, on the other hand, one reckoned in thalers, or rix-dollars, of seventy-two grootes or grotes, each grote containing five swares. Trieste would give you twenty kreutzers to the zwanziger, three zwanzigers to the florin, two florins to the dollar, and ten dollars to the Cologne silver marc; but in Mocha you would get only seven carats to the commassee, if it was a good commassee and not a blankeel or a couple of fluce stuck together with treacle. If it was a grote you would just get five swares, except that they probably didn't know about swares in Mocha, in which event you would no doubt have to put up with a handful of coffee instead.

This about sums up one-and-a-half aspects of the financial situation in 1847. And now, if there's anything else you want to know about 1847, just write to Elkin Doggerel, care of Harriet Parsons, your 1847 snapshots reporter, 1847! See zawl, know zawl, and tell zawl about 1847! Goo'bye now!

MOVEMENT.—I haven't lately tried to understand the EINSTEIN theory, though every now and then I buy a little book explaining it, just as in the old days. But I continue to be concerned about that part of it which says, or implies, according to a cousin of mine, that when a thing is moving it gets smaller and smaller the faster it moves, and that if it travelled at the speed of light it would disappear altogether.

I should not probably be so baffled by this if my cousin hadn't explained it to me. It seems that the whole thing hinges on that railway-train we all heard about in our youth—the one the bullet was fired from. My cousin says that in the case of the bullet (not to be confused with the cartridge-case) it travels with its own speed plus the speed of the train, but that if we substitute light for the bullet, that travels no faster than it would if the train were stationary, and that means the train must be getting smaller as it moves. I know it sounds funny, but that's what my cousin says.

Look. If the train- No.

Wait a minute. Suppose Mr. Smith buys a pair of boots—No.

Taking the United Kingdom as— No.

Oh, well, forget the whole thing.

NASCITUR.—I mean dear old Non Fit, the poet, of course, not Ridiculus Mus. Many people in their dealings with the Nascitur family cause unnecessary confusion by not making clear which one they mean. I well remember dear old Colonel Chood—Colonel Ampli Chood, of course, not "Colonel" Chood the trick bicyclist—telling me that he had once been told by a Siamese twin—the right-hand one, of course, not the left—of the laughable confusion that all too frequently arose because people would say Fit when they meant Mus and Mus when they meant Fit. (Those who said Moose as a rule meant Moose and were talking about something else.) "As it happened," the Colonel chuckled, "they were as different as Mutt—the tall one, of course, not the short—and Jeff—the short one, of course, not the tall."

Anyway, I mean dear old Non Fit, of course. But I forget what I was going to say about him. (Of course.)

NAVY.—The fact that I said nothing about the Army no doubt lulled the Navy into a sense of false security.

However, that is their mistake, because I am not going to say anything about the Navy either.

R. M.

#### Frankness is All

"Mr. and Mrs. — request the honor of your presents at the marriage of their daughter Anna to Mr. — ."

From a Wedding Invitation.

#### Sense

"THESE political book clubs," said Pokewhistle irritably, "are a confounded nuisance. Brown induced me to become a member of the Diehard Book Club, and the ink was barely dry on my signature before Smith ambled up with the prospectus of the Die-Quickly Book Club. I can never remember which is which, but I know one of them specialises in books telling us what a miserable place England is to live in, and the other specialises in books pointing out that if we don't sing 'Rule, Britannia!' a bit louder there won't be any England left to be miserable in. The effect of reading both sorts of books is to reduce the brain to something approaching pulp. So I propose to start a Middle Book Club, which will specialise in books written from a well-balanced, commonsense point of view.'

I saw what he was getting at and thought the idea rather a good one.

"You mean books like Professor Stuckley's Fair Play and No Favour?" I suggested.

Pokewhistle sneered. "Certainly not," he said. "That sort of book would most certainly not be included in the list recommended by my Middle Book Club. I think Professor Stuckley is far too much to the Left in dealing with Germany and far too much to the Right in his views on the Crown Colonies, and hopelessly at sea over the Navy. In fact there is hardly a line in Professor Stuckley's book with which I can honestly agree."

I was sorry to hear this because I think Professor Stuckley a man of sterling commonsense. He expresses my own views on almost everything.

"You mean," I said, "something more like James B. Windley's Woof of the World?"

Pokewhistle shook his head. "James B. Windley has a nice style," he admitted, "and the illustrations are quite good, but his ideas are feelle in the extreme. His plan for the Extermination of World Unemployment is quite unworkable, and the rawest schoolboy could see the absurdity of his scheme for carpeting the Polish Corridor. His comments on the White Australia policy show a depth of ignorance difficult to understand in a man who went to my own school. I most certainly would not include James B. Windley's book in the list of my Middle Book Club."

I pondered, and I really couldn't think of any other book that was not either Right or Left.



"PARDON ME-CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO ME. SIMPKINS' FLAT?"

"What sort of books have you got in mind?" I asked.

"The sort of books likely to appeal to ordinary people who are neither Right nor Left," he said—"books written without class-prejudice or colour-prejudice or race-prejudice or nation-prejudice. Well-balanced thoughtful books that would give everybody both sides of every question."

I said that I could see vaguely what he was driving at, and if he would point out a few books of that sort I would rush out and buy them.

"I'm afraid there aren't any written yet," said Pokewhistle, "because though some people are sensible on some aspects of some problems, I have yet to find the author who was sensible on all aspects of all problems. I am afraid there is only one way out: I must write the books myself. Only thus can I provide the world with a Middle Book Club which will appeal to sensible broad-minded men."

He asked me to sign an undertaking to buy all the books he would write for his Middle Book Club, but I refused. Personally I feel that there is only one person really capable of presenting a balanced view of all the problems that perplex the world, and at the moment I am busy writing a novel.

### At the Pictures

#### TECHNICOLOR

With the arrival of perfect colour, as in A Star is Born, the rivalry, we are told, of the cinema with the theatre is



THE STARLET

Oliver Niles . . . ADOLPHE MENJOU Esther Blodgett . . JANET GAYNOR

complete. But I doubt it. There will always be this difference, that no matter how close to life are the screen's tints, you will never be able to go to the stage-door with a bouquet for the leading lady. While watching A Star is Born I came to two conclusions about Technicolor, one being that its presence interferes with the light, and the other that, if the film is good and has strong human interest, you soon forget whether the photography is plain or not. And this is the case with A Star is Born: as the story develops it becomes so enthralling that it matters nothing whether lips are red or lakes are blue. The play's the thing.

The plot is threadbare. Esther Blodgett, a rustic girl from the Middle-West who has seen too many talkies grows dissatisfied with domestic surroundings and sets off to Hollywood to become famous; having first been carefully warned by a wise grandmother that in the process her heart will break. After a few vicissitudes which do not unduly depress her, she meets an illustrious actor and in a moment, under the glamorous name of Vicki Lester, is raised by him to the desired status, and during rehearsals falls in love with him and marries him.

If, quite naturally, you were to say that there is nothing here to take one to the Tivoli, you would be wrong, because this trite material is most dexterously handled, and the leading characters, Vicki Lester, who is JANET GAYNOB, and Norman Maine, who is FREDRIC MARCH, could not be better. To continue the narrative, if that is necessary, Norman Maine is found to be a dipsomaniac beyond the control of his wife, who adores him, and losing his audiences and realising his fate, he commits suicide, while Vicki, with the broken heart that Granny had prophesied for her, continues her career in his honour.

The working out of this drama is so successful that, since producers are an imitative lot, the ravages of alcohol among leading men are likely to be much with us; but we must not mind that. The charm and sincerity and pathetic desire for fun displayed by Vicki Lester, and the forgivable blundering savagery of Norman Maine, will not soon be forgotten. Nothing is so difficult as to remember the films that we have seen: their titles, their subject, and the actors in them; but for an unusually long time we shall remember this one.

The spectacle of GARY COOPER sitting statuesquely in the box and saying nothing in his own defence is becoming familiar. We saw him doing it in Mr. Deeds, that excellent pictorial comedy, and here he is again, in Souls at Sea, with the change that Souls at Sea is a tragedy and GARY is under the charge of murdering quite a number of people. How he could have



SILENCE IN COURT

"Nuggin" Taylor . . . GARY COOPER

killed so many is not made manifest till later, by retrospection, when we learn that their self-saving efforts were endangering the lives of women and children in an open boat. Why the able-bodied Garry, or Nuggin Taylor, should himself have been there is explained by the fact that his devoted



MIKE FRIGHT

THE GOSSIP COLUMNIST ON THE AIR WALTER WINCHELL AS HIMSELF

shipmate, *Powdah*, or George Raff, by way of preserving his friend, hit him, just as the burning vessel was going down, such a clump on the side of the head that he fell into the boat an unconscious mass. Then, coming to, he took charge and demolished the invaders.

The scene of the fire, and the sinking, and Powdah's renunciatory death sitting beside his dead Babsie, are rather confusing, but there is no doubt that Nuggin (GARY COOPER) is a fine fellow and Powdah is a fine fellow, while Lieut. Tarryton (HENRY WILCOXON) personifies all that is base. Souls at Sea is indeed a vice-versus-virtue film carried out to a high power, with some beautiful shots of schooners in full sail riding the waves. It has, however, one puzzle: Gaston de Bastonet, the French fencer. How he got on the William Brown, what he was doing there and in what film he ought to have been, I shall probably go to the grave never knowing. Certainly he is an undeveloped excrescence where he is.

The film called Wake Up and Live is chiefly remarkable for showing us what WALTER WINCHELL, America's most dreaded columnist, looks like and how (much too fast) he talks. It is a film not of action but of acid verbosity, the theme being a new and mysterious radio singer known, and sought for, as the "Phantom Troubadour," whose song, secretly "put on the air," sets the whole of the United Statesagog. But the quality of the story is poor. E. V. L.



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

LACK OF CONFIDENCE IN THE DRIVER

### To Miss Withenshaw, Removing

YES, we shall miss Miss Withenshaw,
She lives in a cottage of stone,
Cherishing geese with a cry Capitoline
Who guard the green with its Monday bit o' line
Where Miss Withenshaw's washing is blown
With the winds that ruffle the river
And the poplars bending one way
And the willows a-quake and a-quiver
In the light of a Cotswold day—
The day that adorns Miss Withenshaw.

Stout, but part of the landscape,
All by herself, alone,
She shepherds the ducks and the dapple-grey glinnies
That cackle and scream in the wind-smitten spinnies
At the back of her cottage of stone,
And tends a small garden renewing
Each season its sheltered delights,
With damsons for jam and for brewing
Of wine that on cold winter nights
Comforts the heart of Miss Withenshaw.

Soon will come her successors,
Painted ladies from town,
Like the Ugly Sisters (Cinderella's)
Lolling about under striped umbrellas
Where the river runs clean and brown;
With a garden the country's mockery,
Where little she grew can live,
Crazy-paving and rockery
And nothing to pick and give—
Give with two hands, like Miss Withenshaw.

So we shall miss Miss Withenshaw,
Not only because she goes—
Goes as all things go and their graces—
But because no woman so wise replaces
Her loss to the land she knows;
Where the coops in the flaxen grasses
Rot, and the damsons drop,
And the river sobs as it passes,
"Hurry. We must not stop
Lest we should miss Miss Withenshaw."

### Word-Skirmish

The warriors have been vigilant and active, and I congratulate them. Competition for the Autumn Honours has been keen; but without hesitation I award the Blue Star (with flaps) to the Yorkshire gentleman who discovered

### "Debourgeoisify"

A very fierce article in the Scarborough New Times is headed

" DEBOURGEOISIFY THE SPA, SAYS SUTOX."

The Spa, it seems, is "Scarborough's petty-bourgeois paradise," and Sutox would like the Corporation to take it over. But someone called "Jottings," who seems to have no initials, has said that "the Corporation will cheapen the Spa." So Sutox concludes his powerful article thus—

"Is debourgeoisification the same as cheapening, and can Jottings openly insult the class which has most votes with impunity?"

The answer to the first question seems to be "Yes." For earlier SUTOX has said—

"The Spa must be thrown open to the workers at workers' prices. The present state of social snobbery must be broken down."

I must not intervene in local politics, but I do hope that whatever the workers do to the Spa they will not debourgeoisify it. I should like, by the way, to hear the queer word used in a public speech.

SUTOX, no doubt, would raise the old defence that his meaning is clear. I think it is. But may I timidly suggest that a heading equally clear and more effective would have been—

"GIVE THE SPA TO THE PEOPLE."

#### Or why not-

" 'SWEEP SNOBS FROM SPA!' SAYS SUTOX."

And if he is one of those who are never happy without a mongrel de-word, I would rather see him desnob the Spa than debourgeoisify it. But I hope that even that may be svoided.

#### De- and Dis-

De-words breed busily still. Gold has long been dehoarded in the City columns; and to-day, in a morning paper, I see that the Federal Reserve Board has "desterilised" £60,000,000 of gold.

What in the world does this mean? According to our previous knowledge of the word sterilize it might mean either—



"I DISTINCTLY SAID MADE OF RUBBER."

(1) That the gold, like a doctor's instruments, had been made free of harmful bacteria, but the Federal Reserve Board has now made the gold septic again.

This is unlikely, since the Federal Reserve Board never acts but with the best intention. And the purpose of the "desterilization" (Gosh! I can hardly write it) is explained to be "to provide an easier credit." I deduce, therefore, that

(2) The gold had been made sterile, barren or fruitless, and the Federal Reserve Board has now caused it to bring forth. Then why (if gold must have such metaphors)—why not "fertilize"?

Suppose now that the Federal Reserve Board reverses its policy. What will the Board then do to the gold? Will it "undesterilize" the gold? "Septicize" the gold? Who can tell? Anything may happen to gold in the financial columns. But in this affair, I diffidently suggest, a very simple thing has happened to the gold—it has been "released."

"Desterilized"! Gosh!

#### LATER

I have now seen The Morning Post, in which it is simply said that this gold has been "released."

Or should it be "deimprisoned"?

#### "Dissemble"

Then a warrior sends me a bill made out by a famous motoring firm,

which contains in three places the word "dissemble," as opposed to "assemble."

" Dismantling and re-erecting dynamo."
" Dissembling and re-assembling same."

Here, I take it, there have been four operations. The dynamo was dismantled; it was dissembled; it was reassembled, and then it was reerected.

But we must be careful here, warrior, for dissembling, in this sense, is not a new word. It is marked in the O.E.D. "obsolete: rare." It was used in 1591—

"The chieff bishops . . . assembled and dissembled often tymes together, — much perplexed and divided."

But the dictionary is full of bad words: you will find there even the awful "disassemble" which was used in 1611.

And to most men now the wording of this bill would suggest that the motor firm had hidden, disguised or ignored the dynamo after it was dismantled.

How then can we assist, warrior? Dismantle will do, I suppose. But is all this "dis"-ing and "re"-ing necessary? I should have thought that these operations could have been more briefly described in this way:—

"Taking down, stripping and putting back (or?restoring) dynamo."

#### To Service

Long ago we had a brush with the verb "to service." It was not very successful, for the enemy replied that no other verb effectively expressed their meaning. And now a warrior, a County Education Officer, has found the upstart accepted and welcome at the Board of Education.

Here is a printed form headed

"BOARD OF EDUCATION SHORT COURSES FOR TEACHERS 1937

#### RADIO SERVICINO "

And the alleged verb is used seven times in the first twenty-one lines.

My Education Officer is indignant, and, I think, justly. It may be difficult for the trades which proudly or accidentally beget such usages to think of anything better. But surely the Board of Education, of all authorities, should make an effort when it has the chance and not tamely be led along by the illiterate.

I cannot myself discover that Radio Servicing means anything more than Radio Repair and Care, which is a little longer but, to me, sounds better. I may be wrong, and this will be your homework this week.

#### EXERCISE

Find some verb other than "to service" which will describe the labours of the radio "servicer."

#### "Airdrome"

We do not fight in vain, brothers. The horrid airdrome, I observe, is found no more in many pages where it used to rage: and "airport" and "airfield" (both, I think, first uttered in these columns) are now the favourites.

#### Alibi

But concerning "alibi" we do almost despair:—

"No alibi concerning a twisted cartilage can rob Farr of the credit for his beating of Neusel."—Evening Paper.

It is very queer. No man so dotes, so insists upon using Latin as the tough fellow in the boxing world, who would knock you out if you suggested that his son should waste his time learning Latin. He revels in the status quo, in nem. con. and ultra vires. But alibi is his pet.

He will now tell me that it means any "excuse" (which it doesn't, Bobby), or, at least, that I know that he means excuse. Ah! but wait till he has trouble with the police and tells them that he has an alibi. When the police and the magistrate discover, after prolonged researches, that he did not mean an alibi but any old excuse, there will be confusion and annoyance; he may be suspected of intent to deceive the Court, and I hope he gets six years.

Soon, I suppose, the tough guys will start talking about "straight sinisters" and "dexter hooks." Grand: as long as they realize that "sinister" and "dexter" have slightly different meanings.

#### Septic Noun

"All the most important newspapers will be looking to us for coverage of this occasion."—Letter from —— Press.

It may be necessary, I never know why, for us journalists to say "cover" when we merely mean "describe," "report," or "write about." But why "coverage"? The next, I suppose, will be "writeage" or "describage."

#### To Verge

In a special form of service printed

for use in Liverpool Cathedral a warrior has found a new verb:--

"During the singing of this hymn the Clergy of the Cathedral will be verged to their appointed places. . . ."

At least it is new to the Oxford English Dictionary. A "verger," I gather, was originally the rod carried by certain officials as a symbol of office. Then it became one of the officials who carried rods. And now a verger is to be one who verges.

Well, this does not upset me as much as some things, but I do not think it is very happy. The verges we know already (both noun and verb) have always a hint of edges and uncertainties; and this new verb gives me an uneasy feeling that the clergy will be rather vaguely conducted to their places. I see many of them at the end sitting half on one seat and half on another; a deplorable scene.

No, with the little word "led" available I do not think that this is a very good invention. Will the Vice-Chancellor be beadled into the Sheldonian Theatre? Am I to be sextoned into my grave?

A. P. H.



" Now which is it to be, Baby, rolls-an'-butter and the pictures, or 'am-an'-eggs and the cathedral?"

#### Untruth

"WHEN I was young," said Uncle Henry, "we used to play a round game on these occasions."

Was it called Poker?" asked Tony. "No, not Poker. Usually not a cardgame at all. Sometimes it was a penciland-paper game-perhaps a poem on some particular theme or introducing some particular words.

"Rather cruel, don't you think?" asked my sister Julia.

Why cruel?

"I meant cruel to the person who had to find the pencils and paper," said Julia, who would have been that

"One of the games was a cruel game, though," Uncle Henry went on. "It was called Truth. Each one was asked a question which had to be answered truthfully.'

How terrible!" we all cried, especially vehement being the red-haired girl, who seemed unaccountably to have taken a fancy to my brother Tony. As Tony at the age of eighteen is a confirmed woman-hater, it was very unwise of the red-haired girl.

"Still, it wouldn't be so bad now as it was then," said Julia, "because we all tell the truth more or less, which evidently-excuse me for saying so, dear uncle-you never did."

"That is a solemn thought," Uncle replied. "To-day it would have to be Untruth, of course. Let us play a round of Untruth. But we won't have questions asked. Too embarrassing. Each shall tell an untruth about himself or herself.

It'll be a heavy strain upon the mind," said George, who as a fact hasn't much mind to strain. "But it might be tried. You shall begin, Sir.

Uncle Henry thought for a moment. "I do hate having to make an afterdinner speech," he said. "The prospect of it always spoils the evening.

I was sitting next to Uncle Henry. "Funny, because I find your speeches so excellent and amusing," "There-I've done my bit.

'Charming nephew!" rejoined Uncle Henry. "I shall leave you five hundred pounds in my will. But I've told two untruths, and we ought to tell only one each.

It was the red-haired girl's turn.

"I do hate having red hair," she said. "Your turn, George.

George said, "Some good fairy seems to watch over my speculations on the Turf. I have only to back a horse for it to come in first. It's positively

uncanny.' Rather pathetic, considering all the trouble you take," said Julia. my turn? I love to leap from my bed at dawn, fling open the lattice and kiss my hand to the rising sun. The world is so wonderful then, so clean.

"No, no, you're getting off the track," I said. "That last bit's true, though of course you wouldn't know. Go ahead, Tony.

Tony rose and surveyed us all from the hearthrug.

"Dearly beloved," he began, and

then stopped.
"Go on!" we cried.
"That is all I have to say," said Tony, and went slowly up to bed. A. W. B.

#### Offering to Mammon

WE looked hungrily at the Savoy and then crossed the Strand to the Tophole Tea Rooms. "As a matter of fact," Everard Galliproof observed unconvincingly, "I really prefer these little unassuming places.

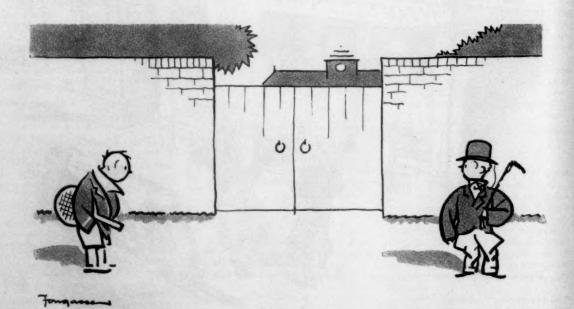
"Better is a dinner of herbs where

love is," I agreed.
"If I wanted to," Everard said airily, "I could dine at the Savoy every night—and lunch as well, if it came to that."

"Also every night?"

Everard implored me not to be silly. "It is merely that I value my selfrespect more than riches," he explained.

Hastily I assured him that we didn't all think alike. "If it's as profitable and as easy as all that," I said, "I



"Great Scott, Jones minor, what on earth are you doing dressed up like a girl?"

don't mind taking a risk on it—as long," I added warily, "as there are no horses in it."

"None whatever," he promised me.

"As a matter of fact the idea isn't mine. I got it from a friend of mine who actually went through the whole business. Credit where credit is due," he acknowledged.

"I thought the Fleet Street version was 'Credit where credit can be obtained." I suggested.

tained,' "I suggested.

Everard ignored me. "The plan is perfectly simple. What happened in my friend's case was this:—

"My friend, let us call him Archie—as that was not his name—was not more depraved than the majority of us, but he was acutely conscious of his own shortcomings. As a result of this, when, at the age of thirty-five or thereabouts, he came to write his autobiography, he filled it with the most derogatory and altogether humbling references to himself.

"He accused himself of being intractable as a child, immoral as a youth, and a thorough rogue as a young man. He claimed that he mixed habitually with the lowest types and thought of nothing but his own personal gain. He spoke of himself as a man with no moral sense, and told innumerable anecdotes to demonstrate his depravity. In fact so black had he painted his character in the early part of the book that he was constrained to invent a few anecdotes in order to keep the character consistent in the later chanters.

"The book was published, and for some reason became a roaring success. Whether it was Archie's prose style that did it or the luridness of the adventures that he had created as a background to himself, I can't say; but in spite of the fact that next to no celebrities appeared in his pages, he found that in next to no time his autobio-

graphy was a best-seller.

"The newspapers did their part of course. Mr. James Douglas wrote an article about Archie's book in which he described it as 'salacious'; and The Daily Mirror, in an article entitled 'A Book That Should Never Have Been Published,' insisted that it ought to be suppressed. But not unnaturally all that happened was that the sales went higher and higher.

"You might think that the success of the book would have satisfied Archie, but that was far from being the case. I think he must have been affected by the accounts he read of himself, for the more money he received from his publisher the greater became his desire for wealth. And so he struck upon a very original plan—the plan," Everard



"MUMMY, I GUESS SOME PEOPLE DON'T KEEP ANY CHILDREN 'COSTHEY WANT ALL THE HOT WATER FOR THEIR OWN BATHS."

explained, beckoning the waiter to bring him his bill, "which I am recommending to you.

"He sued his publishers for libel.

"Of course he had a perfect case. He was able to prove with no difficulty at all that most of the stories attributed to him in the book were pure fabrications—'a tissue of lies' was the striking phrase used by the judge—and there was never any doubt at all that he would get whacking damages.

"And so it proved. The publishers put forward the comprehensive defence that they had never published the book or that, if they had, it had not contained the passages complained of, or that if it had they had not the meaning attributed to them, or that if they had they did not refer to Archie, or that if they did they were privileged; but there was never at any time the slightest question as to what the outcome would be.

"The publishers were soaked for five thousand pounds damages, and Archie made a fortune writing articles for the Sunday papers.

"Admittedly he never got another book published by that particular firm, but in view of the other sources of income he had acquired that hardly mattered.

"And all, you see, at the expense of his self-respect—'the expense of spirit in a waste of shame.'"

We left the Tophole Tea Rooms and Everard cast one last hungry look at the outside of the Savoy.

"The trouble is," he said wistfully, "that you have to find a publisher who will accept your autobiography first."

"Golders Green (minute station).—Very small furnished bedroom, only suitable domestic lady who sleeps out."

\*\*Advt. in "Hendon Times."

Advi. in "Hendon Times

Ideal for smallish somnambulist.



"SPORTA CAR, GOOD-MAKA PLENTY SPEED . . . BUT FOR THE ICE CREAM-NOTTA SO GOOD !"

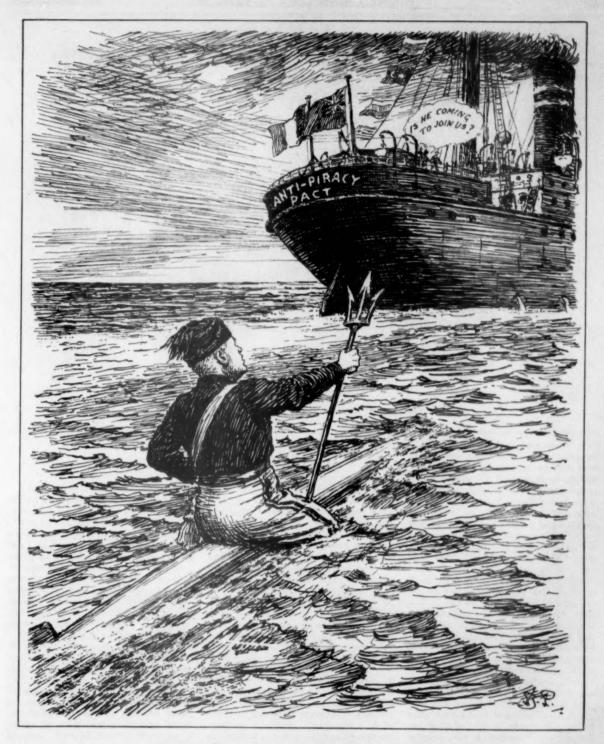
### Say It With Sherry

Our social obligations in the days of long ago
Could be performed with infinite variety;
We sent out invitations to some simple little show
And strengthened our position in Society.
Charades were ever popular and whist was all the rage,
While writing-games were very much in fashion,
And densely-whiskered tenors on a fern-surrounded stage
Would often sing politely of their passion.
But things are very different to-day,
For if you've something sociable to say—

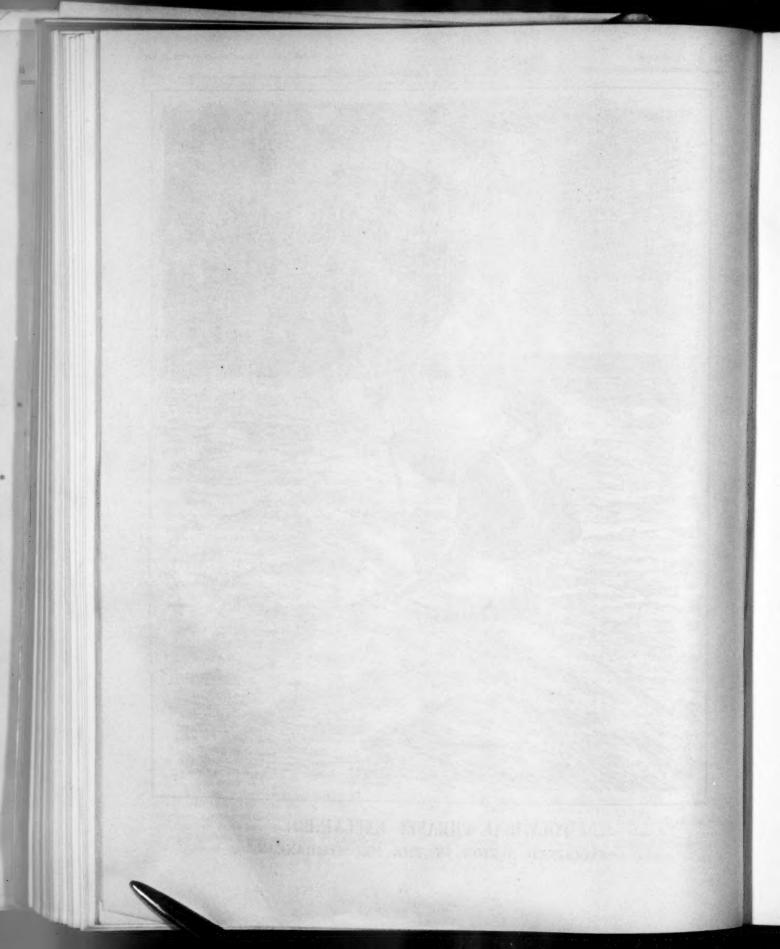
Say it with sherry and plenty of din
And be sure of a roaring success;
Scream introductions that nobody hears,
Shout yourself hoarse till the mob disappears,
And never think twice of the mess.
Yell and be merry from six until eight
Or as long as your larynx can yap;
On a square foot of floor with a fag and a drink
You can throw away caution and say what you think,
So, although it may make the Victorians blink—
Say it with sherry and be on the map.

To organise a party in this year of doubtful grace
Is really an absurdly simple matter;
If political or arty it is nothing but a case
Of relying on the sherry for the chatter;
And the latter needn't scintillate with niceties of wit,
For the people you're addressing never hear them,
They are trying hard to listen to what Pinkie says to Kit,
Or any other conversation near them.
But if you are determined to be gay
And feel you've something sociable to say—

Say it with sherry in Mayfair or Skye
And invite all the people you know;
Deal out the drinks and they're certain to click,
Give them a sausage harpooned with a stick
And the thing will be quite comme il faut.
See that you bury your reticent ways
And induce the assembly to lap;
With a crystallised smile keep your guests on the run,
Inform yourself firmly it's marvellous fun,
And although it's well over a hundred-and-one—
Say it with sherry and be on the map.



POLITICAL PHRASES EXPLAINED: "COMBINED ACTION IN THE MEDITERRANEAN"





"MAKE NO MISTAKE-RE'S YEARS AHRAD OF HIS TIME!"

### Red, Yellow, Green

AFTER much deliberation on the part of the authorities and through a mist of candid scepticism an advance guard of the Automatic Traffic-Signals—now so familiar in England—has arrived in the Free State. There they have been set up at a particularly tricky crossing on the outskirts of the capital city, and already they are blamed, among other things, for causing a disappointingly meagre "gate" at an important football match. No crowd can be in two places at the same time.

By a stroke of good fortune Thomas Mooney of Bawnoge was visiting his brother in the city for a week that included the Saturday of the inauguration, and was quite ready to give to his neighbours at home an eye-witness's account of the proceedings. "It was teetotally enticin' to see the three lights for ever leppin' in the black bonnets," he told them on the night of his return, "an' every motoh givin' its own kind of a yelp at the one in front: didn't they go so far as to have pictures of black cats holdin' out their hands like Chriskians an' sayin', 'I have nine lives,

ye have only the one'; as much as to say you'd want nine here now if you never wanted them before."

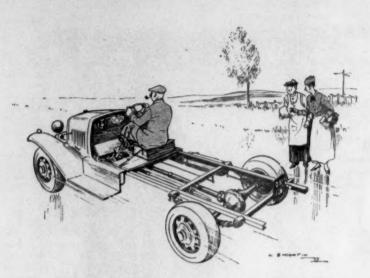
The people of Bawnoge are glad to listen to him, for the memorable occasion was referred to very briefly in the local weekly as something altogether foreign to the independent character of the Irish nation, whose members must surely object to being ordered about by the flicker of any lights—and more in the same vein.

Thomas began his story valiantly and his audience was a large one. "There's no less nor three lights at every corner," he said, "the red, the valla an' the green, one above the other, but they don't be all showing at the same time for they have altogether different significations." Here a politically-minded listener interrupted to ask which light was on top, and when he heard it was the red he was restrained with difficulty from making one of his most impassioned speeches. Thomas went on hurriedly: "I heard a fella say that if as much as a babby's pram went over some rubber mat they have dhruv down in the road," he said, "the red light would lep up on the minute an' everything might halt that was goin' that way, but all the others might belt across for all they were worth. An' then some more cars would come in the first direction an' the conthrol box would know be instink it must do something about it, so the yalla lamp would give a kind of blink, an' then the green, an' off wid them like mad mullahs, an' people flying in all directions; an' all done be mechnics."

This time the patriot was ready for the inevitable pause. "Couldn't they have white, yalla and green," he demanded, "the same as the flag, an' not be going back to the time of Crumwell?" but no one listened to him.

Somewhat uncertainly, but still valiantly, Thomas went on: "I picked up one of the little papers that was bein' gev out to dhrivers," he said, "an'larned what was on it. Red means Stop was the first bit of ad-vice; Yalla means Get Ready, but no one gives ye toleration to go yet; but Green means you can go on to the mischief now, only don't knock annyone down if you can help it. So of course they're all aigerness for the Green;" and this last remark having a soothing effect upon the heckler, the eye-witness gathered himself together for a final effort.

"You'd think bad of the polis," he said sympathetically, "for there was



"I DARE SAY HE'S GOT BEHIND WITH 'IS INSTALMENTS."

four of them where there used to be only the one, an' their arms was wore out wid all the wavin' they had. I heard one of them sayin' to another that when he'd get back to the barrack he'd have to rub his showlder wid an imprecation, an' th'other fella said he'd have to do the same." With an air of saying his last word upon the subject, Thomas stood up and again voiced his wonder at the automatic control: "There's no doubt at all," he said solemnly, "but we're gettin' to be a very artificial generation."

Reluctantly his hearers prepared to leave, and some one turned at the door to ask a question. "D' you think, Thomas," he said, "that they'll ever get the betther of them lights?"

And by "they" he meant the motorists, the drivers of horse-drawn vehicles, the cyclists, the drawers of hand-carts, even the pushers of perambulators, for all of whom this uncanny system was supposed to do so much.

Thomas Mooney had no doubts on this subject. "They're doin' that already, be all accounts," he said firmly, "an' there was only the one way for them to do it; they're goin' around to where they want be a circuitous rout."

D. M. L.

#### Just Another Theory

"We are content that Sycorax was 'a foul witch,' and we feel that Shakespeare was, also."—"Times" Literary Supplement.

#### Cut Price

Prompt on the stroke of six George Tibbles hobbled into the village pub and settled himself in his usual corner. He favoured the hikers, who were still lingering over their tea, with a smile of senile benevolence.

For many Saturdays the old man had not arrived until the 6.15 bus had taken the hikers away. The very sight of beer, our landlord had found, made tea customers seek some "safer" refreshment house. So at his earnest request Little Wurzleton had kept thirsty a few minutes longer on summer Saturdays. George's early arrival showed that autumn had come.

The hikers discovered that fact in due course when they were consulting their watches rather anxiously and old George ventured to ask if they were looking for the bus. "Bee-cause," he volunteered, "if it's the quarterpass-six you're wantin' thas been took off and there ain't none later."

Consternation reigned among the hikers, especially when the landlord, on appeal, confirmed that the autumn time-table had just come into force.

One of the longest "Rambles Through Undiscovered Suffolk" in a popular handbook is that which finishes with a bus-ride from Little Wurzleton "after an excellent tea in the old-world inn." Mudwick station, George told the hikers, was a good three miles.

'Every step," our landlord agreed.

"The las' train 'ull be the seven o'clock, an' you'll have to step out good tidy to catch it. Unless," the old man added thoughtfully, "you takes the short cut."

The hikers, on being assured that it would save them the bes' part of a mile, clamoured to be shown the short cut. George told them that they couldn't miss it. "Turn left across the medders at a gate what say 'No Thoroughfare,' and you'll find a good footpath all the way to the station."

"But can we get through?" asked a

bespectacled hiker.

"That wouldn' be wuth while puttin' up 'No Thoroughfare' if there worn't a way through," George said decisively.

An apprehensive female hiker mentioned the word "trespassing."

"Trespassers can't be prawsecuted," said the old man, "unless they've done damage. Supposin' a keeper come along and says as you're on private land—a chap in brown britches likely—don't be scared o' he. Tell him as you haven't done no damage.

"Then, to keep the law on yer side, say as if you have broke anything wi'out knowin' it—what the lawyers call undivertin'ly—you're willin' to pay. Offer Brown Britches thrippence or fowerpence apiece, an' if he takes it nobody can't touch ye, 'cos you'll have settled the case out o' court."

The hikers, who had meanwhile been buckling on their equipment, hurried off to eatch their train. They were profuse in their thanks to George, but not one of them offered him a penny for his pains. He, however, seemed quite satisfied, which is not his usual manner after a profitless transaction.

"I shouldn't be surprised," he admitted, when we had him fairly cornered, "if young Bert happened to be sarnterin' in them medders, an' likely he'll tell them hikers casual-like as it's private land. If they should offer him a trifle, Bert won't refuse it nor make no false pretinces neither. He's got the makin's of a man, has that lad."

Young Bert, by the way, is George's eldest boy, a stripling in his later sixties and generally regarded in Little Wurzleton as a promising youngster. He came into the bar later in the evening wearing a pair of the Squire's old breeches, and handed a pocketful of small change to his father with the brief comment, "Fourpence a head."

"For vallyew fully received," said the old sinner as he counted the spoils, "'cos that there short cut was worth a good tanner apiece to 'em. If anything, more."

### The Spirit of the Age Once More

An incident is reported to have taken place at yesterday's Pageant rehearsal which is viewed with grave concern by the Committee.

Whilst a group of Ancient Britons was quietly engaged in mixing a barrel of woad a party of Roman invaders deliberately annexed the whole supply of walnut-juice and removed it to the back of the cowhouses temporarily serving as green-room.

The alleged outrage is the more deplorable as the supply of available walnut-juice is strictly limited and it is unlikely that Messrs. Pogg and Cullum, Pharmaceutical Chemists, corner of High Street, will be able to obtain more before the day of the performance.

Representations were at once made to Major Hamchick, on behalf of the Ancient Britons, by Lady Stampinglegge, supported by the Vicar, Miss Bink and Miss Georgina Bink.

Major Hamchick replied that the action of the Roman Invaders had been motivated by the purest friend-liness. Their one desire was to promote a happy and affectionate spirit amongst all those taking part in the Pageant, and they felt sure that this could best be achieved by annexing any particularly desirable stage properties for themselves, monopolising the back-of-the-cowhouses (or green-room), getting in the way of the Ancient Britons whenever possible and generally making their lives a burden to them.

If, continued Major Hamchick, these steps were not in themselves sufficient to secure them the hearty friendship and admiration of the Ancient Britons, they would have no hesitation in proceeding to further measures. It was a moot point whether they would kidnap St. Augustine—(the Vicar)—on the eve of the performance or arrange a false bottom to Boadicia's chariot so as to ensure her falling through it.

Lady Stampinglegge at once replied that the Ancient Britons would have no alternative but to adopt a policy of retaliation.

She was—figuratively speaking—upheld by the Vicar—"Quite"—and by the Misses Bink—"Absolutely definitely."

Major Hamchick said in return that the only wish of the Roman Invaders was to conciliate, and that with this end in view they would immediately proceed to carry out a plan of campaign that should ultimately eliminate the whole of the Ancient Britons from the Pageant. If this did not secure them the cordial co-operation of their fellow-actors, Major Hamchick declared, then nothing would.

It is felt in official circles that unless an understanding can be reached of the true nature of Major Hamchick's ideals—peace, friendship and mutual toleration—it is not unlikely that the whole Pageant will be jeopardised.

E. M. D.



"How much to take us for a sail?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;'ARF-A-DOLLAR, OR FIVE BOB IN THE CABIN."

### At the Play

"CRAZY DAYS" (SHAFTESBURY)

ALTHOUGH Crazy Days, at the Shaftesbury, is described as a musical comedy, there is more comedy than music. It is comedy that is often farce, fantastic, original, filling and satisfying the mind. The convention that expects the plot of a musical comedy to be the thinnest of threads connecting song and dance and knockabout is rudely shattered, as is much else during this uproarious evening of Mr. STANLEY LUPINO'S devising. There is an immense plot, so skilfully handled that all its impossibilities yet leave us interested in the fortunes of this stranded theatrical company which is making its last desperate attempt at obtaining the necessary finance.

There is little enough of love in this modern entertainment, and solvency unachieved and black commercial disasters cheerfully and recklessly borne hold the centre of the stage. United lovers used formerly to come forward at the final curtain. Mr. STANLEY LUPINO'S

idea of a finale is the burning of £200,000 of perfectly good bank-notes by people who desperately need some £7,000, a vast disaster swallowed up in the presumed victory when James Murgatroyde (Mr. DICK FRANCIS), the genial beer magnate, is roundly alleged to be the long-lost father of one of the needy theatrical gang, Bertie Barnes (Mr. Lupino himself).

The unities of dramatic composition are beautifully observed. The action is continuous in time and place, the incident incessant and amazing. From the first moment we become aware that here is a country-house equipped with more than the usual amenities, and indeed honeycombed with convenient secret devices, disappearing fireplaces and suddenly appearing holes in the floor. But Mr. LUPINO and his partner, Mr. LEO FRANKLYN (who understudied for Mr. LADDIE CLIFF and earned much-

deserved special applause), have little need of these contrivances, for they would make a cheerful bedlam out of the most conventional of semi-detached

In a cast of something like a dozen nearly all the parts have plenty to say

and to do, plenty of things which are quite unlike what anyone else is saying or doing, and Mr. ARTHUR RIGBY, Jun., scored one of the successes of the evening by his vivid denunciation of all the rogues, a denunciation which had



TEA-POURING TECHNIQUE Bertie Barnes . . . MR. STANLEY LUPINO



IMPRESSING THE IMPRESARIO James J. Hooker . . . MR. LEO FRANKLYN

Maud Summers . . . . MISS GLORIA DAY

to be effected without speaking but merely by pointing and by the gnashing of toothless jaws.

The alliance of the peerage and the footlights is a well-worn theme, but here it is treated in a highly original manner, Mr. FRED CONYNGHAM as a

bogus Duke and Miss Doris Rogers as a hardly less bogus Duchess being turned to the purposes of the indomitable producer, James J. Hooker. in the attempt to provide such a background of "nice society" that Mr.

James Murgatroyde will feel safe in

writing his cheque.

A show like this gains enormously over a completely formless crazy revue because each far-fetched and elaborate episode of fooling is helped by what has gone before. We feel the position becoming increasingly desperate and calling increasingly for desperate remedies. and the unexpected follies of which Mr. LUPINO is so unflaggingly capable come to have a heightened point, making the exasperation of his companions easy to understand.

It should not be thought that the eye is not catered for. There is a great deal of skilful colour blending, there is even a transformation scene, and there is singing and dancing, notably by Miss GLORIA DAY, which is admirably light and fresh. But what this production has attempted and has achieved with a success which should make it run through the winter is an evening of original farce in a decor-

ative setting of light music and bright scenes. D. W.

"BONNET OVER THE WIND-MILL" (NEW)

Do artists (painters, actors, playwrights, poets and even novelists) need Emotional Experiences if they are to be any use? Must they have the Love of a Good Woman, or perhaps a Bad one, before they can produce work of real Merit? Or is that just a pretence that artists put up to cover any slight irregularities that may be detected in their domestic arrangements? Grave questions, reader, which we shall do well to leave aside. The nature of Inspiration, Fulfilment, the Artistic Temperament—such are the grisly subjects which lie in wait for those who plunge into the debate.

At any rate Kit Carson had not produced a respectable play since his passion for a married woman died, and she with it.

So innocent Janet Jason, acting on information received and wholly believing that she was the Emotional Experience he needed, positively bullied the man into taking her down for a night to his Suffolk windmill. It was perhaps eight o'clock in the

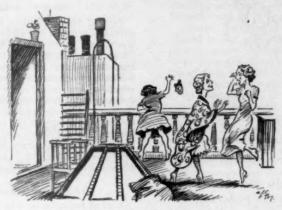
evening when she first advanced her unconventional proposal (Act III., Scene 1), there was a three-hour run to the windmill, and she was back "early the next morning" (Act III.,

Scene 2). The sum total of her previous experience of Life in the Raw was a nice kiss she gave to a different young man in Act I.

If that is a slice of real life as it is lived outside the pages of romantic fiction I will gladly go to Innisfree and plant beans. Nobody minds the conventional and necessary telescoping of certain states and happenings on the stage; for instance, when dusk falls, as it falls in Act I. in this play, one expects it to descend with the rapidity of a tropical night. But I don't think one ought to monkey about with the passions in this offhand way. Or was I the only person to feel about the whole of the last Act a kind of crashing and slightly

uncomfortable absurdity? Even if one could find in the character of Janet, as written by Miss Dodie Smith and portrayed by Miss Anne Firth, the slightest indication that she was likely to behave so fantastically, why should a man of experience and sense like Kit Carson allow himself to be overpersuaded into such idiocy? He had three hours in the car to think it over.

The First and Second Acts are delightful. Miss Dodie Smith is on her own ground here, writing bright, convincing dialogue, revealing character by swift firm touches, constructing her story with the skill we have come to expect from her. Briefly there are three stage struck girls in a maisonette (with use of roof) in Camden Town. One of them is Janet, another Dinah, vain and silly, the third Carola, gauche, puppy-like, likeable (and exceedingly well played by Miss BETTY JARDINE). Also at the same address, happily, is Billie Lacy (Miss IVY ST. HELIER), late of the music-halls, now in a shop. The flat across the roof is taken by three young men, one of whom (and this is what matters) is the son of Sir Rupert Morellian, famous actor-manager. Sir Rupert calls on his son, accompanied by Kit Carson, and invites the whole party to lunch at his country-house. Billie happens to be a bit of Sir Rupert's past—the whole of it really-and the scene in the Second Act, where these two are alone together and recall their old brief intimacy, is easily the best in the play. In fact they are the real bones of the piece. Mr. CECIL PARKER is in his element as Sir Rupert. He obviously loves the part and he gives a grand



BONNET OVER THE HOUSETOP

Carola Withers				Miss	BETTY JARDINE
Billie Lacy				Miss	IVY ST. HELIER
Dinah Tilney .				Miss	GILLIAN MAUDE

performance. I hope that no slight aspersions I may have cast on the Janet-Kit Carson affair will stop anyone going to see Mr. CECIL PARKER and



SENTIMENT UNDER THE WINDMILL

Christopher Carson		MR. JAMES MASON	
Janet Jason		MISS ANNE FIRTH	

Miss IVY ST. HELIER making the very best of some very excellent material.

For the last scene of the Second Act

we leave the Morellian home (there is a delightful, though misguided, Lady Morellian, by the way) and visit the fake windmill, which stands very happily in some first-rate grass. But

of course the grass may not look so good when the play has been running for a month or two.

Mr. JAMES MASON has an interesting forceful stage personality and was well cast as Kit. About Miss Anne Firth I am rather at a loss. She played the young, serious, very impressionable Janet of the first two Acts charmingly, with perhaps a tendency to overelocutionise her voice at moments; in the last Act she was rather lost-but for that I should be the last to blame her. Perhaps an actress of great experience could have made the situation real. For the rest, there were no weak spots, and the scenery is of a very high order. The

windmill, with or without bonnets over it, is a triumph. H. F. E.

### Bird's-Eye

From Newhaven across the wandering

Through poppies powdery with Sussex chalk,

Creeping phlegmatically west and north The caterpillar trains go forth

No faster than the people walk Beside the Cuckmere's cloudy lookingglass.

And we, so far away upon the rise, Peer down and speculate on this fair

Which brings such monstrous insects to the sun

And drags them slowly one by one
Out of some metal-walled cocoon
Into what strange and smoky butterflies.
O. D.

#### Things That Might Have Been Better Expressed

"Mrs.8——, after chatting with her friends for some minutes, led them into tea, where raspberries played a prominent part." Daily Paper.

"Irish University Examination Sensation.

CANDIDATES ALLEGED TO HAVE KNOWN ANSWERS IN TWO SUBJECTS."
"Daily Sketch" Headings.

Tut! Tut! Someone's been teaching them.



"IS MR. ERASMUS MONEYPENNY AT HOME?"

#### The Purl-Plain News

(Monthly Journal of the Purl-Plain Club)

#### EDITORIAL

By Edgar Snugly-Fitting.

For some time, to all of us here at All-Wool House, it has been obvious that there were hundreds, even thousands of well-meaning thoughtful people who would welcome a co-operative scheme entirely devoted to their interests. The Purl-Plain Club has been formed with the object of satisfying this unexpressed, unfelt, but none the less imperative demand. In order to form the Club, I, my codirectors (Ernest Stitch and Henry Pullover), my secretary and my staff have worked night and day, and now at last I am in a position to describe the scheme in all its simplicity and, I think I may say, in all its strength.

#### OBJECT OF THE PURL-PLAIN CLUB

We have taken as the Club motto a random remark flung out one day at a Board meeting by Ernest Stitch. It is "Not Left, Not Right, But Straight Across!" There is inspiration in that motto; but no motto, however inspiring, can sum up the entire scope of the Purl-Plain Club.

Our object, as we decided at our very next Board meeting, is to make every man, woman and child Wool-conscious! The moment the words "Wool-Conscious" left my lips (at the Board meeting) the first great step had been taken towards the formation of the Purl-Plain Club.

Next we considered how our end might be achieved, and after discussion we reached the conclusion that it could only be achieved by the co-operation of every man, woman and child in making and wearing hand-knitted garments. Henry Pullover wanted to go further. He put it to us, and put it very trenchantly, that hand-made garments must not only be worn but worn next to the skin if true wool-consciousness with all its implications were to be attained. His proposal was carefully considered, and later on, when the Club is firmly established and the public alive to the importance of wool-consciousness, it is a proposal we shall adopt. Meanwhile it is only demanded that every Club member shall agree to make and wear (position and duration left to the member's discretion) one hand-knitted garment every month.

How the Purl-Plain Club will Work Every member of the Purl-Plain Club will guarantee for a minimum period of six months to make one all-wool garment a month. To this end, every month there will be a special "Chosen Garment of the Month," selected by the Purl-Plain Committee, the members of which are Ernest Stitch, Henry Pullover and myself.

### How to Join or "Cast On"

Joining the Purl-Plain Club is simplicity itself. The potential member will fill in and take to his local wool-shop the coupon which will be found in this issue of The Purl-Plain News. He will then be "cast on" as a member of the Purl-Plain Club. In the first week of every month he will calk at his wool-shop, collect and pay for (at the Club price, which is very much lower than the price charged to the ordinary public) a supply of wool for making the Chosen Garment, and the appropriate needles. He will receive entirely free a copy of the current Purl-Plain News, which, besides the Editorial and informed articles by myself, Ernest Stitch and Henry Pullover, will contain a specially written account of the "Chosen Garment for the Month." He will have no other obligation whatsoever.

#### THE FIRST THREE CHOSEN GARMENTS

I want to touch on the list of the first three "Chosen Garments," i.e., those for October, November and December. When you have read this list I think you will agree that it would be impossible to find three more important garments at the time in which we are now living. Ernest Stitch, Henry Pullover and I are proud of this list. You will agree that we have reason to be proud.

October: Ladies' Cardigan, with High Neck, in Snugly-Fitting's 3-ply All-Wool Wool.

November: Gents' V-necked Vest, in Snugly-Fitting's Heavyweight All-Wool Wool.

December: Tot's Romper-Suit, in Snugly-Fitting's Infant-Twist All-Wool Wool.

And now a special word about the October Chosen Garment, or, to be correct, about the stirring account of the Chosen Garment which appears in this issue of *The Purl-Plain News*.

#### THE OCTOBER CHOSEN GARMENT

Let me say at once that Ladies' Cardigan with High Neck is an authentic account of the author's actual struggle with and eventual victory over a Ladies' Cardigan (with high neck). It is not, however, in the usual sense an autobiography. It is from first to last an objective study of a certain contemporary problem. The author gives us the facts and he has determined that on this subject of ladies' cardigans (with high necks) the public shall form its own opinion.

Ladies' Cardigan is an enthralling narrative, fascinatingly written. Take, for example, the following passage from Section 1, "The Popular Front," Chapter 2, which is headed: "Now commence the arm-hole shaping and divide for the neck." Obviously this was a period of peculiar importance, pregnant with anxiety and suspense—

"Cast off 10 sts., K. the following 6 sts., there now being 7 sts. on the right-hand needle. J. 2 together, K.1.P.1.K.1. into the next stitch. K. 3 together. Slip 1 P.S.S.O. Repeat to end."

That extract is enough to show you how the author plunges headlong into an account of experiences such as few can have suffered and few could have described with so much restraint.

One criticism can and doubtless will be made. The abbreviated style so marked in the passage quoted does at first tend to hold up the reader and prevent ready assimilation of the meaning. I can only say that, for my part, when I had read the whole thing and mastered the abbreviations (the author providing a full glossary), I determined that in future issues of The Purl-Plain News this style should be extensively used. But the author is master of more than one style. Compare the paragraph quoted above with one which occurs towards the end of Part II.:—

"Keeping the continuity of the pattern and border, continue until the work measures  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches from the commencement of the arm-hole, finishing at the end of a row worked as the 9th row of the original pattern which commenced and finished with "Slip 1" inside the border, thus finishing the neck-edge."

I assure you that when I had read that passage I felt something which I had never felt before—and felt it more deeply (and Ernest Stitch and Henry Pullover felt it too).

This issue of *The News*, if it contained nothing but *Ladies'* Cardigan (and as a matter of fact it contains my Editorial as well), would be the best "recruiting agent" we could possibly have for the Purl-Plain Club. For my part I am going to put my copy of *The News* in the bookcase, and I am going to put it only two books, and thin books at that, away from *The Citadel*.

I don't want to say anything more.

AND NOW ON TO THE FIRST HUNDRED STITCHES! CAST ON TO-DAY!

### Friend of the Bride

HERE she comes now to meet her waiting groom:
Lovely she looks, eyes bright, her cheeks a-bloom.
She was my friend, slept next to me in dorm.,
Helped with my homework, prompted me in form,

Shared in my terror of the darkened stairs, Had the same "crushes"-VALENTINO, NARES. Hers the unpractised hand that first applied Rouge to my cheeks (too much upon one side); Hers the attentive ear in which I poured Vivid word-pictures of each new adored. Allies at summer sales, our twin souls set on Some jaunty hat, some scrap of silk or cretonne; Allies yet rivals at the routs and dances, Vying to win the most, the warmest glances; Unflagging in foxtrot, tireless in Paul Jones, Swopping triumphant smiles or muted groans-Smiles if one's hero chanced to claim the other, Groans if Fate sent a glum reluctant brother. Friend of a hundred sorties, windscreen flattened, Speeding along the summer lanes, sun-patterned; Thrilling together to the lovely sounds Of huntsman's horn, the music made by hounds.

Lovely she looks as she goes walking by: Please no one look this way—I want to cry.



"In Chelsea he has quite a world-wide reputation."

### Mr. Silvertop on the Bench

"I SEE the Honourable Anne Whitstable what was 'as 'ad 'er first," said Mr. Silvertop.

"First what?" I asked.
"Daughter," he replied. "A seven-pounder, and all concerned doing very nice." He looked so uncommonly gratified by this news that I remarked on it.

"Well, in a manner of speaking it was reelly me 'oo spliced them two, so I 'ave got a right to be kind of pleased. It was several year ago it 'appened, when my brother Sid, 'oo's a nightwatchman to a firm of road contractors. took bad with 'is 'eart and I done 'is job for 'im for a week. 'Is beat 'appened to be on a big dump of road-mending stuff in a posh square up West.

"The first night I was just 'otting up a second pot of tea about two o'clock, when I sees a girl in one of those wispy evening rig-outs 'op out of a taxi on the other side of the square, it being up, and come across towards an 'ouse just opposite my box. As she passes me she ses, very quiet, 'Good-night,

watchman,' and I ses, 'Good-night, Miss,' and to myself, 'That one 'asn't 'arf got the 'ump, she 'asn't,' for I never see anyone look so downright blue. Pretty she was, too.

"Next night about the same time the same thing 'appens again. 'Goodnight,' she ses, and I could see there was tears on 'er dial. 'Good-night, Miss,' I ses, 'and I'm proper sorry to see as 'ow things isn't no better than what they was. She stopped short at that, a-twiddling of 'er bag. 'That's nice of you,' she ses. And all of a sudden she leans against my box and goes all sobby.

'Ere, Miss, you mustn't take on so! 'E's not worth it,' I ses, taking a

safe guess.
""Ow do you know 'e's not?' she

"'Very few on us are,' I ses. 'I was just 'otting up some tea when you come along, Miss. I reckon a strong cup'd do you a power of good.' 'I'd love one,' she ses, and down she sits on my bench. When I 'ands 'er 'er cup, she looks at me very straight.

"'What sort of a man are you?' she

"Well, Miss,' I answers after a bit,

'I 'ates false modesty as much as I 'ates conceit. What I am is just a level-'eaded man-in-the-street 'oo's not easily took in.'

"'That's what your face ses,' she ses, 'but I wanted to be sure. Will you do something for me?'

'Anything I can, of course, Miss,' I answers, wondering what was a-

"Right," she ses. "Will you please decide something for me what's near driving me potty? And I'm a-going to go by what you ses. It's this. If you was me, would you do as your parents ses and marry a fat wart-'og 'oo you can't stick at any price or would you cut your family clean out-for that's what it would mean - and run off with a chap you love 'oo's pore as

"Can I ask questions, Miss?' I asks, lighting my pipe.

"Any you please,' she tells me. "'Why are the old 'uns such dead cats on you a-splicing with this 'ere stout customer?

"'Oof,' she ses, ''e's got a million, and though we lives in that silly great 'ouse full of flunkeys we're on the

""What's your Dad?' I asks 'er. "'Floats gammy companies and eats too much. 'E 'asn't been inside yet but e's 'ad all the luck.

And your Mum?'

"'She's a good sort reelly, but she's kind of silly and measures people by 'ow many Rollses they got.'

And this fat gent? "She choked over 'er tea at the mention of 'im. "E's a great white slug,' she ses. ''E's decent enough, but it some'ow gives me the jitters to be in the same room with 'im.'

"'It don't sound hardly a perfect match,' I admits. 'Now, 'ow about this other cove? Try and see 'im clear, even if it's for the first time.'

"'Oh,' she ses, "e's wonderful! 'E's a farmer, and because 'e's 'appy to work ever so 'ard for ever so little, Dad ses 'e can't be no good. 'E more or less 'ad 'im chucked out when 'e come to see 'im about marrying me.'

"'Is 'e reelly a good bloke,' I asks, 'or are you just seeing 'im through an 'aze what the first storm 'll blow

away?' ses; 'I'll go nap on that.'

"When you ses 'e's so perishing pore,' I ses, 'ow much would that be?'
"Three'undred a year,' she answers.
"Funny, isn'tit?' I ses, 'If you was

to call that six quid a week it seems like riches to me. 'Ow fond are you, when it comes down to it, of your Dad and Mum? At all?'



" En, BUT I MISS THE SPITTOONS, JARGE."

"YOU ALWAYS DID, 'ENERY."



"YOU MUSTN'T TAKE ANY NOTICE OF THE PARROT, MARY. HE'S OLD ENOUGH TO BE YOUR GRANDFATHER."

"'It still 'urts to say so,' she ses, 'but it's more No nor Yes.'

"They treated you kind, or not?" She thinks a bit.

"'No,' she ses at last, 'they 'aven't, for they've done their best to stop me from growing up. I'm twenty-one, but I 'ave to borrow a latch-key from Cook. They think I'm up there now asleep.

Thank you, Miss,' I tells 'er, 'the jury's 'eard enough. You 'elp yourself to another cup and see no one puts them paving-stones in their pockets while I takes a stroll round the square and turns it over in my 'ead.'

"Five minutes later I was back. I never see a girl look so anxious as what the Honourable Anne did. 'Well?' she whispers.

'All right, Miss,' I ses. 'You 'op it with your 'ayseed boy-friend. can generally trust a bloke 'oo works with 'is 'ands, and those there people of yours 'ave made too big a mess of things to 'ave no more claim on you.

But there's one lesson you got to learn quick if you're not to make just as big a mess as what they 'ave.'
"'What's that?' she asks.

"'The value of money,' I tells 'er. 'You got to throw overboard the notion as 'ow six quid a week is 'ardship. I've lived very comfortable for a lot of my life on 'arf that, and there's no reason you shouldn't be in clover on it. It's a stiffish lesson, but it's up to you to learn it. Good luck, Miss!

"The next moment she flings 'er arms round my neck, and three weeks later I 'eld the ring for 'em in a little church down in Kent.'

"Was your verdict the right one?" I asked him.

'As it's turned out-marriage being a crool gamble—a fair treat. But now that this 'ere 'as 'appened their six quid won't be as you might say quite what it was!" And Mr. Silvertop grinned the malicious grin of a contented bachelor.

## A Complaint

As I was lunching at the Club Lord Parslow bit me in the back; I do not know the reason for This mean and unprovoked attack.

At intervals throughout the meal Our secretary, Chumley-Dace, The Admiral, and Eustace Bloggs Walked up and spat into my face.

Old Pawson tripped me as I left; So did the porter and Lord Chubb; A little more and I shall think They do not like me at the Club.

"By 5 a.m. yesterday the first batches were having breakfast in the saloons of the Isle of Sark and Isle of Guernsey, and this meal went on until past 7 p.m. Channel Isles Paper.

Dinner was then served.



"How dark the flat is after all that glorious sun!"

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Nineteenth-Century Scapegoats

Something more than a noble quarry and less than a complete edifice, Towards the Twentieth Century (CAM-BRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 21/-) consists for the most part of skilfully chosen and shaped material for a study of nineteenth-century thought. What the twentieth century lacks, says Professor H. V. ROUTH, of the University of Athens, is spiritual certainty. We are in difficulties—not even stimulating difficulties. We may be getting somewhere -indeed, thanks to Physics, we probably are; but our present plight is unsatisfactory. So Professor ROUTH investigates the part played by the writers and philosophers of the nineteenth century in getting us here, an inquisition distinctly handicapped by its preference for a spirituality definite only in its unorthodoxy. Perhaps it is a trifle early to assert that "we shall never again worship God as a man or forgo the "comforts" of industrialism. But given this general attitude and a particular bias that allots two chapters to MATTHEW ARNOLD and ten lines to WILLIAM MORRIS, it is still exhilarating to go over the old track in such agile and erudite company, watching Ruskin laying the rails for BERGSON and PROUST, and BROWNING lubricating the engine for T. S. ELIOT and JAMES JOYCE.

#### The Dancing Balkans

Dead Puppets Dance (COLLINS, 10/6) very entertainingly to Mr. Philip Thornton's fantastical piping, for he knows how to vary his tunes and to impart to them now a note of haunting sadness, now of carefree rapture. He himself can foot it with the best of them amidst Albanian mountains, beside the Danube, or in an underground workshop in Athens. Only the dancer can really grasp the inner meaning that the dance seeks to express. Many of the strange and

often ritualistic dances that Mr. Thornton saw or took part in are choreographic representations of peasant life. Others have curious traditional or historical associations, like that of the Skoptzi in Rumania, who mutilate themselves in the belief that they will thereby help to liberate the soul of Peter the Great from Hell. Most attractive of all are dances like the Bulgarian pajdushka, with its forty different steps, that is danced at breakneck pace and for the sheer joy of dancing. Despite his mordant title, Mr. Thornton's dancers are not mere mechanical dolls only responsive to the pull of his fingers upon the strings; they are the Balkan peoples of whose lives, loves and hatreds Mr. Thornton gives an uncommonly interesting and humorous description, for he is a born storyteller as well as a dancer.

#### Author's Wiles and Author's Wife

The vanity of authors is no new theme, but it is one which Mr. H. G. Wells may be trusted to treat with originality and insight. And indeed the ascent of Rowland Palace, as the result of the publication of an unpalatable photograph and with the assistance of the egregious publicity agent, Mr. Immanuel Cloote, "from his status of a highbrow favourite percolating slowly into the general realm of intellectually snobbish bookbuyers to a writer of world-wide fame, influence and distinction, a Great Writer," is a very promising comic invention. Unfortunately, however, it is on Rowland's wife, Brynhild (METHUEN, 7/6), that we are asked to focus the best of our attention; and this young lady, whom we are told is a Quiet Lovely (whatever that may be), is afflicted with that inexhaustible internal garrulity which has always been the danger and too often the disaster of Mr. Wells's characters. One could have done with a good deal more of Mr. Cloote and his contrivances, and a good deal less of Brynhild's rather incoherent ruminations on life and herself and Rowland and Rowland's rival, the very improbable Bunter, whom it is Mr. Cloote's business to crush and Brynhild's to console. There are certainly some entertaining scenes in this book-particularly of that "high life" which its author is so expert in describing-but, pace the publishers, it is hardly to be compared with those earlier comedies which are perhaps Mr. Wells's most unassailable passport to immortality.

#### Constable Restored

It is perhaps a pity that enthusiasm for Leslie's classic, Memoirs of the Life of John Constable, R.A. (Medici Society, 35/-) should have produced a sumptuous, scholarly and admirably illustrated reprint instead of a new Life founded



<sup>&</sup>quot;Now that is a snap we took of the Plaza del Marquintino."

<sup>&</sup>quot;ISN'T IT SPLENDID OF WINNIE?"

on the old one, for the Hon. ANDREW SHIRLEY—already known for his work on the Lucas mezzotints-would have written the new Life so well. As it is he has contributed an excellent introductory essay, distinguishing the modern outlook which sees Constable as symptomatic of his age from the contemporary which found him freakish: tracing his technical pedigree and progress-with a nice appreciation of the influence of GAINSBOROUGH and GIR-TIN; discussing his posthumous prestige—especially of course in France, and conceding to the collector a glance at the sources of spurious Constables, with hints for their detection. Having done all this in a pleasant fashion of his own, he reprints LESLIE'S text, with unbowdlerised versions of the letters, accompanied by indented paragraphs of correction, addition and comment. His eight-score illustrations are not only triumphs of reproduction but exhibit a generous impartiality between subjects drawn "for delight" and those worked up in the studio to impress and allure the patron.

#### Pugilist for Peace

The late Brigadier-General F. P. CROZIER was driven not once only but many times to use a revolver against his own men in order to stamp down a rising panic. Such ruthlessness at a crisis he held to be the duty of a leader, and for his action he was ready to give account. None the less he declared passionately that all killing is folly, that war to-day must be a futile massacre of non-combatants and that there is no real defence available to any nation but conciliation. These two trains of thought which go to make up the much-discussed book published shortly before his death-The Men I Killed (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 8/6)—are jumbled together with so regrettably little connection or coherence that its pages are illuminated with finely blazing anger rather than

with consistent argument. The writer was equally impatient with heads of the War Office, whom he believed to be preparing for war as it was fought in 1914, and with dignitaries of the Church of England, whom he supposed to sanction promiscuous reprisals in the name of defence, and there are few statesmen or politicians who did not come under his fire. The best thing about this book is the conviction it conveys that here was another soldier of repute resolute to throw his weight against the drift towards war.

#### **Bribery and Corruption**

It was the considered opinion of Lady Margaret Dare, the elderly and obstinate châtelaine of Carrickduv Castle, on the west coast of Ireland, that there wasn't as much law in her distressful country as would sod a lark. A singular expression, but even the merest Anglo-Saxon may be





"TEACH YEER GRAN'MITHER," ETC.

Englishman (to Highland Friend, who is on a visit South, and "fir-ret acquaint" with Asparagus). "Mac! Mac!"—(in a whisper)—"YOU'RE EATING IT AT THE WRONG END!"

Mac (who is not for learning anything from a "gowk of a Sazon"). "AH, BUT YE DINNA KEN, MAN, AH PR-BUFFUR-R-R'T!!"

Charles Keene, September 25th, 1886.

justified in concluding from this that the lady had a certain contempt for legal process in the Irish Free State. If she had not, she would hardly have suggested the means she did to stop Peter O'Farrelly from catching mullet in the creek that lapped the very walls of her castle. But suggest them she did, and to her niece, Daphne, who was a young lady of spirit and more than a little ingenuity. In fact, it was Daphne who led the war into the enemy's country, and she again who contrived to save the day when Peter brought his action for damages into court, so thoroughly "queering his pitch" before Judge Morrissy that the case was summarily dismissed as frivolous and vexatious. How this was managed, in spite of Lady Margaret's obstinacy, and how Peter was surprisingly more than satisfied with the verdict, and how the young solicitor in charge of the case became readily convinced that Daphne was the ideal wife for a lawyer, may be read and should be read in Daphne's Fishing

(METHUEN, 7/6). It is by the author who uses the well-known name of GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM, which is to say that it is a thoroughly competent piece of work, full of Irish wit and happy-go-lucky Irish characters, with no more material than would furnish a short story in the hands of most of us. But BIRMINGHAM fans will not mind that.

#### A Lucky Bag

Mr. E. V. Lucas has collected some twenty-eight essays and sketches in All of a Piece (METHUEN, 6/-), and the name is the only unsatisfactory thing about the book, which is really a literary lucky-bag with such varied contents that you can dip into it twenty-eight times and find something quite different on each occasion. He writes, among other things, of Dutch pictures—and how well no one now needs telling—of travel by canal in Sweden, of "Odd Names," of "Dorcas," a most possessive cat, of the inventors of famous dishes and the writers of famous verses. His infinite variety,

his flair for out-of-the-way and interesting knowledge and his relish for it, with the happy knack he has of making his readers his friends, ensure the success of the book. Mr. Punch may perhaps be forgiven if he confesses to finding "George du Maurier at Thirty-Three" the most charming thing in a charming book: Mr. Lucas has printed, and annotated, in it a large part of a diary kept by the author-artist, and it bristles with the names of many of Mr. Punch's earliest and dearest friends.

#### Men and Metal

Commander Russell Gren-Fell was until recently an instructor at the Naval Staff College at Greenwich, and in this book. The Art of the

this book, The Art of the Admiral (FABER, 12/6), he shows his qualifications for his job. It is a work for lay, Army and Air Force as well as Naval readers, and is written without bias or prejudice. His conclusions in reference to the next war (which is of course "unthinkable" but occupies our minds so much) are roughly: Attack from the air on our Mediterranean route means that England and South Africa should now be consulting over the provision of a strong base at the Cape; the real capital ship of the future is the small cruiser or large destroyer, and that in the late War the Admiralty thought too much of the safety of the Grand Fleet and forgot that wars are not won unless damage is risked. It is curious to read that we must take it for granted that submarines and aircraft will throw over International Law. From recent incidents we know that this will happen. Yet, in 1922, at Washington, it was agreed that submarines were never to act as U-boats did in the War; on the other hand, aircraft are allowed to sink merchantmen without attempting to save life. A most instructive book.

#### All Sorts and Conditions

In Under Capricorn (Heinemann, 7/6) Miss Helen Simpson has written a curious and, in places, sinister story of life in Sydney during the year 1831, when the new Governor brought with him a young Irish relative who was in search of fun and fortune. During his quest this young man made friends with a transported man and his wife (the daughter of an Irish aristocrat) who had taken to drink. Most writers would have sentimentalised the tale of Adare's fight against the evil genies of the spirit-bottles and his war with their supplier, but Miss Simpson never allowed him to become too heroic a hero, even though he rescued a girl from a fire and nearly died in his search for gold. She introduces us to many strange characters—among them a most terrible example of a servant when she reigneth, and the daughter of an ex-hangman who finally routed her. This may not be quite Miss Simpson's best novel, but it is skilful, readable and written by one who knows Australia.

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"YER CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME, LADY."

"OH, YES, I CAN; IT'S A WATER-PISTOL."

#### Real Estate

No one could have worked more industriously than Superintendent Bell to defeat Clunk's Claimant (GOLLANCE, 7/6), but his efforts were not as successful as he intended them to be, for although the bogus claimants to a share in an extensive property were soundly defeated, the attempt of the Superintendent to lay a peculiarly sanctimonious and loathsome lawyer by the heels ended in failure. Mr. H. C. BAILEY is merciless in his portrait of Joshua Clunk, who might, however, have been more credible if he had not possessed such a complete equipment of vices. Mr. Fortune makes only a very brief appearance in a story in which the characterisation is

of varying merit. For instance, a young woman with whom the unsuccessful claimant falls in love is as vague and shadowy as Superintendent Bell is solid and real.

## A Double Event

Mr. R. Austin Freeman puts the first part of his neatly-constructed story, Felo de Se? (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6), into the mouth of an amiable bank cashier who prepares the way for the appearance of that skilful "medicolegal adviser," Dr. Thorndyke. Then Christopher Jervis continues the tale and acquits himself well, although those who are not whole-hearted admirers of Thorndyke may think that Jervis is at times a shade too cringing. There, however, any tendency to grumble ceases. Thorndyke, as is his wont, gets solidly down to work over an intricate and well-devised mystery, and by leaving no stone unturned nor carpet undusted, succeeds in exposing a ruthless and mercenary criminal. 1937 may not be a vintage year for Thorndyke novels, but it is by no means a poor one.

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#### Charivaria

NEWSPAPERS recently published the story of a West-End taxi-driver who took a party of Colonial visitors to John o' Groats and back. The unusual feature of the affair is that they had asked to go round that way.

"If you forget to put a pan of water in the oven your cakes might burn," says a home hint. But not if you forget to put the cakes in.



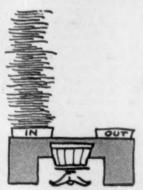
A laundry announces that the price for washing serviettes will in future be three-halfpence instead of a penny. Table-napkins will remain unchanged at twopence.

"The blue serge suit is almost indispensable to the well-dressed City man," runs a sartorial note. A shiny qua non, of course.

"Quite a number of people are to be found who worry about nothing at all," observes a psychologist. Especially if it happens to be in the bank.

It is suggested that districts in Palestine should be given English names. For a northern suburb of Jerusalem perhaps Golders Green might be considered appropriate.

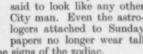
We read that a recent innovation is to have a wireless loud-speaker suspended from the ceiling. It is thought that this will find favour among highbrows who like the programmes to be a little above the listeners' heads.



The theme of a new novel is the mysterious disappearance of a Whitehall official. We gather that anxiety was first felt when it was discovered that his office had not been slept in.

The modern journalist is said to look like any other City man. Even the astrologers attached to Sunday papers no longer wear tall

conical hats trimmed with the signs of the zodiac.



"As soon as I got into tin, I realised how fatal it was," an investor told a magistrate last week. Many sardines will agree with him.

"BOOM IN PORTABLE SETS SURPRISES SALESMEN AT RADIOLYMPIA. Evening Standard. Have they tried regulating the volume?

A lighted firework was thrown on to the field during a football match at Cambridge. The referee sternly ordered it to go off.



"Some Town Councils are making straight go-ahead attempts to solve the traffic

problem," observes a writer in a motoring journal. Others are adopting roundabout methods.

A new species of silkworm has red and vellow markings. The little fellows are being trained to spin M.C.C. ties.

"What can one make of the type of insufferable youth who claims never to be in the wrong?" queries a reader. Only a newspaper columnist, we fear.

"Italy's second 35,000-tons battleship, the Littorio, was launched at Geneva yesterday in the presence of the King and Queen and several members of the Government."—Daily Paper,

It is hoped in this way to secure the League's recognition of the existence of the Italian Navy.

> "What could be more irritating than men talking shop?" asks a housewife. Only women talking shopping.

A crystal-gazer recently told a plain-clothes policeman that he would meet royalty. It was the clairvoyant, however, who was presented at court.

#### That Will Doodle

[By Mr. Punch's own Doodle Expert, who is proud, or perhaps just boastful, to admit that he learnt all he knows of the subject from The Evening Standard.]

THE first doodle shown here (Fig. 1) was sent in by an



Fig. 1

anonymous correspondent. Here is my analysis of the doodler's character:

Has a deep regard for a man named Mr. Woozle, whose eye (the left eye, unless a mirror is involved) this doodler feels to be on him all the time. Defers in every way to this Mr. Woozle. (It will probably be found that Mr. Woozle's telephone-number is gorgonzola 3571. Just part of our service.) Is interested in either music, golf or those wire things that hold celluloid balls in fair sideshows (see left of doodle). Thinks often either of the sea (waves) or of the scalloped edges of Continental café awnings. You could probably find out which if you asked Mr. Woozle. A tendency to levity.

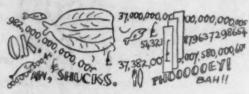


Fig. 2

The doodle reproduced in Fig. 2 came in from a professional backer of horses. I could of course have discovered this from the doodle, but there is no need. My analysis is:-

Interested in money and/or figures. Passion for exactitude (look at that five on the end of the thirty-seven thousand million million million). Either likes fish, likes to fish, dislikes fish, dislikes to fish, or likes or dislikes or knows or wishes he knew a person named Fish, Herring, Kipper, Bloater, Bone, Knife, Fork, Plate, Sauce, Tail, Head, Behead or kindred topics. Backs horses, losing from time to time. Gets dissatisfied with things.





Fig. 4

Fig. 3 also was sent in by an anonymous correspondent, but I conclude that it is from someone who either likes or dislikes drinking through straws or sticks of macaroni or whatever those things are. Unless there has been collaboration over this doodle-such things are not unknownthe person in question is probably either a man wishing to grow a moustache, or a man who once had a moustache and shaved it off, or a barber who is either tired of or takes pleasure in attending to moustaches, or a woman who wishes a particular man (the big stupid) would shave off or grow a moustache, or an artificial-whiskers manufacturer trying out his new season's designs.

Fig. 4 is a very interesting entry. The unskilled analyst might fall into the error of thinking it was done by an explorer, but there are certain infallible signs which tell me that this is not so, notably the accompanying letter, in which the doodler concerned says he was never out of England. This doodle shows inability to decide where to go or if that is the right place, anyway. The doodler will go on a long journey and meet a dark man, and should beware of a fair woman. One-and-six, please. Fred! Someone's been handling this crystal with jammy fingers.

We now come-or maybe I do by myself-to Fig. 5.



This was sent in by a schoolmaster of Limpopo Fields, London, N.W.

This is definitely the doodle of a man either impatient or incapable of accuracy. Either this doodler teaches mathematics and is sick of it, or he does not, for good reasons. "PIE" means either "pie" or 1 14159 recurring, indicating that the doodler is either interested in mathematics or fond of pie. "Willesden Green and Cricklewood," being the first stop of a train from Baker Street to Uxbridge, indicates that-Oh, well, you should have got the hang of it yourself now. Send me your addresses and I'll doodle as much for you some time.

#### News From Down Under

"During his cross-examination of Walsh, Mr. Shand read the fellowing extract from a report by Sergeant J. F. Sweeney on Miller's conduct at Nyngan:

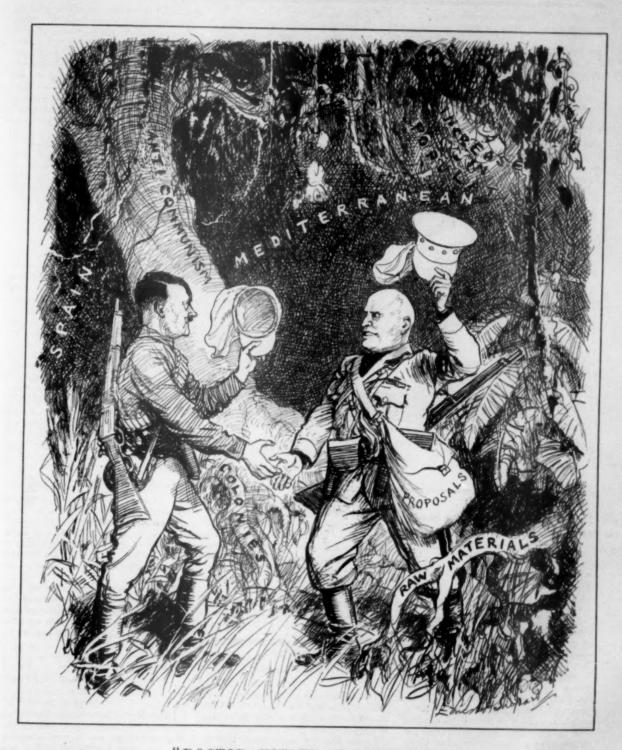
'I have no knowledge of Constable Miller, therefore have had no opportunity of forming any opinion as to his demeanor or state of mind prior to the 22nd December, 1936, but as a result of a survey of his actions subsequent to that date at Nyngan, and the circum stances under which he went there, is suggestive of having been conspired from an ulterior motive point of view. His whole conduct could not be construed to mean or suggest the outcome of any duress which he may endeavour to influence has been endured by him, and being regarded as far back as the year 1928, as a resource-ful and vain person and a prevaricator of the truth, he has seized the opportunity particularly at a time when his forced loss of memory would receive all the notoriety desired, per medium of the newspapers, and it is quite apparent now that whatever were the guiding influences prior to him leaving Sydney for Trewiga, and the short duration of time after arriving at Nyagan and regaining the short duration of time after arriving at Nyngan, and regaining his known and true mental faculties, and in a manner which it is established beyond doubt he did, it is most difficult to comprehend Sydney Paper.

"Mussolini is going to Germany for a Romano-German triumph

—his horse has already started, according to report.

The going is not too good. For the Roman Dictator has already taken a toss in the Mediterranean."—Daily Express.

His horse must have started before he was ready.



"DOCTOR HITLER, I PRESUME"



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

A TENDENCY TO LEARN THE PIANO WHEN YOUNG

## Select Documents for the Study of Life and Manners in New York City in the Twentieth Century

L-The Pyke Letters

#### FOREWORD

The following are the much-discussed letters I found among the effects of my uncle, Alexander Pyke, shortly after his departure from normal life. Mr. Pyke was a writer of the species known as pulp-man, and made his living by concocting tales of low intellectual content for the more proletarian magazines. These letters, rich in sidelights on New York musical and literary life, were preserved for posterity by my uncle's fortunate habit of keeping a copy of every letter he wrote. I found them in his file under "B." This can only have been an

oversight, as they were addressed to a man named Gazzler.

The reader may at first be puzzled, as was I, by the fact that some of the letters are signed by names other than Mr. Pyke's. As, however, the copies are in his own handwriting there can be little doubt that he himself wrote them.

I have given the letters the title by which they are known in American literary circles—

# LETTERS TO A NEIGHBOURING SAXOPHONE

From the pen of Alexander L. Pyke August 10, 1937.

DEAR SIR,—As an old country boy, I can understand and sympathise with the exquisite sentiment that leads you to keep a cow in your apartment.

I can likewise understand that it must grieve you that she is so sickly. Familiar as I am with the robust tones of the cow in health, I have no hesitation in assuring you that yours is suffering from severe asthma.

The infallible cure for this is removal to the country. Be merciful! Take her there at once, or shortly expect a visit from the inspectors of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

May I conclude by reminding you that a benevolent Department of Health has seen fit to safeguard the delicate physique of the cow by proscribing the maintenance of cows within the City limits?

Believe me, Sir,
Very truly yours,
ALEXANDER LEOPOLD PYKE.

August 12, 1937.
Dear Sir,—As you can hardly be aware, the sounds produced by the

unaware, the sounds produced by the Alto Saxophone are beyond comparison the most loathsome within the range of the human ear.

This statement, however, holds only

so long as the saxophone is playing a tune. When it plays do-mi-do-mi-do-mi, do-Do-do or doodle-doodle oodle-oodle for hours on end, language is impotent. Such aural fetor cannot be described by any combination of words in any tongue.

If ever a poison sound is developed for use in war its basis will be the Alto Saxophone. Possibly you are now engaged in researches along this line.

Much as I admire the martyrdom you impose upon yourself each afternoon, I should prefer not to share it. Kindly close your windows in the future.

Very truly yours, ALEXANDER L. PYKE.

August 13, 1937.

SIR,—Here I am vainly trying to do the most exacting sort of mental work and there you are tooting that detestable instrument of yours. You might as well be in the room with me.

Do you never stop? Must you do this every afternoon of your already outrageously protracted life?

And to what purpose? Frankly, You Are Lousy. I have heard the saxophone played so that while it still made the most disagreeable of noises, one knew that it was being played well. This is not true of you. No. Your handling of the disgusting object shows you as devoid of talent as your choice of instrument reveals you deficient in all decent human feelings.

No musician with money to pay in salaries would hire you, and the saxophone as a solo instrument is almost invariably fatal. Give it up before your youth has slipped away! Get into some other line while there is still time. Opportunity is everywhere. Only this morning the butcher on the corner had a sign out, "Boy Wanted."

ALEXANDER PYKE.

August 15, 1937.

DEAR SIR,—I am sailing for Sydney, Australia, in fifteen minutes and my alto sax man has disappeared.

A friend recommends you, and I am begging you to help me out. Please grab the next boat to Sydney. We have an eight months' engagement at the Hotel Colombo there.

The salary is \$125 per week, but if your work is satisfactory I shall be glad to make it more substantial. I implore you to come if you possibly can

Very sincerely yours, A. L. PRIOR. (Leader, "The Serenaders.") August 18, 1937.

DEAR SIE,—My old friend Panchra Das visited me this afternoon. Mr. Das recently embraced the faith of Powchool, a quaint sect whose chief tenet is that if a man swim the Malay Straits, eat a bushel of broken glass, strangle a tiger with his bare hands, and cut the throat of a bazool-player, he will be transported straight to paradise and the company of one-hundred-and-thirty-six houris of surpassing beauty.

Mr. Das has accomplished all these things except the slitting of a bazool-player's weasand. It seems that for reasons having something to do with the depression, the cult of Powchool has been growing by leaps and bounds lately, and the supply of bazool-players is exhausted, the last known one having been used up several months ago.

My friend was naturally very melancholy about this, and I was doing my best to cheer him up when you started playing your saxophone. Panchra Das immediately leaped from his chair with every appearance of extreme delight and made for the long keen knife he had parked in my umbrella-stand. I was able to restrain him only long enough to learn that your saxophone sounded precisely like a bazool, which is a sort of Asiatic wind-instrument. I did my best to explain that a saxophone is not a bazool, but he bounded out of the door exclaiming, "Noot ara mani, noot aranah pani!" which is a

Paligali proverb meaning "If it doesn't do any good, at least it can't do any harm."

So if you notice an ugly little brown man with a knife on your fire-escape, I should advise you to pull down your shades.

Yours truly,
ALEXANDER PYKE.

August 19, 1937.

DEAB BUDDY, The Boss dont like your tootin see. He says take you for a ride but we say your a young felow so give you anyhow one chance to clear out so he says all right. So you better scram outs town.

AL THE PUNK.

August 20, 1937.

SIR,—If you do not stop that foul noise I am coming over to your apartment and I will stuff you inside your unspeakable horn.

A. L. PYKE.

August 21, 1937.

Dear Sir,—I don't know why I write about my pets did you ever see a dog that went dog that went that went toodle - loodle - doodle - loodle - loodle - loodle bike toodle like oodle bike toodle Pyke toodle - To-morrow night I go toodle I go oodle I go on my broom toodle do-po-do. . . . .



"AND LASTLY, NEVER DISPUTE THE UMPIRE UNLESS YOU THINK HE'S WRONG."

# The Five Nations; or, Who Were They?

"THERE were five spoilt papers."
I found this part of the story in one paper only. Maybe there were orders to keep the thing dark. I should not

wonder.

The occasion was the League of Nations' ballot at Geneva concerning "the re-election of Spain to a non-permanent seat on the Council." Poor little Spain, you may remember, failed to secure non-permanent re-election. There were twenty-three "Ayes" and twenty-four "Nees." Total poll, forty-seven.

But there are fifty-two nations on the register, and there were fifty-two delegates. What happened to the other five nations? Did they weakly abstain? Were they in the bar or smoking-room? No. They spoiled their

Perhaps, Bobby, you do not know what that means. If there are two candidates and you put a X against

both of them, thus-

PERKINS )
JONES )

you spoil your paper. Or if you fortify your vote with little messages of encouragement or endearment, thus-

PERKINS X Good ole Perky!

Jones

or antagonism, thus-

PERKINS X
JONES Not much! How's yer father?

though this has always seemed to me to be a harsh reason for disqualification, for the intention of the voter is

perfectly clear.

There are other ways of spoiling papers. Some electors draw pictures of the candidates: others, to ensure the secrecy of the ballot, add their name and address: others do sums or play noughts-and-crosses on the papers. Even Masters of Arts have been known to fill in their University forms incorrectly, though they can vote in the privacy of their studies and are not flustered by the public polling-booth.

But as a rule these clumsy things are done by the unenlightened and the poor. We who have floundered through the passport application-form or gone grey in public telephone-call-boxes may commiserate, but we must condemn. For it is now perhaps the principal mark of a good citizen and educated person that he is able, after a study of the directions, to understand what all officials want him to do, and

put his name, his cross or his money in the place desired.

This brings us to the really troublous questions: Which are the five illiterate nations at Geneva? And what exactly did they do?

The question put to the voting nations was not, after all, very complex. The question was: "Shall Spain be elected or not?" And a single "Yes" or "No" (or cross), I presume, was all that was required. Those of us who have to choose five out of ten candidates for the Borough Council (not one of whom have we ever heard of before) could face such a task without much fear.

Yet five of the nations failed. FIVE! Five out of fifty-two. Ten per cent. of the civilized world.

What, I repeat, did they do? Did Guatemala draw rude pictures on her paper? Did Bolivia say just what she thought about Madrid? Did Uruguay give her name and address? Was Peru so carried away by her cross that she added a nought or two? Were there any limericks? Probably we shall never know; and perhaps it is as welf.

But surely we should know who it was—were; for now the suspicion of illiteracy, of incapacity in the presence of a form, hangs like a cloud over all the fifty-two enlightened (as we supposed) nations who assemble at Geneva. The democratic nations, mark you. Not the horrid dictators, for they were not there. It cannot have been Italy, Germany, Japan or—America: nor even poor old Abyssinia.

For all we know, one of the five may have been Great Britain!

Great Britain, we know, has been overworked and worried lately. She may well have had a fit of absence of mind and written in that little space "4 away," or "Arsenal 2," or "Ten bob each way Mother's Darling." Who could blame her? But we ought to know.

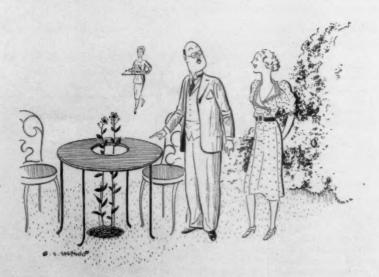
Indeed I foresee some pretty Questions when Parliament meets again:—

To ask the Foreign Secretary what exactly Great Britain wrote on her voting-paper upon the occasion of Spain's candidature for a seat on the Council?

Or,

To ask the Prime Minister whether His Britannic Majesty's Government knows any limericks: and, if so, which of these, etc., etc.

The ballot is secret, I know; but the vote is concealed only from the other voters, not from the voter himself. For if a voter is not to know how he votes the whole system must



"YOU SEE, MY DEAR, I WAS LOOKING AHEAD WHEN I PLANTED THOSE PLOWERS IN THE LAWN,"



"I WONDER IF THEY 'D HAVE A BOOM."

become a mockery. Great Britain is entitled to know what mistakes she made, what naughty pictures she drew, so that she may do better next time.

And another hypothesis has been whispered to me, so dark and dreadful that I can scarcely bring myself to write about it.

The hypothesis is that these papers were spoiled not by accident but deliberately.

You see the foul suggestion? The nations, according to *The Times*, were called upon by the Chairman "to come forward and drop their votes into the box."

So that everybody would know if any nation abstained from voting; and I gather that every nation was a-goggle on this occasion. This, by the way, does not seem to me to be a very secret sort of ballot. If people are not to know how you vote, why should they know whether you vote or not?

And this, my horrible friends are hinting, is the thought that occurred to the five nations. Rather than be detected abstaining they solemnly filled in their voting-papers (but added limericks, pictures or abusive remarks), solemnly marched up to the table and solemnly dropped in the box their spoiled and ineffectual papers. In other words, before the watching world, they acted a lie!

Well, really! Is this what we send young nations to Geneva for?

Some may find it hard to decide which of the two explanations is the more revolting to a decent "world minded" fellow. Myself, I have no doubt. I am much more shocked when I think that Great Britain may have done doodles round the word "Spain" on purpose than when I imagine her drawing rude pictures by accident.

There is only one congenial solution to the problem. Great Britain may have done this thing, not in a stupor and not in low cunning, but nobly, from principle, as is her way. She is, after all, the prime apostle of non-intervention: and perhaps, in strict conformity with her declared policy.

she took her voting-paper and wrote

SPAIN C

At all events, we ought to know.

P.S.—I see that there are now more vacancies on the Council of the League of Nations than there are candidates. Could not the two leaf-eared mice from the Lost World be induced to stand?

A. P. H.

# Pondering

If I took off my braces, my braces, my braces, If I took off my braces They would be braces still;

Then I should have my trousers suspended, suspended,

Then I should have my trousers Suspended by the will.



WE CAN REMEMBER THE LONDON PARES WHEN THERE WERE NO LITTLE-BASKETS AT ALL—



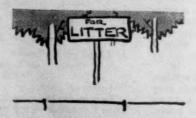
THEN THIS SORT OF THING APPEARED-



TO BE FOLLOWED BY THIS-



AND NOW, WE NOTICE, BY THIS-



SO THAT PRESUMABLY SOONER OR LATER WE SHALL VIRTUALLY GBT BACK WHERE WE STARTED.

# Great Figures in Sport

I am constantly being heartened by good news about the increasing popularity of our national sports and pastimes. Only last week two news-items caught my eye, the one dealing with Badminton, the other with Ping—I beg your pardon, that must have been the shop-bell—with Table-Tennis. An official of the Badminton Association of England, speaking, so far as I know, in full uniform, stated that there are 1,200 clubs affiliated to the Association and probably ten clubs for every one so affiliated—which means a total of 13,200 clubs in this country alone. Adding 1,000 clubs for Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and taking the average membership, as shown by the last census, as 35–36 per club, one reaches a figure of about 500,000 Badminton players in all. Half-a-million devotees of the clusive shuttlecock in the United Kingdom! The mind reels.

Think how long they would take to file past the Albert Memorial!

I wish I could remember just how many Ping—dear me, how busy we are to-day!—Table-Tennis players there are, but I know it is easily another 500,000, or say half-a-million in round numbers. Now what does this mean? It means that one million of our island people are members of either a Table Tennis or a Badminton Club—a fact which no politician can afford to ignore. The Shuttlecock Election of 1940—already one seems to see the phrase in the history-books of to-morrow. It is probably not too much to say that the Government which puts a tax on these pretty little missiles is doomed.

Let us look at the figures from another angle. Here are 500,000 Table-Tennis players, going to their clubs surely at least twice a week and playing—what shall we say?—five games each per visit. Now, assuming that in good Table-Tennis Circles they call for a new ball at the end of every other game (and you know how the things get stepped on, wedged behind the grandfather clock and so on), that gives us a total of five new balls per person a week, or  $5\times250,000\times52$  a year. I hope that 250,000 doesn't worry you at all. You see, each new ball does for two people really, so we have to divide the number of players in half to arrive at the correct figure. The whole point of the game is that one only plays with one ball at a time.

Sixty-five million table-tennis balls a year! Enough to float a gold-mine. It may perhaps help the mind to grasp the immensity of this number of balls if we try to put them all into St. Paul's Cathedral. Will they go in—taking the Dean's permission for granted? Every mathematician has to make certain assumptions.

Not having a table-tennis ball by me (as a family we lean towards Badminton), I make so bold as to estimate its diameter at 1". Now, as every wolf-cub knows, the volume of a sphere is  $\frac{4}{3}\pi r^3$ , so that if vpp is the volume of a table-tennis ball

$$vpp = \frac{4}{3} \cdot \frac{22}{7} \cdot \frac{1}{8}$$
 cu. inches

taking  $\pi$  at a rough, even rude, approximation, to equal  $\P$ . To get the volume of sixty-five million balls you simply multiply by 65,000,000. Now what is the result in cubic vards?

Stand right back, please. We shall need plenty of air for this

$$Vpp = \frac{4 \times 22 \times 65000000}{3 \times 7 \times 8 \times 12 \times 12 \times 12 \times 3 \times 3 \times 3}$$
 eu. yards.

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to



"DEAR ME! I'M TWO SPARROWS SHORT TO-DAY."

Cancelling out, we get—well, look here, suppose we say  $\pi=3$ , and it isn't so frightfully far off, we arrive at the simple sum

$$Vpp = \frac{65000000}{2 \times 1728 \times 27}$$
 cu. yards.

Working that out on the blotting-paper we find the result to be as near as doesn't matter 700 cubic yards.

Isn't it perfectly sickening to realise at this stage that we don't know the interior dimensions of St. Paul's?

Never mind. There may be another way. Taking the cube root of 700 by inspection (this is quite like old times), we are forced to the conclusion that the whole sixty-five million would go into a box measuring a miserable nine yards by nine by nine. One needs to know very little about St. Paul's to realise that a ten years' supply of Ping—see who it is, Elsie—Table-Tennis balls could be emptied into the crypt with ease and nobody be any the wiser.

I must say it looks as if the game had got a long way to go yet before it becomes a National Menace.

Looking back over the calculations we have been engaged upon I see that there is a flaw in the reasoning. We haven't made any allowance for the air-spaces between the balls. I mean, when they are all packed up together they are bound to take up a good deal more room than the actual sum of their cubic capacities. They have, so to speak,

a tangential relationship each to each. What then would be the actual size of the box needed to hold them all without squashing?

You must ask your Arithmetic Master about that, boys. I am rather busy just now working out the total length of gut used in the rackets of all the members of clubs affiliated to the Badminton Association.

H. F. E.

#### The Footman

THERE is no wind over the roofs to-day;
In Kynance Mews a fire is burning;
Straight, straight hangs the smoke on the air
Like the limp grey strands of an old woman's hair.
Another year is turning,
And when the wind blows the leaves will whirl away.

I see the first one spin from threads of twigs
And down the street obsequiously go glancing.
This is the footman sent ahead,
Soft-stepping, smug, and breeched in red,
To clear the floor for dancing
And set a pace for the minuets and jigs.

O. D.

# The Caraways on the Modern Age

"Doing anything after dinner?" Stephen Caraway asked his brother. Christopher shook his head.

"Then come to the local flick-house. They've got that SPENCER TRACY film we wanted to see."

"All right," said Christopher.

Their father got out of his armchair and switched off the wireless, which had been thumping out some rather disorderly dance-music.

disorderly dance-music.

"There," said Mr. Caraway, standing in front of the mantelpiece, "you have the modern generation. Doing anything? No. Therefore, cinema. That is just the attitude—"

"Father, please! Not the Going to the Dogs theme before dinner! You know it'll last right through the meal,

"That is the attitude, Stephen, which is breeding a race of half-witted drug-addicts—"

"Do attitudes breed?" said Christopher doubtfully. "Probably not. Could one by itself, anyway? Next week: 'Can Points of View form a Basis?'"

"Do you honestly think," said his father, "that going to the cinema is doing something?"

"Certainly it is," replied Stephen.
"Just as much as sitting around on horse-hair sofas making scrap-books, or however it was you amused yourself."

"Yes, Father, what did you do when you weren't doing anything?"

At this point they went in to dinner, where the argument got well under way. Mrs. Caraway was most thankful for it, because this had been one of Cook's days, and on such occasions there was nothing like a good argument to make dinner go smoothly.

"And why," Christopher was saying
—"why is seeing a film supposed to be
more degenerate than reading a book?
Answer: Because the average film, you
say is treath But—""

say, is trash. But—"
"Is this fish properly dead yet?"
said Stephen, looking closely at his
plate. "He seems to be swimming
fairly well in this ocean of grease."

Mrs. Caraway shot an anxious glance at the service lift. When it was up conversation in the dining-room could be heard quite plainly in the kitchen below. It was up.

"But, Christopher," she said hurriedly, "what Father means is that you come to rely on the cinema instead of

"Instead of on what?" Christopher broke in indignantly. "Instead of on our brains, I suppose? Well, I like that. When we stay in some half-civilised village in the holidays and it rains we always manage to amuse ourselves without much difficulty. So we can use our brains."

"Mother, look at this fish. Add a couple of rocks with limpets and you've got an aquarium."

"I'll speak to her," said Mrs. Caraway in a nervous undertone.

"And what's more," added Stephen,
"I shall follow the advice offered in an aquarium."

"What's that?"

"Do not touch," said Stephen, pushing his plate away.



OCTOBER THE FIRST

"WAS THAT A MOTOR-BIKE OR A GENT"

"How often have you been to the cinema, anyway?" demanded Christopher. "About ten times at the most. You insisted on seeing the Coronation film—"

"And the film we saw with it!" said Mrs. Caraway. "Really, it was terribly silly. Some rubbish about a girl who——"

"Yes, but, Mother, of course some films are bad—a lot of them are. So are a lot of books. You might as well condemn the whole of English literature after reading a shelf-load of books in a boarding-house."

"The cinema is often a bad influence, Christopher," said Mr. Caraway. "You can't get away from that."

"You can't get away from that."
"Why, it's impossible to get a maid nowadays," said Mrs. Caraway. "They all want to be something superior."

all want to be something superior."
"My God, this is rich!" exploded
Christopher. "Do you mean to say
you'd blame someone for wanting to
do a less disgusting job than dishwashing?"

"When I was young they were quite content to go into service," said Mrs. Caraway. "And they were none the worse for it either."

"To think," groaned Christopher, "that in thirty years' time I shall probably be saying equally preposterous things to my children."

"If they give you a chance to speak," said Mr. Caraway bitterly.

"Why people live in families," said Stephen, "is beyond me."
The joint entered in a gloomy silence



"NATURALLY I WORK BETTER TO A SHANTY."

which lasted until the maid had withdrawn.

"Has Cook heard," said Mr. Caraway ponderously, "of a method of cooking meat which prevents that appearance of having recently been thrown to a pack of wolves?"

"Hear that, Cook?" said Stephen to the lift. "Comb that out of your hair."

Mrs. Caraway shushed him in agitation. "Go on talking!" she whispered. "About something else, and loud!"

"Why?"
"Because then she won't hear the sideboard jiggling about when I carve the joint—she knows that means it's tough."

"Well, so she ought to know," said Christopher. "I'll help jiggle."

"To get back to the subject," said Mr. Caraway.

"Must we?" said Christopher. "We all know how it goes. On to the speed of modern life, lipstick and nailvarnish, perhaps ribbon development. American slang, and what-have-you, Whither humanity? Progress: what does it mean?"

"Father Indicts Age," said Stephen.
"Runs Amok; Slays Two Sons,
Cook," added Christopher.

"Never mind, Father," said Stephen comfortingly, "there's little William asleep upstairs. He doesn't go to cinemas or use nail-varnish."

"And there's Laurence," said Christopher, "just at the Boy Scout age. Think of him sitting by his tent innocently frying eggs with a magnifying glass. Perhaps his childish lips utter an occasional 'O.K., Chief!' or an impatient 'Scram!' but as yet not a single ribbon has he developed, not even a..."

irl

y.

"They'll be just the same as you," said Mr. Caraway. "It's only a question of time."

"Exactly. So why try to stop the process? If only you'd realise—"

The argument lasted well. To Mrs. Caraway's delight her husband simply did not notice what he was eating. Admittedly this might mean indigestion later, but still—

"Have you ever heard of any man liking painted finger-nails?" Mr. Caraway demanded. He then took a huge angry mouthful and glared at Christopher.

topher.

"Well, of course you get used to them," said Christopher doubtfully.

"Though I admit——"

"Used to them! My dear fellow, you could get used to lips fitted with soup-plates. Don't be absurd."

"But, my dear old father," said Stephen, "you don't quite see the point of nail-varnish and so on. To



"BUT, DOCTOR, HOW CAN YOU BE SURE IT'S A PORBIGE BODY?"

most men it's a sign that a girl is trying. And most men like girls to try."

"Trying what? Good heavens! you talk like a——" He failed to find a word.

"Poor old Pop," sighed Stephen.
"Gradually swelling into a Blimp before our very eyes."

"Probably intelligent once," said Christopher. "Shouldn't wonder if he disapproved of the Boer War."

There was a silence.

"Come on, Pop, don't give up," said Stephen encouragingly. "There's lots more to come yet. Only there isn't much time on account of we got a date." He waited for the quick time fuse to work. "I won't have American shop-girls' talk here," said Mr. Caraway. "You may think it's funny. It isn't. It's just childish, idiotic——"

Mrs. Caraway breathed a sigh of relief. This might even last till after the coffee. And after one of Cook's days—well, the coffee . . .

#### Taking Her Coat Off To It

"Magnificent Blue Peruvian Chinchilla wrap. Perfect condition. Owner moving Africa."—For Sale Advt. in "Observer."

A maths master, teaching at Rye, bought his pupils a succulent s, but we're sorry to state that \$\frac{1}{2}\$, with 6=7 knows y.



"FOR YEARS MY HUSBAND'S COMPLAINED OF SPOTS

# Exercise

Though the Blue Books on Physical Fitness are fairly comprehensive, I am astonished to find that they make no mention of my own favourite exercises, which, having enabled me to reach the age of thirty with only about a footand-a-half in the grave, should certainly be widely known.

The Keyless Climb. This is an exercise in which I have indulged about once a week for many years, and one of its great advantages is that it requires no apparatus except an ordinary front-door key, which should be left in the pocket of the trousers you are not wearing. The exercise varies slightly according to the terrain, but my own plan is roughly—(a) An attempt to climb the drain-pipe leading to the open bathroom-window; (b) a smart fall into the herbaceous border; (c) the same re-peated six or seven times at choice; (d) five minutes' brisk pebble-hurling at somebody's window; (e) five minutes lusty cursing to loosen the lungs; (f) a brisk walk to the tool-shed to fetch a chisel; (g) five minutes' brisk wristexercise forcing open the kitchen

Crossing London on Foot. This exer-

cise is only suitable for those in vigorous health and in full possession of their faculties, and has the advantage of encouraging quick-wittedness as well as quick-footedness. First take a train to any Underground station and then take a compass bearing due North (or South if preferred). Each time it is necessary to cross a street (a) take a deep breath; (b) forgive your enemies; (c) try to deduce whether it is a one-way street, and, if so, which way; (d) step off pavement with the left foot, fixing the right eye firmly on the traffic lights and the left eye firmly on the alley-way down which a van will probably come backwards; (e) if you have a third eye watch out for pedestrians crossing from the other side, aircraft flying low, children on skates and Fascist processions; (f) then shut your eyes and hurl yourself blindly to the other pavement.

Using the Telephone. This is a marvellous exercise for the wrists. Ring up the least important member of the largest firm you know in the most distant city. With care you will be (a) given one wrong number by the Exchange, (b) put on to six wrong departments, (c) eventually put on to a buzzing noise that will continue until just as your friend appears Exchange disconnects you and asks if you have finished. Novices at this exercise should not spend more than thirty minutes at it at first, but as the wrist becomes stronger the time may be increased at will.

Drawer-Splaying. Buy a large old-fashioned bureau-desk with thirty-five drawers and fill each drawer with old letters, bills, receipts, hammers, nails, Christmas-cards, apples, paper-hats, recipes for home-made wine, and other bric-à-brac. Then try to find your card of invitation to the Gut-Revivers' Dinner. This is a wonderful exercise



"DON'T TROUBLE, GEORGE DEAR, I CAN MANAGE QUITE WELL WITHOUT IT."

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AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION

"PAVILLON DE L'ÉLÉGANCE MONG CHAPEAU!"

for the knees, fingers, back and lungs. First pull all the drawers out and empty the contents over the carpet, leaving the door and window open so that papers blow under armchairs, cupboards and book-cases. Then crawl round and round the room cursing and peering into dark corners until the time of the dinner is long past.

Working. This again is an exercise that must be varied according to the individual. Personally I am Something in the City, and I get splendid exercise floating round and round on a revolving chair and suddenly stopping and fixing my clients with my eye and saying that I can't possibly consider selling for less than £500, but if he cares to name a reasonable sum—say £200—I will put it in front of my Directors. Putting things in front of my Directors is splendid exercise, involving the speedy removal of the tongue from one cheek to the other.

# The Opportunist

"I BEGAN," said Mr. Wortleberry, "as a writer."

His expression was that of a man

who refers to having begun at the bottom. There was a misty look in his eyes, and it was easy to imagine him looking at the poor ignorant miserable Wortleberry of the past.

"There were six of us," he continued.
"We all decided to write and we were all confident of success."

"I wrote for twenty years," said Mr. Wortleberry, "before I began to make my fortune. The others went right ahead. Smedley forged a cheque and afterwards wrote about his prison experiences. Pimpleton changed his name and became a dance-band leader. He writes about many things to-day. His fan-mail is enormous. Peter Chivers, as you probably remember, threw a small bomb at some house in Whitehall. I forget the reason he gave at the time, but he still writes about his life in The World Weekly. Then of course there was Smith. Smith was very interesting. He didn't even change his name. He's the Smith who played for Proddleton Rovers and who was afterwards transferred at a fee amounting to some thousands to Blissington Rangers. Somebody writes very cleverly under his name in Sportsmen All. Who was the other? Oh, yes-Thompson. I haven't heard anything

of Thompson these last few years. I met him once and he looked very shabby and much older. I believe he's still trying to write."

Mr. Wortleberry regarded the blue smoke curling from the end of his cigar.

"It's a strange world," he continued at last. "It's a world of opportunity and change. There seems to be a pattern in everything. You take my life.

ern in everything. You take my life.

"I began," said Mr. Wortleberry,
"as a writer. For years I toiled, trying
every method and every subject, with
rejection-slips as my only reward. I
kept them in a box at first. There was
a great variety and I remember considering the skill with which they were
worded. There was a charm about
some of them, an old-world flavour of
chivalry and finesse. They were beautifully produced in all colours and
shapes and they exuded a strange
impersonal note which at the same
time was sincere.

"As a writer," said Mr. Wortleberry, "you have probably observed the subtle improvement in many of them. I have most of the leading papers among my clientèle. A good rejectionslip keeps the spark of hope burning, and as I compose them I am reminded of my own early days of struggle."



"BETTER NOT TIP HIM, HENRY. HE LOOKS LIKE A GENTLEMAN."

#### The Oyster Tablet

As seen at the recent Chemists' Exhibition

I LOOK on chemists as a race
As rich in intellect and brainy;
They have a look about the face
That tells you that the man's no zany;
They're always up to something new
And seem to put it over, too.

And yet, while new inventions swarm
With comfort to the ailing shopper,
It is perhaps the tablet form
That always gets him fair and proper;
However vile the natural drug
He'll get it down, and pull no mug.

But, nimble though they are and keen
Thus to console their suffering neighbours.
They have not slept, and there is e'en
A nobler product of their labours
The facts whereof I now make clear;
Ho, you that eat the oyster, hear.

Him they have taken from his gape
And, dampish though he be and slippy.
Reduced e'en him to tablet shape
(Ingenious, not to call it nippy)

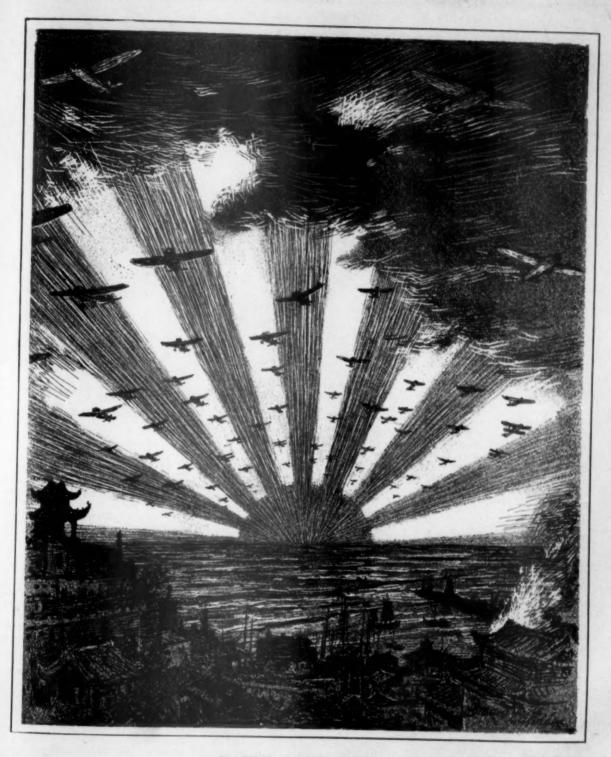
Complete, so the inventor claims, With all his vital what's-his-names.\*

A goodly feat. And mark you this:
If they can tablify the oyster
I don't see what need come amiss;
There isn't anything much moister;
They will no doubt extend this boon
To everything we tackle, soon.

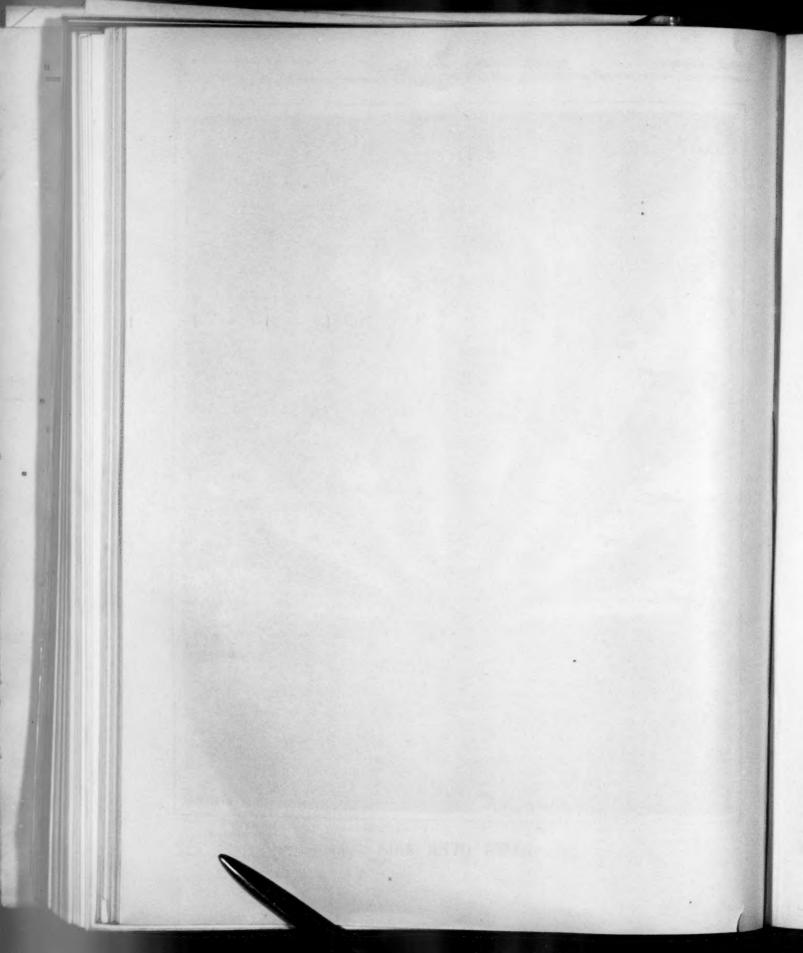
We shall no longer boil and bake;
Fish, joint and pudding, jam and savoury;
Even the complex wedding-cake,
Though lacking in its outward bravery,
All will be rendered thus and prest
In tablets both for self and guest.

Then will the bitter housewife look
No longer wan with care, but beany;
She will not seek th' elusive cook,
Nor hunt for parlour-maid or tweeny;
Who knows what joy will fill her cup
When there is no more washing-up?
Dum-Dum.

<sup>\*</sup> Vitamins. I remember now.



DAWN OVER ASIA





"WELL, WHAT CAN YOU DO?"

"HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED?"

#### Saleable Literature

I am walking down Fleet Street one day wondering who I can come down on for a Hamburger and a glass of hops, when I see getting off a bus in front of me a certain tough citizen by the name of Vicky the Vulture. Now this is a very tough person indeed, and furthermore he is the manager of my bank, and in this capacity we do not always see eye to eye over certain money transactions. So I dodge quickly around the corner of the block, hoping that he will not see me very much.

Well, when he has gone I start thinking that something will have to be done about Vicky as I have really come up to Fleet Street to replenish my coffers, and when a guy cannot even look his bank-manager in the face it seems that his coffers are going to have a pretty mean time of it on the whole. So I turn into Maudie's Milk Bar and get around to thinking what there is I can do about my bank.

I have my portfolio with me, and while the dame behind the counter is fixing me a Raspberry Froth I take a look inside of this to see what I have got

that might prove to be of any value to the publishing trade. I find that I have a long short story about a guy who comes up from Podunk, Pa., and is in dutch with the gendarmes on account of his being taken for a certain tough citizen named Benny the Beetle, whom he resembles more than somewhat. I also have three essays on philosophical subjects which have a note attached to them saying how much the editor regrets having to send them back to me; and finally I have a bunch of poems very beautifully typed on very Boul' Mich' notepaper and bound up in very Boul' Mich' green cardboard tied with red bootlace-cord at the back.

Well, I say to myself, the story must be worth thirty smackers of anyone's money around here if only I can get them to take an interest in it; and only for their being above the intelligence of the average guy I can sell the articles for five guineas apiece, and maybe the average guy is just a little smarter than I rate him anyway; and the poems I will let go at ten-and-sixpence apiece, and dirt cheap at that.

As there are twelve of these, I stand to net six guineas on that lot, which makes me half a century richer as soon as I have persuaded some guy to take an interest in my work. I figure this out on the back of an old envelope and I do not see any mistakes in it, so I finish up my Raspberry Froth and take my portfolio to the office of a certain editor that I am told is around and about in Fleet Street at the present time.

Well, as it happens the editor is not too busy to see me, and I am soon shown into his office by a dame called Miss Halibut, and I guess it is not such a bad name for her at that, not that I am given to noticing things about dames in the ordinary way until I know them a bit better.

"Good morning," this editor says to me. "I understand from my secretary that you have something of great interest there which you wish to show me."

"You have said it," I say, "and furthermore I should wish to take this opportunity of saying that I consider I am doing you a considerable favour by coming to you before I make advances to any of your competitors in this field."

And with that I dip into my portfolio and bring out the story about the guy who is in trouble with the bulls, the three articles on philosophical subjects and the twelve poems, and I show these to the editor.

Well, this person, who is obviously not a gentleman in the least, takes one peek at them and hands them back to me somewhat roughly.

"I am sorry," he says, though I do not think he means it particularly, "but these are no more use to me than Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Holborn Empire, and only for your being young and inexperienced I will have you thrown out of my office.'

"Okay," I say with dignity, "then in that case I will take my work to some of your competitors," and it is not long before I am out on the street

Well, I go to see not a few more editors, and with no exceptions they do not seem to desire to have any part of my stories, and I am beginning to think that me and Vicky the Vulture will be on unfriendly terms for longer than somewhat. But I persevere for a time, and in the end I find an editor who is not quite so fierce as his competitors, and I say to him, "What is the matter with my work so that I cannot get anybody to take an interest in it?

"Well," he says, "the trouble is that you do not seem to know enough about Life. For instance," he says, "do you

ever kill a guy?"
"No," I tell him, "certainly I do

"Well, then," he says, "do you ever rob a bank?'

"No," I say.

"Aren't you ever in jail at all?" he

"No." I tell him, "certainly I am never in jail, and I hope that I never shall be. "Then you will never succeed in

Fleet Street," says the editor sadly. "I suppose you are not even bound over a little any time?'

Not even that," I say

"Then that is the trouble," says the editor. "You see," he says, "what we want nowadays is stories about tough citizens, and unless you are at least bound over at some time it is unlikely that you will ever sell your stuff around Fleet Street nowadays; and my advice to you," he says, "is to go right out now and rob a bank or something, and then, when you have done your stretch in the snifter, you can come back and see me, and maybe I will be able to do something for you."

Well, that seems to me certainly very strange advice for a young man, so I leave this editor's office and go back to the milk bar to think it over. And it seems to me that if I am going to be a bank-robber maybe I will make more money that way than by writing stories; and anyway if I go on writing stories some other guy or myself might break into Vicky the Vulture's bank where my savings are and I shall lose the whole issue. So I throw my portfolio under a bus and walk up to the hardware store at the end of the block to see about getting myself a good cheap jemmy and maybe, if they have any, a little gelignite as well.

# Sailor's Farewell

I remember, I remember The love-light in her eye: She was a phantom of delight, A pocketful of rye.

But I must go down to the seas again, Sing no sad songs for me. I could not love thee, dear, so much Across the sands of Dee.

"They were in Venice on a day when Musso lini arrived, and saw the city en fete. Excit ment reached a very high ebb. The gondolis were all lit up, and floated down to the hotel where Mussolini was staying." Melbourne Paper.

What a pity there was no B.B.C. commentator to describe them.

#### Father Thinks It Over

"1611 was the year in which William Wentworth had bought his baronetcy. He by marrying his son to Lady Mary Clifford, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland and sister to Thomas's old schoolfellow. The wedding took place on October 22, 1911, st Lord Cumberland's seat at Londesborough in the East Riding."—Sunday Paper. decided further to advance his social por



PATER CCCLOR'S SAY ANYTHING ABOUT MY REPORT. He's JUST PAILED IN HIS DRIVING TEST.

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# Contemporaries

"I am really getting frightfully worried about my autobiography," said Pokewhistle glumly. "I shall be forty-nine on Wednesday, and up to the present I haven't been to school with anybody of importance."

with anybody of importance."
"Surely," I said, "it is a bit late to start worrying about that? Even in these days of higher education for the masses forty-nine seems rather old to start thinking of going to school."

Pokewhistle looked at me pityingly. "I'm not thinking of going to school again," he said. "I am merely beginning to lose hope that some of my old schoolfellows will do something that will lend a touch of colour to my autobiography. You know the sort of thing I mean: 'Stinker Jones and I shared a study with Tom Juniper, and I have often thought since that it would have surprised the powers-thatwere had they been able to foresee the future brilliance of that rather inky trio. Stinker Jones of course (afterwards Lord Whortleberry) was Minister for Microbes in the second National Government, and Tom Juniper was the first Englishman to swim the Tasman Sea in top-boots, which he accomplished in the same year that I got six months in the second division for arson.' "

I looked at Pokewhistle in surprise. "I didn't know you had ever been to prison," I said.

"I haven't ever been to prison," said Pokewhistle, "nor did my study-mates get into the Cabinet or swim the Tasman Sea in top-boots. That is what I am complaining about. There were five hundred boys at school with me, but when I glanced at the register the other day I couldn't find anybody at all who would be worth mentioning in my autobiography. Those who joined the army may have had field-marshals' batons in their knapsacks, but they left them there, and those who went into the Church can't scrape up a single pair of gaiters between them. Half-a-dozen managed to persuade a gullible electorate that they were qualified to sit in Parliament, and when they got there they proved that they were qualified-to sit. On the few occasions that they venture to rise to their feet everybody goes off to dinner.

I asked whether none of Pokewhistle's contemporaries had distinguished themselves in Sport or Crime.

"A few have played for their counties at cricket," he admitted, "but except for a man named Joggers who set up a new record by sitting on his



"I can't find the chart, Joe. Ain't yer got a picture-postcard of the ruddy place?"

wicket for 0 in two successive innings none has ever caught the public eye. Nor do the annals of crime ring with the names of any of my schoolboy contemporaries. They seem quite incapable of standing in the dock on a worse charge than being drunk and incapable or driving a car without a licence. One of them raised my hopes by getting hauled up for issuing a false prospectus, but the bounder was acquitted."

"But if they are all in the late forties and the early fifties," I said encouragingly, "there is still a chance that they will come suddenly to the fore."

Pokewhistle sighed. "My only real hope," he said, "is to defer writing my autobiography for another fifty years or so, and then to call attention to the remarkable longevity of some of my schoolfellows. 'No fewer than ten of my contemporaries at Wimbury are still hale and hearty at a hundred.' They are such a dull lot that some of them may achieve that, though they are very unlikely to do anything else."

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# At the Play

"PYGMALION" (THE OLD VIC)

MANY years have passed since first Pygmalion was produced in London, but its revival at the Old Vic shows that its appeal as a comedy is strong enough to withstand the great social changes which have made it a periodpiece. Rudeness, after all, is perennial in its appeal, and Pygma-lion is a play of magnificent rudenesses. Eliza Doolittle (Miss DIANA WYNYARD) is rude and Henry Higgins (Mr. ROBERT MORLEY) is ruder. His mother and his partner, Colonel Pickering (Mr. MARK DIGNAM), are quiet and polite, as foils to his outrageous lack of manners. They do but heighten the outbursts and make of this comedy of bad manners a play whose swift action is continually held up by the delighted appreciation of an audience in the comfortable position of watching slanging at its best.

Colonel Pickering, with his references to the Volunteers and his Victorian military dignity,

deliberately carries the play rather further back in time than is necessary, but the Earls Court contingent, the solemn round of At Homes and the avowed acceptance of

class chasms—all make of this play a piece whose central contentions have lost much of their novelty just as its swearing has lost its force. But Pygmalion survives all this and may even be said to gain when it is acted before audiences who are constantly reading about education and great self-conscious national endeavour, in and out of the B.B.C., to do to the country's Eliza Doolittles what Henry Higgins sets out to do.

DIANA WYNYARD acts the part of Eliza in a way to gladden the heart of the mostoptimisticeducationist; even when we see her as a very unpolished flower-girl in the rain we know that refinement is only waiting to break through. She acts the ragamuffin well, but she

comes so easily and quickly into the full fruit of her months of education that we do not get any sense that she is really wearing unaccustomed clothes or carrying a precarious cargo of syllables and grammatical phrases. She suggests in consequence a complete triumph for *Higgins*, which makes the outbursts of temper and the sturdy self-possession with which she



PYGMALION TAKES OVER

Eliza Doolittle . . . . MISS DIANA WYNYARD Henry Higgins . . . MB. ROBERT MORLEY

meets his over-professional indifference the more striking. Even if Mr. ROBERT MORLEY had not shown the insufferableness of *Higgins* to us as thoroughly



THE PROFESSOR HATES THE TRUTH

Colonel Pickering . . . . Mr. Mark Dignam Eliza Doolittle . . . . Miss Diana Wynyard Henry Higgins . . . . Mr. Robert Morley

as he does we should know from Eliza's reactions how deeply the mortification had touched her. Miss WYNYARD keeps a good control of the changing

Elizas, but her Eliza is not someone getting increasingly out of her depth but someone more and more reaching the place where she really belongs. Hers is a performance very finished and carefully thought out, and one

which enables her to achieve a triumphant success in a part which could never have been

written for her.

When Mr. JAY LAURIER was cast for Alfred Doolittle, the father, it was presumably with the intention of showing a light, good-natured man, philosophically accepting the sudden pressure of social convention after a lifetime of cheerful revolt. He appears as a figure with more intelligence than will, submitting meekly to the dramatic exigencies of the last Act, where he is brought on to be butchered for the sake of incident and accepts his fate with voluble fortitude.

"GOING GREEK" (GAIETY)

In the belfry here there is a multitude of fine bats, but in spite of the title nothing much in the Attic, with one notable exception.

That, and I discovered it to my great astonishment, is Mr. LESLE HENSON'S face, which is incontestably Greek, when you come to think of it, in the pure geometry of its form. It is the whole of Euclid in rubber, and

far more tellingly stated, its curves the product, you might guess, of some celestial compasses; and when you come to its angles it sums up the life-work of PYTHAGORAS with a terseness which would have made that terrible old gentleman sit up.

It cannot be said that the two other pillars of the show are in any way Corinthian, but they take the strain no less effectively for that. Mr. Fred Emney has a massive style all his own and, owing to Mr. Richard Hearne's startling habit of taking headers through cocktail-cabinets and loud-speakers, it is impossible to decide whether to classify him in the vertical or horizontal schools.

The idea is vaguely that Mr. HENSON and Mr. EMNEY

are the head-boys of a gang of bandits operating in modern Greece, and that Mr. HEARNE is an Italian opera-singer whom they have held

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to ransom for so many years that the expenses of his upkeep have long since exceeded any sum which they could reasonably expect in return. Nor has he any wish to leave such exhilarating company.

But you never know, and especially in Greece. Someone inadvisably leaves Mogolini a legacy of millions of drachmas—you can well imagine Mr. Henson rolling drachma round his tongue!—and the bandit-chiefs, on the edge of ruin, are after it in a flash, double-crossing their men at every turn.

Their excursions into the lighter lunacy have small connection either with Greece or each other, but they are amongst the best which Mr. Henson has made for some time. Mr. Emney's dry absurdities match his humour very well, and there is a kind of inspired Grouchoism (if I may coin a much-needed word) about Mr. Hearne which greatly enriches the party. As a laughter-raising team they are about as efficient as any three could be.

He would be at least a dour man who failed to raise a smile at the bandits' Annual General Meeting, where Mr. Henson as Secretary reads the minutes and Mr. EMNEY as Chairman reveals what a thankless and profitless web the modern bandit spins. Then there is a magnificent scene where Mr. HENSON, Mr. EMNEY and Mr. HEARNE play cards with different kinds of biscuit on the counter of Mr. HENSON'S ice-cream tricycle for the dubious honour of marrying a large lady of the circus whom Mogolini should by rights have married many years before; Mr. Douglas Furber's neat lyric, "For The Honour Of The School," which the same three sing as prep-school dogs, Mr. HENSON at his silliest and most inventive; a scene in a sailors' cabaret where the banditchiefs, heavily disguised, have only their wits to save them from a most unpleasant fate; and, by no means last, Mr. HEARNE's eccentric dancing, which fills me with delight. I for one hope he will never abandon his flying exits, but I suspect he may be getting a little tired of them himself.

On the smoother side of the medal are Miss Louise Browne, very practised at the game of musical comedy, who is conveniently cast as a ballet-dancer and entertains us accordingly, Mr. Roy Royston as a Greek officer who crowns his perfect tails with a top-hat in order to give her a little supper in a garden, Miss Mary Lawson as a local "lovely" in difficulties with her heart, and Mr. Gavin Gordon, who makes the sort of bandit we have been

educated to expect, and has the best voice of the four.

The music is reasonably catchy and is in the safe hands of Mr. Debroy Somers and his merry men. The



PUBLIC ENEMY ALPHA
Alexandros Saggapopolous . Mr. Leslie
Henson

dialogue is sound, though it includes the not too novel line, "I'm reading the shortest book in the world. Only one word. Who's Who in Italy."



PUBLIC ENEMY BETA
Pallas Pollicapillos . . Mr. Fred Emney

The effect of Mr. René Hubert's charming dresses is lost in certain scenes by an unfortunate trick of lighting which calls for rearrangement. Whenever the moon shines it threatens the whole cast with immediate apoplexy by turning their ordinary make-up a bright mauve, to the consternation of the audience. This was particularly noticeable in a nice little ballet, which it spoilt.

# The Pure in Art

To the Editor

SIR,—From time to time I have sent you verses. They have been returned with polite but damning little notes on the following lines:—

DEAR SIR,—I like these lines. They have point and they scan, but "porter" and "daughter" don't rhyme; neither do "honour" and "upon her."

Yours faithfully.

Or again:-

DEAR SIR,—I have nothing to complain of regarding the contents of these verses, but "colonel" and "journal" won't do; neither will "war" and "before."

Yours faithfully.

Well, just to show that at heart I am a purist, I have composed a charming little love-song which, though it may be open to adverse criticism on other points, does at least rhyme. Here it is:

My fervent love
For you I'll prove
Whenever I've a chance;
But now my dough
Is not enough
To contemplate romance.
With one accord
I plight my word
To give you all I have,
But I can't show
You here and now
The way my feelings rave.
Whate'er I do,
Where'er I go,
My love for you will live,
when my ship comes sailing he

And when my ship comes sailing home
With heart ablaze to you I'll come
And ever after thrive.

How about it?

<sup>&</sup>quot;How to ENTER THE FLYING FIELD."

Headline to Journalism article in "World's Press News."

Why not simply unlatch the gate and step forward?



" IT CAN'T BE A TIME-BOMB; IT 'S JUST STRUCK SIX!"

# Rough Music

I THINK I can honestly say it was the Whites, in the flat next to ours, who started the offensive with the Third News Bulletin. It was a great deal louder than any news Bulletin, Third, Second or First, had a right to be. We gave it to the price of bar-gold, and then tapped briskly on the wall, in the recognised language of the Flat-Dweller.

All the tapping did was to raise the announcer's voice to a shout. This of course was the gauntlet. We stopped tapping and fished round in the ether to see what we could do.

The best we could find was a pianoforte recital. That pianist was a trier, but he couldn't stand up against the announcer, and we were just considering withdrawing our man when the announcer ran out of ammunition and left us alone in the ring.

"Switch him off," said Vera, who doesn't really like the piano. "He's served his turn."

But the Whites were only mustering their forces. A few moments later they resumed the attack with a useful baritone bidding *Onaway Awake*. I sprang to the controls, and the luck being on our side was able to trump the baritone with a male choir singing sea-shanties. The baritone wavered manfully on, but threw up the sponge half-way through *Ho*, *Jolly Jenkyn*, and retired.

But the Whites were far from being finished. They were only bringing up the big guns. A recruiting campaign in Wales brought the B.B.C. Welsh Orchestra into action, and the male choir was sunk without a trace. We called up the B.B.C. Military Band, which held its own pretty well, and the day closed with both sides plugging away with Roy Fox and his Band, honours being divided.

The next morning the Whites resumed the offensive at eight-fifteen with Radio Luxemburg. However, they were firing into unoccupied territory, for Vera and I went out for the day immediately after breakfast. We retreated very unostentatiously, in the

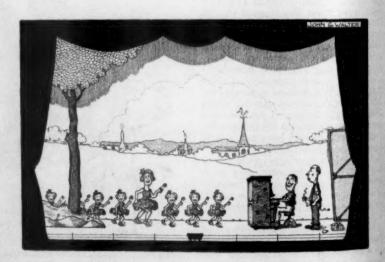
hope that the Whites would continue to waste ammunition. We returned to the battlefield in the evening and carried the war into the enemy's camp at once with an organ recital at full strength. The enemy could do no better than retaliate with a weak fire of opera from Milan, and, pressing home our advantage, we wound up our offensive with a monotoneus high pitched talk on snails and a deadly fusillade of American swing records.

The third day's action saw the Whites rally with the Cheltenham Municipal Orchestra, but we easily countered their attack with an incessant barrage of chamber music. Our battery unfortunately went out of action at this point, and we were left defenceless under fire until replacements came up. The moral in our camp was much improved by reinforcements and we kept up a rapid bewildering fire of alternated string quartette and soprano. The opposition got a little wild and attacked chiefly through oscillation, which screamed harmlessly overhead. We finished the day in a strong position.

strong position.

The fourth day proved the end of hostilities. After a little testing fire from Droitwich the Whites bombarded ceaselessly with madrigals. We organised an effective counter-attack with a programme in Welsh. Both sides took heavy punishment, but each seemed to be keeping back something in reserve. Vera, scenting zero hour, was inclined to be jittery, but there was no question of surrender.

Then came the Big Push. Without



"SHE JOINED 'THE EIGHT DAINTY BLUEBELLS' IN '22, AND 'AIN'T GIVEN THE BOSS ANY CAUSE TO SACK HER."



"YES, 'M, THANK YOU, 'E'S BETTER NOW. DOCTOR'S GOT 'IM INTO SOME SORT OF SPA WHERE 'E CAN EFFERVESCE,"

warning a brass band of the most appalling virulence and ferocity I have ever heard joined issue with our Welsh Mercenaries, who were swamped and swept clean out of the field of battle. We took to the dug-outs, waiting for the attack to blow over.

It didn't. Vera said, "This is going too far. Why don't you go and complain?"

The noise was terrific. I could only

just hear her.
"I will!" I shouted, and I made a
dash for it. Keeping my head well

down I gained the landing. On the landing I ran into White.

"Stop-that-damned-row!" I velled.

"What do you mean?" he screamed.
"That's just what I've come to ask

We stared at one another with a wild surmise. Then together we rushed to the landing window, threw it up and looked out. In the road outside was a motley band, consisting of about a dozen trumpets and several assorted drums in full blast. "America!" said White, and grinned. I grinned too. We threw the band some money and signed them imperatively away. Then we shook hands and went back to our respective flats and turned our radios off.

#### Taking the Plunge

- "Mr. Russell: I am ready to join in any scheme, but you want water, and we have no water.
- Mr. Wiggett: Water is a thing we would have to go into."—Gloucestershire Echo.

# Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club

From Ephraim Wobblegoose, House Steward Roughover Golf Club.

August 28th, Sat. MR. WHELK, DEAR SIR,-I am in rare sweat along of General Sir Armstrong Forcursue and Admiral Snevring-Stymie having a free fight in the Reading Room this A.M. as to who was to get writing in the Suggestion Book first. And both of them with their hands on the book at one and the same moment it was soon in very poor shape and many pages torn out and all scattered round the room.

Well, Sir, I gathered up most, but there is one missing, and I trust it won't go far, for like as not it would do the Club no good if it got outside and into strange hands.

your obedient servant Sir, E. Wobblegoose.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retd.), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

31/8/37. SIR,-I hear there is a page missing from the Suggestion Book: a great piece of carelessness on your part, for although General Forcursue and the Admiral certainly damaged the book, everyone agrees it was your duty to have been there to stop the row and not to have been gadding about in London as you were. This only goes to prove my contention that you have no idea of how to run a Club and never will have.

So far as I can see the page will almost certainly get into the clutches of unscrupulous people in the town, with the result that half the Club's private life will be bandied about from one house to another.

If I hear of any skeleton from my own particular cupboard being released I will hold you responsible. Yours truly,

LIONEL NUTMEG.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Rough-

Sir,-I hear you are blaming me for losing the page out of the Suggestion Book. If you had only provided a book with a decent binding and good strong paper the page would never have been lost at all.

I am quite sure some of the Club's ill-wishers in the district have already got hold of the missing page. Our cook, who is an aunt of the man in the bieyele shop, answered me back when I went into the kitchen after dinner this evening to reprove her for not making enough savouries for me to have a second helping. I was unable to discipline her as severely as I should have liked.

Yours faithfully. ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring -Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover. 1/9/37.

SIR.—Where is the Suggestion Book ? I want to put a complaint in it about its not being there.

Yours faithfully. C. SNEYRING-STYMIE.

From Miss Jean Knippey, Waitress Roughover Golf Club.

DEAR MR. WHELK,-I knows where the missing page is and it is in bad hands sure enough. But my boy friend says that if you was to give him five pounds he would try to get it back

quickly from the parties that has it, and as my boy friend was nearly killed fighting in foreign parts just recent he would have a good chance of getting it

You had best be quick though as I fear that everyone in the Club is to be blackmailed for what is written in it. I am hearing that the things in it is something kronic.

Yours sincerely, JEAN KNIPPEY.

From Ignatius Thudd, Member of Committee Roughover Golf Club. 10/9/37.

DEAR WHELK, -I have had to inter-The missing page from the Suggestion Book has been talked about so much that in the interests of the Club's good name we must get it back immediately.

I therefore had a straight talk with Stymie and Forcursue a short time ago and have persuaded them it is their duty to put up the cash. They were very indignant to begin with, but I appealed to their honour and they finally compromised by agreeing to pay thirty shillings each on the strict understanding that you would have to either beat down "the Parties" from five pounds to three pounds or pay the two pounds in question your-

I enclose two one-pound and two ten-shilling notes herewith.

Yours sincerely, IGNATIUS THUDD.

From Alfred Goathunter (Jean Knippey's boy-friend). DEAR SIR,-Herewith the missing page of the doings. The three pounds cash I received O.K. Which will be O.K. to all concerned.

Your obedient servant, and at your service for similar commissions as and when required. ALFIE GOATHUNTER.

From Ephraim Wobblegoose, House Steward Roughover Golf Club.

September 17th, Friday. MR. WHELK, DEAR SIR,-I have just found out that it was Jean Knippey that has done everything, for she found the missing page when vacuuming the bookshelves some time ago, and Sir I am kicking myself hard, for I should have put two and two together, she being under notice. Howsumever she is gone now and a good riddance, the postman saying she is in a factory in Manchester and making soda-water. which will be a great change for her from life here.

But, Sir, women is queer cattle and no mistake, for my missus said she knew all the time that Jean Knippey had it, but having a grudge against the General—him saying her chutney had no "bite" in it—she let Jean give the page to her boy-friend, with the results as you know now, him being a doublecrosser and more besides.

your obedient servt., E. WOBBLEGOOSE.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue and Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie.

Tuesday, 21st Sept., 1937. SIR!-We see you have got back the missing page and have pasted it in the Suggestion Book. It is very poor stuff and not up to our usual standard; and in these circumstances we both demand that you go and get our money back from Goathunter. Thudd had no right to ask us to pay up at all, and to bring in the Club's good name was a lot of sloppy poppycock.

In the meantime you will kindly look in the Suggestion Book under to-day's date, where you will see several entries more in keeping with our reputation; but as they all solely concern yourself you'd better have a bracer before reading them over.

Yours, Sir, ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE, CHARLES SNEYRING-STYME.

P.S.-If we do not get our three pounds back by Friday morning we shall not pay our subscriptions due on G. C. N. the first of this month.

[The missing page from the Suggestion Book which all the fuss was about is reproduced opposite.]

# AN AVERAGE DAY'S PAGE FROM ROUGHOVER GOLF CLUB'S SUGGESTION BOOK.

Date	Suggestion	Signature	Remarks or Action taken by Secretary
1937 5° February	That the Secretary sees the felephone how is proporty mentilated after use; also that he remarks the freeks from the house close of same.	armstrong forcurence	(a) handers should law he chow ofen after use.  (b) In grubs have been removed  (a) hand while
5. 2.37	that the Secretary get was hands for all club clocks, as the present hands are inconspicuous,	had NJaco Maria (NI)	you consult an seedat
5. 2. 37	That the Secretary restrain Admiral Surgeris- Stymin from puffing a founting on his basels.	Li aux Nutary  Mulayan cris service  (12.)	Junkossibh.
5/2/1937	That The Secretary invite dis Lional Nutney to got his hair cut	Sneyring - Stymie	Done Petricklobalk
5. 2.37	That the Secretary Union Some measure to become fractal Six Armstrong Inventure from Soing to obserp after his meads.	Liand Nutres Maleyan Chi Sirvice (Mb)	Then to consider any worker have.
5. 2.37	That the Secretary the formal Sir Armetrong Forenesses not to also his day to burn his boars in the bunkers.	Linel Natures  Malaya (no Service (vol.)	Poted.
5ª Leboury	That the Secretary summon an Official from the Board of Health to examine & report on an average Club Lunction.	armstong foreursue	No que
5/4437	That The Secretary tell his Newman that if he again reports the story or how he nearly cought a shark in the Straits of Malacca he will be sent to Coventry	Snagring-Stymie	Done Patrick letally.
* February	that the Secretary he sent to loverthy for making such inane answers to the about suffections also that he	Concerning Stymical Walnut Some Company Forcerane	Nothing I should like more. Patrick While
5-2-1937	That the club suggestion books be ruithdrawn from the club rooms for a ruet so that forest foreways, me tioned is the suggest of the majority stymid may have a chance to cool off	Egnatius Thudol	Pour des dut imprestisable. Petrak latalk



"ALBERT 'ENERY, I SAYS TO MYSELF, THIS IS WHERE YOU KEEPS COOL.

# Le Home-Life de Old England; ou Guide pour Les Foreigners

"Good evening. I am so sorry that my family is not here to meet you.

"They are well, I hope?"

"Quite, thank you. My husband is giving an Air-Raid Precautions Demonstration in the village. He went off in his gas-mask an hour ago. It is so unbecoming to him." "Indeed?"

"Yes, I assure you. In fact none of us looks really well in them. One of my daughters is trying to design something rather more dainty to submit to the War Office. For the women and children, you know."

It will be difficult?' "No doubt. But not so difficult as designing some form of gas-mask for Jock." "Jock?"

"Jock is our dear old dog. The one that barked and flew at you when you arrived just now."
"Ah, that one."

"We English are devoted to our pets."

You have a great reputation for kindness to

"Besides, dear old Jock is such a splendid dog. He kills rabbits and chases away cate, and retrieves for my husband when he shoots. My husband is so fond of shooting."

"And hunting and fishing?"

"Yes, indeed. He loves animals. And so do the children But of course the younger ones are at school."

"All the time?"

"Well, eight months of the year. They leave home at about eight or nine years old.'

"Why is that?"

"It has always been so with us. We feel that it makes men of them.'

But the girls?"

"Well, they are less important. Still, the schools give them very good coaching in games nowadays, and that is an essential.

"Tennis perhaps?"

"Yes, and cricket and hockey. I am always hoping that they will not get their front-teeth knocked out as no many do. It is most unbecoming.

"Like the gas-masks. But if you are anxious, could you not forbid their playing the violent games?"

"No. They must do as everybody else does. That is so important.'

Ah.'

"But would you like to see your room? I am sorry that I cannot ring for the maid, but I have no maids at the moment, only an old woman who comes in daily. She is unfortunately not quite honest, and she refuses to do any cooking, but she will wash up. She breaks something every time. But we cannot get anybody else."

"Why is that?

"Nobody quite knows, but people are trying to find out. They say it might be better if we called our maids Miss Flapp instead of Gladys or Violet, and if we gave them every afternoon and evening off.

'Your daughters-do they work in the house?"

"Not much. They are too busy. One of them teaches the village women to dance old English country dances and the other one goes in for making artificial flowers. We think that some day she will perhaps find a market for

"Excellent."

"Yes, we quite feel that a hobby makes all the difference to a girl. Here is your room. Dear me, it is like an icehouse! I hope that you will not freeze to death."

So do I indeed.

"This is a very cold house and there are a great many draughts. The passages and the bathroom in particular are quite Arctic.

You have no central heating?"

"No. We are not like the Americans." "You think American houses too warm?"

"Much too warm. We have not actually been to any, but we know how much too hot they are. Perhaps you could shut the window while you dress and it would not be so bad.

"Perhaps not. At what time is dinner?"
"Eight o'clock. Neither my husband nor I eat any dinner; we are dieting. The girls will be having scraped carrots and orange-juice. They are losing weight fast, and we are all so delighted about it.

Perhaps the dieting simplifies the housekeeping-yes?" No, not at all, because all of us are on quite different diets. If you can be down by half-past seven you can listen to the news on the wireless. There is sure to be

something about a new war somewhere, or a fresh atrocity in one of the old wars, besides disasters in the air, the sea, or on land."

'Thank you so much."

"Not at all. It is such a pleasure to show you something of our happy English home ways."

1937

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#### BREAKING THE ICE.

Scene-Public Drawing-room of Hotel in the Engadine.

The Hon. Mrs. Snobbington (to Fair Stranger). "English People are so unsociable, and never speak to each other without an Introduction. I always make a point of being friendly with People staying at the same Hotel. One need never know them afterwards!"

George du Maurier, October 1st, 1892.

#### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

## Survey of Scotland

Few will agree in entirety with Mr. A. G. Macdonell, who has confessedly italicised the first word in My Scotland (Jaerolds, 7/6): few, on the other hand, but will find themselves delightedly applauding him at one point or another. Here is an odd-angled historical survey—not less fascinating because the author has emancipated himself from the historian's fetter of impartiality—leading up to the thesis that Scotland has had too much England in the past and

must now break away or be absorbed. Insidious Albion is the villain of the piece—from John Baliol to Bobby Jones everything was England's fault—yet it is fairly shown, as with the Clearances, the Beaton murder and of course the 1707 Union, that it was always the Scot himself who sold the pass. If constructive suggestion for a reborn Scotland is somewhat lacking, this comment on the Anglo-Scot relationship is a tonic stimulus to enjoyment, to acclamation—and to fury. I commend specially the subtle and deadly method of insult by illustration. Quotations leap from every page (I select, merely because it is short, "Edinburgh is the greatest dead thing in the world"), and there leap also invitations to confute, to contradict and to counter-argue. Innumerable reviewers will label this book "brilliant" or

provocative" or both-and they will be quite right; I will risk originality and call it-in the author's own sense of the word—"Highland." And a most invigorating entertainment.

issues. Only the rivalry of Hortense, the eight-year-old débutante, and Bess, the pampered daughter of the house, exhibits the appeal of a dramatic situation reinforced by imaginative sympathy.

#### Portrait of a Small Prince

Of all the innocent victims ever involved in the clash of Red and White irreconcilables the saddest are the children; and of all sad children the orphan son of Louis Capet and MARIE ANTOINETTE was perhaps the most wretched. HARRIET MARTINEAU moralised and mitigated his tragedy for a nursery audience of the 'forties; but Mr. J. B. MORTON has given The Dauphin (LONGMANS, 12/6) a biography to himself, an honest, equable, admirably-related story, the more unbearably pathetic for its deliberate and grateful

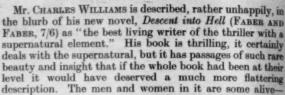
restraint. Avoiding any attempt to overload the canvas around a sitter who died at ten-and-a-half, Mr. MORTON traces a vivid little personality from the baby of his mother's loving and discerning letters to the lice-ridden, scrofulous, half-witted child suborned to accuse her of unspeakable depravities. Between these poles of destiny -Versailles and the Temple you have the momentous fortunes of a gallant, sensitive small boy with a very Gallie love for soldiers and gardening and more than the usual boy's chivalrous thought for his womenfolk. Three-score pages are devoted to routing the impostors who personified him after his death; but Louis-CHARLES remains, touchingly and indelibly, the hero of his own legend.

#### The Common Round (American Style)

Perhaps it is time that exponents of the family saga

took stock of that increasingly facile and easy-going brand of fiction; for some of us are beginning to feel that if we have to go on confronting middle-class American domesticity we would rather watch the vivacious play of Louisa Alcorr's inimitable Little Women than the long-drawn-out stalemate that is, for instance, Miss ELIZABETH CORBETT'S The Langworthy Family (APPLETON, 7/6). The Langworthy family consists of an amiable muddleheaded Colonel—the type whose womenfolk run an efficient country-house on the proceeds of an inefficient business-his wife, his daughter, his in-laws and his niece. Most of them live under one roof, whence the unmarried women await-not without anxiety as the years roll on-the emancipation of marriage. Theirs is a pleasant, humourless, two-dimensional chronicle, with a naïve interest in food, clothes, and disease, an interest obviously more poignant, both to the cast and its creator, than their occasional preoccupation with more passionate

In Different Dimensions



making love, acting in amateur theatricals-some dead. one a creature of the mind. one perhaps Adam's own Lilith, Mr. J. W. DUNNE would probably approve of the chapter in which Pauline eases the last hours of her ancestor, a Marian martyr, by taking over his burden of fear, but both then and when Stanhope, the poet, carries hers she is haunted by a Doppelgänger-the substitution costs too little to be convincing. Often the story is confusing and sometimes tedious, and thrills and mystical experiences are unpleasingly mingled, Mr. WILL-IAMS, attempting to please the public his publishers assign to him, has tried to make the best of two worlds -and inevitably has not been wholly successful in either.



"IT'S STILL HERE, FLORRIE!"

#### Sentence Deferred

After Mr. Todhunter, in Trial and Error (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 8/6), had been persuaded that he would soon

be dead, he summoned a few of his friends and asked them how he could spend most usefully the few remaining months of his life. Their answers may conceivably have been a little embarrassing, for so unanimously did they recommend murder that, in the words of Mr. ANTHONY BERKELEY, poor Todhunter began to consider himself "a dedicated shot-gun in the service of humanity." After being baulked in removing one man who was obviously superfluous, he did succeed in discharging his weapon with what seemed to be success. But the police were obstinate in refusing to take him seriously, and even when he wanted, for reasons it is unfair to mention, to be convicted, he was found complaining that things were made very difficult "for a man who only wants to get himself hanged." Readers of Jumping Jenny will not be surprised to hear that Mr. BERKELEY keeps a powerful card up his sleeve until nearly the end of this exciting and, at times, witty yarn.

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## Charivaria

It is surprising, remarks a tailor, how many people go out of their way to avoid squaring their accounts. What he really means, presumably, is that they go out of his.

\* \* \*

London police were last week hunting for a man with a monocle. In pre-Hendon days they'd have hunted for him with an ordinary magnifying-glass.

\* \* \*

A sports writer fears that the F.A.'s drastic campaign against rough play is making our footballers too painfully polite to one another. It will certainly be a pleasure to hear a centre-forward telling his wing-men that he'd like the ball any time they happen to be passing.

A machine which registers impressions of the human

mind reveals that an aviator is inclined to become increasingly restless when he climbs over several thousand feet. So is a cinema patron when he enters a picture-house in the darkness.

\* \* \*

Coins collected by elephants in a French zoo are pooled to buy dainties for all the animals. This is known as the *tronc* system.

"It is definitely not the thing to be out of London in Novem-

ber," states a Mayfair hostess. But Glasgow people don't seem to be worrying.

"Miaja stamped it out with an iron hand."—Daily Herald. In type-metal, we presume.

\* \* \*

One London restaurant is to instal a gramophone in its kitchen. Jellies set to music should be quite a novelty.



"There is something almost Gilbertian about the Mediterranean submarine situation," says a writer. All the same, the pirates are quite a long way from Penzance.

"It is at this time of year that the amateur gardener begins to have doubts as to what he ought to grow next year," states a horticultural writer. Sow what?

A house made entirely of glass has been built at Torquay. We wonder how the agents measured the distance from the sea.

"Bailiffs are usually good fellows," says a county court judge. They can usually be relied upon to help one out.

A prominent dietist says that olives are rich in food value. Many people find them most nourishing if served cold with gin and vermouth.

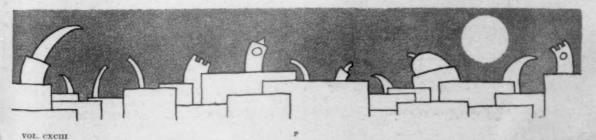
The silver in sixpence, we are told, is not worth sixpence. Which only confirms what every taxi-driver knew already.

An American film magnate is visiting this country. It is rumoured that his mission is to launch a "Come to Hollywood" movement among American screen stars.

"Can Private Family at Bury St. Edmunds or Hadleigh receive married couple and daughter who hunt a good deal for £10 10s. per week?"—Advt. in "Morning Post."

Do they think they 're-unique?

Some buildings, according to an architect, "go to sleep at times." They are known as "Dreaming spires," of course.



# Food for Thought

I am unmarried—a spinster, odious word, of this parish; and like all spinsters I spend most of my time pondering in a wistful whimsical sort of fashion over the joys of holy matrimony. A large lump rises in my throat when I think of all the happiness that has been denied me.

"Take," says Cecilia Catchpole, my great friend—"take the bliss of a lovely cosy home evening, with the dear one warming his feet by the fire."

"And take," say I defensively, "the size of his feet and the size of the fire and see what's left in the way of warmth for you."

"All right, then," argues Cecilia, piqued, "take the blessedness of having a man to lock up for you, and open windows for you, and let the dog out and all that."

"And take," say I undefeated, "those delicious hours from six to eight in the evening when you're convinced he's been run over by a bus on the way home! Or that exquisite moment when he lights a cheap cigarette in bed in the morning. Or those long struggles with the cook, when you ooze charm until you're exhausted because the loved creature thought the coffee was just a trifle strong."

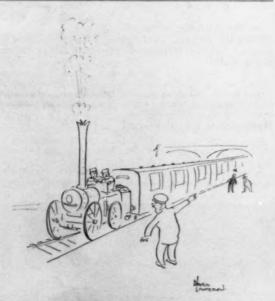
"You sound very experienced," says Cecilia, who knows quite well that I'm not.

Cecilia, you see, has only been married a few months. A simple soldier called Kenneth Catchpole ensnared her heart when I fancy she wasn't looking.

And although, when I gave her a chromium-plated toast-rack and my blessing, I realised that things would never be quite the same between us, I was totally unprepared for such a drastic change.

Marriage has turned her into a new woman. Naturally she has more poise and is never confused or at a loss for a word. She looks different too. She wears a regimental badge in her hat and a monogram on her bag and initials on her umbrella. Occasionally she puts on a very décolleté dress and goes and says boo to her mother.

Her house is spick and span and shining, tastefully



"PUT THAT BACK AT ONCE."

decorated in apple-green, with prints depicting eighteenthcentury guardsmen hanging all the way up the stairs.

What more could a girl want, she asks, than the man she loves, a dining-room table, six clocks, four chairs, nine travelling-rugs, thirty-three cigarette-boxes, fourteen coffee-sets and some patterns for curtains draped across the floor? Nothing, apparently. But I wish to heaven she did.

For Cecilia has seemingly taken a sponge and wiped away her former life. She can't remember anything she did before she was married. Nothing.

"Can't you remember what fun we had in the gallery at Covent Garden?" I ask tentatively. "Or when we read Shakespeare aloud in the punt? Or that time when Freddie kissed me instead of you?"

"Sorry," she says, shaking her head, "I'm afraid I can't. But I can remember when Kenneth and I bought the linoleum together."

Sometimes I have a luncheon-party, and it is then that I fully and painfully realise what an unbridgeable gulf lies between me and my young married friends. I sit there in a corner, disconsolate, forlorn, utterly unable to grasp the thread of their conversation, so alien is it to any to which I am accustomed. The third finger of my left hand lies before me in all its shameful nudity. The tears well up into my eyes. I have a tight feeling round my heart.

For never until recently did I realise how very little I know about dish-cloths or egg-whisks or, for that matter, carrots. I haven't sort of bothered much about them. But they are important. I know they are. None of my friends talk of anything else, so they must be.

Whenever anyone mentions mince their eyes pop out of their heads. So do mine, but not, alas! for the same reason. Theirs pop with eagerness, mine with a glazed despair, for I cannot without a considerable effort appear genuinely and passionately interested in chopped chicken.

It's the same with dish-cloths. Just because I don't happen to know the price of dish-cloths I am scorned in a most outrageous fashion. I am definitely brushed aside. I start all sorts of discussions ranging from the Traffic Problem to Art, and they always seem to lead back to floor-polish and food. This irks me beyond measure.

"You of course ought to get married," said Cecilia one day, eveing me sorrowfully.

day, eyeing me sorrowfully. "Why?" I asked, enraged.

"Then you would be able to tell me how to make creamof-rice and useful things like that."

"And how do you know, Cecilia," I inquired with ill-concealed venom—"how do you know I want to make cream-of-rice?"

"Well, doesn't one?" she said, quite mystified.

"No, one does not."

I pointed my finger accusingly at her. "There was a time, Cecilia," I said, "when you used to go to Promenade Concerts and read good books and looked at pictures. And now it's mince, mince, mince all the way. And anyhow," I shouted, "if marriage and cream-of-rice go together, why don't you know how to make it?"

Cecilia shook her head reprovingly at me. "I do," she said, "in a manner of speaking. Only of course that's not much good really. Mrs. Perkins always sends it up looking like stucco." She sighed softly. "It tastes like stucco too," she added.

I rose wearily from my seat.

"Do come to the Leicester Galleries," I growled. "There's an excellent exhibition on there. And it will take your mind off your domestic difficulties."

Cecilia shook her head again. "I've got to buy a rollingpin," she said. "And some caraway-seeds. We're going to try to make a seed-cake." She smiled smugly.



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THE PIED PIPER OF DOWNING STREET

[The National Health Campaign was inaugurated by Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.]



"FLORENCE, 'BR GRACE TOLD YOU SPECIAL THAT YOU COULDN'T DO THAT THERE 'ERE."

"Food! Nothing but food!" I muttered. "Do you never talk about art or music or literature, or even religion, with your silly old Kenneth? Do you never read the papers or go to a play? Has your mind become atrophied?

Cecilia gazed at me pityingly. "You mustn't become bitter, dear," she cooed, "even if you have been unlucky. We must find a nice handsome husband for you, and then

you'll be happy."
I did not kill Cecilia. Neither did I even strike her. I just put on my hat and gloves and left her standing in the hall looking soulfully at a complicated shopping list.

We met again the following week in Bond Street and rather solemnly shook hands.

"Where are you going?" asked Cecilia.

I thought hastily. "To buy a saucepan," I lied. "I'm sure you're going too," I added, "so let's go together."

Cecilia's mouth fell open just a trifle. "I'm afraid," she

said with a smile-"I'm afraid I'm not going your way. I was en route for the Grafton Galleries.

It was my turn to stare. "Is that true?" I inquired. "No," said Cecilia, "it's not. But then I don't believe you're really going to buy a saucepan."

There was a long silence during which we both blushed. "Well," I said at last. "is it to be saucepans or art?"
"Let's go to the Zoo," said Cecilia, who in some ways is

a wise woman.

#### The Last Post

(Lines written, in sadness, on "The Morning Post," which ended last week an honourable career of 165 years.)

Not once more, O ye Colonels, not once more! Hushed is the Voice that led you up the path Of national pride and set you in a roar From Cheltenham to Bath.

There is a sound of weeping in the land, Bereft the table and the toast-rack bare. Who will save India now, detect the hand Of Moscow everywhere?

Farewell, Imperial Guardian! Now must you Put up your sword on that far phantom shore Where talk of circulation is taboo And plotters plot no more.

True to the principles it counted best, Mocked at by many and despised by none, Our oldest Daily passes to its rest. Shall we not say "Well done!" ?

# The Burglar

Of the inevitable scream with which her newly-established kitchenmaid is wont to greet any untoward incident and which may express amusement or awe, Delia Byrne has said more than once, "Sthrivin' to larn that young one annything at all is like sthrivin' to shear a pig—'tis all roars an' no wool." To this she added a few days later: "You'd want to have your head in your pocket to have anny sort of dealin's with her."

Yet the shriek that brought old Mrs. Fitzgerald from her fireside last night was uttered by Delia herself when, after one of her first evenings out, young Mary stumbled into the lighted kitchen from the darkness outside with one eye closing rapidly and already growing black and a long jagged scratch down the same side of her face. Indeed her appearance was so much altered by these injuries that, to quote Delia once more, "she could have blew me brains out an' I'd never have known her."

"It was the Burglar that done it," Mary sobbed hysterically; and at that dread word Delia uttered the shriek that brought her employer to the kitchen-door, where she heard the explanation for herself.

"The Burglar hot me one almighty shkelp, an' me thinkin' no harm," the victim went on, "an' me new Valour hat was tore from me head," while Delia pointed to the long scratch and said in awe-stricken tones, "An' what's more, it must ha' been one of them Cat Burglars." Then she bolted the back-door as well as locking it, and closed the shutters.

Even the most courageous of old ladies has her weakness, and Mrs. Fitzgerald, in common with her elderly maid, possesses what might be called a burglar complex. Every night, though with increasing difficulty, she stoops to look under her bed; then with rapidly-beating heart she opens the wardrobe-door suddenly and smites the hanging garments with some force, though what the result would be if she found a crouching form she has trembled to think. And now Mary Kelly was reporting the actual presence in the garden of one of the species; so, abandoning all thought of sleep, the old lady settled herself in one of the big wicker chairs and motioned the trembling Delia to the other. A cold compress encouraged the sufferer to talk a little more.

"I kem in be th' entrance out," she said, referring to the garden-gate,

"an' it was as black as ould Time, an' I never seen the Burglar at all till th' eye was dhruv back in me head an' I run from me life to the door; an' what me new Valour hat'll be like agen mornin' I dunno. I could get it now if I had the little electhory torture". which is the nearest to the unfamiliar "electric torch" that Mary has got so far. Then, quite evidently wondering at her employer's continued presence in the kitchen, Mary said "Good-night" and went to bed, thus waking in the heart of Delia an unwilling admiration for so intrepid a spirit, and in the heart of the old lady a feeling that no other headgear could suit such a gallant head so well as a Valour hat.

The vigil that followed will not soon be forgotten by either of those who shared it. When Mrs. Fitzgerald dozed for a moment only to awake with a violent and spasmodic leap that was described by the terrified Delia as "tearin' th' acthchilly guts out of the wicker chair," the effect upon the moral of the watchers was disastrous. When Delia slept just long enough to dream that a cat-burglar was sharpening his claws on the kitchen-door and "purring for pleasement," her noisy awakening nearly did for her employer; while at intervals the question returned to plague the old lady: How had Mary known so surely that the intruder was a burglar?

Never was the grey light of dawn welcomed more thankfully, and, the

clatter of china having aroused Mary from unbroken slumbers, she dressed hurriedly and came out to the kitchen, where her jaded elders drank tea that, in the case of her employer, held what the amazed kitchenmaid has called "a sensation of sugar."

"I'm goin' out now for me hat," Mary said firmly. "It'll be apt to be somewhere near the Burglar," and before they could stop her she was

Rising slowly, the old lady went to the door and watched her pass along the path to the rose-covered rustic arch, where she stooped to retrieve her treasured winter hat. While she watched with haggard eyes Mrs. Fitzgerald suddenly understood what had really happened, for one of the first questions of the newly-arrived Mary had concerned the identity of that rustic arch.

"Delia," she said, so sharply that the lid of the teapot leaped from the nerveless fingers of her employee— "Delia, it was the PERGOLA she meant all the time."

And so it was.

D. M. L.

#### Believe It or Not

"This one relates to Woofey, a rough-haired terrier belonging to Mrs. P——, of Boundary-road, who travels the mile which separates his home from the butcher's shop of ex-Councillor W. L. M—— in Claughton Village, wags his tail at the shop doorway until Mr. W. A. M——, who keeps shop for his father, picks up the meat in his mouth, and takes it home."—Local Paper.



"Millicent, tell your mistress that I've finished work for to-day."

# Lonely Road

On either side of the road stretch the wide fields, The brown stubble fields
And the green turnip fields;
Only a few elm-trees break the monotony.
Aunt Emmeline says how beautiful it is
To be alone with Nature like this.

Uncle Henry grunts in acquiescence,
But I don't,
Because, to tell you the truth,
I am rather worried about the car.
Instead of gliding smoothly along the white road,
As I expected it to,
It is wobbling tremendously,
And I had quite a job to dodge the last rabbit we met.

Aunt Emmeline has noticed it now
And asks if it is all right.

I don't tell her I think the steering-wheel is going to come off in a minute
For fear of upsetting her,

But I suggest that this would be rather a good place for tea, If she will begin getting the things out.

I pull in to the side of the road, And while they are busy with the tea-basket I wander round the car outside.



"THERE'S ELECTRIC LIGHTING, HEATING AND COOKING, CONSTANT HOT WATER, AIR-CONDITIONING AND RADIO, MADAM, BUT I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE TO GO JUST OUTSIDE TO GET A BUS."

It is a relief to find that it is not the steering which is wrong But only the near front tyre,
Which, however, is perfectly flat.
I shall have a rapid cup of tea and then change it.

I break the news to them and they take it well.

Uncle Henry, though regretting that he cannot be of any assistance

Owing to gout,

Says he will enjoy watching me change the wheel.

And Aunt Emmeline says she doesn't mind how long she looks at the scenery,
Which is so delightfully wild.

I manage to collect the brace and the jack and a spanner from the tool-box,
But the handle of the jack seems to be missing.
I wonder if the spanner would fit it?
I don't like to say too much about it,
So I quietly begin thrusting the jack under the car.

This is not easy, because the front of the car somehow sticks out

A long way in front of where I want to fix the jack: I kneel down, put my head under the number-plate, and push.

Uncle Henry watches with rapt interest.
When I emerge he asks why the jack isn't jointed like the one his chauffeur uses.
I explain that it was once jointed,
But last time it broke they riveted it straight.

Now I am just wondering about that spanner? It fits the jack all right, but can I trust it Not to bend or break? I firmly put it in and begin turning. It does work, and so far has not bent, But it seems to take a long time, Possibly because of the extra weight in the car

At last the car is rising,
And a joyful cry from Uncle Henry confirms me in my hope
That daylight is showing under the wheel.
I grasp the brace and apply it to a nut.
Wonderful how easily it is going.
"What's that, Uncle Henry?"
He is inquiring whether the whole wheel ought to go round
like that.

I suppose I forgot to loosen the nuts before I jacked up. I let the car down again:
This is quite simple.

Well, I have tried pulling the brace upwards
And pushing it downwards,
But nothing happens.

I remove the spanner from the jack and give ear

I remove the spanner from the jack and give each nut a little tap,

And then I try again.

It is annoying, because when I tightened them before starting this afternoon

They were fairly easy.

And if only I hadn't been so considerate for my relatives' safety

I should have left them the way they were.

Don't I wish I had?

(Aunt Emmeline).

As I stand upright and mop my brow Aunt Emmeline is seen to be tapping on the window.



"You've got a nice collection of books, old boy, but you do want some more shelves."

"I know, but nobody seems to Lend me shelves."

She asks if I wouldn't rather wait for help?
Perhaps an A.A. man will pass soon?
Or, if that is unlikely, would I like Uncle Henry to walk on to a garage
And get someone?

I say I think I can do it alone.
Uncle Henry has the air of a martyr as I renew the attack,
And I beg him not to tire himself with standing,
But to get in and sit with Aunt Emmeline.
With a sigh he replies that he is quite all right so far.

I take a deep breath and hurl my whole weight on to the brace

With a great downwards jerk, And to my astonishment the nut moves.

I do the same to the next nut and it moves too.
And to the next.
In fact I repeat the effort four times.
It is child's play from now on.
And I rush to the jack and begin raising the car again.

I am hot And my arms ache terribly, But I am filled with the joy of accomplishment.

Who is Uncle Henry speaking to like that? Speaking in disdainful terms of his niece? Brushing the matted hair from my forehead, I look up And see Uncle Henry approaching with a smart chauffeur Whose silent car he has stopped.
Uncle Henry is telling him that I am not strong enough to shift the nuts.

It is no good contradicting him,
So I have to watch the chauffeur registering surprise
That the nuts move so easily,
And hear him expressing sorrow
That I had so much trouble with them.

Let him finish the job
And keep quiet about it.
I shall get out my bag and tidy up a bit while he does it.
Uncle Henry is admiring him enormously, anyway.

The wheel is on And, with many exclamations of surprise at their shape, The chauffeur has returned my tools to the car. He and Uncle Henry have exchanged a fond farewell And he has driven on.

I start up the car.

"Wasn't it delightful, dear," says Aunt Emmeline,

"Being able to stop for so long in that lovely place?

I have tidied the car a little,

And I found such a curious piece of wood wedged in the back of the seat;

It had been sticking into me all the time.

I'll hand it over to you, dear."

"Thanks so much, Aunt Emmeline. It belongs to the jack."

### At the Pictures

ONE FRENCH, Two BRITISH.

It is perhaps not very respectful to Victoria the Great to put it second in this article to Sacha Guitry's Le Roman d'un Tricheur, which has, in comparison, a subject trivial, flippant, and un-moral, and is moreover in French, so that the great majority of people in this country will never get a chance to see it. But I am dealing with Le Roman d'un Tricheur first not only because I think it a better film but also because I enjoyed it about five times as much.

You may have read about this picture that Sacha Guiter wrote, produced, acted in, "commentated" and largely (I should think, though he names another man as director) directed. It is his novel The Story of a Cheat, put with dazzling brilliance into visual terms. I don't remember any other film so full of scenes capable of giving such delight. From the beginning, which shows the elderly "cheat" at his café-table calling for pen and ink to write the story of his life, to the end,

which shows him still there, beside a pile of saucers, writing "FIN,"it is absolutely first-rate.

In the story itself we hear no direct speech from the characters: the whole thing is done -superlatively well-by means of the commentary of the "cheat" himself, who often times his remark with beautiful precision so that someone on the screen seems to be making The pictures trace his development from the little boy who survived the eleven other members of his household because (having stolen eight sous) he was not allowed to eat any mushrooms, through pageboy, lift-boy, croupier (dismissed for not cheating, and so confirmed in dishonesty), trickster, gambler, to what he is now-an elderly impenitent with a small job making up the packs in a playing-card factory.

When I imagine the sort of thing that would be turned out by the average pillar of the British theatre who tried to write, direct, act in and

write, direct, act in and "commentate" a film of his own, Le Romand'un Tricheur—fresh, bright, beautifully acted, witty, light and funny—seems more of a marvel than ever.

Victoria the Great, on the other hand,

is no marvel. It is worthy, impressive, and well done, but it is not inspired, and although it will give pleasure to



STUDY OF AN AUTHOR-ACTOR-DIRECTOR-COMMENTATOR

The Cheat . . . . . SACHA GUITRY

many people it will hardly delight them. It can evoke laughter in the correct places, but always superior laughter (the quaint Victorians!); and such tears as it may evoke are of the



THE PIPE OF TROUBLE

Queen Victoria . . . . . . Anna Neagle
Prince Consort . . . . . . Anton Walbrook

emotional-patriotic kind that any marching band can draw from an audience in the right mood. The first part, which concentrates on the small effect, the small detail, seems to me much the best; and the excellent performance of Anton Walbrook as the Prince Consort is by no means the only reason for this. The time was more remote, the director (Herbert Wilcox, who also produced) felt more at ease with details—I suggest this as one possible contributory cause, and the brevity of the later scenes, in each of which one is chiefly concerned to see what the make-up man has done to Miss Neagle this time, as another.

The last part of the film, showing the Jubilee and the Diamond Jubilee, is in Technicolor. I don't see any point in this at all, unless it is the confession that the film as a film ought to have ended in some other way and Technicolor was needed to make these scenes climactic enough. We have seen real celebrations of this kind in Technicolor, so recently, twice.

But I repeat that it is a worthy film, well enough acted, quite entertaining, worth seeing. However, I have no particular wish to see it again; and I don't mind how often I see Le Roman d'un Tricheur again.

As for Knight Without Armour, that will "sell" on its "names," DIETRICH and DONAT, although a third member

of the cast, John CLEMENTS as a young Commissar, has deservedly attracted attention. The story consists chiefly of a series of escapes against a background of what the American paper Variety has well called round-robin slaughter" (Reds killing Whites plus Whites killing Reds equals Impartiality). There is some excellent detail work here too-wet roads at night, crowd faces-only occasionally marred by that curious British-film trick of introducing a Kensington accent or a nursery word ("Fiddlesticks!") into a scene of, say, peasant revelry. The stars deal competently with their jobs; some of the small-part players more than competently-I liked particularly Austin Trevor in the restaurant-car scene.

Perhaps I shouldn't admit it, but I enjoyed this too more than Victoria. But I daren't say it's better. R. M.

"If a schoolgirl grows out of her gym tunic, take the yoke off the top of it, and in its place put a lining yoke—much worn with blouses or woollen jumpers longer, so that the tunic can then be over the top of it."

Liverpool Paper.

Meanwhile, just go on hoping she won't grow out of her gym tunic.



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

A TENDENCY TO THINK THINGS NOT SO GOOD AS THEY USED TO BE

# Apology

"I say, old chap," he said," I'm most frightfully sorry about last night...."
"Not at all," I replied courteously.

"But you must let me apologise," he went on urgently. "I mean to say, with your uncle the Bishop there and everything it was really pretty foul, but it wouldn't have happened if I hadn't been so deuced tired, and then meeting old Beefy Lawlor in the street like that on the way to your place, I don't see how I could possibly have said anything else but 'Come and have one, Beefy, old man,' could I, old man, honestly?"

"Just what I should have said myself," I reassured him.

"Especially as he was just back from the West Indies, I mean to say, and you know what the West Indies are. 'Beefy, old man,' I said, 'I can't let you come back from the West Indies after all these years without having just one little snorter for the sake of

Auld Lang Syne and all that rot, you know.' And the 'Pink Dog' was just round the corner, so of course I took him into the bar, intending to have just one, or perhaps a couple. But you know what the 'Pink Dog' is, don't you?'

"Absolutely.

"The gay lights and the music and all that, you know. Well, I ordered the usual, and then he ordered the usual, and then I asked him if he had tried a 'Pink Dog' special, and we had a couple of 'Pink Dog' specials, and then he said he would get the barman to make up a Bahamas Bone-Freezer. Probably you don't know what Bahamas Bone-Freezers are, old man, but I can assure you that by the time I had swallowed my fourth Bahamas Bone-Freezer the space behind the bar was so thick with barmen-although there had only been a couple there when we started-that it was a wonder they weren't crushed to death. So we started talking about the Factories Act, and you know what discussions about the Factories Act are, don't you, old man?"

"Quite," I said.

"Well, by the time old Beefy lapsed into insensibility I wasn't quite myself, and when the taxi-driver put me down outside your place I hadn't the faintest idea who I was or who you were. If it had been just the usual gang I shouldn't have worried so much about it when I woke up this morning and remembered, but naturally your uncle the Bishop must have been very unfavourably impressed when I tried to hit him over the head with the statue of Venus.'

"It seems possible," guardedly.

So I hope you'll tell the old boy that I'm not usually like that. mean that I don't make a habit of hitting my hosts' uncles over the head with statues of Venus, particularly when they are Bishops and that sort of thing.

'What number do you think you're talking to?" I asked.
"Krats 1248," he said.
"This is Krlly 1248," I told him.

"Damn!" he said.

# Doggerel's Dictionary

NEANDERTHAL MAN .- He was dolichocephalic (just to let you know that I still remember how to spell the word).

Not always, however, have I known how to spell dolichocephalic. For a long time I used to leave the "cho" out. This of course was because it was not a word I ever heard (and if this makes you think of the little dark ravine where the Lily of Malud is born in secret mud, I can't help it: that will be in my head all day now, too), but only one I allowed my eye to skid over in print. Similarly in extreme youth I used to leave the "ce" out of receptacle, which I called "reptacle," and the "c" out of a word I used to pronounce "enroach." Maybe I had a grudge against the letter C, I don't know: probably it was the expression of a subconscious wish for twenty-five letters, not more, in the alphabet. Come to think of it, C is pretty well covered by S and K. .

So much, if any, for Neanderthal Man.

NECESSITY.—If I say that necessity is the mother of invention we shall probably soon find ourselves involved with black-current jam again, as we did under Invention. If I advance as an example of necessity the "necessary

LOCAL HAT MAKES GOOD (Vide Modes of the Moment)

fact" that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, we're pretty sure to fetch up once more against EINSTEIN. I feel in my bones that any other way of dealing with Necessity will lead us slap-bang back to the Lily of Malud. It is very fortunate therefore that there is no necessity to say any

more about Necessity.

NEUROSIS.—I admit it's an overworked word now, so that there are some people (no doubt) who have a "neurosis". neurosis, as distinct from those do you understand me !with a neurosis-neurosis. But there are a great many perfectly legitimate occasions for its use. What else but a neurosis are we to call the complaint of a man-who shall be nameless, and very nearly is already—obsessed by the thought of eagles? His psycho-analyst has tried the Direct Method of exorcism by adapting for him that thing about the Three Wise Monkeys ("Hear no eagle, see no eagle, speak no eagle") without success. Now, I understand they are working on one of the Indirect Methods. For instance, when the patient might be inclined to say, in a forest perhaps, "I see some trees and an eagle," he is encouraged instead to say, "I see some trees Anna Neagle." This helps, I believe. Of course I use the forest only as an illustration. The psycho-analyst is doing his best to keep the patient out of forests. For the duration of his treatment of the man with the eagle-neurosis the psycho-analyst has, you might say, a forest-neurosis.

Let that be all for the time being. For the sake of all our

NEWSPAPERMEN.—To-day they are in a peculiar Jekylland-Hyde situation. Jekyll has seen a lot of newspaper films and is proudly walking about with his soft hat on the back of his head all the time, soaking whisky, splitting infinitives and respecting nobody from the advertisers downwards as he tries to earn the adjective "tough"; Hyde is constantly brushing his hair, straightening his collar, cleaning the keys of his typewriter, and expressing indignation that reporters can't be considered as sober respectable gentlemen of letters. To-day's Jekyll is tomorrow's Hyde, and vice versa.

It's an impasse. I see no way out of it except for each newspaperman to behave like the sort of man he is instead of like the sort of men he thinks newspapermen are. Remember (nobody else will) the kind of stuff that's written by

authors who see themselves as Authors.

NITRO.—I mean the prefix. For some time I have been thinking I was going to have a lot of innocent fun when we came to NITRO; I was going to pick it out of the middle of the chemical name for epicaine and list the whole thing under nitro-whatever-it-was, as one might list "anti-disestablishmentarianism" under "ism, antidisestablishmentarian." But I now find that epicaine is chemically (even as I write this I am convinced it will turn out to contain another mistake): alpha (3, 4-dihydroxyphenyl) beta (para-aminobenzoylbetadiethylaminoethanol) alphaethanonehydrochloride. See? Not a nitro anywhere. However, I got it in all the same, you may have noticed.

NO END OF A TIME.—See ORGY.

ORCHESTRAS.—The only trouble with orchestras when I go to listen to them is that they seem to be composed almost exclusively of people I know by sight. The last one I heard and saw, for instance, had Aldous Huxley among the violas, the late Max Linder on a double-bass, Walter Huston as Cecil Rhodes on one of the nearer 'cellos, and the editor of a London newspaper playing the flute. A girl who had sold me a flag that morning was one of the second violins, Kay Francis was another, Jack Doyle was a first violin, and the drummer appeared to be Tommy Farr. This sort of thing doesn't do the music any good. I am aware that the fault is to a certain extent in me, but I still ho ed ed at

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"CHAR-LAY! IS IT WORTH COMIN' OVER FOR?"

think they ought to make up orchestras of people who look like orchestra-players.

There is rather a subtle point here, though. It is possible to argue that orchestra-players—that is, people such as Sir Henry Wood, who play orchestras—do look like orchestra-players and that the average player in an orchestra has no more reason to look musical than one of the keys of a clarinet considered by itself.

All right. I'll listen with my eyes shut and forgo the sight of the draining of the French horn. R. M.

# To a Lady Seen in a Café

(With apologies)

Hush, wretched woman in grey cotton gloves! Hush, British matron whom nobody loves! Lest murder be charged to the list of my crimes, Begone, with your day-before-yesterday's *Times*.

Begone from this café where, omelette-replete, The gentle French lovers sit whispering sweet Little nothings; while you with a voice like a gong Go booming and booming along.

We hear you complain to your friend how you wish You could but you can't trust Parisian fish, And then in the tones of a militant gull You recall how you once trawled for haddock at Hull. The couples stir fretfully. Still unaware, You tell of the time when your cousin, Lord Blair,

Was gaffed by his gillie while fishing the Spey. The salmon, of course, got completely away.

Your face is as warm and as kind as the sun As you ask for a quite unprocurable bun; And yet you are harsh; with the zeal of a bee You shatter our peace like a porpoise the sea.

You laugh and you bound and you shriek of the weather.

Dear Jove! do we care if the Aberdeen heather Is riddled this year with a terrible blight? Go, go, wretched woman, go out of my sight,

With your long pointed shoes and your grey coat and skirt,

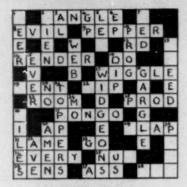
Your silver-fox fur and your crêpe-de-chine shirt; With those purchases made in the Rue de la Paix, And that bag full of plums which you bought on the Quai

Quick, take your parcels, your rug and your mac, Take your Puffin Edition of Death on the Track, And get—let me put it translucently clear— Just get, Curse of Scotland, to hell out of here!

V.G.

### Mr. Punch's Guide To X-Word Riches

FOLLOW these tips and win The Weekly Blot £500 Prize.



#### COMMENTS

Across

Clue No. 2 .- "Mum knows it well enough, so does Dad.'

Mum probably knows the MANGLE better than Dad, but does not this also apply to BANGLE? However, we take BANGLE as having the human rather than humorous note. RANGLE is usually spelt with a w.

Clue No. 19 .- "When it's put up it's hard to sleep.

When the RENT is put up the poor householder spends many sleepless However, there are many people who find it difficult to get any shut-eye in a TENT. DENT and BENT are unlikely here.

Clue No. 22 .- "Dad goes round the corner to get one.

Once again Dad seems to be the butt of the composer. What would Dad go round the corner to get? It might be a DIP, but nowadays most houses are built with baths, so he could just as well do this at home. If it was the PIP he could also get it at home. Ha! Ha! No, it seems that Dad has bad habits and has gone for a SIP or NIP. NIP seems the most logical to us.

Clue No. 29 .- "It comes when sonny is a naughty boy.'

You do not CLAP your son when he has done something naughty. On the contrary, you rebuke him. It depends how heavy-handed you are whether you FLAP him or SLAP him. Think what you do to your own son and then write it down.

Clue No. 35 .- "Part of the works of a car

We are unable to remember at the moment whether a NUB is part of the works of a car, and the Literary Editor has borrowed our dictionary. On the whole, therefore, we think you had better put down NUT.

Clue No. 38 .- "A famous philosopher.

This may well prove to be the crux of the whole puzzle. It is hard to give any direct hint, but most philosophers have pretty funny names, so your guess will be as good as ours.

Down

Clue No. 1 .- "Found at the house of the Marquis of Granby.

It must not be forgotten that this may be PEER.

Clue No. 2 .- "Blank when surprised.

We may as well tell you that we found out the other day that RIEN is the French for nothing, or blank. But this is blank at all times. Blank when surprised must be MIEN, or face. We do not advise DIEN, as this is only used with Ich in front of it.

Clue No. 5 .- "One of the Marx Brothers.'

Frankly, as none of the Marx Brothers seem to fit, we think that the composer must have been pulling our LEG. Or he may have been thinking of the Brothers Karamazov-not that they would fit either.

Clue No. 7 .- "Used to sleep in."

It's asking a bit too much to expect us to help you over this one. People who put down things like RED just don't deserve to win the £500 prize.

Clue No. 13 .- "As fast as the wind."

This one strikes us as darned unfair. but here goes. A STEED may be as fast as the wind, but on the other hand it may not. SPEED, if it is great enough, may also be as fast as the wind. You can be fairly certain, however, that GREED, BREED and BLEED are not as fast as the wind. Most swedes are very fast runners, but unfortunately they spell themselves the wrong way.

Clue No. 26 .- "Internal Cunning."

You will be safe with WILES here. BILES may be internal and cunning as far as we know, but they are only really dwelt upon in digestive powder advertisements.

Clue No. 30.

The composer seems to have forgotten to give a clue for this, not that it makes much difference. However. as he may not admit it later, you had better put in a word. We suggest PUNK.

### Chronicles of the Golden Age of Sheman Shu

THE EMPEROR GOES FISHING. THRICE blessed was the State of Man In the Land of Komah Khu. Gladly strove the Local Gods For the Emperor Sheman Shu: Trees and Shrubs and Birds and

Beasts

Lent their aid to spread his Fame Never was so blessed a Prince, Never so revered a Name.

Vigilant and doubly worked Was the local River God. When the virtuous Sheman Shu Sallied forth with Fishing Rod; Though the High-Born One posse Costly Gear and Fishing Huts, Widely was it known that Shu Could not throw a Line for Nuts. Therefore Trees leant swiftly back When the All-Wise made a Cast,

Fearful lest unworthy Boughs Stop the line from flying past; Even on the further Bank Bushes courteously withdrew Lest the mildest Oath defile The noble Lips of Sheman Shu. Speed of Eye and Speed of Brain Showed the God without a Doubt

When the venerated Shu Deigned to Throw a Fly for Trouts

In the well-stocked swirling Stream Loyal Fish, esteemed for Weight, Gladly won celestial Harps Rising to the splashing Bait; Though the Cast and tapered Line

Gracefully in Heaps came down, Still the Trout contrived to reach Courtly Shu's refined March Brown; Cleverly through tangled Gut

Swam the noble-hearted Fish, Eager to lay down their Lives Carrying out the Royal Wish, Till the loved Beneficence,

Tired at length of Rod and Reel, Homeward turned his shapely Feet, Bearing back a well-filled Creel. Thus in that Enlightened Age Gods and Fish with one accord Happily combined to let Virtue reap a Just Reward.

"He appeared decomposed, and was embarrassed as he played with his fingers on the table."—From a Short Story. They looked so putrescent, somehow.

### The Non-Detective Tale

"AT this stage," said Lord Paul Sleuth Capricorn, second son of the fourteenth Duke, gazing whimsically out of the well-known ogee window of one of the many Capricorn feudal castles—"at this stage, I think, one remembers a partridge in a pear-tree."

For a split second his wife was nonplussed.

SHAKESPEARE?" she hazarded. Lord Paul smiled fantastically.

"Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas," he murmured characteristic-

Lady Paul Capricorn, late of the Women's Prison, Aylesbury, understood the full implications of the phrase selected by that aristocratic, cultured, hyper-sensitive, scholarly mind. She had not been at Aylesbury for nothing, nor Oxford either.

She caught her breath as she made the only possible reply.

"'If all the world were paper,'" she began bravely.

The next moment they were joyously stepping out the old country measure together.

Never, reflected Lady Paul Capricorn as she executed a quick pavane never would she become accustomed to the versatility of her lord. Even his introduction of a pas gymnastique into the convolutions of a country dance was utterly characteristic of this her

"My lord."

Lord Paul with grave courtesy finished the dance, bowed to his wifeat the same time quoting three lines from Horace under his breath-and turned to the man-servant.

Speak, Bunting. You have come to ask whether I am enjoying my honeymoon?

"I am aware, my lord, that your lordship—and her ladyship, if I may be allowed to call her so-are in excellent spirits. I fear that I am about to dash them. A couple of murdered bodies have been found in the garden.'

Lady Paul Capricorn glanced obliquely at her husband. He had become absolutely rigid, pale-green, glassy-eyed and tense from head to foot.

Some miracle of intuition told her that he was disturbed.

To speak was a frightful risk To say nothing was a frightful risk. Lady Paul took them both.

After a moment of silence she spoke. Adhuc sub judice lis est, Paul.

He responded instantly. 'Mordre wol out, that see we day by day.' Come, Bunting. Ma femme, restez là."



" DO COME AND SEE US. OUR HOUSE IS ONLY ABOUT FORTY MINUTES BY STRAP FROM CHARING CROSS.

"Mais non, mon mari. Au contraire, e viens aussi.

She had beaten him at his own game. Together they viewed the bodies lying murdered in the kitchen-garden that had been laid out by an Italian landscape-artist in the tenth century for the third Duke.

"You see?" murmured Lord Paul. "I think so. You mean-they are both wearing false noses?"

"Christmas mummery. To-day is December 25th.

Sudden illumination blinded her. A partridge," she said in a low voice quivering with violent emotion-"a partridge in a pear-tree.

The intuition, the intense sensitiveness, the erudition, the aristocratic magnificence of this man she had

"Then you knew that it was Christmas Day?" she asked, trembling all

His reply was, as always, perfect in its appositeness.

Mattresse Perdrix sur un poirier perchée,'" he said.
"La Fontaine," she replied in-

stantly.

Forgetting the bodies of the Christmas mummers, they fell into one another's arms, quoting Congreve, Her-RICK and Mrs. HEMANS à qui mieux mieux-or, as Lord Paul Sleuth Capricorn sometimes whimsically rendered it, "To whom better better. E. M. D.



"ALL BEST WISHES, MY DEAR. I'M SURE YOU WILL MAKE HIM A GOOD WIFE."
"THAT'LL BE ALL RIGHT. THE QUESTION IS IF I'LL MAKE HIM A GOOD HUSBAND."

### To One Returning East

So leave is done and you depart,
The whistles blow, the doors are slamming;
And you, you hypocrite, are shamming
Great grief and heaviness of heart.
You do not take me in at all,
I know your tears are crocodilian,
And you should blush, to let them fall,
The ripest ruddiest vermilion.

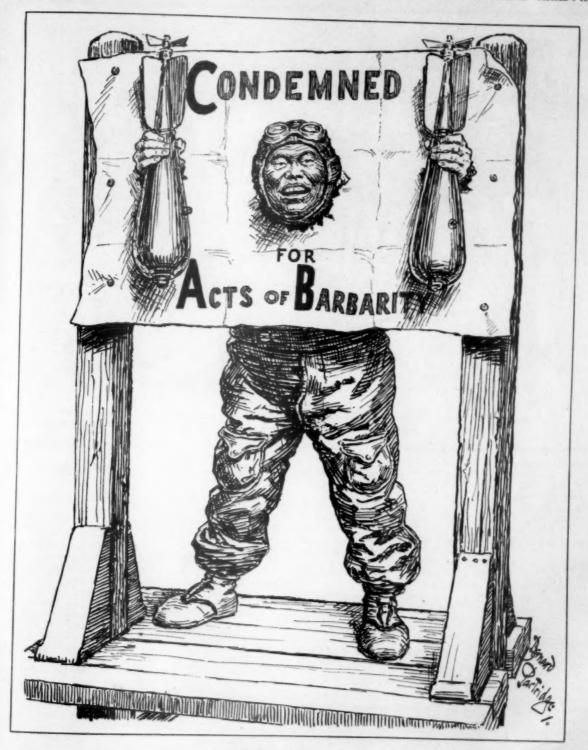
"How sorrowful is Hind, how sweet
Green England's acres and how gladsome!"
No good, old boy, no good—I've had some!
An Indian June is no great treat
But what about the next half-year?
Have Hind, Hong Kong, Iran or Mesopy
Such horrors as we'll live through here
Under green England's winter recipe?

You know they've not, you fraud! . . . Now tell Without duplicity or dodgings—
Did you enjoy those seaside lodgings?
Was heaven in yon Grand Hotel
Where you were rooked and stung and done
For comfort that was only fair or less?
And were the children really fun,
Peon-less and ayah-less and bearer-less?

You found your maids a trial perhaps?
And when you travelled, tell me truly
What you'd have given for just one coolie
To help you hump those tons of traps;
And did not England's endless "Don'ts"—
The very street, for instance, crossing it—
Jar sadly on the ways and wonts
Of one so long inured to bossing it?

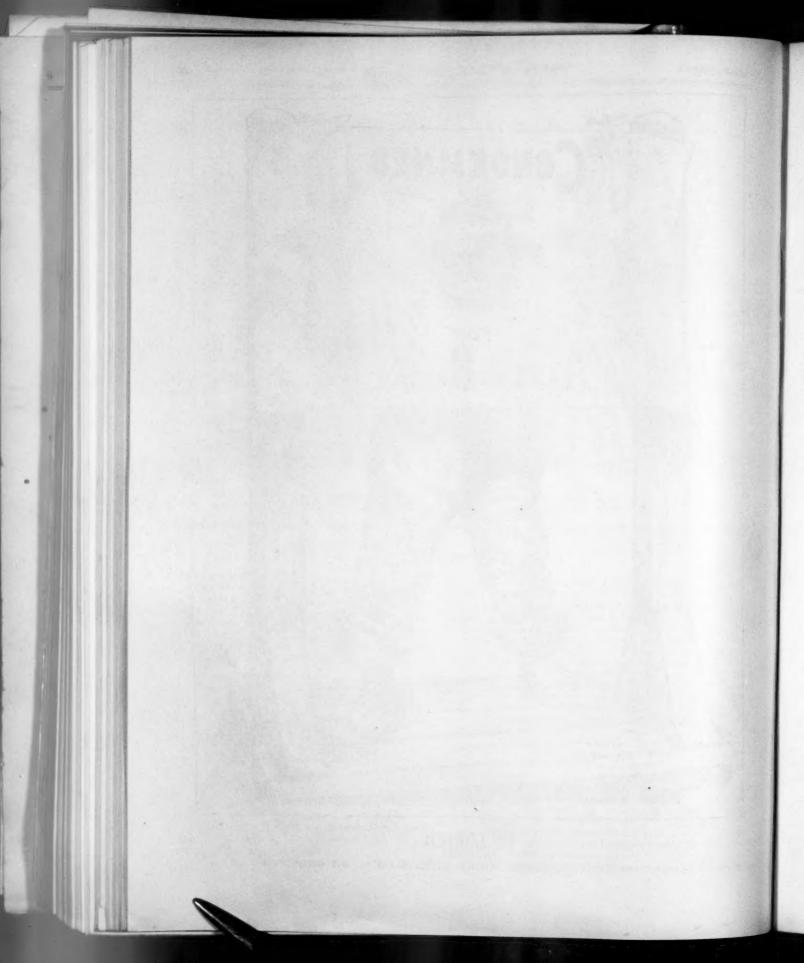
Didn't you miss the rides and shoots, Club evenings comradely and cheery? And grew you not a little weary Of always wearing Europe suits? And did you never feel the goad Of claustrophobia rend and raven you In service flats (St. John's Wood Road), Apartments (Aspidistra Avenue)?

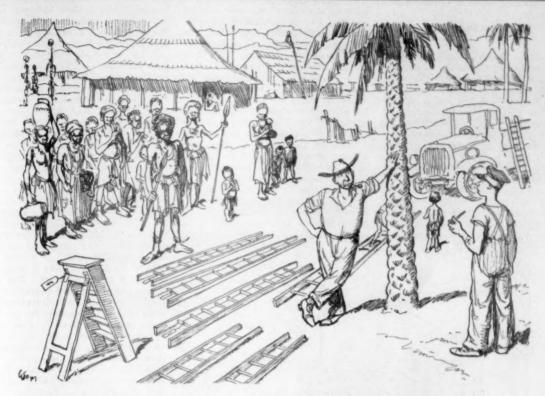
Nay, shed no tears, my crocodile—
Yes, crocodile, and I repeat it—
You know you're downright glad to beat it
Back to that spacious domicile
Where peace and plenty fill the cup,
Where slaves abound and cooks will stay with you
And no one ever washes up:
Get out, you humbug—get away with you! H. B.



PILLORIED

JAPAN. "DO THEY SERIOUSLY THINK THIS IS GOING TO STOP ME !"





"It's a wash-out, Bill. It seems this tribe has some kind of taboo about ladders. They claim that one of their ancestors was a snake."

### Faint Praise

"I WENT to the Vicar's play last night," said Aunt Miriam. "I didn't really want to, but since I won the prize at the last whist drive I couldn't really refuse to spend the money on a ticket. I wouldn't like people to think I was profiteering on my devotions."

"And did you enjoy it?" I asked.
"Well, not altogether. I didn't approve, you see."

"Didn't approve of what?"
"The leading man was George Strut."

"But surely he's the best actor in the parish?"

"Possibly. But that's no reason why he should buy the part. Do you know, only a week before the Vicar chose the parts George gave him a most ostentatious gift of five pounds towards the organ fund. It was nothing less than bribery and corruption."

"Very regrettable."

"And I'm quite sure that George Strut is not the man to appear in a church play. He never comes to church except at the Harvest Festival, and then only to gloat over his vegetable marrows in the apse: and apart from that he's a loose man."

"How?

"Surely everyone knows about his affair with his typist? He lives all his private life at the office, and his wife hardly ever sees him. Shorthand-typist, he calls her. Underhand typist, I should say."

"Perhaps he's just busy at the

office," I suggested.

"That's the trouble. He's far too busy at the office," Aunt Miriam said darkly. "He has no home-life left. Why, he even takes his football-coupons to the office nowadays and his typist pricks out the teams for him with the tie-pin his wife gave him last Christmas."

"Oh, shame!"

"And the way he carried on with that pretty grocer's daughter in the play last night was simply outrageous. That was why he wanted the part of course. He was kissing her and making eyes at her all night."

"But that may have been in the

play."

"Perhaps it was. But the Church

Hall isn't the Folies Bergères. I mean it is half consecrated, isn't it?"

"But if it was in the play—"
"You don't have to act all the play.
If the B.B.C. can leave bits out, surely George Strut can. And you needn't kiss a girl with quite such relish."

"He may only have wanted to be faithful to his art."

"You can be faithful to your art without being unfaithful to your wife at the same time. And it's a great deal more moral in my opinion to kiss a strange girl for a living than to do it for a hobby."

"But she isn't a strange girl."

"That's just what I'm afraid of. All girls ought to be strange to a married man. Though of course," she added, endeavouring to be fair-minded, "he isn't entirely bad. Whenever he sees me in town he always brings me home in his car, and he goes quite regularly to the church whist drives."

"And what," I asked, "was the play

about?"

"About?" Aunt Miriam repeated.

"Oh, I don't really remember. It was one of those dull plays, you know, all about somebody's character."

# Fisching

To have fisched, which means to have fisched in Germany, is, as they still say rather further to the west, quelque chose. You cannot dine out on it as you could if you had spent the holidays playing polo in Lapland or leading the British Shove-Stotinki Team against Bulgaria, but you can do pretty well in a small way. And in any case you will have observed lights on the art of angling unsuspected by poor Walton or indeed by any of the later commentators.

The focal point of fisching is a thing which stands in the courtyard of every fisching inn, generally about halfway

between the pile of Hofbräu empties and the pile of Löwenbrau empties. I forget exactly what they call it, but the word is something like gesploschenschaft and is pronounced with two muffled back-fires in the middle and very marked hydraulic pressure towards the end. It is a large square stone bin which the proprietor of the inn fills with water in the hope that his guests will eventually follow suit with trout; it is covered with wire-netting to prevent the village tripping into it after closing-time, and the netting is padlocked, quite unjustifiably, for roughly the same reason.

Thanks partly to the demands of the kitchen and partly to the wellknown difficulty of catching trout, the population of these bins is usually limited to two or three unhappy little fisch lying on the bottom and watching the air-bubbles at the top with just that expression in their eyes which you can see on wet days at your club in men who have read The Times, including the prices of linseed-oil all over the world and all the letters about Eton. from cover to cover and are wondering what on earth they can do next.

It follows that in Germany there is none of that fine careless knocking of fisch on the head which makes the valleys of Hampshire echo through the summer months like so many carpenters' shops. Instead the steps of the sportsman are dogged by a small boy, often named Fritz and always of immense charm, carrying a barrel on his back. With certain modifications this is a plan to which no sane angler could object; but the barrel contains water, and the game is to get the hooked fisch safely into it with the minimum waste of time. For this reason one of the chief characteristics of fisching is that if a fisch is played for more than ten seconds polite protests begin to come in from the rear, while at twenty seconds, to the fury of fisch and angler alike, a long landing-net is thrust ruthlessly into the pool.

But the real joy of fisching is the Fischwasser Permit, without which you can wade into very hot water indeed for so much as glancing Wickhamishly at the smallest rill. At least you can in theory.

When you go to your innkeeper and break it to him that you want to fisch, he becomes instantly the family solicitor and dwells on the importance attached by the authorities to a Permit. He also asks for a photograph, but he holds out the hope that, provided no one in the Wilhelmstrasse is in a bad temper, the Permit will come along eventually. In the meantime, being a kindly man, he writes you out a temporary one in case the village policeman should catch you on the water, and advises you confidentially to go

In the afternoon you take the bus into Forellen-Kirchen and submit yourself to a girl who has a passion for putting her head into a black sack.

Heil HITLER," you say, "it is only

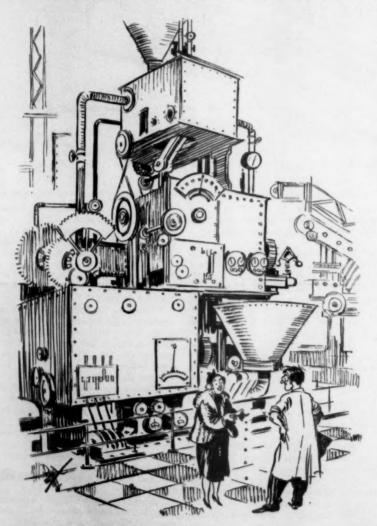
for mein Fischwasser Permit."

"Heil HITLER," she replies, "O.K."

"Heil HITLER," you then say, "all
the same the links side of my face has always struck the experts as being much the neater job.'

"Heil HITLER," she then replies, "O.K.

And after a few hilarious dives into the sack that part of the business is over. The next is common to most



"FOR SHELLING PEAS, 18 IT? I USUALLY GO LIKE THIS."

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"WE CAN'T 'ELP IT, SIR; 'E WILL WRIGGLE."

[It is forbidden by International Agreement to take or kill any Humpback Whale less than thirty-five feet in length.]

lands. In the bar after dinner it happens that you make friends with the policeman, and having taken the liberty of buying him a litre of dunkel, you ask as innocently as you can if the forellen-fisching is any good. He replies guardedly that he believes it to be excellent, but it interests him not at all; and at that, if you are an experienced fischerman, you will repeat the mixture as before.

Next morning you can start fisching with the certainty that no one will bother his head about you any more, always with the exception of your other shadow, the boy Fritz. Honour is satisfied, and red tape has been tied into the appropriate knots. Amongst famous last words should be recorded those of any English fischerman to his host: "You won't forget to send on my Permit, if it should ever come, as a memento of such good trout?"

But to me the really fascinating thing about fisching was the effect of the tank in the courtyard—what is its name?—on the moral fibre of my most seasoned countrymen. The gentlest

angler can slay a trout without a qualm in the first ecstasy of capture, but when the route from bedroom to breakfast takes him daily past his doomed victim, the hardest weakens.

One fischerman in particular I have in mind. He had the cold eye of the practised hunter, and the lapel of his coat looked like an old fly-paper from the tropics. Under the clear waters of the Test and Itchen his name without doubt was mud. On his first day out he caught a very large grayling, and when it was transferred to the tank he affected a mild amusement. Next day he paused thoughtfully by the tank more than once. Two nights later he was seen to sneak out of the bar with a roll of bread in his hand. He was growing noticeably thinner and a haggard look had crept into his eyes.

Then came the unforgettable night when I was awakened by heavy footsteps shuffling past my room and, hearing the snap of cracking metal in the dark outside, I knew that one fischerman had been cured of the madness.

### Twelfth of October

It is a date to remember. On that Tuesday in London there will be a street collection for thirty-three Special Hospitals in the London area not included among those for which a similar "combined collection" was made last May. Mr. Punch respectfully asks his readers to give as generously as they can. Suggestions and offers of help also will be welcomed by Lord Luke, Chairman of the London Hospitals Street Collections Central Committee, at 36 Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

#### Things That Might Have Been More Happily Arranged.

"St. Andrew's New Vicar.
Bishop of Lewes Sounds a Warning."
Local Paper.

"On Friday the bruise on his chin was lanced and this has greatly relieved the stiffness of his log."—Maltese Paper.

Now for a little embrocation on the leg to put the chin right.

# At the Play

"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE"
(ROYALTY)

HITHERTO (with the recent exception of Time and the Conways) when time has appeared on the English stage it has been as old Father Time, a figure of fun. But in the little inn on the Yorkshire moors where Mr. PRIESTLEY'S I Have Been Here Before takes place, Time receives full honours. Here is no perfunctory dismissal, like that in the Admiralty instructions the other day, in which time was summarily defined as "a portion of duration." Mr. PRIESTLEY broods and ponders, and although he disclaims in a footnote to the programme any identification of his views with those developed in the play, he is quite definite in his scornful repudiation of those who think there are no problems and no mysteries.

In this play a young cocksure intellectual, Oliver Farrant (Mr. WILLIAM Fox), lives and the visible and strong disapprobation of the dramatist, for he personifies the typical modern pro-

gressive man to whom there are no mysteries which research and thought cannot clear up, to whom the human soul has no dark and strange destiny, and to whom the whole of life is a quite simple and straightforward question of organisation in order to secure the maximum of comforts for everybody. To confound this view there are introduced into the sittingroom of this Yorkshire inn Mr. PRIEST-LEY's two big guns, Dr. Gortler (Mr. LEWIS CASSON), an exiled elderly German scholar, now preoccupied with problems of time, and Mr. Walter Ormund (Mr. WILFRID LAWSON). Outwardly Walter Ormund is a forceful, prosperous, attractive North-country manufacturer, but in truth it does not need his incessant drinking to show us a man haunted by a sense of coming tragedy, accordingly frightened of life and taking refuge both in whisky and in incessant business activity. The part of Walter Ormund is one of the best in the growing and impressive gallery of Mr. PRIESTLEY's contemporary dramatic figures. It is a part which gives an actor magnificent scope at successive levels of emotion, and Mr. WILFRID LAWSON, fresh from his great acting in *The King's Pirate*, rises fully to it.



A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS AN UNPOPULAR THING

A A ARRE ARRIVETT		**	3.4.5		and were control or commerce and
Sam Shipley .				*	MR. WILLIAM HEILBRONN
Walter Ormund					MR. WILFRID LAWSON
Janet Ormund	*			*	MISS PATRICIA HILLIARD
Sally Pratt					MISS EILEEN BELDON
Dr. Gortler					MR. LEWIS CASSON
Oliver Farrant					MR. WILLIAM FOX

From the first moment, when *Dr.* Gortler arrives at the inn, his preoccupation and abstractedness, which receive



THE MAN WHO ALTERED DESTINY Walter Ormund . . MR. WILFRID LAWSON

full weight in Mr. Casson's hands, together with sundry odd questionings and expectations on his part, disturbs not the imperturbable Yorkshire innkeeper (Mr. WILLIAM HEILBRONN) but

his daughter, Sally Pratt (Miss EILEEN BELDON, and a quiet triumph of characterisation). She feels that there is something wrong about a man whose expectations are so completely and yet apparently so accidentally fulfilled. As the play unfolds her uneasiness gains an intensity and a justification, for Dr. Gortler is coming to this inn this Whitsuntide, expecting to be there for the crisis in the lives of Ormund, his wife (Miss PATRICIA HILLIARD). and Oliver Farrant. He has advance knowledge, and he is now interested to see if he can perhaps interfere and change the predestined course of events.

Nothing could be more expressive of free choice than holidays in an inn on the moors. The Ormunds and Farrant have come by chance and are free to go at any moment and for any whim, and yet the little sitting-room is full of a sense of a cycle of events repeating itself. Dr. Gorler's theories of time are not clear. He is, like the dramatist, a student feel-

ing his way, and too many hares are started, theories of time being mingled with theories of recurrence and reincarnation, but the main point is brilliantly established. The creative imagination of human beings is not a passive by-product of an indifferent material universe, and it is nearer the truth to say just the opposite and to recognise that it makes and moulds what is. The last of Mr. WILFRID LAWSON'S achievements is to show us the new Walter Ormund whom the doctrine of responsibility has saved and renewed.

D. W.

"PEOPLE IN LOVE" (AMBASSADORS)

Very light comedy, as this is described on its programme, should be like a fast game of verbal ping-pong.

Dazzled by pace and swerve and dexterity, the onlookers should scarcely notice that the players are almost automata; but let the pace drop for more than a fair breathing-space and they will grow uncomfortably conscious of the fact. Wit is such a brittle thing

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unless packed carefully in the humour of character, that by itself most dramatists find it too fragile for their touch. Amongst these, I am afraid, is Mr. ARTHUR REID, for though his play is mainly an interchange of wit its best moments are due to the individual funniness of the only two members of the cast whose parts he has filled out beyond the dimensions of lay figures.

One is Mr. Henry Hewitt, whose banker-poet has reduced bachelor-hood to the terms of a satisfactory philosophy, and the other is Miss Ellen Pollock as his rich and scatter-brained sister. Between them they take such honours as are going in an evening of uncertain interest.

A good-looking burglar (Mr. CYRIL RITCHARD), driven by starvation to crack his first crib, is found lurking with a pocketful of knick-knacks in the flat of a young widow (Miss Greta Nissen), who trustfully lets him loose on her larder and, being somewhat pestered for her hand by a military man of surpassing dumbness (Mr. Jack Allen), takes him on as a temporary buffer-fiancé.

The banker discovers in the burglar that extraordinary capacity which some men have for juggling with pengö and peseta and vet emerging on the right side of the paper, and gives him a job; his sister invites the supposedly happy couple to her country-house for a week-end, making up the party with the military man, in whom she has suddenly divined a sympathetic soul and the seene is set for widow and exburglar to find that love is really theirs, a love made uneasy for a

while, however, by their hostess's uncomfortable habit of stealing her own jewellery in order to pay her gamblingdebts with the insurance money.

There were times at which Miss Pollock and Mr. Hewitt, working extremely hard, gave us honest laughs. She is an effective exponent of the "Weally, Wobert!" school, and has clearly made a close study of the kind of woman whose warm-hearted irresponsibility is such a menace to the peace of herself and her friends; from behind large glasses Mr. Hewitt's eyes play critically on the absurd exterior of romance with an acid quality of shyness which is diverting.

There were times also when Mr. Reid's lines earned a full approval, for he can turn a phrase neatly and drily in a way which should stand him in good stead if he will try his hand at

more solid material; but before the evening was over it was evident that for a play relying on wit this was deficient in it.

Where the proper timing of a phrase meant everything, Miss Nissen's broken English was no help to her, though she did her best. Her widow was called Hélène, and more and more I wished that Mr. RITCHARD would not pronounce it "Hullun." His passage from burglar to banker was creditably calm, but he seemed to me unnecessarily stiff.

Mr. Derek Patmore's sets are bright and up-to-date, but what on earth is the contraption which he has insinuated into the right-hand corner of the country-lounge? An affair of jointed wooden slats, not unlike a very



BANKER FEELS THE DRAUGHT

Julia . . . . . . . MISS ELLEN POLLOCK

Armand . . . . . . . MR. HENRY HEWITT

impracticable Venetian blind standing on its side, it looks quite nice but offers no clue at all as to its use. I looked in the programme under the list of acknowledgments, fully prepared for "Tiger-Trap by Jungles, Inc.," or "Ancient Loom kindly lent by the Dalai Lama of Tibet," but there was no mention of the thing. A notable addition to the Whatnot family in any case.

ERIC.

#### At the Ballet

"COQ D'OR" (COVENT GARDEN)

WITH the revival of Le Coq d'Or the Ballet Russe may be said to have made a return to Russian Ballet. The success of this FOKINE work, with GONTCHAROVA'S vivid peasant-shop

décor and the RIMSKY-KOBSAKOV music (adapted by TCHEREPNINE), is a triumph of manner over matter.

The ballet is sturdy and discursive. The bold and attractive patterns of GONTCHAROVA'S canvas and her massed colours dominate the old Russian story. Its humours are reflected in the bright full scene she draws. The humours are robust and kind - hearted. They grow out of such homely soil as is founded by the wigged and bearded boyards. by a gigantic white horse, perilously mounted by a toppling king, and the everyday pleasantries of the stage Russian peasant, arms akimbo, skirts aswing, and all the painted ingredients that go to make a shining peasant-shop world.

The flaw of the work is inherent in its genesis. Originally Coq d'Or was presented in the form of an opera, its garrulous event set out and embroidered by song. In recasting the work in a form that is suitable for ballet presentation there has been the inevitable problem of what to retain and what to discard. As is usual in such cases, too much has been kept.

FORINE's masterly handling of ensemble and cadenza passages and the gusto of the large cast do much to turn this flaw into a virtue; but a selective use of the scissors among the rich folds of the musical texture would benefit the ballet as a whole. For though the dancing passages combine loveliness with invention, they become repetitive through their strongly-marked characterisation, and the episodic passages—the ballet's crowd scenes—

are barren of choreographic focus. The quality that is missing in the work is the projection of action by means of pure dance—a quality that was Fokine's own contribution to the ballet of to-day. Some bold cuts and a great deal more care in the lighting of the second and third tableaux would make this ballet-pantomime one of the most attractive works that the company can offer.

As the Coq d'Or, sent to warn King Dodon of the approach of the enemy, Riabouchinska adds another creation to her gallery of rôles. Each portrait is light and shallow, but each is unpredictable and memorable. The angularities of The Child in Jeux d'Enfants, the smooth hostess in Le Cotillon, the fresh gaiety (and the technical deftness) of the Young Girl in Le Beau Danube, the beauty of the

Sylphides Prelude (a little spoilt from too much repetition), and now the sharp stabbing leaps of the Golden Cockerel—all point to the sensitive instrument this artist is becoming.

As the Queen of Shemakhan, BARONOVA easily, meticulously and wittily turns choreographic difficulties into poems of line and movement. If in her treatment of the houri she calls to mind the glowing beauty-and the mannerisms-of Tamara Toumanova, it may not be intentional.

As King Dodon, MARC PLATOFF grasps the essentially robust quality of the rôle. His reading is dominatedand rightly so-by his make-up, which is that of a stout Russian Santa Claus.

LAZOVSKY, in many respects the most improved dancer in the company, brings style to the Russian peasant dance in Act I., and ALGERANOFF, the ancient astrologer, holds the many threads of the ballet closely in his hands. In inviting GONTCHAROVA to lead them back to Russia it may be that the Ballet Russe has found as much to stimulate its own jaded imagination as to delight our own.



"AH! WHEN IN ROME, MY DEAR . . . "

### **Quotations**

THE idea-like so many ideasseemed at first to be an absolutely brilliant one. Later on one saw that there might be certain difficulties about carrying it out-but we haven't yet come to that part.

The whole thing was suggested by Uncle Egbert's calendar, sent last December and duly hung up in the bathroom on January 1st-and many a moderately warm bath (because Cook will not keep the boiler properly stoked, and whenever one speaks about it simply says it's the clinkers-which is nonsense, only one always says, Oh, yes, and one'll certainly speak to the man next time he comes) But where were we? Yes, in a moderatelywarm bath. Well, this rather unattractive form of relaxation has many a time been cheered by the sight on the wall of those dear little birdies sitting about amongst roses and larkspurs and tulips, all growing in profusion amid a sundial, a terrace, a yew-hedge, a fountain and a thatched cottage. The whole thing prettily entitled, in Olde Englysshe lettering, "The Merry Ring-In fact such numerous trains of thought-such as why hadn't one done the dining-room flowers for Sunday, and what about indoor bulbs this year-were started by the calendar that one was a bit apt to forget about pulling off its leaves and revealing a Great Thought for the day

It was in fact quite late in the autumn when one removed August and September and was confronted with a spiritual bombshell let fall by SHAKESPEARE, no less-

> "Brevity is the soul of wit." Hamlet, Act II., Scene 2.

Well, actually one had thought of that already without any help from poor dear Shakespeare. Any wife and mother does-automatically. Egbert, on the other hand, either hasn't ever heard of it or else has forgotten it years ago. Still, one couldn't very well tear it off and send it to him.

But it was at that very moment that inspiration descended.

Why not get out a calendar of quotations taken from the utterances of friends, relations and neighbours? Most of them at one time or another must have said something quite as significant as SHAKESPEARE'S lesser aphorisms.

What, for instance, did Uncle Egbert say in 1898, 1907, 1921, 1936, and again last Monday

He said that in his opinion the world was going mad.

And what did Aunt Emma reply on each occasion?

That she was thankful to say she wouldn't be here much longer to see it.

(Of course in a way this goes to show that Aunt Emma isn't much of a prophet.)

From Charles it should surely be possible to cull many a fragrant posy of thought-

"No woman has the slightest idea of time.

"What was good enough for my father has always been good enough for me and ought to be good enough for my children.

"A man's schooldays are the happiest days of his life.

Modern thought, naturally, is represented by the young-

"It's frightfully bad for a car to drive it slowly.

Nobody can possibly go to sleep before midnight at the very earliest.

"Flying is absolutely safe.

Grandmama undoubtedly will adom the page consecrated to Christmas Day

"We must try to be cheerful for the sake of the children.'

Cousin Florence can have June 22nd

"The days are beginning to draw in."

and poor Miss Flagge the 22nd of December-

"The days will soon be growing longer now.

Nor need one confine oneself wholly to the family circle, although as a matter of fact it could easily furnish three hundred and sixty-five absolutely quotable sayings.

But there is the neighbourhood to be considered as well.

What about old Lady Flagge on the first of April ?-

"A joke is a joke, but it's the modern fashion to mistake rudeness for wit.

Or the Colonel, on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo-

"The British Army is steadilyslowly but steadily-going to the dogs.

And for January there are all kinds of sayings, some of them quite like epigrams, about the income-tax-

"You can't draw blood from a

is one of the best of these.

But you see the idea?

This, however, is where quiet fun ends and cynical mirth begins E. M. D.

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"On! WELL CHEATED, SIR."

### System

According to our Manager the importance of an efficient business system cannot be over-estimated. It is apparent in the keenness of the staff and the effortless speed with which difficult transactions are accomplished. What is more, it is infallible.

There are only two snags. One is that it brings forth a suggestion on the part of the Directors that in consequence of such an excellent System being employed, figures should next year be doubled. The other is that no provision is made for the inevitable intrusion of the human element.

For instance, supposing that we find ourselves in urgent need of an order we have placed with our suppliers for twelve gross of Dainty Doughnut Tongs (Non-Sticky Handle). The order must be delivered to-day without fail. What do we do? This is where our System starts to work and efficiency steps in. We cannot let our reputation down for want of twelve gross Dainty Doughnut Tongs (Non-Sticky Handle).

At twelve o'clock our Manager rings for our Mr. Brown. Our Mr. Brown, as Buyer-in-Chief, receives instructions to take the job in hand. The matter is of extreme importance. Our Mr. Brown unfortunately has a lunch appointment which will keep him from business all the afternoon. At the moment I am not available, being as it happens in the café across the way having my elevenses. So before he leaves the office Mr. Brown scribbles a note to me on his blotting-paper to the effect that in his absence I am to ring our suppliers and urge the order for the Dainty Dough-

nut Tongs. He adds that this order has already been passed to their representative, but that the said representative is away from business and has probably forgotten all about it by now anyway

To all intents and purposes Mr. Brown has fulfilled his part in the intricate System which the Manager has set in motion. If by chance I do not have occasion to go into Mr. Brown's office until, say, half-past four, when my eye catches sight of the message on his blotting-paper, then it appears that I, not the System, am to blame.

The rest is simple.

I have only to ring the suppliers.

"Is that Tomnoddy and Sons Suc. cessors Limited?" I ask. Smith of Jobling and Jorkins speaking. I want to give a message to your Mr. Jones from our Mr. Brown in connection with an urgent order for twelve gross of Dainty Doughnut Tongs (Non-Sticky Handle) booked by your representative, Mr. Robinson, who, I understand, is away from business.

The telephone clicks.
"Hello," I say. "I want to speak to your Mr. Jones about the twelve gross of Dainty Doughnut Tongs (Non-Sticky Handle) which our Mr. Brown ordered from your Mr. Robinson. This is Smith speaking for-

'Hello. Tomnoddy and Sons Successors Limited. Hello.'

- "Hello."
- "Hello."
- "Hello."

"Tomnoddy and Sons-

"Hello. This is Smith speaking from Jobling and Jorkins. I want a word with your Mr. Jones on behalf of our Mr. Brown, who ordered some Dainty Doughnut Tongs (Non-Sticky Handle)

from your Mr. Robinson, who—"
"Hello. I'm sorry, Mr. Robinson is

away from business.

"I know. It's Mr. Jones I want to speak to. About an urgent order you have in hand for our Mr. Brown for some Dainty Doughnut Tongs-

"Dainty Doughnut Tongs? Oh, that's Mr. Jones's department." A

pause. "Who is that speaking, please?"
"This," I say slowly, "is Smith speaking for Mr. Brown of Jobling and Jorkins about some Doughnut Tongs-



"WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT CHILDREN ARE-ALWAYS BRINGING THINGS INTO THE HOUSE.

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"I TOUCHED EIGHTY TO-DAY, MRS. JONES."

"Oh, just one moment, please. I'll put you through."

The telephone clicks again. I wait, perhaps for one moment, perhaps for five.

"Hello." A strange voice this time.
"Hello. This is Smith of Jobling and
Jorkins speaking on behalf of Mr.
Brown. I——"

"I'm sorry, but you've been put through to the wrong extension. This is Mr. Jones's department."

"But I want to speak to Mr. Jones."
"Oh, yes? Who is that speaking, please?"

"This," I murmur faintly, grasping the receiver in a trembling hand, "is Smith of Jobling and Jorkins. I want to speak to your Mr. Jones. I have a message to give your Mr. Jones from our Mr. Brown, also of Jobling and Jorkins. This message is urgent and important. It is about an order for some Dainty Doughnut Tongs which our Mr. Brown placed with your Mr. Robinson. Your Mr. Robinson, I am given to understand, is away from business. Please ask your Mr. Jones to

"Oh, yes, but I'm sorry Mr. Jones is

out. Can anyone else do anything for you?"

Exhausted but rallying bravely, I give the instructions which the Manager gave to Mr. Brown who gave them to me to give to Tomnoddy and Sons Successors Limited to deliver twelve gross of Dainty Doughnut Tongs (Non-Sticky Handle) urgently.

If, after all, Tomnoddy and Sons Successors Limited send us a dozen boxes of hat-pins the day after to-morrow, that is a matter rather beyond the control of our System, and sheer bad-luck. But you see how it works?

<sup>&</sup>quot;WELL, YOU CERTAINLY DON'T LOOK IT, MR. WILSON."



"No, CLAUDE, I AM DEFINITELY UNCERTAIN."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

### Prince of Opportunists

"A KING" (so he said) "without a kingdom, a husband without a wife and a soldier without money," Henry of Navarre (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 12/6) is entitled to the praise of a careerist who rendered his country the grateful partner of his success. But he is hardly entitled to the blessing of VOLTAIRE as "the first great tolerant," for his tolerance was merely the tolerance of indifference. Bred first Catholic, then Calvinist, HENRY wearied betimes of the internecine struggles of both; and it is small wonder that his life, honestly and engagingly written by Mr. QUENTIN HURST, exhibits him as the supreme opportunist. It is natural perhaps but not wise for the historian to discount the higher ideals of both "religions"; it is equally natural to discover psychological interest in Henry's numerous liaisons. But there is more to the story than the political intrusiveness of Geneva and the Jesuits, and the chief importance of Henry's sensuality is the tiresome fashion in which it countered his diplomacy. The story of his actual reign is admirably told, in particular the forging of that absolutism which, so acceptable under his peaceloving, easy-going, benevolent sway, became a centralised and bellicose tyranny under his grandson Louis XIV.

### The Impressionist

In Dear Theo (Constable, 12/6) the well-known letters of Vincent van Gogh to his brother are reduced to a single volume by the very able editorship of Mr. Irving Stone. The Dutch painter whose work nearly fifty years after his death has at last come to its own writes the story of his short and feverish life with complete unconscious self-revelation. Egoism, readiness to take offence, instability and, not less, courage, philosophy, love of beauty and sim-

plicity in sacrifice to the art that has become his religion, are superimposed in these amazing pages on the neverending note of a beggar's whine—the whine of a beggar who cares nothing if he starve for lack of bread but who dies a thousand deaths if deprived of paints and canvases. Heart-breakingly poignant is the writer's unrealised betrayal of his degeneration under the intolerable stresses of poverty and loneliness fretting against a passion of creation in the days when he is driving himself through over-work, drink and vice to ultimate insanity and death. From these great yet terrible pages there emerge not only the painter but also his father, foreseeing and disregarded, and his brother—Theo—who sacrificed himself with a love and patience almost more than mortal to clear his brother's path.

### Pity Poor Presto

Miss Edith Sitwell's novel, I Live Under a Black Sun (GOLLANCZ, 8/6), is founded upon the story of JONATHAN SWIFT, STELLA and VANESSA. The names are changed and the story is given a modern setting. This is a very good way of communicating "Poor Presto's" tragedy. Fate kept JONATHAN waiting, always a dependant, in spite of intense pride and ambition, and then, just when success was on the point of coming to him, Good QUEEN ANNE died, the Whigs came in again and he retired to Ireland, more or less an exile. He had waited, mostly in vain. In revenge poor "Presto" kept several loving ladies waiting-all their lives. Nostalgic regrets, ideas of what might have been, happiness fleeting away-these are things that Miss SITWELL'S sensibility enables her to express with compelling poignancy. How she feels for a Vanessa, growing up from a plump little silly, suddenly middle-aged before she knows it, then in despair trying to get a hold on fate, writing to the DEAN and STELLA to find out whether they are really married, and being remorselessly "liquidated" by JONATHAN, who once petted her so roguishly. Jonathan too is a prey to black despair. The STELLA person in the story haunts him with her "Too late!" Of course there are a great many things about Swift and his circle that have no place in this novel. Miss SITWELL has availed herself of the aspects of their lives that her poetic genius is specially well adapted to irradiate with poignancy and beauty.

### Pilgrims and Fathers

The century which lay between the recognition of Christianity by Constantine and the sack of Rome by Alaric was one of the most momentous ages of history; but it is one of which most people who read history mainly for enter-



"Excuse ME, Sie, BUT WHAT IS THE FEMALE OF 'GUY'?"

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tainment have probably been inclined to be rather shy. They need be so no longer, for DOROTHY, Lady BROOKE, in four separate but related "studies in religious adventure," has presented it not only without tears but with an unexpected bonus of laughter. She carries a load of learning with a lightness which is almost nonchalance, and the wit which is a constant quality of her writing is nearly always informed with a fine irony. Not that she is not serious, whether in intention or in performance; her analysis of the Pelagian controversy, for instance, is as thorough as it is lucid, and her whole book is a real and valuable contribution to knowledge. Pilgrims Were They All (FABER AND FABER, 12/6) she calls it, and the pilgrims proper are represented by the indefatigable and informative ETHERIA, whose acquaintance it is a pleasure to make. But there are hermits in it too, inhabiting a desert as overcrowded and in its own way as lively as the Lido; and there are heretics and famous Fathers of the Church. And if it is a little shocking to learn that the great JEROME was a spiteful and conceited old man and AUGUSTINE not much more amiable, well, it is better to have even one's saints in fleshand-blood than in plaster-of-Paris.

### In Haute Savoie

The popular theory that ladies of easy virtue are invariably generous and fair-minded seems to be the foundation of Miss Margery Sharp's new and entertaining story, The Nutmeg Tree (ARTHUR BARKER, 7/6). It is chiefly set in Haute Savoie (which is depicted on the delightful dust-cover), and concerns Julia, whose short wartime marriage to a man of family has produced one daughter, Susan, as wellbred and rigid, though a dear, as her mother is the reverse—though a dear also. But there may be one streak of mother in daughter, for Susan wants to marry a young man whom Julia quickly recognises as fundamentally of her own type. When we add that Julia is staying with her mother-in-law and is penniless, that she has had tender passages during the Channel crossing with an acrobat who comes in search of her, and that she has fallen

desperately in love with Susan's adopted uncle, the very distinguished Sir William, the possibilities of complications are obvious, and Miss Sharp helps us to explore them thoroughly. The happy ending will please everyone who can believe in Julia's charm and essential delicacy as well as in her past.

#### Mens Conscia Recti

It is excellent and uncommon to have opinions that are not the mere shadowy reflex of another's: excellent also





"POLITESSE OBLIGE."

Hansom Cabby (suppressing a volley of imprecations at the tip of his tongue as he'd a Lady inside—the four-wheeler having narrowly grazed his horse's nose). "PRAY 'OW D'YER LIKE LONDON, SIR?"

Charles Keene, October 11th, 1879.

to express these opinions with force and wit. Mr. Douglas Jerrold is sure of himself—"I hate him, he's always right," his headmaster is reported to have said to a common friend. Georgian Adventure (Collins, 15/-) is the name he has chosen for his autobiography. Seventeen years old at the Coronation of George V., which he witnessed from the privileged position accorded to King's Scholars of Westminster, he soon discovered that the neo-Georgian epoch was going to be one of rapid and continuous change. From Westminster he went to New College, Oxford, where he found himself

thrown into a society of Wykehamists, that singular and, as he thinks, too orthodox race. Then he came to London and joined the Authors' Club, and met more celebrities, of sorts, about whom he has his say, frankly but without malice. And then the War, and he joined the Naval Division and saw service in France and Gallipoli, and was wounded, and has some forthright thrusts at various brass-hats. Then he found himself in the Ministry of Food, and the Treasury, from which he reverted to journalism, and started in the publishing business, and edited The English Review, and wrote books. Few men could have enjoyed a more interesting life; fewer could have written so interesting an account of it. There are innumerable thumb-nail sketches of men of mark, political, military, literary; if one began to mention names this would become a mere catalogue. Enough to say that this is one of the few autobiographies that must be read by all who take an interest in modern politics and modern letters.

#### The English Scene

There have been many recent efforts to anatomize Old

England (THE STUDIO, 10/6), and to discuss what went to the making of a tradition that the industrial and cosmopolitan flood tide is rapidly obliterating. But there has been nothing exactly like Mr. R. H. MOTTRAM's picture of our immediate past, seen with a painter's eye, drawn with an architect's precision and suffused here and there with a very moving tenderness. It is the landscape-painters, who rose as the stock of rural England fell, who are its most vivid recorders; and this description of the country and the country-girdled town is illustrated with De Wints and Cromes, Coxes and Cotmans. Old prints recall the

English inn before its style was cramped by lack of service and over-much regimentation; and the castles that featured so picturesquely in our landscapes long after they ceased to influence our lives are Girtin's and Constable's. Distinguishing the muddle that is London from every other capital, Mr. Mottram decides that it is high time that the city evolved a new architectural idiom. But he is at his best in the country, celebrating the England of fire and sleet and candlelight with the enkindling ardour of an enthusiast.

#### Gamblers All

In The Dusky Hour (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) Mr. E. R. Punshon sets his Detective-Sergeant Bobby Owen the heavy task of competing against several clever and corrupt knaves. Bobby, however, had at least one reason to be thankful, for when he was summoned to Berkshire because a man had been murdered in a chalk pit he found a county chief constable who was intelligent and human. With a gang of sharepushers as their opponents Bobby and Colonel Warden required both brains and brawn, and nothing is neater in this tale than the skilful way in which the law-breakers

hand on suspicion from one to another. Mr. Punshon would have tightened up his story if he had eliminated one or two of his characters, but he works up to a final scene which can only be described with accuracy as a rough house. From this pandemonium Bobby, as modest as ever, emerges with colours flying.

#### Invasion

When Mr. Jefferson Farjeon restrains his sense of humour he can tell a story that is both amusing and thrilling, and in *Holiday at Half-mast* (Collins, 7/6) his very unprofessional sleuth, *Wellington Pryce*, without forcing the pace succeeded in enlivening proceedings which in essence were grim. By artifice *Wellington* entered Rossiter Hall with the intention of investigating the death of his brother, but having gained a footing in this Devon mansion he found himself involved in a dispute between the *Rossiters* and some campers who had pitched their tents near the Hall. Mr. Farjeon, alive to the vast difference between comedy and farce, is at his best in describing the prepara-

tions made by Wellington's hosts to resist an attack from the campers, but a plan of the house would have made this onslaught easier to follow. Here is a tale that contains originality enough to save it from being included in the ruck of sensational fiction; indeed Mr. Farden's ideas about piquet are so original that they will surprise, even if they do not shock, players of that delightful game.



#### From Many Sources

Far and wide and for over thirty years Mr. Fitzwater Wray has been searching in places where literary aspirants are often invited to make con-

tributions, and the result is *The Visitor's Book* (Dent, 6/-). The idea was well conceived, for here we have a tome of no unwieldy size in which a satisfactory dip may at any moment be taken. For the Bishop of Melanesla's contribution alone Mr. Wray's collection is worth its price. In the book of a Somerset inn (no name mentioned) this dignitary of the Church wrote: "After ten years' residence among cannibals I find a change of diet very welcome." Placed in any inn or boarding-house this volume might act either as an encouragement or a deterrent to scribes. For Mr. Wray, while quoting what seems to him best in the various books that he has consulted, also gives specimens of the worst. And the worst, as anyone who has looked at a visitor's book will readily believe, are indescribably bad. Both the author's photographs and Mr. Stanley Herbert's drawings are worthy of mention.

"Whether I shall marry him I cannot say. I have to see about my divorce before I can even think about another marriage." Report of Interview in Daily Paper.

The punctiliousness of the lady is quite refreshing.

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### Charivaria

A MAN was blown several feet into the air through a manhole in a London pavement and came down quite unhurt. We understand that several tempting offers to appear in pantomime as the Demon King were waiting for him when he landed.

A weekly paper publishes a picture of Mussolini wearing Hitler's moustache. The two must be even friendlier than we thought.

There is serenity in old age, suggests a psychologist, just as long as it keeps within its shell. This is particularly true of the egg.

In Hawaii, it is stated, they have

the same weather all the year round.

And consequently, no doubt, the

same conversation.

"Artificial sunlight is a great beauty aid," claim the makers of a lamp which produces it. We must really

look more carefully at the gorillas in the Zoo.

"This man came peddling down the street at thirty miles per hour and just missed the Viscount, who protested."—Staff Magazine.

This must have been a "Just You Try To Stop Me And Buy One."

The Astronomer Royal states

The Astronomer-Royal states that the day is becoming longer at the rate of '0037 seconds per century. This of course is just one example of what the Trade Unions have to fight against.



According to a recent speaker, there is none of the old sea-dog fighting spirit round our shores now-adays. The traditional "All hands to repel boarders!" has long ago been found to be unprofitable.

"When a couple in life's journey seem to have reached the cross-roads,

what is to be done?" asks a social reformer. Open a petrolstation.

A Tokyo newspaper proclaims that Japan wouldn't have China as a gift. And she isn't getting it that way either.

Hands are now powdered as well as faces, according to a beauty expert. Dainty knuckle-dusters are in great demand.

A lecturer declares that Gaelic, in spite of efforts to revive it, is really a dead language. Alas, poor Doric!



A sporting writer is endeavouring to arouse the interest of golfers in a new game.

Nevertheless, players will doubtless continue to swear by the old one.

Old top-hats make quaint wastepaper-baskets, according to a woman's paper. Most owners of old top-hats, however, use them as quaint top-hats.

A music-hall comedian has given up the stage and opened an ironmongery store in Manchester. So you will still see his name at the top of the bill.

**Exchange** and Mart

"Would any lady give a large Pram for the triplets recently born in the Liverpool Maternity Hospital?"

Advt. in "Liverpool Daily Post."

"Diamonds Stolen from Under Hatton Garden Merchant's Nose," says an evening paper headline. That should teach him not to keep them hidden up in his moustache.

A foreign visitor to this country says that after watching the first half of a Rugby football match he still didn't realise what was the object of the players. The answer of course is a lemon.



9

### Those Chinese Miscreants

I had hoped—oh, I had hoped to keep clear of this Far Eastern Question. But now that Prince IYESATO TOKUGAWA, Viscount KIKUJIROO ISHII, BARON GONSUKE HAYASHI, BARON KEISHIRO MATSUI, BARON SEINOSUKE GOH and poor old EIGO FUKAI, who seems to have no title at all, unless Eigo is it, have joined together to write a nice friendly letter to our foremost Daily, no man of spirit can keep silence any longer. If these Japanese gentlemen can sit down somewhere in Tokyo and sum up the situation in English so clear and flawless as to be admissible on the leader-page of The Times, surely an Englishman, using his own language (more or less), can say something to the point?

The first thing to do if you wish to get a real grasp of a political problem is to open your atlas and see where everything is. Here I am at a considerable disadvantage. I have two Atlases (which would be impossible in a Communist State), but neither of them is free from drawbacks. The larger and more modern is physical to a degree which would not be tolerated in a work of fiction. Mountains and rivers are as meat and drink to it. It sees China not racially, not politically, not even-as some maps do-from the point of view of a man interested in rice and opium, but simply as a sort of green mass with streaks and splotches of brown, like a plate of beans and gravy. Tibet, which seems to be unable to exist at a height of less than twelve thousand feet, appears as a horrible purple bruise, tending at times to blackness. It is simply a waste of time to look for frontiers and railways in this colourful stew- and anyway the map is ten years old.

My other Atlas gives more weight to purely political lines of demarcation, but its age, owing to the loss of some of the earlier pages, is a matter of conjecture. It still recognises the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, and knows nothing of Hollywood or the conquest of the North Pole, but it doesn't colour the United States of America red, which is reassuring. One could probably date it in the early nineteenhundreds with a reasonable chance of accuracy. It belonged originally, I see, to W. B. Chater, a lively lad with a



". . . FULL STOP, CLOSE BRACKETS AND UNDERLINE THE LAST WORD."

penchant for drawing seagulls all over the Atlantic and other well-known oceans. At least, I think the seagulls are Chater's. A. T. Simpson, who had the book next, inclined more to spirals and geometric figures. Look at that poly-what's-its-name round his signature on the back-cover—a palpable doodle. And Chater has actually initialled the elephant (is it?) on Plate 44—a great stroke of luck. As for my immediate predecessor, William Gooch, of Ipswich, we know little about him beyond the fact, categorically stated in ink, that he held a low opinion of a certain B. Rogers, believed to be a pedagogue. The railway accident in Siberia ("Russia in Asia," my Atlas prefers to call it) may be his work; it looks too impressionist to be a Chater. But the point is perhaps immaterial.

This older Atlas, as I was saying, has a nice political map of the Chinese Empire, but it makes no mention of Manchukuo. There is a largish slab called Manchuria up in the North-East. Is Manchuria the same as Manchukuo? This is the sort of question to which students of the Far East demand an immediate answer, and unfortunately Prince IYESATO TOKUGAWA, Viscount KIKUJIROO ISHII and all those Barons simply skate right over the difficulty. Even little Eigo Fukai has nothing to say about it. No mention of Manchukuo or Manchuria appears in the letter. This conflict has been forced on Japan," they say. "Both in North China and Shanghai Chinese military forces have been aggressors." Well, of course that is a most valuable contribution to the discussion. It shows us just how wrong-headed we have all been about this business and how prone we are to slip into the old error of supposing the invader to be necessarily the aggressor. If President ROOSEVELT had only taken the trouble to read his London Times of October 6th he wouldn't have been guilty of the colossal faux pas of indicting Japan. He might even have called a Conference of Powers to condemn China-a far less risky proceeding. So I don't in the least underestimate the importance of what these Japanese gentlemen say. I just wish they hadn't left us still in the dark about this Manchukuo-Manchuria business.

Turning from the map of China, which has proved so unsatisfactory, to that of Japan, what do we find? We find that the whole place is constantly shaken by earthquakes. I don't mean so much that the earthquakes are actually marked on the map, because they aren't, but one has only to glance at the configuration of the country, all split up and streaked about like that, to remember a firm subsoil is not to be looked for in those parts. The earthquake menace is really at the root of this Japanese desire for expansion. Over here, living as we do on a right little tight little island, it is difficult to realise the strain of existing in constant expectation of an upheaval. No wonder that the Japanese, nervously tapping their seismographs on their way out to work, pine for a home in some less mobile land.

Would it be any good if the League of Nations (incorporating President ROOSEVELT) appointed a Commission of Thirty-Six to investigate the possibility of eradicating earthquakes in Japan?

No

What then remains? Nothing except to recognise that Japan's bombing tactics have been no more than a sporting gesture of self-defence; that her airmen, studiously singling out military objectives, have run the gravest risks to avoid injuring any non-combatants, that such bombs as they may inadvertently have dropped have descended more in a spirit of sorrow than of anger, and that "their reward"—in the beautiful words of Prince Tokugawa. Viscount Ishii and Barons Hayashi, Matsui and Gob (Fukai concurring)—"surely should not be to be stigmatised as assassins."

H. F. E.



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THE REHEARSAL

MUFFLED CHORUS. "IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT ON THE NIGHT."



"AMAZIN' HOW THIS DOODLIN' BUSINESS HAS CAUGHT ON!"

### To All Beauty Lovers

It has been proved beyond all doubt in my eyes (though ignorant people think otherwise) that the English as a nation have a genuine appreciation of all things beautiful and rare.

In London, for instance, Berkeley Square has, very sensibly, been razed.

So has Adelphi Terrace, Heaven be praised! It's wonderful how it clears the air to tear down the ugly buildings in Mayfair; and how we shall rejoice in a while to see those fine houses in neo-Pentonville style, raising their bald heads into the sky.

Of course one cannot deny that this mania for destruction is dangerous. But mercifully such a ruction would ensue, such a scandal, if any vandal so much as dared to lift a hand against the best and noblest mansions in the land, we can rest assured they will be passed to each generation, in a perfect state of conservation.

Yes, loving all beauteous things, the English I know, will never let Cadogan Square go.

No, not without an unholy fuss shall they take Pont Street from us.

Hans Crescent must at all costs be preserved; and we shall consider our children to have swerved from the high standard of good taste that we have set, if they let Lennox Gardens go to waste.

Ah, but in Kensington there are some streets where magenta brick with stained glass so becomingly meets, where stucco mouldings of such exquisite form bestrew the façades, one can scarcely believe it true. Oh, your poets may chant a Te Deum for the glories of the Parthenon or the Coliseum, but there is nothing so beautiful, whatever they may say, as St. Paul's School, Kensington, on a fine June day.

So come, housebreakers, come! and from this blessed plot, this lovely London, remove with all speed the blot of Bloomsbury, and in a year or so, with your bright axes hack away Soho.

And we, who are such lovers of beauty, let us make it our sacred duty to preserve for the future edification of the race Egerton Gardens, Tite Street and Draycott Place. V. G

# Perfect Performance

"Well," said Richard, "this is the first time I have ever known the best man to come on the honeymoon."

And with wide eyes he stared down at his bride. He had walked down the corridor to check the luggage; now he rejoined her in their reserved compartment much incensed. Already when she had asked, "How did I look in church?" he had replied, "You looked as if you wished that George were in my place." "He wished that," she had said, "and that was why I winked at him."

"Well," she now said, "considering we are in the Prince of Scotland and the first stop is across the Tweed, I certainly think George is going too far this time."

"This is what comes," Richard reminded her, "of choosing my best man yourself."

"I chose him because he is the most sought-after best man in the country, and perfect in the part—at least he always was at everybody else's wedding."

\* \* \* \*

Yes, when she came to look for herself, there was George, with silk hat and buttonhole, alone in the next coach. A famous master of procedure at the weddings of his friends, he had undoubtedly made a faux pas this time. It had been said that there was nothing George was not acquainted with about a best man's duties. He even knew how to make the guests feel he was the rejected suitor, which gratified the bride, and how to make the groom feel glad that this extraordinarily good-looking man had been bumped into second place at last.

bumped into second place at last.
"May I ask," said Melisande aloofly,
"where you are getting out?"

"Oh, I shall stop the train quite soon," said George.

"But have you ever heard of anyone stopping the Prince of Scotland to get out?"

"I've heard of no one getting out alive unless he did."

"And what do you think my husband is going to say?"

"He has said all he had to say in church. He now has to live up to it."

Richard appeared at his bride's side and looked wrathful.

"Why are you on this train?"
"I had to see you off, and if I had tried to get through London after that by car I should have been too late. This train is fast and it will get me to High Cross by two."

"And why are you going to High Cross when everybody else is still at Claridge's?"

"For the next wedding," George said modestly.

This was too much for Melisande. She came in and sat down.

"You promised mine should be the last you ever acted at. You came out of retirement for my sake, to give your most immaculate performance. If you are going straight to someone

else's wedding---'

"I am about to do for you and Richard," George explained, "something unprecedented in all my appearances. I gave up being best man every other week because I found husbands got jealous of me afterwards. It was always the brides who wanted me, and in their first quarrel they would say they wished that they had married me instead. 'You were both standing there in church. Why,' they would say to their old man, 'must I pick you?' After that I was not asked to the house again. Well, your friendship is precious. I had to make sure that your husband knew you couldn't have had me. To have told you this morning would have been to steal your show, but," and he looked out of the window, "this is where I get out. See that spire? I shall not have a best man to unsettle my bride. I've learned my lesson. Just two local witnesses and a village choir, and two cars at the station.' He pulled like a bus-conductor at the cord and said, "Hold tight! I'm getting married here."

The Prince of Scotland trembled, creaked and rolled a little.

"Married?" squealed Melisande.
"Who to? To who? To whom?"

"Your prettiest bridesmaid—the ideal arrangement. We met at your house and arranged it weeks ago. We didn't think it right to ride to the church in the same carriage, and so she is a little farther back. But I have done for you what I have never done for anybody else—removed the only danger to your married life. I shall create no jealousy this time. The part is played for the last time—to perfection."

A platform glided into view. The brakes gripped hard.

A bridesmaid stepped out with a very nice conceit and delicately walked towards the exit. George got out to follow her with an appropriate swagger and turned to lift his hat.

"You pay the guard the fiver, Richard. It will be worth it for such peace of mind as I am bringing you."

"Oh, Richard," said his brand-new wife, "I really do think this is very

sweet of George!'

"Sweet my foot!" said Richard, pink of cheek. "He's had his own reception in advance, and we've paid for the fizz and flowers and everything, and now—even his blooming ride to church!"

"James, however, was a forward to be watched, and although he was not Milne's partner it was he who gave Milne a chance to show how cleverly he could beat his back."

Football Report.

With a loofah, or one of those longhandled scrubbers?



"So you told 'IM WHAT I THOUGHT ABOUT 'IM, BERT ?"

# Foul Play on the Danube

As we were going aboard what looked less like a ship than a section of Brighton Pier which had set itself up as a water-mill, a strong confident voice assailed my ear in an accent impossible to pin down.

Done this trip before?" it asked. "No? Then you're in for the best day of your life if you've got the sense to relish an absolutely cast-iron excuse for doing nothing at all, a commodity growing rapidly harder and harder to find. Nothing, that is, except sleep and smoke and have lunch and watch the ever-changing life of the Danube. The ever-changing life of the Danube consists of a thin man fishing, a town you can't pronounce and a bridge the ship lowers its funnel to as if taking off its top-hat to the natives. After that you see a thin man fishing again, and so on. And the sun is laid on till seven o'clock. Could anything be better?

A crate of eggs, forcefully inserted between me and the voice, checked its flow for a second.

"But there's just one vital thing the day hinges on," it continued, "and that's a deck-chair. It's thirteen hours to Buda, and if you're not in a deckchair you're on solid oak, and after thirteen hours the difference between those two's wider than the world. You haven't booked one? Nor have I. Come on, there are never enough."

I thanked the kindly stranger and followed him. Now that I could examine him without rudeness I could see he was a big grey-haired man, bulgy with muscle and confident of his standing on any course. Downstairs he led me to a pair of deck-chairs, all that were left, padlocked together under the charge of a gaunt woman who was feverishly knitting a queer tubular garment destined for some anatomy quite out of the common. Our arrival synchronised with that of two smiling young men, and the gaunt woman, registering our rival demands at exactly the same moment, turned a glassily impartial eye from one party to the other.

"Two into four would go nicely," she mumbled into her wool, "but not four into two. Will you share them?"

"Alas!" said the stouter of the men, "that is unfortunately out of the question. My friend and I are professional swimmers on our way to engage in a life-saving competition tomorrow, and for the sake of our livelihood it is essential that we rest every minute of to-day. In the circumstances I have no doubt these gentlemen . ." He left the sentence unfinished, except

for a gesture which was half side-stroke and half crawl.

The smile on my bulgy comrade was a flower of rare innocence. "How pleasant it would have been," he said, "to have surrendered our claim to one so compelling, but paramount reasons of health forbid. My friend here's very life depends on rigid abstinence from the vertical, while I, in spite of my misleading solidity, am only a shade less frail. In the circumstances," he added, "I have no doubt . . " and he stretched out his hand confidently towards the chairs. But so, in the most courteous way, did one of our rivals.

"What can only be a most distressing situation for us all, gentlemen," he remarked, "calls for unusual sympathy and yet firmness. Let us be realists and see if we cannot discover the formula, satisfactory to both sides, which I am confident exists."

While he was speaking I was surprised to observe his fellow-swimmer endeavouring to secrete an Austrian note of considerable denomination in one end of the gaunt woman's knitting, by now a good deal longer, and still more so to see my own ally making a similar attempt at the other end with two such notes. But fruitlessly; as if to make up for her chronic lack of geniality the gaunt woman had had a painful and repulsive honesty palmed off upon her.

"The chairs are two schillings each," she told us, in the cross tone of a trusted nanny. "Make up your minds."

"If I may counsel a brief visit to the bar," said one of the swimmers—
"though only of course if you can safely endure the vertical for so long"—he bowed to me—"wine is the sovereign solvent of perplexity."

We accepted gladly.

Seeing a plate of Hamburgers lying on the counter I made the suggestion that we should get the girl to cut them to different lengths and half cover them with sauerkraut so that we could draw lots; but the idea was turned down unanimously. "Unless the wurst comes to the wurst," said my remarkable ally. "Prosit!" we all cried; and no

"Prosit!" we all cried; and no sooner were the words out of our mouths than the stouter swimmer, who was playing host, discovered that he had left his money in his overcoat on deck and darted swiftly away. Fortunately neither my ally nor I hesitated for a moment, and we touched down on the chairs almost as soon as he did. No bitter words were spoken; things were too tense for that. After another visit to the bar we exchanged cigarettes and grouped ourselves once more round the gaunt woman, watching with icy politeness the elephant's



"YOU OUGHT TO BE STAMPING OUT CRIME SOMEWHERE, NOT JUST STANDING THERE."

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"DON'T BE SELFISH, FRANCIS. LET WILLIE HELP YOU WITH HIS HOME-WORK IF HE WANTS TO."

comforter or whatever it was grow before our eyes like a giant hollyhock.

"Have you ever considered how immeasurably finer is the view from an upright seat than from a deck-chair?" my ally asked.

"Frequently," the lesser swimmer replied, "but only to remind myself that comfort is, after all, above mere spectacle."

Conversation of this order flagged in time. After a long silence my ally suddenly complained of the smuts from the funnel and announced that he was going to wash his face. "You'd do better to wait for the Danube Basin," I could hardly be expected to refrain from muttering, but he strode purposefully below.

It must have been about three minutes later that it all happened. One moment we were bowling quietly with the stream, the next a great shout went up which stilled our hearts. At first it seemed to come from the bowels of the ship, but it was such a Rabelaisian bellow that it echoed and reechoed up and down the river. In German, Czech, Roumanian, Bulgarian, Greek and a kind of private Turkish (as I afterwards learned) it broadcast the information that a man was overboard. Cumbrously back-pedal-

ling, the ship quivered as if she would break in half. In an instant pandemonium broke loose on her decks. First to the rail went our two champion life-savers.

As I followed I felt a calm hand on my shoulder, and turned to see my ally, his face much cleaner, lightly dangling the two deck-chairs.

"A port-hole makes the best magaphone in the world," he said. "Do you like facing the sun?" Eric.

### Publicity

"One unstamped postcard," my wife remarked as I picked up my letters. "Martha paid the twopence out of her own money," she added meaningly.

This paying of postage due out of Martha's own money had happened before, and I suspected that it was deliberate tactics. But I refrained from noticing the slur on my financial probity as between man and wife. I simply forked out the coppers.

A moment later I was pushing the offending postcard across the breakfast-table. "Look at that!" I exclaimed indignantly. It was a typed card from Booster, the secretary of one of our

local charities, instructing me to support a "Grand Amateur Concert" in aid of his funds. "Who," I demanded, "will help his old concert after paying twopence for a card like that?"

My wife was sure, in a meek voice, that she did not know who would.

Neither did the neighbours know, nor the men I met on my way to work, nor the office staff, nor the regular customers at the place where I lunch, nor any of the other people who inspected the card and failed to find the gummy trace of a stamp that had come unstuck.

I did not in fact support Booster's concert. It was duly held, however. Jenkins, whom I met on the following morning, asked me why I had not been there. It seemed rather petty, after the event, to admit having been huffed about twopence, so I pleaded another engagement.

"It was a grand show," said Jenkins, "and packed to the doors. Best of all, the takings were clear profit. Advertising cost nothing. Booster bought a penn'orth of postcards and posted them unstamped to a dozen notorious grievance-mongers. They did the rest. Smart chap, Booster, don't you think?"

"Very," I said thoughtfully.

# Germany and Tra

DURING the day-time you can beguile the tedium of the journey from London to Dover by watching the rabbits and collecting engine numbers and looking out for the place where Charles Dickens was nearly killed in a railway accident in 1860 or whenever it was. (Interpreted broadly, this formula can be applied to a journey from almost anywhere to almost anywhere else.) But at night-time there is nothing to do except read your paper; and if you have no paper then there is nothing to do but read somebody else's.

The middle-aged lady opposite me had her evening news-sheet folded so that nothing showed except a large advertisement of a draper's and half a column of type, which meant that I was reduced to a single half-column as food for thought during the whole of an hour-and-a-half's travel. The column was headed How GERMANY IS DEALING WITH TRA . . . . —the four full-stops representing the portion of the last word hidden by a fold of the paper. However much I manceuvred I could not discover what this word was; in the end I was forced to resort to speculation; and my speculations have, I think, produced some interesting sidelights on Germany's domestic policy.

Here are my collected conclusions, all ready for anyone who wants to make a Blue Book out of them:—

#### How Germany is Dealing with Trams

There are lots and lots of trams in every German town, all turned out on the same pattern (like the Germans themselves), except in Dresden, where they have some beautiful new ones of a long low design which come sweeping over the Augustusbrücke in a most graceful way. There are no more handsome trams to be seen anywhere than the trams of Dresden, except those impressive monsters that run to Heliopolis; and of course the Germans are not doing anything about these.

Buses returning from the Rhein-Main airport to Frankfurt station always stop at Oberförster if you have a train to catch. You are there turned out in the rain to wait for a tram, which will almost certainly be full. Germany doesn't seem to be doing anything about this either.

### How Germany is Dealing with Trapeze-Artists

All daring young men who wish to perform on German flying trapezes must in future produce evidence that they are of pure Aryan descent for at least six generations. "If the German Circus is to take its proper place in Europe," writes Dr. Goebbels in the Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, "there must be no suspicion of racial impurity among circus performers"—only of course he writes it in German. And that brings us to our next point.

#### How GERMANY IS DEALING WITH TRANSLATION

When I tell my friends that I have read My Struggle—I mean Mein Kampf—and found it rather a vague sort of book of unbelievable prolixity, they look at me in a pitying way, sigh and remark, "Ah, but, my dear fellow, you must read it in the original."

To this I reply that when the Germans have reorganised their language a little I shall be delighted to learn it, but that meanwhile I shall have nothing to do with a tongue in which a little girl is neuter and in which "I have not brought my hat" becomes "I have my hat not with-brought."

Germany, far from dealing with this problem in an enlightened way, is making things worse by turning civilised words like *Telephon* into barbarities like *Fernsprecher*. Have the German schoolmen discovered that the Greeks were non-Aryan, or what?

### How Germany is Dealing with Tradescant Road

In my periodical excursions through the south of London by road I have always been intrigued by the fact that there appear to be two Tradescant Roads almost side by side. (I cannot tell you exactly where this is. All transpontine London to me is just one big jungle.) Bowling along towards Folkestone; you see them on the left: Tradescant Road, Something Else



"How the old Place was Changed!"

Road, Tradescant Road. I have always thought this rather queer. Somebody once gave me an explanation, but I have forgotten what it was.

It is hard to bring Germany into this, but having regard to the unsightliness of the district in which the two roads are situated, I think they might be persuaded to drop a bomb or so on them as an earnest of their non-intervention in one of our domestic conflicts, such as the F.A. Cup Final.

#### How GERMANY IS DEALING WITH TRAIN-OIL

Well, how would you deal with train-oil?

You would oil trains with it, of course. Then presumably the German nation—or at any rate those members of it who know what train-oil is and have anything to do with it—are doing the same thing.

(I withdraw this. Someone has just told me that train-oil has nothing to do with trains at all. It is pretty certain that there is someone in Germany who knows this, too.)

#### How GERMANY IS DEALING WITH TRAGACANTH

Tragacanth, as any fourth form schoolboy could tell you, is the generic name of certain low spiny shrubs of the genus Astragalus, found in Eastern Asia. The gum extracted from them is used as the basis of most cheap hair-fixatives.

Now in the old Imperial days all good Germans had their hair clipped close all over, but since the advent of the Nazi régime the flowing lock has rather come into its own. This, it is obvious, must have a marked effect on the figures of Germany's imports of gum tragacanth. Where will it lead? That is a question which cannot be answered lightly. You are quite welcome to answer it for yourselves, if you are still interested, as heavily as you please.

#### How Germany is Dealing with Trash

By throwing it into trash-baskets.

There. There are some speculations as to the current trend of German opinion as revealed in that half-column. They embrace a fairly wide field. It would be disappointing to find that the item dealt only with something quite dull, such as Trade or Traffic, after all.

# History Repeats Itself Wrong.

<sup>&</sup>quot;The past is a new one."-Daily Paper.

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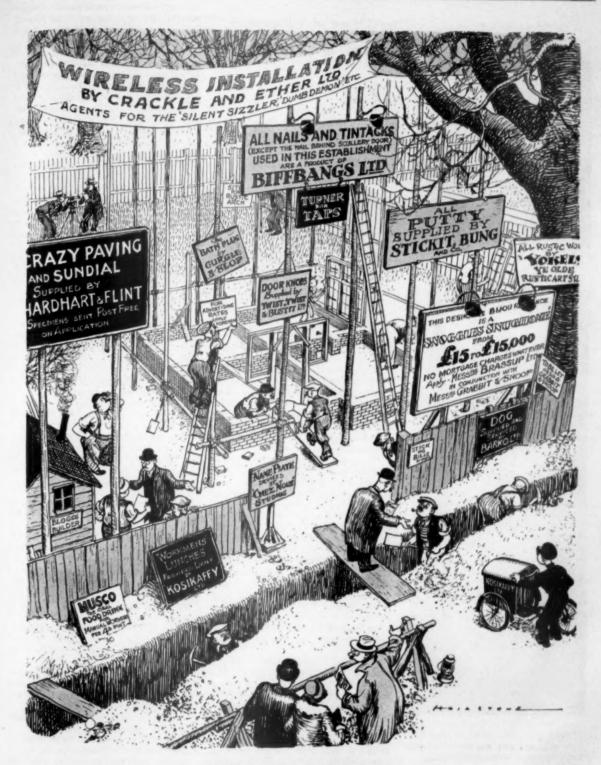
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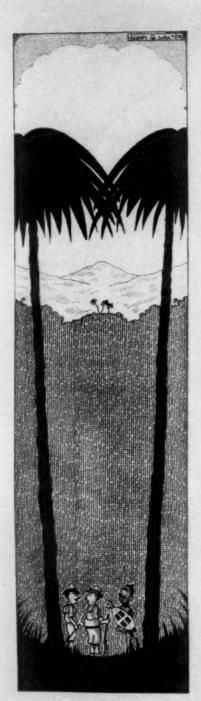
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THE SUB-CONTRACTORS' PARADISE



AS PAR AS I CAN MAKE OUT HE SAYS HE'S A STRANGER HERE HIMSELF."

# Wave of Villagism

(With profuse apologies to some literary Scotsmen, a few fiery Welshmen and practically all Irishmen.)

THERE can be little doubt that the forthcoming elections to the Parish Council of Nalton-cum-Pooting will be unusually lively. The Nalton Separist Party, adopting as its slogan "That Cum Must Go," is carrying on active propaganda, and a wave of intense villagist feeling is sweeping over Nalton. The avowed object of the Separists is to obtain election to the Council, on which of course they will refuse to serve.

Interviewed by our representative, Mr. Ernest Pill, the leader of the Nalton Villagists, gave a vehement exposition of his party's viewpoint. Mr. Pill was somewhat quaintly attired in clothes which, he explained, were bought at the annual Nalton jumblesale, this being the only method by which a sincere Villagist could support Nalton trades and industries.

We stand," Mr. Pill declared, "for the preservation and restoration of Nalton life, Nalton industry and Nalton culture. For years the tentacles of Pooting have been upon us, draining slowly but surely the life-blood of our historic village. Nalton is enslaved by a body of foreigners with no knowledge of or interest in Nalton problems. The time has come to throw off the yoke of hyphenage and to proclaim Nalton independence to the world.'

"You aim," we inquired, "at a separate seat of government?

"We aim," replied Mr. Pill, "at a separate everything. We are prepared to enter into any arrangement or agreement with Pooting which becomes equals and free agents. But this slavery we will stand no longer.

"But is it not a fact," we asked, "that there are numerous representatives of Nalton in the present government?"
Mr. Pill nodded. "Exactly. And

nothing could demonstrate our point more clearly. Pooting, professing to govern us, is nevertheless forced to call upon the services of Nalton brains and ability to eke out her own shortcomings.

"Then isn't that all right?" we ventured mildly. "We mean, doesn't that suggest that you are governing them as much as they are governing you?"

Mr. Pill flushed a dull and threatening purple. "All right?" he exploded All right? Don't you realise that it is simply the stealing of our best brains to deal with foreign problems, instead of leaving them to concentrate on our own? The same process is going on everywhere. Our children are taught nothing of Nalton history or the Nalton language. Why, half of them don't know that Nalton has a language."

"But has it?" we queried.
"Naturally," said Mr. Pill proudly. "The original Nalton tongue is quite unlike the language of Pooting. It is unfortunate that there is nobody alive who knows it, but we are rapidly reconstructing it from the fragmentary memories of the oldest inhabitant. Then take art. My father used to speak with awe of the Nalton Male Voice Quartet and of its indescribable and characteristic style. Where are the singers of Nalton now?-mere tenors and basses in the Pooting Glee Club. The Pooting Glee Club, mark you, not even the Nalton-cum-Pooting Glee Club. Nalton industries have decayed and vanished. Since old Mrs. Perks retired trade has moved bodily to the Pooting Village Stores. The men of Nalton now have to bicycle to Pooting to seek their daily bread.

'It must be annoying to be ignored

in this way," we agreed. "But—"
"I received a letter the other day," said Mr. Pill tensely. "It was addressed 'E. Pill, Esq., Pooting.' I refused to take it in. 'Take it back to refused to take it in. Pooting,' I said. 'This is Nalton.

"But it might have been something

important," we urged.

Mr. Pill stuck out his jaw. "I don't care," he said grimly. "Let them sue me for the money.

We sat for a moment lost in admiration of this single-minded villagist. "You know, Mr. Pill," we said at length, "we doubt if the strength of your feelings is fully appreciated byer-those who enslave you."

Mr. Pill struck himself a violent blow "Exactly," he said. on the knee. "Arrogance. They do not even realise that Nalton exists.

"Or perhaps they don't realise that

they are enslaving you?"
Mr. Pill laughed bitterly. Of course not. Why, the thing has gone so far that when I started the Nalton Villagist Movement there was hardly a soul in Nalton who realised it either. The people were sunk in apathy. Nalton feeling was dead—stifled-crushed by the pressure of Pooting-

"But don't you feel," we asked, "that the two villages have something to gain by this close association! Geographically-

"I realise that Pooting has something to gain," retorted Mr. Pill coldly.

Yes, but hasn't it something to offer in return? Things like the watersupply and the post-office and the 'Dog and Gun' and the police force?



"EH, BUT I WERE PROPER BOTHERED WI'T' MODERN MUSIC TILL I SEE THAT T' WERE EVERY LAD FOR 'IMSELF."

After all it would be silly to have a

separate bobby, wouldn't it?"
"The use of such conveniences as P.C. Duke," said Mr. Pill calmly, "would be a matter for negotiation between the two governments—as equals, of course."

But supposing the Pooting people replied that if you were going to have catch your burglars separately?" separate everything else you'd better

Mr. Pill shook his head. sense!" he said firmly.

"Or supposing they cut off the water-supply and said that was just for Pooting

Our policy," said Mr. Pill, "would be one of neighbourly co-operation. Once our self-respect was satisfied there would be no reason for friction of that kind.

STOP PRESS .- There are rumours of a split in the ranks of the Nalton Villagist Party. It appears that residents on the left-hand side of the street, headed by Mr. Bill Dill, are forming a party in opposition to the Pill party, demanding complete freedom for Left of Naltonists. . . .

Aw shucks!

### Brave Rabbit of Tulsa, Oklahoma

When a dog observes a rabbit He's instinctively attacked By a wild desire to nab it; That's a scientific fact With a yelp of sheer delight He pursues it helter-skelter While the quarry in affright Legs it for the nearest shelter; This you'll notice any day In some natural arena Where the little rabbits play; But not so with Angelina.

Angelina, though a female, Big of frame and black of fur, Puts to shame the buck (or he-male), Feels the danger like a spur; When she hears the eager bark, Sees the jaws intense and snappy, Does she go all over stark, Is she anything but happy? No. She gazes calmly round And without a sign of shrinking Glares on the astonished hound

And is after him like winking.

Ho, you setter; ho, you terrier; Lurcher, pug, or spaniel, ho; Come along; the more the merrier; There's your rabbit; have a go; Up with all your tails and shoo, Never stop until you've caught her: No, begad, she's after you; This is not the girl you thought her; Did I hear a craven yelp Set the woodland echoes humming? Scurry off and go for help, There's a big black rabbit coming.

Sing we then of Angelina Who by some internal grace Is, and for some time has been, a Problem to the canine race; Not a dog but turns his back, Be he smooth of hair or wiry, On her swiftness of attack And her gift of looking fiery; And may many a ball of fluff Learn in future that bravado And the fine majestic bluff That distinguished its mamma-doe. DUM-DUM.

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# Recurring Decimals

WHEN George and Sylvia got married George said to Sylvia, "If ever we have a son I'm going to see that he has a rattling good start. I want him to Enjoy Life, Not pinch and scrape, like I've always had to."

George and Sylvia had a son, A fine little fellow, just like his father; And they did their best by him. Everything that could possibly be done for the lad was done. When he was at the Secondary School they had him taught the violin.

And they kept him on at school till he was eighteen So that he could pass all his examinations. Sometimes Sylvia would say to George:

"I wish, dear, that we could go right away somewhere for a fortnight this year. You're looking so tired." But George would say, "We shall weather it, old girl. It's worth it for the boy's sake." And Sylvia said, "Yes, George. Nothing's too good for him.

Little George got a good job in the Civil Service, And when they got married he said to Betty, "If ever we have a son I'm going to see that he has a University education. I want him to Enjoy Life, Not slave all day in an office like I have to."

George and Betty had a son, A fine little fellow, just like his father, And they did their best by him. Everything that could possibly be done for the lad was done. They kept him at school till he was eighteen, And he won a scholarship to Oxford And did brilliantly in all his examinations. Sometimes Betty said to George: "I do wish we could have a modern house, This one's so inconvenient." But George would say, "Wait till we've seen the boy through, my dear. We must think of him first.

Little George came down from Oxford And had great difficulty In getting a job At all. In the end he got a job reviewing books.



'I OFTEN WONDER WHAT THEY 'RE ALL POR."

Which was hardly enough to get married on. And when they got married George said to Patricia: "If ever we have a son He'll have to Work His Way Right Up From the Bottom. What good has all my education done me? There are fellows who left school at sixteen In far better jobs than mine.'

George and Patricia had a son-A fine little fellow, just like his father, And He Worked His Way Right Up From the Bottom. He had to. And when they got married he said to Gertrude: "If ever we have a son

I'm going to see that he has a rattling good start. . . ."

### How Are Your Barbarisms?

I MUST say, or at any rate I will say, that I am surprised not to have seen any comments on or replies to some remarks made by Mr. B. H. NEWDIGATE in The London Mercury last month. He was writing about courses of literary instruction for printers, and he said-

"Not indeed that the instruction given in such courses is always beyond reproach. Time and time again a reader has changed my 'none are' to 'none is,' a modernism sprung from ill-instructed pedantry. When did that other modern barbarism, 'Book One,' 'Chapter Two,' for 'Book the First,' 'Chapter the Second,' first intrude into literary use? Not, I am sure, before the present century."

I didn't know that either of these things were modern barbarisms, and I believe quite a number of other people didn't. I wish I still didn't know. I resent such sudden disturbances of my literary peace of mind, which it costs me so many useless hours to adjust. Here am I after all these years just beginning to write "none is" without thinking, having laboriously uprooted my innate preference for "none are" because I have always understood it to be

wrong—and what do I get? See above.

As for "Book the First," "Chapter the Second"—sy, and Part the Third and Volume the Fourth, if we are to speak frankly-I've been regarding those rather as characteristics of Mr. H. G. Wells's work than as the classical models on which all our headings should be formed. Take down your Volume the Third of The World of William Clissold (edition the first) and turn to page the one-hundredand-seventy-fifth. What do you find? I don't know-I don't own a copy myself. But you find a lot of "the's" in

this paragraph, for one thing.

The sudden broadcasting of startling information like this sows doubt in the spirit. I mean more doubt, quite apart from all the other doubts that already render the spirit gloomy and give it a tendency to twitch when illusions explode. Now I begin to distrust my beliefs about other common usages and expressions. Most people suppose, for example, that the sentence, "It isn't alright but it's different than the other" contains a coupla (sometimes now abbreviated to "two") mistakes. I think it does, but I'm only one. I am writing far away from dictionaries, which depress me if I write too close to them, but perhaps if I did some research in a dictionary I should discover that to separate "all" and "right" and to say "different from" were modernisms sprung from ill-instructed pedantry. Perhaps somebody has discovered this and is keeping quiet about it for a consideration. If so, I'm willing to pay my whack.

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THE BRITISH CHARACTER

ABSENCE OF DECISION

Not that my attitude to both Mr. Newdigate's revelations is the same. I'm pleased to hear that "none are" is all right, in spite of all my wasted labour, because it gratifies me to see orthodox grammarians done in the eye; but I have no particular enthusiasm for all that chapter-the and bookthe stuff. I always thought it rather Wardour-street, rather Man-of-Letters, and as a matter of fact that is what I still think it.

(I am aware that sentence the above contains two hyphenated nouns used as adjectives in what I have hitherto supposed to be manner the ill-instructed modern, but which I am quite prepared to learn was general until century the seventeenth.)

However, Mr. Newdigate seems to put both barbarisms on the same level, and since no doubt he is supported by the facts my preferences are irrelevant. Everybody's preferences are irrelevant until they become everybody's preferences, and then they are only everybody's preferences; that's the whole trouble. At least it was the whole trouble until I wrote that sentence, which bears all the earmarks of a fine old crusted issue-confuser. We will ascend a few thousand feet and see whether we cannot pass above it.

That's better. In this rarefied atmosphere (Professor Piccard, I presume?) I am irresistibly reminded, ladies and gentlemen, of a story about an Englishman, a Welshman, an Irishman, a Jew, a Scotsman, an American, five Eskimos and a small but influential group of performing sealions. Will you give the order to descend again, or shall I?

We are losing, among other things, sight of the point, which I believe (it may come as a surprise) to be this:

Something must be done.

Well, what Mr. Newdicate wants is evidently that the literary instruction given to printers should be above reproach, and by "above reproach" he means accurate and free from pedantic modernisms. What I say is that this is all very well but that the examples he mentions are disquieting. I shall be thunderstruck if I ever find a printer's reader changing "none is" to "none are"; and yet I suppose that will begin to happen when "none are" is generally known to be right after all. Similarly I shall be thunderstruck if I ever find a reader changing "Welsh rarebit" into "Welsh rabbit," which is another good old original (as I only recently discovered), but which has been discredited by so many otherwise reputable dictionaries that no conscientious corrector of proofs will let it go unchallenged.

But we all have to be thunderstruck sometimes, and I propose therefore to begin a novel thus:—

BOOK THE FIRST Part the First Chapter the First

"OF all dishes, none are more succulent than the Welsh rabbit," vouchsafed Queenie.

First putting cotton-wool in my ears, just in case. R. M.



"YOU ARE TIRESOME, MABEL-NOT GOT YOUR SHOES ON YET?"

"ALL BUT ONE, MUMMY."

### To a Pheasant

SEPTEMBER's gone, but still the red leaves hang
In the high woods where lately all was green;
Silent the birds that in the branches sang,
The covert and the meadowland between.
But One beneath the beeches stalks serene,
Unnerved as yet by beaters and the bang
Of fratricidal guns. 'Tis thou, brave pheasant,
Still unpursued by doom and dangers ever present.

So stalked thy forebears by the Colchian shore,
Where fierce Medea plied her vengeful arts
And fair-haired heroes, straining at the oar,
Manned the brave Argo, bound for foreign parts.
Little thy forebears feared the hunters' darts
Or fowlers' nets that strewed the forest floor.
In fact, until the bang-stick's base arrival
Few birds could rate so high their chances of survival.

But hold! That circlet white proclaims thee kin To more exotic fowl. In far Cathay, Brought from the groves of some high mandarin, They graced his board and made his garden gay. But who 'twas brought thee hither none can say, Our ancient leafy glades to lord it in, Or why, when Rome had given us so fine a Bird, they thought fit to import another one from China.

Roman or Mongol, 'tis all one to me
Who ne'er with lethal weapon laid thee low,
Yet joy in summer meads to come on thee,
Or in late autumn when the woodlands glow
With their own funeral pyres; yet well I know
That when the last leaf flutters from the tree
The guns will bang, the keepers shout "Mark over!"
And death as like as not will end thy days in clover.

But let's be honest. Though I leave the chase
To red-faced Nimrods, when the dinner-bell
Calls the pale gastronome to take his place
About the board, and wine exerts its spell,
Then do I love thee, bird, and, truth to tell,
I cannot hold the hunter wholly base
Who sends his neighbours pheasants for their dinners
And seasonably fills the plates of hungry sinners.

I could not think so kindly of thee, bird,
Didst thou not sometimes to my table come,
Roast to a turn, with chips or, as preferred,
With mushrooms and the bread's delicious crumb
And Gevrey Chambertin. What man so dumb
But to thy songful praise these gifts have stirred
His Muse? Not I? Crowing or cooked, good pheasant,
In my small scheme of things your charms are ever
present.

ALGOL.



WILL HE COME RIGHT OUT?





"Now then, Trumpeter, Stick to the official call! We nearly lost that last battle through your confounded twindly-bits."

### Tables

"It is very kind of your aunt to offer us her billiard-table," I said to Edith, "but this house is only commodious in a house-agent's sense, and if we accepted the billiard-table we wouldn't have anywhere to put it. Unless of course we put it in the kitchen-garden and trained beans over it."

"She'll be offended if we don't accept it," said Edith. "Her husband bought it not long before he died, and it is practically as good as new. Couldn't you accept it and give it to Colonel Hogg for his Boys' Club?"

Colonel Hogg runs a Boys' Club in connection with his Scout troop. Occasionally I drop in to lend him a hand, and I remembered that their billiard-table was exceedingly old and mountainous, and only half-size. It certainly seemed a good way of killing two birds with one stone, so I called on Colonel Hogg and had a chat about it.

"It's a full-size table in good condition," I told him, "and it won't cost you a penny. I'll pay the carriage."

When Colonel Hogg had recovered from the shock of what he called my unusual generosity he said that unfortunately their billiard-room was not quite big enough for a full-size table, and to house the thing they would have to lengthen it by about four feet. Of course the boys could do the actual building, but there was the cost of materials, and really in the present state of troop funds . . .

"I don't mind buying the materials," I said. Having something to give away affects one's nature strangely. I could not have been keener to get rid of the billiard-table if I had been selling it on commission, and I felt that Colonel Hogg was doing me a really good turn when he consented to accept it. He made one last objection.

"What are we going to do with the old table?" he said. "We shall have to get rid of it to make room for the new one."

I told him that I would use my good offices with the Vicar of the neighbouring village of Nether Drooping to persuade him to accept it for his Grandfathers' Parlour, and then I went home and wrote to the Vicar of Nether Drooping promising to pay the carriage

on the table if he would accept it. I also wrote to Edith's aunt saying that we would be delighted to accept the fullsize table for Colonel Hogg's Boys' Club.

The Vicar of Nether Drooping answered straight away, and the old table was carted off in a lorry two days later. We spurred on the local builder to deliver the material for extending the hut, and by the end of the month everything was ready to receive the new table. I felt that I was becoming quite a popular figure in the neighbourhood.

Everything in the garden was lovely, in fact, until we heard from Edith's aunt. Her letter came as rather a shock.

"Dear Edith (she wrote),—I am so glad your husband has been able to find a home for the billiard-table, and I have sent it off to-day; but I fear I cannot have made things quite clear in my first letter. The big table your uncle bought just before he died was sold some years ago. The table I am sending you is the one that belonged to his brother George, and is one of those miniature ones measuring five feet by three-and-a-half."

# The Right to Walk

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Like other sensible men, I avoided the recent shindy in Bermondsey. Like most of us, I have little love for either party. And, like all good Englishmen, I am delighted to see our much-prized (though strictly non-existent) Rights of Free Speech asserted again with such general edification and benefit.

By the way, Sir, though Free Speech, it appears, was triumphantly vindicated and a meeting was held as arranged, I cannot find in any paper the report of anything that anybody said, not even the words of the principal speaker, Sir Oswald Mos-LEY. Indeed, I cannot remember that I ever read anything that he actually said at his numerous meetings. There is always much about Before and After but nothing about During. Presumably, after the protracted struggle to reach the platform, he delivers an address from it. But what does he say? What, for example, did he say about Japan and Spain that day? I should have liked to know. What is his policy concerning agriculture, my favourite I believe that he is a subject? "Fascist," but what is that? Anyone is a Communist now who believes that the Post Office is better run by the State, and, for all I know, a Fascist is the same. These words, like many others, have ceased to mean anything. So I confess, Sir, that for the first time I am beginning to be anxious to know what this gentleman does say at his meetings: and that is about the sole achievement of those who seek to prevent them.

But for the authorities all this Free Speech and Fighting create grave difficulties. They do not want to prohibit all the meetings of one sect everywhere because another sect says that it will throw stones if they don't. For the famous rights of Free Speech and Public Meeting must be maintained. But, Sir, is it not possible to distinguish between the Right to Speak (and Assemble) and the Right to March?

The Right to Speak, as I have often observed, does not truly exist under our Constitution. There is nothing about it in Magna Carta, the Bill of Rights, or any other cardinal enactment. A man may speak without fear, provided he does not break any of the numerous laws against improper speaking—and that is all. And he may assemble to hear speeches, provided he does not do anything which will make him and his fellows an "unlawful

assembly." They must not assemble for an unlawful purpose, to conspire against the King or plan rebellion or mass-burglary; they must not carry arms or inspire terror and alarm among rational and constant citizens by flourishing sticks or stones, or by the character of their speeches. Their proceedings must not be blasphemous, insulting, obscene, libellous, or, most important, obstruct the traffic.

Now, so far as the evidence goes, this particular meeting was not contrary to law; but any persons who banded themselves together with violence to prevent it were guilty of unlawful assembly at least. I have not got all the old leading cases with me, but this opinion, I believe, conforms with them.

But let us go back. It was not, in fact, the meeting which the wrongdoers were attempting to prevent, but the procession to the place of meeting. They have no more legal right to molest a procession with violence than they have to molest a meeting, it is true. But my immediate point is this: Is there any right of marching in procession through the streets of London? Some of the old cases (particularly the one about the Salvation Army, the name of which I forget) did seem to imply that the right of assembly (if any) did include the right to assemble in motion, that is, to march-subject always to all the ifs and ans I have already detailed. But they were in the '70's and '80's, when the traffic problem did not exist in the same degree as we have it. It was then, of course, an offence to "obstruct the passage of the highway"; but it was not, I am sure, regarded as

so grave a crime and it was not such a nuisance as it is to-day.

Now, Sir, I maintain without hesitation that all processions obstruct the traffic—yes, even when they are escorted by policemen, especially perhaps when they are escorted by policemen, because then one can't dodge through the darned things. I should not be surprised to hear that, technically, the Lord Mayor's Show is an obstruction of the highway—maybe the Salvation Army too—likewise the Hunger Marchers. At all events they obstruct the traffic in fact. But the police, I suppose, "wink," as they say, both at the Lord Mayor and the Salvation Army.

Now, Sir, as I have hinted, it is not so much the meetings that cause the trouble but all this absurd and tiresome marching. The lovers of Free Speech and Assembly are not really in favour of Free Speech: indeed they don't listen to their own fellows' speeches, much less the other fellows'. All they really want is Free Marching; and I, for one, do not see why they should have it, whether it leads to a row or not. There is a very good train and bus service in London, and if people want to hold meetings let them take advantage of these facilities, or walk. But if they walk let them walk on the pavements as other pedestrians must.

I hope that by now, Sir, you-and our excellent authorities-have perceived the drift of my argument. If it were ever proposed to ban by statute or order all marching in formation there would be an excuse for a great deal of tiresome heroic stuff about the Right of Free This and Free That, and much sympathy might be attracted. But people who block the highway and make it difficult for motor-cars to move receive small sympathy now-adays. So I suggest that when anyone proposes to march a long way across London and hold a meeting at the other end, and this looks like trouble, the authorities should say: "All right. You shall meet and speak, and we will protect you-but you must go by Underground. Or a 31 bus. Or walk in twos along the pavements. And if you don't we shall have to turn you back or disperse you, as we should disperse any other crowd of pedestrians who blocked the main road and jammed the traffic in the side streets."

This, of course, would apply equally to Hunger Marches and May Day demonstrations. But people who don't like other people's marches cannot expect to have free marches themselves. To me these ambulatory demonstrations are all equally tiresome; they demonstrate nothing but the capacity to walk, which is shared



"To be perfectly frank, my dear LADY, NO, I CAN'P HEAR A 'FUNNY HUMMING NOISE."

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by all men. What is valuable is the Right to Talk.

There is, by the way, Sir, a good precedent for this line of thought. When the American gangsters were at the peak of their prosperity, it was found difficult to "get" them for their real offences in the State courts, because of local bribery, I believe. But someone (a novelist, by the way) hit upon the scheme of proceeding against them for non-payment of income-tax, the income-tax being assessed very high indeed. This was a Federal matter and the Federal authorities got them, not for heroic battles and robberies but for mean matters like filling in forms and failing to fill in cheques. "Free Speech and Assembly' sounds good. "Obstructing the Traffic" does not. A. P. H.

### Conventions

"I'm afraid I don't play bridge," I said.

"But you must," they said in chorus.

"Let's teach her," suggested Charles kindly.

Two packs of cards appeared from nowhere. My protests were waved aside and I was pushed into a chair.

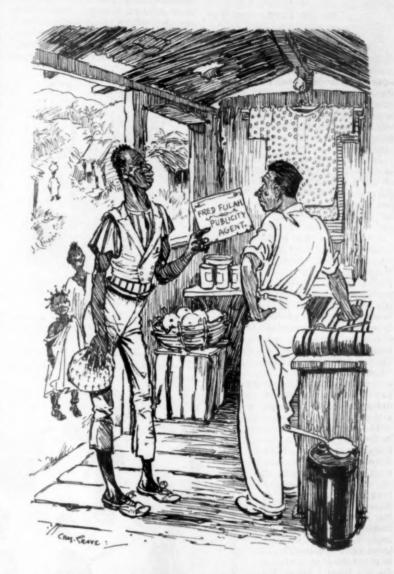
"Now the first thing you've got to remember," said David, "is that you mustn't call unless you've got two-and-a-half honour tricks or three or even three-and-a-half if you're vulnerable."

"No, no," said Charles. "You learn the Losing Count. It's far simpler. All you've got to remember is that you call one on seven and you can put up one on nine. Supposing you've got a count of six and you've got five Spades to the ace, king, you call One Spade, and if your partner—"

"She's going to learn CULBERTSON," said David grimly. "You call one if you've got two-and-a-half to three and two if you've got four-and-a-half to five."

"I think the One Club is better," said Anne. "If you've got three-and-a-half to four, you call One Club. If your partner has nothing he says One Diamond, but if he's got a good hand he—..."

"It's a rotten convention," said Charles fiercely. "Now if you play the Losing Count and the Forcing Two you know exactly where you are. If you call Two Spades your partner knows that you've got four or less and he adds four to his own total and subtracts it from eighteen, and then he knows how many you can get. He



"My card, Sah. For a small fee I make yo' emporium famous all ovah Africa."

may see a slam. Of course if he's got nothing he gives the regulation Two No-Trump response."

"But it's so dangerous," Anne objected. "You may have to play it in three Spades with nothing on the table at all. If you play the One Club—"

"My dear girl," said David, "it's an entirely artificial convention and I've never met anybody really good who plays it."

"Well, you can't call yourself really

good," said Anne. "You're no advertisement for any system."

"Who lost five bob last night?" said David rudely.

"You play the One Club," Anne said to me, ignoring him.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said David.

"You take my advice," said Charles, and learn the Losing Count."

I cleared my throat apologetically. "Would you mind very much if we played Donkey?" I said.

# At the Play

"THE DANGEROUS AGE" (EMBASSY)

The Scandinavian countries are really very magnanimous towards IBSEN. Although he has put them on the dramatic map in a very central position, he has sealed them with an unmistakable seal, so that the novel-writers and the dramatists nearly always bring to their work a certain oppressiveness of touch.

In the dramatisation of *The Dangerous Age*, by Karen Michaelis, now at the Embassy Theatre, there is an elaborate mobilisation of the characters, a solemn setting out of the caravan for the dawn of nothing—of nothing but an old familiar disillusionment.

Elsa Lindtner is a warning to discontented wives; her saga the story of disgruntlement followed by desolation. She does not like her lot in life. The First Act sees her divesting herself of her really very adequate husband, Richard (Mr. James Dale). The Second Act sees her disposing, not less summarily, of her lover, Joergen, and the Third Act

shows her unable to get them back when she would like to have them. The dangerous age, in short, is dangerous because it brings to over-restive women the danger of being left high and dry.

The play drags, notably in the first two Acts, but this dragging can be said to have an artistic justification. It is the shadow of an impending, indefinite boredom that lowers over Elsa in her nice villa on the Sound. At first she thought that she would enjoy a life without obligations, and she comes slowly to recognise that it cannot fill her heart. What life there is in her villa is made by her two servants. The red-headed maid who proves too attractive to Joergen is admirably played by Miss HERMIONE HANNEN, and she has for her companion in the kitchen and in the maintenance of a spirited attitude to the world, Torp, the cook. This character, who has to carry most of the light relief of the play, has no doubts or scruples about her amusements, and Miss Laura Smithson gets full value out of the part. Mr. Gabriel Toyne as Doctor Rothe has some good moments in the First Act, displaying a wholly faulty medical omniscience.

But the best scenes come at the end,



WINTER IN COPENHAGEN

Jeanne . . . . MISS HERMIONE HANNEN Elsa Lindtner . MISS JEANNE DE CASALIS



"THE DANGEROUS AGE"

					Carlotte develope
Joergen Malthe .	*				Mr. Tom Helmore
Jeanne					MISS HERMIONE HANNEN
Elsa Lindtner	*		×		MISS JEANNE DE CASALIS
Richard Lindiner	*	*	*		Mr. James Dale
Torp					MISS LAURA SMITHSON

when Miss DE CASALIS'S Elsa, who has been sufficiently unsympathetic in her self-confident mood, becomes rather more interesting as she grows to realise that neither husbands nor lovers can be placed and fetched at will, on and off shelves. But the theme has not really enough in it to interest. It is not ingeniously crossed with lesser plots. with that crossing which saves so many hackneyed situations and enables them to reappear satisfyingly in the dramatic menu. We are quite easily persuaded that here is a woman likely to make more of a mess of an already rather unsatisfactory life, but we cannot sit eager to know either what it is that is going to happen or what she is going to feel about it. Both Richard, her husband, and Joergen, her lover, do become figures to watch when they are troubled by their codes of chivalry and have to make their embarrassing explanations why they are not willing to return. But to watch them extricate themselves is not exciting enough to make the evening. D. W.

"SQUARE PEGS" (Q)

I take it that to be a real square peg

in the accepted human sense one has to suffer a genuine misfit between character and environment; and on that definition no member of the family whose difficulties are chronicled in this mild comedy is entitled to the description, with the exception of a nice girl called Joey, the key-peg of a household of notably stupid and selfish people who made not the faintest effort to fit more neatly into their circumstances.

The notion behind the play would appear to be that so long as your keypeg is a misfit there can be nothing but misery and frustration for its dependent pegs, but that if you can be bothered to remove it permanently to Mombasa or somewhere equally remote the other pegs will shake themselves into comfortablequadrangular niches in next to no time. This sounds plausible enough, but I am afraid the evening left me unconvinced that the changed outlook of the Morris family was much for the better; for whereas they had at least bickered and scrimshanked on a

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balanced budget during Joey's tenure of the reins, her departure to support a corner of the white woman's burden left them heading complacently for bankruptcy, which they were going to hate. And, to tell the truth, so many things about them were so very, very improbable that their fate hardly seemed to matter.

seemed to matter. Joey ran the house in an incompetent but immensely conscientious way for her father, a widower doctor of a vagueness which must have kept the monumental masons working day and When she was not rushing round clearing up the family's jetsam she was banging out a novel on a typewriter. Upstairs lay Edith, a hypochondriac of the most inconsiderate kind, and using the home as an hotel were Ralph, an unattractive cad, Helen, just grown up and in need of much knocking about, and a rather dreadful little boy named Charlie. Everything went wrong all the time, and it was always Joey's fault. When a good offer came for her novel provided that she could finish it in five weeks she would naturally have turned it down; but a young locum (yes, from Mombasa) persuaded her to go to London and leave her family in the lurch. No sooner had she gone than the drooping Edith discovered new strength and a gift for strict though uneconomical housekeeping

The miracle which Edith worked during the short six weeks of Joey's absence staggered me as much as it did Joey. Her own physical recovery,

remarkable enough, was as nothing compared with the moral regeneration she effected in her brethren, who by the end were sprouting unctuous virtue right and left.

I tried hard but I couldn't believe in it, and I came away asking myself a number of questions. Is it reasonable to suppose that a doctorliving on a one-servant basis in Birmingham would spend twenty pounds on a frock for a daughter barely out of school? Or that a girl who kept house for a father making at any rate an income would do as Joey did and secretly swell a mean household allowance with her own small capital? Or that a girl with the masculine ambition of a "B" pilot's licence would behave as Helen did when she literally flung herself at the locum on her father's drawing-room

sofa? Or that a keen young doctor with an official position would be such an idiot as to steal off with a girl to London at night without at least making clear to her father that his intentions were honourable?



A SHOCK FOR FATHER

Dr. Morris. . Mr. Athole Stewart (Inset) Joey . Miss Marjorie Maes (Off)

Mr. LIONEL BROWN, the author, can do much better than this, as he forcibly demonstrated in the Third Act of his recent play, To Have and To Hold, where he gave himself a fair chance to



LOCUM BRINGING HYPOCHONDRIAC TO LIFE

Edith . . . . . MISS BEATRIX THOMSON Dr. Willan . . . . MR. KENETH KENT

develop a credible situation, and did it very well.

Miss Marjorie Mars as Joey, Miss Beatrix Thomson as Edith, Mr. Athole Stewart as the old doctor and Mr. Keneth Kent as the locum were a constellation guaranteed to shine where they could. And I must add Miss Kathleen Harrison, whose intrusions from below-stairs are such a joyous feature of our stage, though her lines had not quite the pertness on which her genius thrives. Eric.

#### Yo-Hoe-Hoe and a Packet of Seeds!

THE bulbs I never planted, The seeds I did not sow, The fruit-trees that I pruned not, The ground I didn't hoe, The orange-peel I set not To trap the wandering slug, The garden-paths unweeded, The flower-beds undug, The holes I didn't dibble, The buds I did not nip, The cuttings not transplanted, The hedge I didn't clip. The fence I never painted, The raspberry-canes unstaked, The greenhouse glass not mended, The gravel never raked, The rock-plants left to ramble, The grease-bands never fixed The cold-frame growing burdocks,

The cold-frame growing burdocks,
The mulch I never mixed—
By every rose that rambles,
By every flower that

nods, The gardens of my neigh-

And all my household gods,

By every pretty picture
The seedsman's packet
shows

And all the words of rapture
His unpruned English
knows,

I'll dig and fork and level, I'll clear the ground of weeds,

I'll buy me bulbs in hundreds, I'll drill and sow the

seeds! Next year I'll have a GARDEN

(For planting-time is here)—

NEXT YEAR I'LL HAVE A GARDEN.

\* \* \*

That's what I said last year. R. C. S.

# Literary Fun; or, As You Like It

THE Trevors have done it again.

One recently received their invitation-card, with "Parlour-Games" in the bottom left-hand corner, and had to decide what, if anything, was really meant by "Parlour Games."

"To begin with, they haven't got a parlour," I said. "Just a drawingroom, like everybody else."

"They may have suddenly built on something new, and this is to inaugurate it." Laura suggested.

"If it's something new it wouldn't make a very good parlour. Surely a parlour ought to be old and panelled, with wainscotting and spinning-wheels and pot-pourri and corner cupboards."

"And Mrs. Trevor in a mob-cap and kerchief and Mr. Trevor taking snuff!" cried Laura eagerly. "I do hope that's it. Then the games will be Turn the Trencher and Country Dancing and Forfeits."

I said that I thought she was allowing fancy to run away with her, and anyway we got quite enough country dancing at the Women's Institute as it was, and it was difficult enough to hop with the right foot opposite old Mrs. Holly whilst at the same time clapping hands with the new baker's second wife.

Laura seemed disappointed and, flying to the opposite extreme, said that perhaps "Parlour Games" only meant Bridge, and if so, she'd rather just simply say at once that she couldn't play.

Charles and I, in unison, replied that we didn't see how she could possibly say anything else—and if she did the Trevors wouldn't believe her, not after that evening at the Battlegates' house. The debate continues.

At least it continued for quite a long time, but was actually over by the time we set out for the Trevors and their parlour-games.

The familiar faces that one knows so well were practically all there—and personally I could have done very well without one or two of them, and no doubt they thought the same of mine—and the new people at "The Laurels," who have only been amongst us five-and-a-half years, were the only strangers

"We thought it would be such fun to have a little impromptu Shakespeare Reading," said Mrs. Trevor, smiling oh so brightly all round the room.

There was just one person who looked as though he might agree with her, and that was her husband—and he'd probably been coached beforehand. Aunt Emma said, "Oh, dear, oh, dear," absolutely audibly, and Uncle Egbert put his hand over hers in a strong protective kind of way and gnawed his moustache like a brave man exercising iron self-control.

As for old Lady Flagge, Laura, who was next her, said afterwards that she thought that generation didn't have a bit the same feelings as ours about the difference between language that might be just strong and language that was downright coarse.

And the tone in which Charles echoed the word "fun" made one feel that charades might have been better especially if they'd cast him for the part of the First Murderer.

The Admiral simply said, with a good deal of restraint, that he was afraid he didn't know very much about Shakespeare—and it was evident from the way he spoke that he didn't want to, either.

"Oh, that's all right," said Mr. Trevor with an awful kind of false heartiness, and absolutely inaccurately as well—"that's all right. We've got the old fellow here."

He whisked out about a dozen little red books that had evidently been kept in hiding like a masked battery or a submarine—(topical allusions suggested by the Third News Nightly)—and began to hand them round.

The General said at once that he couldn't read a word without his glasses, and Uncle Egbert said he couldn't either, and old Lady Flagge handed her little red book straight to poor Miss Flagge and said that her dear daughter was her eyesightwhich to my certain knowledge was untrue, because old Lady Flagge has frequently been known to see the most extraordinary things in other people's houses without any help whatsoeverand Laura screamed with laughter in a nervous kind of way and said that A Midsummer Night's Dream wasn't a bit her idea of something suitable for the time of year.

The Trevors seemed more shaken by that than by anything else, oddly enough, and at once suggested that we should read *Macbeth* instead.

"'To be or not to be,' "said Charles, and Mrs. Battlegate misunderstood him completely and said that for her part she thought not, because, after all, one could never quite tell what was coming in Shakespeare, and she might be old-fashioned, but a little music in the evenings had always seemed to her a very pleasant way of passing the time, only American jazz and the wireless had spoilt all that.

So then the General, with a good deal of determination, began to tell us what a friend of his had said in the Mess at Simla early in '93 about music in the evenings—and it was pretty evident that the friend hadn't thought much of music, although no doubt he might have preferred it to Shakespeare.

Some of us may have hoped that by the time we got away from Simla and the Mess it might be too late for the little red books, but the General was rather cut short by old Lady Flagge, who said with a good deal of authority that there was nobody like Jenny Lind nowadays, and was agreed with by Uncle Egbert. (At least he said "Ah!")

"And now," said Mrs. Trevor, as if she'd been waiting for just that—"and now, what do we all say to a little Shakespeare?"

Most of us had said all we had to say about a little Shakespeare already, and common decency had compelled us to say it as sotto as our



"I MUST APOLOGISE FOR TURNING UP IN A BLACK TIE."

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natural voces would permit-which they didn't much, in the cases of General Battlegate, old Lady Flagge and the Admiral.

Mr. Trevor-a loyal husband if ever there was one-responded at once

"What about the dear old Merchant?" he asked in a very breezy way indeed.

Poor Miss Flagge, who hadn't spoken at all, asked: Did he mean the Merchant of Venice? And it was obvious when he said Yes, he did, that she'd have preferred a merchant from almost anywhere else.

Mrs. Battlegate just said that she always thought gondolas must be so romantic, and old Lady Flagge replied that the gondoliers had been utterly ruined by tourists and had become quite exorbitant in their charges.

"The dear old gondoliers!" cried Aunt Emma, throwing everybody into confusion until she added that in her opinion there never had been anything quite like GILBERT and SULLIVAN and

never would be again. Quite a brisk discussion followed about The Mikado and Patience, and Uncle Egbert hummed something and said that was the best tune of the lot. Laura said afterwards that she felt sure it was "Willow, Tit Willow," but Charles stuck out for "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes," and my own view was that it was simply "The Lost Chord," or SULLIVAN in another mood. One rather admired the Trevors for the way in which they brought the discussion round to Trial by Jury and then said, Ah, that reminded them: we mustn't lose sight of the trial scene, must we, and what about asking dear General Battlegate to take Shylock ?

The General said quite simply that he had no use whatever for Jews. It might be prejudice, he admitted, but there it was. And he didn't care about moneylenders either.

So Mr. Trevor said he'd read Shylock himself. And what about Portia?

"As a girl," said old Lady Flagge, "I remember being asked to take the part of Juliet in some tableaux vivants that were being got up for a charity in the Brighton Pavilion.

And a minute later she added:

"Naturally, I refused."

Even the bright voice of Mrs. Trevor trembled slightly when she spoke next.

"Of course we're not bound to The Merchant. There's Macbeth, or, if that's a tiny bit gloomy, one always delights in As You Like It, don't you feel?"

"It's a most extraordinary thing," remarked the Canon, "but as a mere



"NICE WORK, OGLEBY-FICE WORK."

boy at school I was once obliged to write out a long speech from-unless I'm much mistaken—that very play. And I've never forgotten it.

Laura said that seemed most extraordinary-not perhaps a very happilyturned comment.

Mrs. Trevor at once exclaimed, "'All the world's a stage!" " pointing at the Canon as she spoke-and Mr. Trevor shook his head and suggested: " 'Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,' and added that he quite felt the Canon ought to read the part of the Duke, and had in fact thought so all along.

Everybody else, curiously enough, at once said that they'd thought so too. And Mrs. Battlegate added that it was very strange the way in which one always remembered anything one had learnt as a child. She herself had been taught at a very early age a poem about Good Little Lucy, who something, something and something as long as her eyes could see, and she knew every word of it to this day

One hoped that the Trevors didn't hear Charles asking Laura, aside, whether that was poor old SHAKE-SPEARE too.

"Then, Canon, if you'll take the uke . . ." said Mrs. Trevor win-Duke . . ." said Mrs. Trevor winningly. "Unless it's Jacques—'All the world's a stage'?"

"No," said the Canon, shaking his head—"no. I know the speech you mean, but it isn't the one I had to

write out. Bless me, how well I

remember every word of it!"
"'Now, my co-mates,'" said Mr. Trevor encouragingly, looking round at his guests-and I heard old Lady Flagge say that she didn't care for the expression at all, and what did he mean by it.

There was quite a pause, while we all gazed at the Canon.

"You've not forgotten it, I'm sure," Aunt Emma said, without very much foundation. And Mrs. Trevor said, The dear forest of Arden! and that seemed to get the Canon going.

"Well, well," he said, "if you all insist," and began-

"Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more, Or close the wall up . . .

It was a frightfully long speech, and he said it right through to the end.

By the time he'd finished old Lady Flagge and General Battlegate were both saying that it really was time to bring the evening, delightful as it had been, to a close. The Trevors, in my opinion—and Laura subsequently agreed with me—were not as loth as might have been expected to see us all depart.

After all, you can take a horse to the water but you cannot make him drink, as Macbeth probably said on the Rialto to his old friend and co-mate, E. M. D. King Henry V.

# Small Ads.-New Style

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£1 Room with Food Cheapest Ever Good News for Refined Bus Gents

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URGENT NEED OF PLUMBERS' MATES

PLUMBERS AT STANDSTILL WHILE PIPES BURST

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If anybody interested will call at "Wellcombe," Green Lane, any evening Mr. Adams might be able to let them hear the set working.

CLERGYMAN'S NEPHEW'S OUTBURST
"I'LL DO ANYTHING!"
FATHER OF 27

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"SIX MILLION, ONE-HUNDRED-AND-NINETY-THREE THOU-SAND, FOUR-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-ONE."

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"I'VE HAD TO GIE UP SHAVIN', MR. McWILLIAM, BUT WHEN A HEAD COMES IN I GIE IT A BIT CLIP."

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FRUSTRATION OF FOREIGN POLICY

OH! let us adhere to strict non-intervention,
Except by advice and remonstrance alone,
Between foreign nations engaged in contention,
Unless we have interests at stake of our own.
In going to war we don't know where we're going to,
The course of events to predict what man dares?
And the Statesman will say this uncertainty's owing to
The great mutability of foreign affairs.

The tortuous paths of the neighbouring nations
Are not like our own ways straightforward and plain,
They fight for ideas, that is, annexations,
All keeping a look-out their own ends to gain.
And those who are leagued with us fail us whenever
It suits them; behold, in this conduct of theirs,
That makes intervention a hopeless endeavour,
The great mutability of foreign affairs.

Alike if we join, or decline interfering In foreigners' quarrels, they give us ill names, Inveighing against us, and railing, and sneering,
Because our intentions don't square with their aims.
Then steadfastly leave them alone to their changes,
And ever keep clear of their pitfalls and snares,
Considering what calculation deranges;
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#### In a Good Cause

AT 2.30 P.M. on Wednesday, October 20th, a Coronation Embroidery Exhibition in aid of the Lambeth Girls' Welfare Association will be opened at 46, Eaton Square, S.W.I. Among the exhibitors is H.R.H. QUEEN MARY; and a sixteenth-century needlework picture, said to have been embroidered by MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS may be auctioned. The Exhibition will be open every day thereafter from 10.30 A.M. (Sunday, 2.30 P.M.) to 6.30 P.M., until Tuesday the 26th. Miss F. Campbell, Coombe Clive, Coombe Warren, Kingston Hill, Surrey, will gratefully receive donations towards expenses.

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"SIX MILLION, ONE-HUNDRED-AND-NINETY-THREE THOU-SAND, FOUR-MUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-ONE."

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Observer



"STOP! I WON'T HEAR A WORD AGAINST AGATHA!"

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### **Black Musketeers**

BETWEEN The Black Musketeers (HEINEMANN, 15/-), of whose lives and warfare Mr. A. J. MARSHALL writes with humour and understanding, and Dumas' famous Three there is no resemblance. Mr. Marshall left his native Australia in January, 1934, to join an Oxford University Expedition engaged, curiously, in sexological research in the "land of the Holy Ghost"—Espiritu Santo the largest of the New Hebridean islands. A pompous Portuguese, FERNANDO DE QUIROS, who landed there on May 1, 1606, and whose adventures Mr. Marshall racily recounts, gave it its name. Within a century contact with "civilisation" has reduced the native population from 100,000 to 4,000. Indeed Mr. MARSHALL has very hard things to say of the white man's "civilising" activities that only go to prove the truth of the Tahitian proverb: "The coral waxes, the palm grows, but man departs." His "black musketeers," armed with old British muskets from the Tower of London brought to them by traders in exchange for sandalwood, aroused his liveliest sympathies. Aware of the bad as of the good that is in them, Mr. MARSHALL never descends to sloppy sentimentality about the "noble" savage. He would nevertheless cherish their warlike habits because "they give the natives an interest in living." A remarkable as well as an entertaining book.

#### Attar of Provence

Undoubtedly the pleasantest way of enjoying the Riviera is to own a small property at the back of it, an ideal happily realised in Sunset House (BLACKWOOD, 8/6), which relates how the Hon. Lady Fortescue translated herself

and her possessions into a Provençal cottage from her late husband's cherished Domaine. Readers of Perfume from Provence will here recapture not only the graces of that sunshiny book but several of its characters, while encounter. ing (among others) the "family of limpets" who had to be dislodged from the cottage, its naïvely grasping proprietors and the builders who carried out the alterations. These last may strike lovers of simplicity as excessive-it is difficult to get up enthusiasm about other people's improvements; and one feels that the mistress who instals a service lift so that her maid cannot gossip when she brings in the tea is rather out of touch with the sympathies of a Latin household. But the cottage is not wholly a toy. Lady FORTESCUE retains her jasmine terraces, with a sound resolve to make them pay; and her sense of the real fragrance of French life -though not infallible-lends distinction to her kindly and enthusiastic pages.

#### Contraband for China

Opium and its smuggling into the China of 1838 provides an original motive for Miss Constance Wright's second novel. The trade is perhaps more interesting than the adventurers engaged in it, apart from a heroic but unintelligent minister from Salem, Mass., whose sole chance of converting China lies in securing a passage on opium clippers. On one of these, the Fantasy, the Rev. Bridges meets young Lupton Hoe, an ambitious young purser of Macao. Lupton, and his strangely revived romance with the captainish Medora Sampson, is a dull but sufficient foil to the cruder personalities, Chinese and Yankee, who figure in the tale of the Fantasy's last run, her shipwreck off the island of Hainan and the subsequent imprisonment and escape of her Throughout a somewhat bewildering series of adventures, rendered with a descriptive energy that might perhaps have been more frequently interspersed with quieter passages, the Rev. Bridges, diffident, humourless but sincere, holds his own bravely. It is he, his Bavarian colleague, Pritzlaff, Pritzlaff's motherly English wife and the Jesuit encountered at Hainan whom readers of Their Ships Were Broken (DENT, 7/6) will find themselves marking and remembering.

#### "Incumbents of this Parish"

It was a good idea, with all the simplicity which generally distinguishes good ideas, to take one of those lists called "Incumbents of this Parish" and make the dry bones of the names in it live by clothing them with probable bodies,



"HULLO, BERT, STILL LOVESICK?"

minds, families and circumstances in an historically correct setting. Mrs. WINIFRED PECK has done this in They Come, They Go (FABER AND FABER, 7/6), beginning at the Reformation with Brother Francis, who became the first Rector of St. Mary Luce. In nine interesting short stories she sketches nine portraits, which grow clearer and firmer as they approach the present day, of such men as one might have expected to find occupying that position when the Church of England was passing through such and such a particular phase of its history. As one of her lay characters observes in a very charming story which is per-haps autobiographical, "The English Rectory has done more for civilisation and Christianity than any other influence in England." A census of our great men and women of the past would emphasise the point, and Mrs. Peck's book, lightly learned and very readable, may serve, as it were by the way, to underline it.

#### The Double Thread

Behold the Judge (from Collins) tells, John Brophy doing the narrating, Two separate yarns in parallels Each with a chapter alternating.

One shows us a department store
Bursting with business pep and
teeming

With hopes and jealousies and more Or less successful petty scheming.

The other shows a judge so new He dreads he'll make some ghastly blunder.

And as by turns they come to view— What links will join them up, we wonder.

We find them in two hearts that bleed At social barriers which restrain them.

And acts of violence that need A murder trial to explain them.

And so we reach a final blend
Of threads still separate though
united,

Charmed with the telling to the end But not in any sense excited.

#### Canadian Commentary

Mr. Stephen Leacock has a great reputation as a humorist, and occasionally in reading My Discovery of the West (Lane, 12/6) one gets the feeling that the responsibility it entails has become rather a burden to him; or that he is under contract to deliver a certain number of wisecracks





THE DIPLOMATIC TOUCH

Lady (with some hesitation). "I—EE—WISH TO LOOK AT SOME FALSE FRINGES."

Tactful Salesman. "Certainly, Madam. What shade does your friend wish?"

Claude H. Shepperson, October 14th, 1908.

and must deliver them at whatever cost. For in substance the book is an illustration of his other claim to celebrity as an erudite economist, and as such it is good enough to stand without the aid of comic relief. If it presents the dismal science under as cheerful as aspect as may be, that is a result rather of humanism and an innate optimism than of professional humour. It is in fact a serious and valuable analysis of the Canadian "condition of the people question." It throws a clear and merciless light on the larger lunacy of Social Credit (though Mr. LEACOCK himself disclaims understanding of the more mystical chapters of the Gospel according to Douglas) and is equally lucid as to the peculiar difficulties which the present sorry scheme of things has brought to the agricultural provinces. Mr. LEACOCK'S views on the problems of race, of international relations and of immigration strike one as particularly sensible. And he has much (besides wisecracks) for those who have no head for statistics or economic theory-imaginative but not imaginary descriptions, for instance, of the swift growth of Winnipeg or the more gradual evolution of the wheatlands of Saskatchewan.

#### Cheerful Warning

Mr. James Thurber, the American whose influence on written and pictorial humour in the English-speaking countries continues to grow apace, has issued a new book to which he gives the warning title, Let Your Mind Alone? (Hamish Hamilton, 7/6). This is the general heading of ten pieces in which flat commonsense is applied with very comic results to the teachings of those popular psychologists who have written best-selling books about the way to live

and think. It is highly probable that as a result of this book some of the psychologists concerned will have to go to each other and be analysed in order to get rid of a haunting fear of Mr. THURBER. The rest of the volume consists of "other more or less inspirational pieces": two characteristic stories of conjugal exasperation, an extremely funny parody of the "Deep South" novel, "My Memories of D. H. Lawrence" (unique), and more than twenty other papers—all funny, all admirably written, and most of them dashingly illustrated by the author.

#### French Painting

French Painting and the Nineteenth Century (Batsford, 21/-), by James Laver, appears in ample time for those who buy it as a Christmas present to decide that they cannot bear to give it away. A beautifully-produced book with a hundred-and-forty-one plates, eleven of them in colour, it contains, as well as the vigorous and informative survey by Mr. Laver, details of each picture reproduced and brief biographies of the artists by Michael Sevier, and a "postscript" by the late Alfred Flechtheim, to whose memory the book is dedicated. Mr. Laver's thesis is controversial in the sense that he is definitely opposed to all who would consider a painter's work by itself in an

"esthetic vacuum," with no reference to the social, political and other influences of its time; his aim is precisely to make these influences clear. But it is hard to believe that even his bitterest opponent would not be delighted to possess this attractive, valuable and inexhaustibly interesting book.

#### England's Enemies

Mr. S. P. B. Mais is one of the most versatile of our modern writers, and in *The Three-Coloured Pencil* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 7/6) he forsakes his usual hunting-grounds and gives his readers a tale of thrilling adventure. It is really not of the first importance that we should be profoundly distressed by the designs of diabolical people to destroy England and the English on Derby Day, for Mr. Mais has succeeded in making the united efforts of a Sussex youth and a Devonshire maiden to prevent this wholesale slaughter an exciting and pleasant story in itself. It may be that in his love for English literature Mr. Mais allows some of his characters a wisdom that is, to put it mildly.

unusual, and that solid Jim and quick-thinking Jennifer were almost incredibly lucky. But even if faults can justly be found, the fact remains that both as regards atmosphere and incident this story is in the main stimulating and easy to follow.



A more suitable title than The Man Who Stole the Crown Jewels might have been given to Mr. AUGUSTUS MUR'S latest adventure story, for the actual thief was of little account in the criminal world when compared with the

V. G.

contriver of a most daring raid. Colin Elliott, who tells the tale and so saves the followers of his fortunes from overwhelming anxiety about his ultimate fate, willy-nilly was involved in this elaborate plot, and was largely instrumental in thwarting it. But before the raiders were defeated Elliott and a charming young lady found constant trouble, and Mr. Muir is as adroit in getting them into tight places as he is nimble in coming to their rescue. This is a thrilling addition to Messrs. Methuen's three-and-sixpenny novels.



"I'M AFRAID THAT MY MUSBAND IS <u>DREADFULLY</u> INDECISIVE, HE JUST CAN'T SEEM TO MAKE UP HIS MIND WHICH NEW CAR TO BUY."

#### How To Make Nettle Beer

PLUCK a spray of nettles.
Bruise it irretrievably with some blunt instrument.
Spoon the pulp into boiling water.
Add far too much yeast.
Stir fitfully for ages.
Stop stirring.
Look.
Pour mixture into a bottle.
Cork bottle and put in a cool place to cool.
After fermenting for twenty-four hours bottle should explode.

Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

#### Charivaria

New railway-carriages, we read, are thoroughly tested for strength before leaving the works. As a final test of stability an experienced porter comes and shuts the doors.

Dame Nature, declares a business man, is the greatest efficiency expert of all. Jobbing gardeners, however, think very little of her autumn loose-leaf system.

An American psychologist says that hay-fever can be banished by thinking it away. A sufferer rang us up last week and declared that this was nothing but atishoo! of nonsense.

A prominent Scotland Yard detective is retiring. There is some talk among cracksmen of arranging a farewell burglary in his honour.

"Those first few awkward moments for the beginner are soon

over," says an ice-skating instructor. And, he might have added, so is the beginner.

A Thames boatman says he has never known such a bad season. A similar statement which he made last year is expected again in 1938.

An enthusiastic Italian writer says that Signor Musso-LINI is an army in himself. It would certainly be a

refreshing change to see a news-reel of Italian troops reviewing the DUCE.

A park-keeper points out that collecting litter is a childishly simple job. You can just pick it up as you go along.

the process goes on we may

not have enough people to draw all the dole.

The Registrar-General warns us that the birthrate is dangerously low. The danger is of course that if

"Talking of birthdays and restaurateurs, Quaglino's always occurs just before mine,"—Lord Donegall in "The Sunday Dispatch."

The coincidence grows more striking every year.

Successful soccer directors, it has been noted, must possess many talents. And be prepared to spend them too.

"The Land Fertility Committee have not allowed the grass to grow under their feet."—Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture. Then they've exceeded their terms of reference.

Near Hastings a burglar broke into a roadside garage, and motorists are wondering how much the poor fellow had to hand over.

A bride recently informed an interviewer that she had not received a single toastrack as a present. shows that the old joke is doing some good at last.



An African chieftain's son has brought disgrace on his family by stealing cattle, burning a native hut and then running away with a tribesman's wife. He must be looked upon locally as a thorough white sheep.

Some people, according to a musician, only buy a piano to help fill up a room. Quite often of course it has the opposite effect.





#### A Soul at the Car Show

I was a seagull as I laid down the book of modern short stories, stories so allusive, so full of associations, so deeply psychological. I don't know why I was a seagull, but I was, and I went to the Motor Show.

When I got to Earl's Court I stopped being a seagull and looked at the cars. They shone and were restful to

my mind. "Like a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon," I said to a young fellow who seemed too well-dressed to be just a visitor.

But he wasn't any good at associations.

"This is Friday," he said, oscillating.

Our souls made circles round each other. Thoughts were a long tunnel and all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death. Dusty death? A wind was blowing in the tunnel. How odd, I thought, if the wind were strong enough to blow my hat off! But I knew that it could only be a psychological hat, and I felt at peace.

The young fellow-Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Marlborough, Oxford, Cambridge, B.A., B.E., B.I.— Whoa! one can't go on like this. The young fellow was speaking: "This is the Double-Six."

One gets another throw for that, I suppose?"

Wit? Humour? What are they? We are all in a hatbox, struggling to get out. And car salesmen don't joke in public. They only smile sadly

Are you interested?" asked this one coldly.

"Not very," I said. The fringes of my mind were green, but of course he didn't know that. I turned away and trickled like a rose (Why a rose? Like a rose on a wateringcan?)-and trickled towards the Blumer Saloons. Blumer Saloons are fine cars. They are gas-proof and need a crew of three, exclusive of footmen. Also they have a cruising-speed of 86. When I heard that I ought to have thought of Aunt Mary, because her telephone-number is 68-or is it 28? In any case I ought to have thought of Aunt Mary, but I didn't. I didn't think of anything. My mind doesn't associate properly.

Suddenly I was an Eastern Potentate. "I'll take two of those," I told the man.
"Two, Sir?" he said, his eyelids flickering.
"Certainly," I said, and gave him my card. At the next stand I ordered three Spaghettis. I did not see how I could manage with less. One has to remember one's position. But the salesman was a pink blancmange He was a reed shaken by the wind. His consciousness kept advancing and receding and it had a purplish look. "They are for my wives," I explained.

His thoughts were balloons in the air, like a strip-cartoon. "Wives?" he said.

"I am an Eastern Potentate," I said, "and I need wives. Also a fleet of cars. All Eastern Potentates need fleets of cars. I think I'll have four."

"You don't look very brown," he said suspiciously. "You are an Englishman and you don't look very white," I said, cutting his consciousness clean in half.

Advertisements were pictures to both of us, but one doesn't mention such simple associations as that.

Soon, when I had bought a couple of Termagants and ordered wipers for the back-windows ("Do these cars never reverse?" I asked them), there was a crowd. I was in the middle of a crowd and it was market-day and all about were notebooks and the moan of many voices-

"Naturally there is a reduction for quant-

. suitable for the East . . . " Paigntons are nice to-day."

. and independent springing . . "May I make you up a half-dozen of these?"

"The sump, Your Highness . . .

All at once I was a seagull again. The rocks were wet with spray, seaweed was a smell and my wings were spread for flight. What would a seagull want with all these cars, I thought. Aloud I said-

"Cancel my orders, please. I'm off."

Their consciousnesses sprang apart from mine like the ends of a steel spring released from its socket. Souls quivered in the silence and thoughts were, generally speaking, black. It was time, I thought, to be off.

But, alas! I was no longer a seaguil. I wasn't anything much. I was just a small black dot in the middle of a great big space, oscillating violently.

The Way Out was a long, long tunnel. H. F. E.

# Working-Party Shanty

EVERY week we sit and knit

(With my knit one, purl one, knit two together wool forward 0 !),

For all of us must do our bit

(With my K.1, P.1, K.2 tog., wl. fwd. 0!) For all the little dusky chaps

In places we can't find on maps Who aren't quite civilised perhaps

(With my K.1, P.1, K.2 tog., wl. fwd. 0!).

The Vicar's wife makes stockings which

(With my K.1, P.1, K.2 tog., wl. fwd. 0!) Look rather smart in cable stitch

(With my K.1, P.1, K.2 tog., wl. fwd. 0!), And with their help we hope we can Convert the erring Mussulman

And teach contentment to Japan

With my K.1, P.1, K.2 tog., wl. fwd. 0!).

See the shining needles flash (With my K.1, P.1, K.2 tog., wl. fwd. O!).

Heavens! how the colours clash! With my K.1, P.1, K.2 tog., wl. fwd. 0!)

What a lot of things there are! And so let's give "Hip, hip, hurrah!"

In honour of the Church Bazaar (With my K.1, P.1, K.2 tog., wl. fwd. O!). M. H.



# NURSERY RHYMES RETOLD

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE; SHE HAD SO MANY MOTORS SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

["It was absolutely essential to regulate the number of vehicles on the roads, or there would be no place for anyone at all."— $Dr.\ Bv$  mers.]



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

TENDENCY NOT TO KNOW WHAT TO DO ON SUNDAYS

# Wings Over Friars Marston

If it be true that preparedness on the part of the peaceful acts as a deterrent to the war-mongers, our proceedings in Friars Marston during the last month or two must have had a fine steadying effect upon the Chancelleries of Europe.

When the speaker at the first public meeting expressed the hope that something might be done to make the village air-raid-conscious he only palely and inadequately foreshadowed the upheaval that was to take place in our outlook. It is no longer in question whether we are conscious of the possibility of an air-raid; what is becoming doubtful is whether all the devices of authority will suffice to keep the public temper in check if we do not have a real air-raid on which to test our preparations within the next few

months. Many people are getting pretty impatient already, and in the public bar of the "Anchor" in the evening there are some rough things being said about the Government.

Under the impetus of public service all social distinctions have been revised. In other villages men may still regard wealth or family or commercial importance as the index to social position, but here in Friars Marston we are learning to look upon one another simply as fire-preventers or as ambulance-men or as decontaminators. If the chemist and the ironmonger still maintain something of their old influence it is not by virtue of their former titles to leadership but as the chiefs respectively of the fire-prevention squad and the decontamination squad. Even so their authority is seriously threatened by the two air-raid wardens who, by nebulous sanctions, are gradually arrogating to themselves a range of powers approximating to those of the consuls in one of the more careless periods of Roman history.

The ambulance squad was the first off the mark with its drills and practices, and was inclined for a while to give itself airs. You could not hold the most casual conversation with an ambulance-man without feeling that he was eyeing you pityingly as the raw material of a mangled victim and measuring your joints for a possible roadside amputation by the light of a shaded flash-lamp, so that when old Mr. Ebbles made all the fuss about their thoughtfulness in designing a special six-bearer stretcher in case he should be one of those struck down, public opinion on the whole went against them.

The decontamination squad for a long time seemed to be rather out of the limelight. They would play about with the lime-washing sprayers and the two souvenir gas-masks which comprise their equipment, but there was

nothing in their activities to excite such interest as that aroused, for example, when Stebbins hurt his leg by jumping into the blanket held by the fire-prevention squad. Last week the opportunity came to show their skill. There can be little doubt that the steps which they took to fumigate Mrs. Godber's cottage after her boy's measles will prove to have been effective in destroying the germs. Even Mrs. Godber, who is not fussy, refuses to enter the house again until the smell has died down.

The first-fruits of all this training and organisation were to be seen the other night in our trial "black-out," every detail of which was carefully planned and altered several times in the light of unfolding wisdom.

It was finally decided that the great test should take place at tenfifteen at night. Originally it had been intended to choose the small hours of the morning, but as the lamp in the High Street automatically puts itself out at ten-thirty and as few of the houses are ever lighted any later, it was seen that to do this would be to sacrifice that dramatic contrast between blazing light and Cimmerian gloom which is so desirable as an introduction to an exercise of this sort. To hold it any earlier would have been to break into opening hours and would have aroused the powerful opposition of the landlord of the "Anchor."

While the details of the black-out were still undergoing daily discussion and alteration the General and his family at the Manor House decided to associate themselves with the project. The General contributed two proposals to the common fund of ideas: (a) That the Manor House should be considered as exempt from the black-out arrangements, as he was not going to have any heavy-footed blank fools kicking his furniture about in the dark; and (b) That there must be a roll-call to ensure that no one was shirking.

Mr. Richard and Mr. Derek threw themselves wholeheartedly into the scheme and were full of suggestions. Mr. Richard appointed himself at once to a post which he described as that of "continuity director." Its duties apparently consisted in driving rapidly and continuously from one end of the village to the other in a small sportscar without lights. To those who demurred on the grounds of public safety he defended the part with the argument that this was what he would do if there were a real air-raid and that therefore the sooner he could learn to drive in the dark without hitting people the safer our air-raids would be for everyone concerned.

Mr. Derek took over the air-raid warning arrangements. At the signal to take air-raid action he was to fire one red rocket. Some time later, to signify that gas-bombs were being dropped and that everyone must assume his imaginary gas-mask, he was to fire one green rocket. Later, to bring the fire-squads into action he was to fire two red and two green rockets simultaneously.

The parts to be played by the various organisations were carefully allotted. Immediately on the firing of the first rocket the air-raid wardens were to extinguish the street-lamp and to summon the people from their houses in order to read the roll-call and to instruct them to return to their houses for shelter. At the same time Mr. Richard was to begin to drive rapidly from point to point. On the firing of the second rocket the decontamination squad was to rescue a dummy from the disused pig-sty near the pond and then to proceed to decontaminate the pig-sty. On the firing of the four rockets the fire-prevention squad was to proceed to the same pig-sty, which by then should be decontaminated, and to turn its hose on the imaginary flames. All the while the ambulance was to busy itself collecting volunteer victims and carrying them to its headquarters in the bar-parlour of the Anchor."

When the lamp-post has been replaced and when Mr. Richard's car has been repaired we are going to have another trial black-out, although no one but Mr. Richard will mind very much if Mr. Richard's car is not ready in time. Next time there will be someone on the spot to see that Mr. Derek does not while away the time of waiting between rockets by setting off catherine-wheels and Roman candles. This will obviate the possibility of the whole of his reserves of fireworks being set off

at once, and so there will be no chance of any repetition of the scene which took place when the fire-prevention squad started to extinguish the flames in the pig-sty which the decontamination squad had only just started to decontaminate. And if the ambulance squad are made to use the school-hall instead of the "Anchor" as their head-quarters there will be little likelihood of the victims having to suffer again through the bearers falling into the ditch.

Alternatively, we may have our next black-out by daylight.

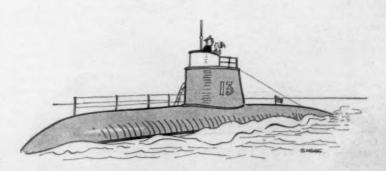
#### Our Pond

I am fond
Of our pond,
Of the superfine gloss
On its moss,
Its pink lilies and things
And the wings
Of its duck.

I am keen
On the green
Soupy surface of some
Of its scum,
Its water-waved weeds,
Its three reeds
And its muck.

Yesterday,
As I lay
And admired its thick skin,
I fell in;
I went walloping down
Through the brown
Till I struck.

I am fond
Of our pond,
But I like it much more
From the shore.
It was quite out of place
On my face,
Where it stuck.



"YES, MADAM, I INVARIABLY GO DOWN WITH MY SHIP."

# Irregular Figure

LOOKING back, it is odd to think that I spent my early youth happily oblivious of the fact that I was deformed. Not that I ever thought of myself as one of those perfect specimens of manhood who bulge at one from the pages of the physical culture magazines. But somehow I took it for granted that all was approximately well. Even my face (seen, as I saw it, in front elevation) seemed no worse than a little unusual, and the rest of me always seemed ordinary to the point of dulness. In view of what I now know, I realise that at that time I must have been the precise converse of the man in the advertisements. As long as he wears the appliance, you may remember, nobody but himself will realise that he has bow legs. I did not wear any appliances, and from what I can see of it I must have been positively the only person who did not realise that I was one of the oddest shapes ever known to geometry.

It was when I was old enough to buy my own clothes that realisation first began to come to me. I remember the occasion so well. I was trying on a jacket and the fitter was manœuvring mirrors so that I could see the back when I caught a glimpse of a weedy stooping figure with a profile of appalling degenerate villainy who was apparently also being fitted close My first thought was beside me. instinctively for the safety of the money in my discarded jacket. took me several seconds to realise that if anyone stood at a certain angle that was their view of Me.

It was a long time before I got over the shock of that realisation. In fact it changed my whole life. I only fought back to some sort of poise by facing up to the fact that paths open to ordinary nice-looking people were closed to methat I must get used to children sitting beside me in public vehicles suddenly bursting into frightened sobs, and that if one couldn't look Handsomely Normal the only thing for it was to look Fascinatingly and Intentionally Odd. Yet if the thing had ended there I might have pulled through. But it didn't. The following has been the sequence through the years:—

(1) My first tailor, apart from showing me my profile, did not seem to discover anything very funny about me. Perhaps there was some hidden discovery in my charted measurements and those cryptic references to "L.H.S." and "R.L.2," but at least he kept it from me. Perhaps that is why nothing he made ever fitted appreciably.

(2) My second tailor discovered that I was Very Long in the Body. He was very thrilled about it. In fact he insisted on going over my measurements again and calling a few witnesses before he could believe his own eyes as to the length of my body. It was not until he made me a rather bad pair of trousers, however, that he began to insist that I was also bow-legged. In point of fact no other tailor has ever said that I was bow-legged. I suspect that it was merely an excuse for dud trousers (particularly as a later tailor, also having trouser-trouble, swore by all his gods that I was knock-kneed).

(3) Fearing that if I had many more suits from him I should become a complete cripple, I left that tailor and went to another. He was a very good and expensive tailor, and he took one look at me and made the famous discovery about my shoulders. Nobody had ever seen anything wrong with my shoulders before, but to this man's expert eyes they were apparently positively laughable. I remarked that it was very clever of him to spot a thing like that, which neither I nor anyone else had ever noticed, before putting a tape on

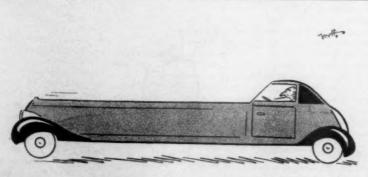
me. But he just laughed modestly, said it was his business to see these things, and went right ahead and made me the worst-fitting suit I have ever owned.

(4) As a result of this, when I first went to my present tailor I thought it only reasonable both to give him warning and to save as much time as possible. Having at last settled on a cloth, I took a deep breath and said casually, "I'm afraid you may find that I'm rather an odd shape. I have a long body, humorous shoulders, L.H.S., R.L.2 and V.F.C. And I'm either bowlegged or knock-kneed, probably both. I don't suppose anything can be done, but if it can I shall be obliged to you." He listened very politely, smiled, ran his hands over me as though in a perfunctory search for concealed weapons and then said with a light laugh. What you've got chiefly, Sir, is a very

prominent right hip."
Well, there it is. He has made me a suit and it looks quite all right. But the thing is beginning to get me down and to undermine my morale. Of course they are all quite right. I can see now, when I look at myself closely in the mirror, that my legs are a sort of sickle-shaped combination of bowedness and knock-kneedness; that my body is of unheard-of length; that my shoulders are definitely out of Broken Ranges in a sale, and that my right hip is so prominent that if anyone were to take a photograph of me that hip would be right out of focus. But what is worrying me is how far the thing will go. It is clearly only a matter of time before one of them proves beyond all question that I have only one leg or that my left arm is missing from the elbow. And then I shall have to give up golf and things.

The only thing I can think of is to start going to one of those ready-made places which carries a range of 1,400 fittings and boasts in its advertisements that it has just fitted out in five minutes a man five feet in height with a twenty-two-inch chest and a seventyfour-inch waist and made him look as though he had been poured into his clothes to boot. But it is a drastic step. and the possibility of failure is rather frightful. I awake in the night from ghastly dreams of reeling out of one of those shops with the polite but final words of the assistant ringing in my ears. "No, Sir," he is saying. "Any normal variation of the human frame is child's play to us; but in you we have to confess we have met our Waterloo.

No, I daren't face it. I must just try another tailor. And if I have to lose a limb—well, there it is.



MUCH ADO-

ABOUT NOTHING.

it

### Skeleton at the Feast

I REMEMBER feeling very indignant in my youth when I heard a comedian, who had been retailing hilarious jokes for some fifteen minutes, conclude his act by relating a highly moral anecdote about a poor old lady dying in a workhouse. I thought at the time that something must have gone wrong somewhere, but no, it was a pathetic story with no joke at all, and I was most disconcerted and annoyed when everyone sighed deeply and applauded the man with great enthusiasm.

But it has spread, this gloomy dragging of the heavy herring across the light trail of laughter—it has spread abominably. Almost every comedian considers his work ill done if he has not in some measure choked his own applause in the sobs of strong men overcome by sentiment; and it makes

things so difficult for me.

I am a simple soul, and when I know that someone is trying to amuse me I go all out to help him. When a man comes on the stage in loud checks and a chromatic nose, or when the wireless entertainer begins to talk in a familiar way to Mr. Shadwell, I sink back in my chair and prepare to laugh heartily at almost anything he says. I have my finer feelings. But I cannot

mix the two; and that is where I am

caught, to my recurring confusion. The family is seated and the entertainer has been convulsing us with a slanderous account of his mother-inlaw. Then the man starts to tell us about his little boy. I wink at Aunt Emmie and settle down. The little boy has eaten something which has disagreed with him. He goes to bed. His mother and father think that he is all right and go to the cinema. (Here I shout across to Uncle George, "Just wait; this is going to be funny. I think I've heard it.") They return from the cinema and go up to the child's room. (I have visions of the little lad in all sorts of amusing situations, cutting the bedstead with his pen-knife or dressing-up in Mummie's furs. But no.) The little lad is dead. And all for the want of a thoughtless Daddie's care.

Here my boisterous laugh, which I have been restraining with such difficulty for the grand climax, bursts out, although it realises that something is seriously wrong somewhere, and everybody else turns to look at me sadly and then tries to forget that I am there with my crude insensibility; and Uncle George gets up slowly, knocks out his pipe severely, and says as he puts an unwonted hand on Aunt



"'ERE! LOOK WHAT YER MA USED TO GET FOR EIGHT-AND-ELEVEN."

Emmie's shoulder, "Very true to life, eh, old girl? Very true . . ." and guides his quietly-sobbing spouse from the room. Young John has moved away from Betty and is brooding darkly at the other end of the couch, apparently deciding to enter the Church or to serve the League of Nations or something equally celibate; Mary's head is bent low over her knitting, and I sit there feeling a brute and listening numbly to the bland tones of the compère bidding "Goodbye" to someone whom he calls "a grand old North-country comedian."

Why will they do it? Is it because

Why will they do it? Is it because they think we like it, or merely because they've run out of funny stuff and it's easier to be gloomy than humorous anyway? There's something in that perhaps. They remind me of an old man I used to know down in Devon. He had a cow which he was very fond Now this cow was particularly partial to white clover, which it used to crop on the cliff-edge. One week it had rained a good deal and the old chap had tethered his cow on the village green, where there was no clover at all and had gone off himself to a neighbouring town, as everyone thought. But when he didn't return a searchparty was organised. After two days they found him. He was lying at the bottom of the cliffs, dead, and in his frozen hand there was a bunch of white

Now laugh that off.

### At the Pictures

MERELY ENTERTAINMENT

EVERY now and then there comes a film behind which, at each big scene, one seems to hear the satisfied voice of the scenario-writer saying, "Ah, now this should knock 'em cold." Not for a long time have I seen a more obvious example of this kind of thing than Big City, in which some excellent acting and some extremely good scenes are thrown away on a story that was obviously designed to do no more than make its audience laugh, cry, laugh, cry, laugh and finally go out feeling

good.

You may well object that very few films have a higher aim than this. True; but Big City has an authentic background and what might be made an interesting problem (involving the war of independent taxi-drivers with those of a gangster-aided company), and one begins by expecting something more from it. One doesn't get anything more. Without LUISE RAINER and SPENCER TRACY it wouldn't be worth crossing the road to see, even though, like so many American films, it is rich in good small-part acting. Even the two principals have a losing struggle with their material, which is positively stuffed with whimsy. At the end the film goes utterly to pieces, sacrificing the last shreds of credibility to the kind of rough-house one used to get in a two-reel comedy. Jack Dempsey and a number of other famous boxers come along and knock down all the villains, while the Mayor of New York stands by and says benevolently, "This is very irregular" -just to provide a climax

I don't want to be unfair to this picture. Bits of it, I freely admit, made me laugh, and bits of it I found quite moving; but that doesn't alter my belief that it was a waste of Miss RAINER, of Mr. TRACY, and of time.

Gangway, the JESSIE MATTHEWS film which was showing at the Gaumont until last Saturday, marks in one way a slight advance for British producers. They still love to introduce American characters, but they have now got so far as to use American actors—in this instance NAT PENDLETON and NOEL Madison-in the American parts; though they still, unless my ears deceive me, have English writers to write (and I can imagine what a time they must have had) the American dialogue. I should think that Messrs. PENDLETON and MADISON, as they acted in this film, must have felt much as an English actor in Hollywood might feel were he to be given a part in which every other speech was some such collection as, "I say, old fellow,



A BIG MOMENT: OUR FAN COULDN'T TAKE IT

Joe Benton . . . . SPENCER TRACY Anna Benton . . . LUISE RAINER

rather jolly old frightfully, dash it all, don't you know, what?

However, what JESSIE MATTHEWS audiences want is JESSIE MATTHEWS. and in Gangway she sings and dances very nicely on the usual unlikely



SLEUTHS IN CONFERENCE

Taggett . . . . . . ALASTAIR SIM . BARRY MACKAY occasions. In a film that tries to be a crooks-and-police story (the hero is a young Scotland Yard man who becomes an earl, in the good old EDGAR WALLACE manner) and a burlesque of gangsters as well as the customary song-and-dance show, these occasions seem even more unlikely and forced than usual. What I liked best about the whole affair was ALASTAIR SIMbeside whom most other British small. part players look like amateurs—as an insurance company's detective.

I went to see You Can't Have Every. thing-this too came off last week in London-because I like the RITZ Brothers and ALICE FAYE, who have a certain amount to do in it. ALICE FAYE indeed is the heroine, a pretty girl who combines a habit of writing exceedingly gloomy dramas and a humourless passion for uplift in the theatre with an exquisite sense of rhythm and outstanding ability to sing modern syncopated songs. A complex character, you understand. With the story the RITZ Brothers have no more connection than usual; but they have several opportunities for their own brand of highly systematised craziness (much more systematised than that of the MARX Brothers, who are anarchic individualists), and I found them very funny indeed. As a whole the film, though quite empty of significance, is thoroughly entertaining.

Artists and Models-still another one that is no longer showing in Londonsets out to be crazy in form, like the same company's earlier film, College Holiday, so as to be able to bring in a lot of variety turns with the minimum of tedious excuses for their presence. JACK BENNY is the connecting link again. It is a disappointment to find MARTHA RAYE doing only what they call a "specialty" (one scene), but that's better than nothing; and the list of other celebrated performers in the picture is considerable. We even see several famous humorous artists, including-for a moment-Peter Arno. More good (though very scrappy) entertainment, and even less significance. R. M.

Literary Physics

"LIFE AND DEATH IN A DROP OF WATER CONDENSED FROM THE 'NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE.'" Heading of an Article in the "Readers' Digest."

Horrible Slur on the Royal Navy

" H.M.S. ARETHUSA RETURNS. DOWNFALL OF FAMOUS BEAUTY QUEIN. COLONEL ROBBED. Local Paper Placard.

GAR e of nary ions reed out M all-

e a YE cho gly ess ith



" O. K., CHEF! "

### The Life of a Cheese

Some months ago I bought some cream cheese of a well-known make—call it X to show my disinterestedness. The cheese (or X, as we have agreed to term it) was neatly enclosed in silver paper and an outer wrapper. On the latter was printed the statement—

"The milk used in making this Cheese is scientifically treated with a pure Culture of the Lactobacillus Bulgaricus"

and below-

"The Culture in this Cheese will remain active until April 30th."

The more I thought about these words the more I was impressed with the strange poignancy of the situation. On April 30th the Culture, the very life-blood of the Cheese, would cease to be active: the cheese, in fact, would die. This cheese (X), alone of all created things, had the day of his decease fixed in advance and printed

on his back for anyone to read. What, I wondered, must be X's feelings—if indeed he was aware of his terrible situation? Outwardly, at all events, he was perfectly calm, and so he remained up to the end. On May 1st, the day after his death, I ate him.

To-day, however, I bought another such cheese—let us call this one Johnstone for the sake of argument. On Johnstone's outer wrapper were the words—

"The Culture in this Cheese will remain active until November 15th and for several days afterwards."

The italics are my own.

I am, of course, profoundly relieved at this extension of the cheese's allotted span, and more particularly at the introduction of the comforting element of uncertainty. No longer is the cheese in the position of a condemned felon; though Johnstone may think on November 15th, "I cannot live many days longer," he can never have the dreadful knowledge that he must die to-morrow. But there is one

disquieting thought that keeps occurring to me. It can make no difference now, but still it is not a pleasant idea. Perhaps X, when I ate him, was still alive. He seemed dead enough; in any case he could have felt no pain; but it sometimes keeps me awake at nights.

# Cross Words Everywhere

The world is full of trouble;
There's trouble in the East;
They've tried in vain
To shift the volunteers from Spain,
But trouble has increased.
There's trouble here in England
With Fascists and with Reds
Who congregate,
Express with heat their mutual hate
And end with swollen heads.

There's trouble with Dictators,
The Worker and the Boss;
But still I call
These matters small,
For I have reached a solid wall—
My trouble is the worst of all—
I can't get Two Across.

# Doggerel's Dictionary

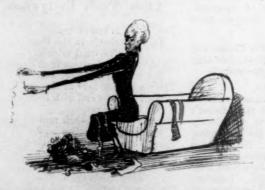
ORGAN.-I've never been able to work up much enthusiasm for the organ (I mean the real organ, not the stack of gadgets they loose on you at the pictures, which I have never even tried to work up any enthusiasm for), and I expect it is now too late for me to expect ever to feel much. The fact that many people take delight in the organ I discount, because I see and hear many people taking what appears to be delight in the cinema organ. People take what appears to be delight in all sorts of things, but we mustn't let that get us down.

I like to think that the reason why I don't care for the organ is a logically thought-out one, connected with the mechanics of the instrument and the idea that there's no point in playing a machine. But actually it would probably be traceable by a psycho-analyst back to an occasion when a meeting of the Shouting Upwards Literary and Scientific Society met to hear a lecture by me inside an organ, because all the other suitable places in the district were infested with mice. (This was during the celebrated Shouting Upwards mice plague.) The meeting would have gone off all right, except for the lecture, only the organ too proved to be infested with mice.

ORGY.—See PLUNGE INTO DISSIPATION.

OUCH.—The status of this exclamation is vaguely comparable to that of a live man legally declared to be dead. The exclamation "ouch"-pronounced as spelt, i.e., to rhyme with "grouch"-is, I maintain, legally dead in the sense that it has never really been alive. Where do you hear it? Nowhere, I make so bold as to say, except in films. And where did the films get it? They took it out of print. The word "ouch" was originally written, whoever originally wrote it, as a rough approximation to, not a phonetical rendering of, the sharp exclamation which is something like "ow" terminated by the "ch" of "loch." Everybody has made this exclamation. Nobody, on the other hand,

has said "owtch" involuntarily.
And another thing, while we're near the subject. should like to know who, if anybody, is genuinely and involuntarily prompted to give-or "give vent to"-a whistle when surprised. I don't include people in whom the action has become a habit like that of looking in all circumstances as like as possible to Garbo or Robert Taylor. I mean people who can't help giving a whistle when they



"It's QUITE ALL RIGHT, DEAR; I CAN MANAGE PER-FECTLY WELL WITHOUT THEM-HONESTLY I CAM."



Anxious Collector. "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE DON'T PUT YOUR HANDS UP!

are surprised, and never could. If there is or ever was in existence anywhere on this earth a person who, never having read a book or seen a film, says or said "owtch" involuntarily on being hurt and whistles or whistled on being surprised, I will eat or have eaten the hat of his or her next-of-kin.

Painting.—I have my opinions, of course, but I'm only a dabbler. For straight horse's-mouth stuff I go to Paris to see my friends Sammy and Delilah Gumfudgeon, who are painters themselves. (This is no reflection on the appearance of Delilah, but perhaps it is one on Sammy's.)

Sammy is a young American of whom great things will be heard, and of whom great things are heard from time to time already; you've probably heard some of them yourself. There was the occasion, for instance, when he collected all those blacksmiths to help him choose what he called the lesser of two anvils-a rather wearisome time I believe it was for Delilah, who had to do a lot of unfamiliar cooking. But the blacksmiths got on very well indeed.

Pets.--I haven't had a pet of my own since I sold a lopeared rabbit named-what was the name of that confounded animal?-to an uncle of mine at the age of, I think, eleven. (The rabbit was about two and my uncle was in the fifties.) What annoys me about pets is that they aren't your cwn any more. They are so long as you keep quiet about them, but even so they are potentially the concern of the great warm-hearted British public and the R.S.P.C.A., and this irks me somewhat. I have the highest regard for all animals, but if anything could make me give a slight pull to a cat's tail or make an unkind remark to a dog it would be the thought of all the earnest people who would thirst for my blood as soon as they heard about it. This is an anti-social sentiment, but I am anti-social.

As a matter of fact I did once say, "Look at that extraordinary beast!" within the hearing of a Great Dane which I have every reason to believe was sensitive about its appearance. I have never revealed this fact before, and I suppose abusive anonymous letters will now begin to pour in by every post.

PLUNGE INTO DISSIPATION.—See QUICK ONES.

Progress.—"The human race," according to a poster I saw on the wall of a church a while ago, "marches forward on the feet of little children." This aspect of Progress may well be left for the attention of the N.S.P.C.C. As we look around us to-day at the condition of the world we may wonder whether there is any other aspect.

(That is called Biting Satire.)

The capital letters inside those brackets are pretty nasty

And that sentence also was put in for effect. And that.

The fact that one can keep going, as above, in a dreadful kind of geometrical progression, exemplifies another aspect of Progress. Writing is a most intricate business these days.

QUEXALCOATL.—You know, the ancient Aztec god. Off-hand, perhaps, you couldn't name a subject on which both EDGAR WALLACE and D. H. LAWRENCE had been in agreement? Well, remember that EDGAR WALLACE wrote The Feathered Serpent and D. H. LAWRENCE wrote The Plumed Serpent, and they both meant the same thing—Quexalcoatl. It's a small world.

R. M.

# Educating the Masses

THERE isn't much doubt about it,
When you come to look at the Masses
They're a pretty hopeless lot.
What they need is more Education.
If the Masses behaved like decent people—
Me and my friends, for instance—
Well, for one thing we shouldn't have so many
Dreadful Accidents on the Roads.
I must admit I was fined a quid the other day
For doing forty in a built-up area,
But that's a thing that's liable to happen
To anybody.

Take War, for instance.
If the Masses were really educated
There wouldn't be such a thing.
Stands to reason!
If the Masses realised that peaceful diplomacy
Is the only correct solution to any problem
War couldn't happen,
Could it?
I had an argument with old Jenkins about it

The other night.

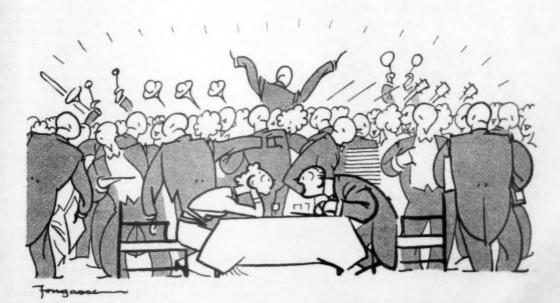
In the end he called me a Bolshie, so I
Blacked his eye for him.

Pity some people can't have a friendly discussion
Without getting personal.

Take Health, for instance.
All this Keep Fit business.
If the Masses were educated
All this propaganda wouldn't be necessary.

Mens sana and all that, I mean.
It's pretty clear, isn't it?
When I met the doctor the other day
He told me I ought to take more exercise
Or I should regret it later on.
Rubbish! I'm as fit as a fiddle!

Take Art, for instance, And Music, while we're about it. Here's the country spending money like water On Art Galleries, And the B.B.C. broadcasting symphonies; But it's all wasted on the Masses: They need Educating Up to it. Of course I'm a busy man myself, And haven't much time for that sort of thing, But I like a good picture And a nice piece of music. Take it all round, What it all comes down to is The Masses need Educating. They've got their minds full of the Cinema And Football and suchlike trash, Instead of being interested in Serious Affairs. Well, cheerio, old boy! I must be off or I shall be late. I'm meeting my wife at the Pictures, And I mustn't forget to post my Pool coupons On the way.



" I SAID HOW WONDERFUL IT IS TO BE ABLE TO GET A NICE QUIET LITTLE CHAT ALONE TOGETHER."

### Le Home-Life de Old England; ou, Further Guide pour Les **Foreigners**

"These country-town hotels do not like anybody to ask for a meal at this hour, but perhaps we shall be able to get something.

"It is not very much after eight

o'clock, surely.

"No, but they do not like it. They are like that. Still, they are evidently still serving dinners, judging from the smell.'

"I think so."

"Yes, I was right; the head-waiter

says we are just in time. You would like to wash?

'Thank you, but I washed this morning.

"Ah, we English think nothing of washing several times every day. It is a pity that the water is usually neither hot nor cold, but I expect in this hotel it will be definitely cold. Yes, it is.

"The tap is marked 'Hot.'"

"You cannot go by that. It is the same in our railway-trains also. I hope you do not dislike the smell of cabbage?"

"I am growing accustomed to it,

thank you.

"I thought you probably would,

sooner or later. Still, there are plenty of other smells to overlay it. In this dining-room, for instance, I should say they had certainly served steamed fish quite recently. Would you care to sit here?

"Do you not mind the draught!"

"No, not at all. We have a great many draughts in this country, and we like them all. We think they are healthy.

"Ah. They do not give cold?"

"No, certainly not. It is pure coincidence that colds are so prevalent amongst the English. When our child. ren have fewer intervals without colds than usual we have them operated upon for adenoids.

Does that cure them of the colds?"

It has not yet been proved that it does-rather the contrary. But we are a very hopeful race, fortunately. Now, here is the menu. Shall we begin with tomato-soup?'

"By all means. Where is the

"Oh, he will not take the order just There is always some delay before that happens."

The hotel does not appear to be

"No; there are only two couples

here besides ourselves. They are strangely silent."

"The English do not talk if they can help it. And meals eaten in company with friends or relations in particular are usually enjoyed in silence.

"They have not an air of enjoy-

"They would not care to have such a thing. An English face should so far as possible express nothing whatever." Like the Red Indians, perhaps?"

"Dear me, no! What an extraordinary idea! An English person would never dream of looking like a Red Indian or like anybody except all the other English. Two tomato-soups, waiter, if you please. Perhaps we had better order the rest now, while he is actually here.

"Perhaps we had."

"There is turbot with egg-sauce, and roast mutton with a choice of vegetables.

Will that be the cabbage?" "Yes, it will be the cabbage. There are sure to be boiled potatoes as well, and perhaps roast ones.

"The English do not very much

cultivate vegetables?"

"On the contrary we grow very fine ones, and in great variety. But we always prefer to serve cabbage and boiled potatoes, though sometimes it is possible for a change to get peas out of a tin."



"IT'S SO DIFFICULT TO LOOK AS IF ONE WAS DOING IT FOR A JOKE WITHOUT LOOKING AS IF ONE WAS ENJOYING IT.



"You're eating cherries? What are you doing with the stones?"

"PUTTING THEM IN THE HAT."

"Like the tomato-soup?"

"As you say, like the tomato-soup. Would you like fruit-salad to follow the mutton?"

"It would not, I suppose, be possible to obtain some fresh fruit?"

"There is nothing in the menu about it. Sometimes there is a special item for dessert—an orange, an apple or a banana."

"Never anything else, even in the summer?"

"Never. And as they are usually rather old and dusty I should advise the fruit-salad."

"Thank you. Is it, too, all from a

"Not all. The cherry on the top very often comes out of a bottle."

"We can end up with coffee. I should warn you, however, that the coffee in any hotel except the most expensive ones is almost always rather

"Really? And nobody minds?"

"Oh, yes, we mind. We complain about it amongst ourselves very often."

"Not to the hotels?"

"No. That is not the English way. However much we may grumble we prefer to take no active steps to remedy our troubles."

"I quite understand."

"I hope you are not too terribly hungry. We shall get served in time, I feel sure. It is just a question of patience."

"The English practise much patience, do they not, one way and another?"

"Yes. We are not like the Americans, I am glad to say. We find it so difficult to understand why they do not always seem entirely satisfied with our English ways." E. M. D.

"PRISONER LOST IN PYJAMAS."
News Placard.

Have they looked in the pocket?

"What was it in her eyes that was so hard, yet so calculated to win admiration?"

Novelette.

Could it be grit?

# Gottblymich

In the back premises of the Schwan at Schöneck I found him. Having heard something of his curious history, I tackled him in the yard, where he was chopping wood.

"Adams," I said, "what are you doing here?"

"Well, mein 'Err, just now I'm 'ackin' this 'ere 'Olz for the Frau Guy'norin."

"So I see. But you're an Englishman—a Londoner?"

"Stimmt," he said. "Shoreditch is me 'Eimat, if yer wants ter know."

"Then what keeps you here?"
He resumed his chopping. "It's me
Frau," he said. "She did 'ave a go at
livin' in England, but she was took
with the 'Eimweh somethink fürchterlich. So 'ere we are, and 'ere we
bleibs." The emphasis with which he
delivered this last brought the head

"Blimey," he said, "it's kaput!"



"WHAT YER STARING AT? AIN'T YOU EVER SEEN A GOAT BEFORE?"

# **Economy Drive**

No, really, dear, I consider it comical the way you go on saying I'm so uneconomical! I grant you, it's fairly funny the way my money but Lord knows I don't spend it. No, darling, you know perfectly well I don't lend it. It just simply—well, but think, dearest, think before you say such things! Do I drink? Do I smoke? Am I the sort of woman who suddenly buys a cloak made of silver foxes? Do I come home with boxes of hats and shoes? One of these days, James, you'll lose me if you go on like this! Now see here! Do I ever forget to turn out the light in the hall when I come in at night?
And is it I who lets the bath-water overflow? Why, I don't believe there's a wife in the world who is so thrifty or who has such economical ways.

There are days, I tell you, days when I don't take a taxi at all. And the temptations I do not fall into are simply fantastic. I promise you, all I ever buy is a piece of elastic. or a sponge-bag or a pin, and if you consider that a sin

then I think I'd better leave you right away! I'm not being silly! I mean to say, if my buying a couple of pins is going to make you so cross, it seems I shan't be much loss around here

All right, dear. But just to show you. I saved one-and-six to-day by taking a bus

and not a cab. I saved a penny for us by not telephoning Fred, but sending him a postcard instead. I saved ten bob by not betting on a race, and seven-and-six by not having my face cleaned; and, as I haven't listened to the dance-band

to-night on the wireless and have been electrically fireless, I'm bound to have saved lots of ampères, ergs and kilowatts.

A parcel for me?

Now, let me see . . Oh, yes; as a matter of fact I did buy a fountain-pen. Well, yes, as a matter of fact it did cost rather a lot. Twopound-ten.

But I had to have another one because mine doesn't fount. Oh, darling, don't fuss; it's all right: I put it down to your account!

Yes, but . . . . No, but . . . .

V.G.



PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT





"I'VE GOT BATHER SICK OF THIS PLACE-IT'S SO LONELY."

#### Memoranda

Memorandum from General Managers Department, Southshire Bank, London Wall, E.C.2, to Secretary, Staff Department.

Re RICHARD CULLENDER, CLERK

The General Managers have perused with regret the reports submitted by the Bissingham Branch in re the above. They suggest that R. Cullender be informed that unless his work and general conduct show a noticeable improvement within the next few months the General Managers will be reluctantly compelled to advise the Directors seriously to consider asking R. Cullender to submit his resignation to the Board.

Memorandum from the Secretary, Staff Department, to the Manager, Bissingham Branch, Southshire Bank.

Re RICHARD CULLENDER, CLERK

The Secretary of the Staff Department is requested to communicate to the Manager, Bissingham Branch, the opinion of the General Managers that unless the work and general conduct

of R. Cullender shows a distinct improvement within the next few months it may be the painful duty of the General Managers to recommend the Directors seriously to consider requesting R. Cullender (Clerk) to submit his resignation to the Board.

Memorandum from the Manager, Bissingham Branch, to the Acting Manager, Smelston sub-branch, Southshire Bank.

Re RICHARD CULLENDER, CLERK

The Manager, Bissingham Branch, presents his compliments to the Acting Manager, Smelston sub-branch, and regrets to inform him that on instructions from Staff Department (Head Office) he must advise the Acting Manager, Smelston sub-branch, that in the opinion of the General Managers it will be necessary, unless a distinct improvement is manifested in the work and general conduct of R. Cullender (Clerk) within the next few months, for the General Managers to be regretfully compelled seriously to consider recommending the Directors to request R. Cullender (Clerk) to submit to them his resignation.

The Manager, Bissingham Branch,

further requests the Acting Manager Smelston sub-branch to pass on to R. Cullender (Clerk) the information received from Staff Department on this subject through Bissingham Branch, and to point out to R. Cullender (Clerk) the advisability of making every effort to make the suggested improvement in his work and general conduct, pointing out the adverse effect on his future career that would follow the submission of his resignation to the Directors.

Memorandum from the Acting Manager, Smelston sub-branch, Southshire Bank, to R. Cullender, Clerk, Southshire Bank. (Scribbled in pencil on the back of a football-pool coupon.)

DEAR BEEFY,—I couldn't wait any longer for you to come back from having your morning coffee, so have popped across the road to have a quick one. Mrs. Smithson said she would keep an eye on the door till you came back and give me a yell if I was wanted.

I have just had a confidential note from old Windbag to say that if you don't pull your socks up you'll be fired.

If Stevens rings up, put five bob on Pork Sausages for me, each way.

# Parody is Dangerous

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I give it up! Look at the enclosed cutting from that great newspaper The Yorkshire P——!

You will see that I have been in the North among the friendly people of Bradford. There, in the morning, I saw the mill-girls of Yorkshire converting the sheep of Australia into the suits of Mayfair. And in the afternoon I saw the schoolboys of Yorkshire receiving their prizes at the Speech Day ceremony of the celebrated school.

Mr. Humbert Wolfe, an Old Boy, presented the prizes and delivered a fine Address—amusing, eloquent, inspiring. I was called upon to second the vote of thanks to him and found myself with nothing particular to say except the desired and obvious thing that Mr. Wolfe had done a good job and we were grateful. Unfortunately I developed the theme: I contrasted Mr. Wolfe's uplifting words with the kind of address that was sometimes heard from Distinguished Visitors on Speech-Days in the past.

You know the sort of thing, Sir. Indeed, some years ago I think I described such an oration in your pages. The D.V., just before he presented the prizes, would say that the clever boys who won the prizes now were not always the ones who won the prizes in after-life. "Look at me," he said. "When I was at school I was always bottom of my class. And look at me now! And look at Johnny Green—he was always bottom of the school. And what is he now—the Bishop of Boko! Latin and Greek," he used to

say, "are all very well in their way, but they weren't much good when it came to fighting the Germans. Brains aren't everything. It's Character that Counts." And so on.

After that, as I said, the clever boys would come forward, trembling, and receive their prizes; and thereafter they were taken out by the Cricket XI. and dropped in a pond.

Well, Sir, this complimentary contrast appeared to give some mild satisfaction; and, since I was standing immediately above my colleagues of the Press, I may presume that they at least heard what I said and understood. But next day, in The Yorkshire P——, I find my parody speech reported as if it had been a serious account of my own career. "Mr. Haddock said that when he was at school he was always at the bottom of his class." etc. etc.!

his class," etc., etc.!

Rather hard. For, in fact, Sir, I used to pick up prizes with a rather revolting regularity, and was always—three cheers!—nearer to the top than the bottom. And, if it had been otherwise, I should certainly not have thought fit to boast about it before the growing boy.

(How, by the way, do these things happen? The injured speaker is inclined to blame the reporter, but this, I am sure, is unjust. It is the harassed and hurried sub-editor who slashes out the words that make sense and constructs a headline out of those that don't. And when men blame "the Press" for this and that, the sub-editor, I fancy, eight times out of ten, is the fellow they are after.)

Well, Sir, there is my main Message
—Parody is Dangerous. And I have

two other strong pieces of evidence in support of this assertion.

Many years ago, Sir, you printed some verses in which I tried to utter briefly the basic beliefs of political parties. The chorus to the Socialist song was this:—

By reason, not ruction,
We soar to the skies;
The means of production
We nationalize;
While rapture surprising
We bring within range
By nationalizing
The means of exchange."

These lines do not, I hasten to say, do full justice to the theme, for there is nothing about the "nationalization of the means of distribution." And for other reasons I never thought that anyone would take them seriously. The first verse, for example, ran thus:

"All are born equal—counter this who can:
Place in his cot some scron of the rich,
Lay at his side an infant artisan—
And who can say for certain which is

CHORUS. "By reason, not ruction," etc.

Well, Sir, a little later there was a big fuss about the "Red Sunday Schools," and at last a debate about them in Parliament. And some indignant legislator, at the climax of his complaint, said (more or less), "This is the sort of thing that is being taught to our defenceless Young on the Sabbath afternoon!—

'By reason, not ruction,
We soar to the skies;
The means of production,'" etc., etc.

Then, Sir, a year or two ago you were the cause of misunderstanding in India. A long and unconventional judgment by Mr. Justice Wool in the Misleading Case of -- v. -- was reproduced in full as news in a certain Indian paper. And a few weeks ago, I am informed, the same paper, representing the Congress Party, appealed with solemnity and warmth to another judgment by that learned man. The Empire is one, the argument ran; and what Mr. Justice Wool had declared to be the rights of Britons in England were surely also the rights of Britons in Bombay-or somewhere.

Well, Sir, all this is highly flattering, but it is disturbing, is it not? In the past, I remember, some of your clever critics have complained that here and there you seemed to underline a joke, or gave what they thought were unnecessary aids to understanding. The clever critic tends to forget that all the world is not as clever as he. I agree with him that the less one says "Hi! this is a joke!" the better; but perhaps



"I GAL A SHARP PAIN EVERY TIME I DO THIS, DOCTOR."

he will now begin to perceive your difficulty.

Now, Sir, the sad question is: Shall we soon have to change the rules and standards of parody by custom and good taste established of old, and by yourself, a nurse and mistress of that delicate art, protected faithfully? Rude caricature, you have taught, is not the same as parody: a good parody should be so close to the original that the person parodied need not be ashamed to recognise himself. Any fool can caricature a mannerism: a parodist must display some of the spirit and (if I may?) the guts. But what if the delicate parody is going to be taken for truth and cause confusion among the citizens? Must we too, like the rest of the world, begin to use the bludgeon, and rub in every point with a sledge-hammer? The truth is, I suppose, that the world is now so crazy that it is impossible to parody. Sir, this is saddening. Yet brave and enterprising people still think it worth while to start new humorous papers.

A. P. H.

# A Question of Tin

Our cat, Zulu, is a sober creature not given to playful antics. It was therefore a matter of some surprise to see him disappearing towards the garden with his head completely buried in a salmon-tin.

Hermione made one of her usual rather obvious remarks, while I caught him just as he was making for the goldfish pond.

We stood him on the table and considered what was to be done.

"It would be the tenpenny-ha'penny size," complained Hermione. "It seems ridiculous to me. A cat must know how big its head is."

"No doubt Zulu was not thinking of his head," I rejoined. "Nothing is impossible to some cats when faced with salmon."

"Couldn't he be tin-opened?" queried Hermione's Aunt Agatha.

"Yes," I said, "he could be. Possibly if we baited him with more salmon he would crawl through to freedom."

"If only it was a superior brand he could wear it," said Hermione. "It wouldn't be very comfortable but he would be able to eat.

"He must be able to get out," she continued. "There's no reason why he should have a swollen head."

"Perhaps he's got his mouth full of salmon and can't swallow," I said. "Remember the fable of the monkey and the nuts."



"IT'LL GIVE THE OLD PLACE A PROPER UP-TO-DATE SNACK-BAR APPEARANCE."

"In that case it was sheer greed," put in Aunt Agatha. "After all, we put the tin down for him. He wasn't to know it was the tenpenny-ha'penny size."

"He knows now," I pointed out.
"There's only one thing for it. He must go to the vet."

"Or to a School of Motoring," said Hermione. "They might teach him to reverse."

Zulu during this conversation had been sitting very still. It was quite apparent that he expected us to do something.

Hermione addressed the salmontin. "You unfortunate creature," she said, "let this be a lesson to you."

The salmon-tin remained unmoved. "I doubt if he can hear," pointed out Aunt Agatha. "You should signal with tappings on the tin. What is Morse for milk?"

Nobody knew, but in the silence which followed the suggestion Zulu removed his head from the tin with the greatest ease.

He was still licking his lips and there was an expression of hope in his eyes.

# At the Play

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE" (OLD VIC)

MR. TYRONE GUTHRIE'S production of Measure for Measure at the Old Vic smothers the grimmer side of a story which has much macabre grimness in it, and Mr. GUTHRIE makes us forget the setting of death and executions by the horseplay which is put on with so lavish a hand. The comic characters are so very comical, and Mr. JAY LAURIER is such a loud and happy clown as Pompey that the spirit of levity overflows from the sub-plot into the main action. Thus the Duke Vincentio (Mr. STEPHEN MURRAY) emerges not as a conscientious ruler planning to watch his high subordinates but as the zestful player of elaborate and, in parts, very cruel practical jokes.

The key character in Measure for Measure is Angelo, and the moment we see this Angelo, a smooth pale young secretary (Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS) we can have no further confidence in the Duke's choice. Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS, who is so first-rate in modern plays of crime, who is such a master in slowly unfolding the developments of darkly abnormal characters, is curiously hesitating and irresolute in this Renaissance setting. We find it hard to believe that he is

suddenly stirred to his depths by passion, and it is equally incredible that he really cares intensely about the law and morality. Yet the type, at once severe and sensual, is not uncommon in human affairs, and Angelo should have been cast as an older and more vehement official, slipping into hypocritical cruelty.

Miss MARIE NEY has the chief honours of the evening. She really seems to feel the momentousness of her interviews, as she passes easily from the excessive diffidence of one who has never had to seek a favour from authority to the impatient and rousing cries which well up in her after hope has been kindled. At times she seems to belong to a different, a more credible world than that of the other characters, and it is Miss NEY's achievementthatwealways believe in her up to the last moment when, to round off the incredible marriages, the *Duke* takes her by the hand.

Measure for Measure is sometimes



THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

Elbow. . . . . Mr. Frederick Bennett Pompey . . . . Mr. Jay Laurier

said to be the *locus classicus* for the cliché, so hard-worked by later writers, about "the fate worse than death." At the end the *Duke* seems to consider

marriage in that light, and freely allots it as a punishment, rather in a spirit of pantomime. It is the fate of Lucio (Mr. RICHARD LITTLEDALE) for his treason-

able speech and general dreadfulness, and of Angelo. This conclusion des-troys the Third Act and drawsattention to the way Measure for Measure approaches a highly serious and important subject and then turns it into a light comedy tale. SHAKE-SPEARE himself has so generously offset the macabre with a comic cast that Mr. GUTHRIE need not have dotted the i's and crossed the t's with so omnipresent a hand. He deserves full credit for the undoubted success of the comic scenes. although we may think they would be more Shakespearean and not less funny if the slapstick business was a little subdued. Mr. FREDER-ICK BENNETT makes a notable hit as Elbow. D. W.

#### "BLONDIE WHITE" (GLOBE)

The crime-novelist turns out invariably (when one of them owns up) to be the mildest of men. Quiet about the house, industrious in the garden, a little queasy at the sight of blood and a stalwart prop to local stability of every kind. Yet one wonders. Can a man live by

plotting the gruesome extinction of his fellows and escape a slow but deadly contortion of the brain? Can a seat on the Urban District Council or a

talent for putting young orchids at their ease safely neutralise the awful ecstasy of waking each morning to hideous and more lethal invention? Is it not reasonable to suppose-and I would remind you that this is a point which gravely affects every one of us, for no corner of society is without its crime-novelist, be he disguised as preacher, dustman or headmistressthat there must come to every professional ghoul a moment when the craving to translate theory into practice, to chuck the study for the abattoir, grows suddenly irresistible?

On this extremely solemn thought Mr. Bernard Merivale and Mr. Jeffrey Dell have based as neat a murder-play as we have seen for some time. Original in shape and theme, it is written with a skill which carries the interest through to a trium-



VILLAINY UNMASKED AND VIRTUE REWARDED

					The second second second second
Angelo .				. MR	. EMLYN WILLIAMS
Vincentio		*	*	. Mr	. STEPHEN MURRAY
Isabella .				. ME	SS MARIE NEY
Claudio				Mr	DAVID KING WOOD

phant ending very difficult, if not impossible, to foresee with any certainty. And the acting is as light and polished as the play deserves, Mr. BASIL SYDNEY in particular giving an excellent account of himself.

He plays the part of a writer who has climbed over the corpses of innumerable characters to the top of the tree, or perhaps we should say gallows. Frank Warren wrings huge dividends from the morgue. His study is a laboratory of assassination, where no outside contribution to the art goes unobserved

and where the details of every headline-killing are potted by his secretary and put away to mature on shelves like any other delicacy. He has a wife, and he loves her; but a growing strangeness in his manner and habits has drawn them apart. He has also a great friend, a soldier lent to the police (for talents which the play never revealed) to put new life into the crimesquad. When his friend comes to him for advice on the investigation of a big murder, and he admits to having solved it in his own mind but refuses to diselose anything to Scotland Yard except through the instalments of a similar story which he threatens to contribute to a daily paper, there is an oddness in the air which various other circumstances do nothing to explain. Further I mustn't take you, but if you like death flavoured with new and piquant sauces and served by chefs who have an insight into the details of their business, I advise an evening at the Globe.

There is a subtlety about Mr. SYDNEY's performance which I can praise warmly; reasons of plot forbid my describing it. Miss Joan Marion and Mr. Basil Radford admirably suggest the nerve-strained wife and the forthright soldier, though I think a slightly quicker intelligence might have been written into the latter part. And Miss Elliot Mason's sketch of a perfect secretary gives humour just where it is needed.

Towards the end there are two big improbabilities, but the play takes them in its stride, and it is not till afterwards that they begin to ache a little in the memory. Not enough to keep you awake, however.

ERIC.

### At the Revue

"THE GANG-SHOW" (SCALA)

ONCE more the Scouts of London have flung away their poles and picked up their cues to good effect. Another of their hilarious entertainments has just been launched, and as usual its sole creator is "A Holborn Rover," a pseudonym which has long ceased to conceal the identity of that tireless young man of the theatre, Mr. RALPH READER.



#### AN AUTHOR IN A TIGHT CORNER

Miss Plumby .				MISS ELLIOT MASON
Frank Warren				MR. BASIL SYDNEY
Major Mason .				MR. BASIL RADFORD
Smith				MR. GEOFFREY NARES

In the past he and his team have proved themselves shrewd and merciless commentators on the world of woman, and this year female impersonation is again the main line of comic attack. The victims are drawn from all departments of life, but it is the woman with the Gift for Organisation who bears the chief brunt of the evening, and the fact that more often than not she is clothed in the sober blue of the sister movement leads me to hope that one of these days we shall be invited to an all-Guide programme of retaliatory satire. For too long these impudent lads have had it all their own way.

This production hums with the

infectious enthusiasm of its predecessors. Mr. Reader has put some rousing tunes into it and they are magnificently sung, sometimes to the danger of the roof; but it must be admitted that where the sketches are concerned it falls short. Three are first-class, and a few are good enough, but the rest are not up to the old standard. Of these two are somewhat baffling in that they point out respectively how Scouts use church-parades as opportunities for filching the girl-friends of other scouts, and how much better would be the

discipline of troops if leaders were less susceptible to the appeal of the other sex. Failing to be funny, these fail surely as

propaganda? But, lest I seem ungrateful after being handed so many good laughs, let me hasten to give absolutely full marks to a sketch called "Local Broadcast," a long and brilliantly sustained piece of fooling showing a village choir making its début on the air; and very nearly as many to a song. "We Must Be An A.1 Nation," in which women's contributions to the National Health Campaign are illustrated, and to another, wittily turned and most ingeniously staged, on the subject of "Statues in the Park.

If Scout anonymity had not to be respected, I should have liked to mention by name the half-dozen seniors here whose comic gifts would brighten the professional stage; and also the small newcomer with the voice. He should be useful next year in the musical play which is to

take the place of the customary revue.

ERIC.

### In a Good Cause

A SERIES of lectures by well-known writers will be given at 97, Cheyne Walk, S.W.10, during the next two months. The lectures, which are in aid of the Lady Margaret Hall Settlement, are to take place on October 26th, November 9th, November 23rd and December 7th, beginning in each case at 5.30 p.m. Tickets (5/- reserved and 2/6 unreserved) may be obtained from Mrs. D. H. Tindall, 10, Haver Court, Haverstock Hill, N.W.3.

### Women and Men Alike

THE conversation, as it so often does-suspiciously often-was turning again on lying and how much simpler it is, in the long run, to tell the truth; and someone repeated the old warning, which may or may not have been first expressed by Montaigne, that liars, to be even partially successful, need

a very good memory.

"How right you are!" exclaimed little Mrs. Trefoil. "My life has been made a misery by a bad memory. For instance, frocks. We may all have an official dressmaker, but now and then we like to go to another. The idea, at any rate, of change, can be very alluring, can't it?

We agreed.

"Well, the first time we go," she continued, "we must, of course, of necessity, be wearing a frock made by some other dressmaker, mustn't We ? "

We agreed again.

"This doesn't matter," she went on, "because the new dressmaker thinks or hopes that madam is tired of the previous one and is contemplating a change that may be permanent. You

We all saw.

"But the second visit," she resumed. "really is serious, and it is then that we mustn't on any account be wearing anyone else's frock, must we?

Of course we mustn't, we said.

"And that, you see, is where the need for a good memory comes in. Again and again I've driven up almost to the door before I've realised the worst and called out to Robert to stop.

Good gracious! I couldn't go to Hirondelle's wearing a Marguerite dress which I bought only the other day, could I?'

We again murmured complete un-

derstanding.

"But that's all over now," little Mrs. Trefoil continued, "because Robert helps me. It is he who has the good memory. Before I start he asks where Madam is going this morning, and if I say Hirondelle's he points out that I can go there only if I am wearing a Hirondelle frock. So again and again I have to go upstairs and

We said how lucky she was to have such a chauffeur-such a champion of

"And hats too," she went on. "Of course milliners aren't quite so important as dressmakers—we are all entitled to sudden fancies for strange hats-but one doesn't really like appearing to be fickle, even if one is. The wise thing is always to remove the name of the milliner, anyway. You are then free to dash into the shop where something fascinating and irresistible is displayed and say, 'Don't look at my hat. It's terrible. I bought it merely as a stop-gap when I was in the South of France. But do let me try on that red one in the window.' It's an old dodge and it may not take anyone in-in fact the milliner herself may, in her turn, try it on; for milliners, I suppose, buy hats to wear on their own heads now and then and make changes of their milliners just as we do-but we go on with it; and we always shall, so long as other shops' hats continue to be so attractive.

Not in the least out of breath, but

having finished, little Mrs. Trefoil

stopped.
"Men of course have an easier time." she resumed. "Men go to only one

"Oh, do they?" I said. "That's where you're wrong. Men can experiment too and are just as much in need of good memories. Men also are far more sensitive than women-men are more afraid of men than women are of women-and therefore would suffer more if they were found out.

"That's true enough," said another man in the company. "If we were wise we should have one tailor only; but who can be wise always? We begin

wrong."
"Or," I suggested, "we have, by

"We'll put it that way," he replied; "or, if you like, say that it takes a long time to find the right tailor.

"And then," I interjected, "the cutter dies and you have to begin all

over again."

"True," he said sadly, "true. If only we were dogs: always dressed and ready for anything!'

Or nudists even," someone said. But the whole company was against that.

"Too cold," said one.

"Too bare," said another.

"And no fun," said little Mrs.
Trefoil. "What's the good of having a body if you can't buy confections to

cover it with?'

"This brings me back," said the earlier speaker, "to what I was saying about men having more than one tailor. I assure you that I daren't walk about Savile Row and neighbourhood at all just now, because I am afraid I shall be spotted, through some window, wearing the wrong man's clothes. They have black blinds, you know, which you can see everything out of but can't see into at all. Very artful! When I want anything new, I have to think very hard first, and then, wearing the right suit, go to the shop in a taxi. So there, Mrs. Trefoil.

Then we're all liable to deceive, men and women too," she remarked cheerfully.

"All," I said.

E. V. L.

# Vignette

SINCE wonderful Nature most wisely decrees

That blooms must be bright to attract little bees,

It's surely not odd, though a strain on the eyes.

That small Public Schools should have very bright Ties.



"I CAN'T TELL YOU NOW WE MISS HER, MR. HEATHERLEY."



A GOOD ADDRESS

# The Strandbad-Meister's Strange Tale

"I SEE humanity in the raw, if anyone does!" the Strandbad-Meister observed, and swallowed his *sligowitz* at a gulp.

At first sight he was not so very impressive, just a small burnt cinder of a man with a rather fierce white moustache. But when you had been talking to him for a time something in his wide china-blue eyes held and fascinated you. He expected it to, and it did.

"Nobody comes to this part of Austria but they visit this lake, and they don't do that without hiring one of my boxes sooner or later. Bankers and waiters and duchesses and typists—they all pay their fifty groschen and another fifty if they want a towel."

We were sitting on the terrace at the back of the inn, where the lights on the other side came straggling over the water in long wavy lines.

"Some have the sense to come in out of the sun before they blister, others haven't," he went on. "And some keep out of the sun altogether, and with good reason." Into these last words he put a peculiar emphasis and paused, in sudden surprised contemplation of his empty glass. I shouted for the girl Freda and had that put right.

"Tell me," I urged him, "why anyone should shun the orb."

"It was only a few years ago," he then began, "when the weather was at its bluest and hottest and my strandbad was packed. One and all they had the notion that the more like Africans they went home the better holiday they'd had and they lay about and cooked accordingly.

"So I was a bit surprised when a man put his head into my hut one

morning and said he wanted a mattress in the shade for a week. Surprised enough, anyway, to come out and have a closer look at him, and what I saw made me wonder. For instead of wearing an old pair of shorts like the rest he was dressed in a smartly-cut suit, perfectly pressed. There were big gold rings on his hands with diamonds in them, and on his head was—can you believe it?—a bowler-hat! But the funny thing was that once you'd looked at his face you didn't notice the rest of him any more. It wasn't that he was handsome; it was too coarse a face for that, but there was a strength in it that kind of pinned you down and an impudence in his toothy grin that left

"I'm a tired business-man,' he told me, 'and if you can find me a nice spot out of the sun and keep it reasonably quiet I'll make it worth your while at the end of the week.' 'You're a rum one, Sir,' I said; 'it's the sun or nothing with the others.' His grin got wider at that, so that you could see the heavy gold stoppings in his teeth. 'They're not in my line of business or they wouldn't feel like that,' he answered. 'I'm in heating. In a very big way. Doing a wonderful turnover. But just one week in the year I like to get cool, near some water. And don't forget I want quiet so that I can rest!'

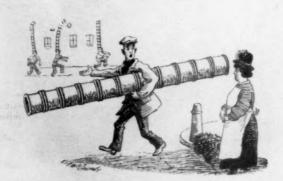
"Well, I found a good place for him, and when he'd undressed he went and lay there, his bowler-hat tilted over his eyes. He wasn't disturbed that day, except by some girls who splashed him with an oar getting their boat out, and he didn't seem to take much notice." The Strandbad-Meister paused. "There wasn't a ripple on the water, but their boat suddenly sank under them when they were about a mile out. We had the deuce of a job getting them in.

"Seeing a big tip hung on it, I was naturally anxious to make sure he

wasn't bothered, but you know how it is on a strandbad-nobody can help a ball being thrown too hard or a kid yelling. Not that the stranger was ever angry. He just stared for a bit and went back to sleep. That wasn't the biggest of my worries, though, for things had begun happening that were very queer. Very queer indeed. A customer came to me and swore that halfway down the chute a cat had leaped savagely on to his back and yowled into his ear until he hit the lake, when it disappeared. A lady in the learner's pool, where the water's limited to three foot, found herself clean out of her depth and she all but drowned. A child got a tennis-ball wedged inside its mouth, and a number of people complained of an unseen force which had whipped their bathingdresses off as they had been about to land.

"The one person who took no interest in these commotions was the man in the shade, and I must say I envied his calm. At the same time I began to be curious about him. I wondered where he was staying. All the head-porters drift in here in the course of an evening, but not one of them recognised his description. Nor could anyone else in the bar remember seeing him in the village, and, well, dammit! diamond rings and a bowlerhat! I got so curious I asked Hans the policeman to come down one morning and examine his passport. Hans tried to, but never arrived, for he slipped up on a banana-skin in the alley and had to go home. When I asked the stranger where he was staying he just winked at me and said, 'With a very great friend, right away at the back!'

"By the end of that week I was a done man, but I was cheered when the stranger said 'Good-bye' and slipped me a hundred-schilling note. 'I can't take all this,' I told him. 'Oh, yes, you can,' he answered, 'it can't make up for all the worry you've had.' And with that he disappeared. It was the way he said it, I suppose, that set me wondering; and in a flash I realised that each of the victims of the queer accidents had been one of the people who'd broken into his quiet without meaning to. One by one they came clear in my mind. And when I'd pieced it all together the only conclusion I could come to properly staggered me. But one solid thing I'd got to hold on to, and that was the hundred schillings. I came straight up here and called drinks on the house, and when we'd had doubles all round I pulled out the note to give it to old



" No, EMMA, 1 WAS DISQUALIFIED."



"WOT IF I 'AVE. IT AIN'T NO CRIME TO COME ART O' PRISON."

Passing bitter was the Strandbad-Meister's face. "But it wasn't a note any longer," he said, "for it had become a tract inviting me to attend a temperance congress in Vienna. After that I could have no doubt."

"Certainly not," I said. "When he was undressed you observed no—er—dorsal irregularity?"

"Absolutely none," he answered. "I particularly remembered. But if he could so change a hundred schillings, what of that?"

"True," I was forced to admit.
"What a very remarkable story!"

"As you say, a very, very remarkable story," the Strandbad-Meister murmured. And to this day I cannot tell you if it was pride or only mystification in his voice.

ERIC.

# Opening for Quick-Change Artist

"Manservant, or alternately husband and wife, for bachelor flat, West End." Advt. in Scottish Paper.

### Thoughts on a Sunday Afternoon

Here they all are again—Fat Uncle Joe,
Aunt Phœbe with her simper,
Saying, "I told you so,"
Dear Cousin Gwendolen
As large as life and limper,
George with his hair well oiled,
Jane looking blighted,
Bill the hard-boiled;
Isn't it nice to see
The whole fair family
In this one spot united?

Nor only these: Surely I see the youth Who brings the morning papers, The salesman at the draper's Where Edith gets her silk, Those matutinal twins, The postman and the milk, And that uncouth But useful gent who empties out the

I see our brace of maids And, glooming from afar, Undoubtedly the char. Taking their ease

I see a dozen of my lifelong friends; I see old Scratcher drawing up a will And Doctor Diggs prescribing me a pill,

And, as the view extends, Yonder, resplendent as the scarlet tanager

(If that's how you pronounce it), the bank manager.

O strange and crowded places! The galaxy of talents, types and trades, The rendezvous of all acquaintances— All, all are here, the old familiar faces.

"Yes, yes," you say, "but where?"
Well, I declare,
I thought you knew:
Why, here,
My dear,
In cages, at the Zoo!
H. B.

The far all we poot two and We cho grand Le bo Ye on its

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"I CAN'T SAY ANY MORE, D-A-D-D-Y IS LISTENING."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### By Nene and Ouse

It is an enchanting pursuit to distil the essence of a countryside; and where the shape and habits of that countryside are determined by the course of a river the pursuit is likely to yield at least a residue of the primitive. For rivers, as Mr. H. E. BATES soundly maintains, are the least mutable of highways where they are still highways, and the finest preserves of flora and fauna where they are not. So Down the River (GOLLANCZ, 10/6) takes two East Anglian streams-Nene of the nine sources, with its traffic of barges, and the unnavigated Ouse-and discourses in a graceful if perhaps rather florid fashion of birds and beasts. men, women and dwellings, old arts, old industries and old The author and his illustrator, Miss AGNES MILLER PARKER, are at their best with birds-note the delightful tribute of text and woodcut to the common domestic duck! And if the text is unjust as well as unfortunate in suggesting that the average cottager thinks of his cottage in terms of the conveniences it lacks, a chapter on lacemakers and their inscribed and decorated bobbins is a masterpiece of perception and sympathy.

### King Log and King Stork

Given a rural community impoverished by enclosures, the lure of the towns and the drain of the Great War, it seems hard that what is left should be relegated to either of the choices imposed in *The Square Peg* (Heinemann, 7/6). For here you have a benevolent armaments king planting himself on a gone-down countryside entirely abandoned to the unimaginative domination of the local Hunt, and after a successful effort to wire off the county in favour of birds and badgers, the final installation of a magnificent garden eity. If this is all Mr. John Masefield can offer the land—in an ardent, exciting, vividly-peopled novel whose sole flaw

as a narrative is the scamped "happy ending" becoming habitual with him—one is sorry for his want of sympathy with rustic England and sorry that rustic England's real interests should lack the advocacy of so fine a pen. It is amusing to watch Frampton Mansell, "the Gun Fella," get going among the squires—but why exchange one despotism for another? Give us our own cabbage-patches and our own chicken in the pot on Sundays, and culture—not the rootless and superimposed culture of the towns—will come.

## Shiny Nights and Jimmy Day

Sporting Adventure, twelve months on the good lands
Of Britain, is written by J. WENTWORTH DAY.
It's a round-the-year record of mountains and woodlands
From the high tops of Fannich to Norfolk's deep clay.
It's a countryman's book
Where throughout you may notter

Where throughout you may potter And learn of the rook And the fox and the otter.

And sometimes you'll follow (the charm's undenied) ways
Of ducks and of darkness, of gun-punts that slink
Where the fowl sit to feed on the ultimate tideways
While the snow silvers down or the frozen stars blink.
And do ever you tire
Of the grey-lag and whooper,

Tame pheasants aspire
Over Shots that are super.

Yet here are no records compiled on saltpetre;
And the pictures are "Fish-Hawk's" (what better than his?).

The "wind on the heath" for its measure and metre,
Here's your book of Wild Nature, shown much as she is,
Where the gun we avoid
And its murderous pellet.

This work I've enjoyed;
Messrs. Harrap's house sell it.

### Touching the White Line

In The Mortal Storm (FABER, 7/6) Miss Phyllis Bottome tells of what she thinks either happened or might have happened when the Nazis came into power in Germany. The author knows the country, and in this clever and strong book she tries to be impartial but has a distinct Left tendency. Cars keep to the right in Germany and people who break the rules of HITLER may be refused a driving licence over the frontier in future. The plot of the novel is



" DEFECTIVE SILENCER, MY FOOT! THERE ISN'T ONE."

clear. A girl with Jewish blood (third generation) falls in love with a Bavarian Communist. Her relations, being Storm Troopers, shoot her lover and put her father into a concentration camp, although he is a medical scientist of world-wide reputation and only vague political views. Certain parallels between the (half) Jewish father's case and modern history stand out clearly. When he speaks of the old Junker class choosing an Austrian corporal (with a grievance against his own country) as Leader—well, it is not likely that this book will be read much in Germany. Yet it is worth reading more than once and without bias not only for its strong story of a house divided against itself but because of the writer's human understanding and really beautiful prose.

#### Revolution Without Revolt

Mr. Douglas Jay admits that a failure to control the "trade cycle" may sooner or later lead to stormy revolution in almost any modern State, but apart from such a failurewhich he believes may be averted-he finds no economic grounds for anticipating anything but a gentle and gradual transition to that condition of world organisation which he advocates in The Socialist Case (FABER AND FABER, 12/6). Seeing that he relies for further progression almost wholly on modifications of the income-tax and succession duties, evils that no longer shock us, though they may annoy, it might almost seem that we are already halfway through our great revolution, and may even complete it, thanks to the British instinct for compromise and fair play, without ever realising the event. Mr. Jay's study, restrained and profound, dry and pedantic, stuffed with marginal profits and monetary policies, supported by innumerable references and catching the echo of a hundred controversies, is no pocketbook for the unthinking Red partisan who takes his polities in catch-words. No cause was ever more burdened with monumental theses than that of the Socialist, yet here is one more volume that may positively affect the political thought of a generation.

#### The Shipman's Tale

Unlike many respected contemporary novelists who confine themselves, it would appear from necessity, to the competent chronicling of common experience, Mr. Eric Linklater possesses and exuberantly exploits a gift of fantastic invention. The Sailor's Holiday (Cape, 7/6) is not of the calibre of the Juan books. It is a trifle, a gay impertinence, a light-winged harbinger of the festive season. But if it is featherweight it is by no means unsubstantial; it is a packet of surprises as concrete as they are coloured.





AWFUL EFFECT OF TOO MUCH LAWN-TENNIS BY THE SEA.

George du Maurier, October 20th, 1883.

From the moment when *Henry Tippus*, that simple and sentimental mariner, steps ashore to that when, sadder and conceivably wiser, he returns to the sea, life is one damned and delirious thing after another. Some dubious dealings with a dachshund lead him straight to the station, but a night in the cells becomes a night on the tiles, and henceforward the most seemingly sober situation is the prelude to inevitable adventure. The highest spot of his erratic progress is perhaps his abduction of a damsel in distress and dishabille; but better even than the tale that he lives are the tales that he tells. For Mr. LINKLATER has generously endowed him with his own peculiar talent, and imaginary experiences pour from him in and out of season with superb spontaneity.

Fr

are

en

### A Very Unlawful Occasion

There are various methods not recognised by such institutions as Lloyds and the Board of Trade by which a ship that has ceased to make legitimate profits may be converted into an economic proposition. A good many of these have been exploited by novelists at one time or another, but that by means of which the tramp steamer Alexander Wropp becomes A Money-Making Ship in Mr. J. E. PILE's story of that name (HEINEMANN, 7/6) is quite a new one. Forsaith, the dour and dogged Scots engineer who figured conspicuously in an earlier book by the same author, again plays a leading part, together with as choice a couple of international crooks as can be found in the pages of nautical fiction, STEVENSON'S Wrecker and The Ebb-Tide not excepted. Excitement and humour are admirably blended from the first page to the last of the story, and Mr. PILE shows himself to be as much at home in Bermondsey Wall as on the water-front of Valparaiso, Antofagasta, Punta

Arenas or any other of the seaports at which Forsaith and the Alexander Wropp touch in the course of their adventures. Altogether a first-class nautical thriller, which combines its thrills with shrewd characterisation and sound literary craftsmanship.

#### For Scouts and Guides

Lord Baden-Powell, that tireless traveller, has been overseas again. After some two months at home, fresh from Australia and Canada, he started off to visit his scouts in Africa, and records his experiences in a little book called African Adventures (Pearson, 5/-). Going out by Marseilles, Port Said and the east coast, he came back by

St. Helena and Ascension, holding rallies at most of the towns he visited and a big jamboree at East London. The Chief Scout has adorned his book with many sketches, many anecdotes and a great deal of varied information. You may learn, for example, how the gnu came to be the original of the unicorn, that the canary does not come from the island of that name, and that in China when a General comes to dinner all the food is dyed red in his bonour. Lord Baden-Powell keeps very young. There is an impish quality about his drawings, and also about his preface, which he heads with the word "Pentwall," blandly explaining that there is no such word to be found in the dictionary, but that if he put "Preface" at the top probably it would remain unread. He is all for encouraging the young to travel, for life is short, and much of it is wasted, as he puts it, by people becoming vegetables.

### Many Cargoes

Captain Norwell, hard-bitten adventurer though he was, had no easy task to perform in Mystery Cruise (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) before a situation, already complicated

enough, began to bristle with dangers and difficulties. Norwell's job was to do a little gun-running for the Spanish Insurgents, and the Varuna was playing her part nobly when she had to go to the rescue of a burning yacht, with the result that not only an important M.P. but also his lovely daughter were added to Norwell's responsibilities, Vigorously and cleverly as "TAFFRAL" deals with the events that follow this invasion, he cannot prevent the lady in the case from being at times incredible. Doubtless she is a sop acceptable to the sentimentalists, but she upsets the balance of a story that would have been a remarkable tale of enterprise had she not contributed so lavishly to it.

#### Film-Workers

In case The Face on the Cutting-Room Floor (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) is too obscure a title, it may perhaps be helpful to say that it refers to "actors and actresses who are cut right out of pictures." Indeed from this unusual tale one

gets the impression that no more ruthless weapons than seissors exist in the film world of to-day. Mr. CAMERON McCabe's criminals use various devices in the course of their activities, but scissors do not lose their place as the main source of the trouble. This is no story for the squeamish, and for those unacquainted with the jargon of filmland a glossary would be useful. The tale, however, is cleverly and elaborately constructed and the epilogue (over fifty pages) is really ingenious and, as regards detective novels, more than a little informing.



"MISS FLITWIT'S BEEN IN THIS MORNING, SIR. HERE'S HER KNITTING."

#### Stratagem

Sir Henry Merrivale, as unwieldy and untidy as ever, had reason to make use of his favourite exclamation "Uh-huh" in The Ten Teacups (Heinemann, 7/6), for not only was murder being done, but also Scotland Yard was receiving open insults. People who give warning of their criminal activities cannot be considered either normal or desirable members of the community, and both Mr. Carter Dickson's plotters and plot are, if not entirely credible, at any rate astoundingly ingenious. But for once it is conceivable that the situations with which Merrivale had to deal are too fantastic and that Chief-Inspector Masters had no cause to blame himself for being puzzled by a problem that would have defeated anybody except one of fiction's super-sleuths.

Mr. Punch has received copies of the first "H. & S. Books," a new series of reprints issued by Hodder and Stoughton at 2/- each. Among the first volumes are Gino Watkins, by J. M. Scott; This Torch of Freedom, speeches by Earl Baldwin; My Mystery Ships, by Admiral Campbell; and The Spirit of the Hills, by F. S. SMYTHE. All are well and attractively printed on good paper.

#### Charivaria

A visitor to this country says he can see two well-known London statues from the window of his hotel. Well, surely he can ask for another room ?

It appears from a recent judicial ruling that one great advantage of being a husband in America is that if your wife shoots you it is only manslaughter.

Where European affairs are concerned, it seems that Britain and France can do almost anythingprovided, of course, that Signor MUSSOLINI agrees.

A man who stopped a smash-and-grab raider told the magistrates that he used a tackle he learned on the Rugby field as a boy. The Old School Collar seems to be with us at last.

"These berets, by the way, cut a large nose in half." Sunday Pictorial. Mr. Punch is grateful for the warning.



An ambulance being used in Paris is capable of travelling at seventy miles an hour. It should be able to pick up a bit of business as it goes along.

"As to Shanghai," says a Japanese writer, "the Japanese are not asking for criticism." There are many indications that they don't need to ask.

If all the silk stockings bought during the coming week were placed end to end the ones we should choose would still be the wrong size and colour.

"The poor are welcomed in every church," says a Sunday parawriter. And a glance in the collection-plate often shows how many of them take advantage of the fact.



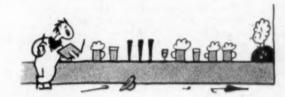


A celebrity told a gossip recently that he couldn't remember where he obtained the suit he was wearing. Our tailor isn't like that at all.

An American angler attaches a small camera to his cap when fishing, so that his catch may be recorded. Then, we presume, he goes home and makes the necessary enlargements.

"Who among those living today attains the height reached by NELSON?" asks an essayist. The answer, of course, is:

The pigeons in Trafalgar Square.



Members of the Poetry Society are going to give recitals from the poets in public-houses. A still easier way to clear the bar is for the landlord to shout "Time, Gentlemen!"

"Mr. - hops to be in Manchester towards the end of the month, and will get in touch with you." Letter from London Hop Merchant, 14th October.

If he set out that day, perhaps he 'll just manage it.

"How would you acknowledge a letter that was pre-dated a month?" asks a question in a commercial examination paper. What about "We are in receipt of yours of odd date"?

> Australians are beginning to select their next Test team. Some experienced judges have already got as far as BRADMAN and ten A. N. Others.

> > Night-clubs are said to be very poorly patronised in London just now. At one establishment business is so bad that the management is thinking of engaging a stalwart chucker-in.



# Newlyn v. Penzance

It strikes us still, thank Heaven! as odd,
Even in these days of wrack and pillage,
That Progress, like an angry god,
Should decimate a fishing-village,
And while we watch the unequal clash
Of rich and poor, we ask what chances
Of bureaucratic grab and smash
Made Newlyn's small affairs Penzance's.

Can we not break the evil spell
That sees our sturdy coast becoming
One Lido, one immense hotel
Replete with miracles of plumbing?
And if Penzance's lords have lined
The tropic paradise they rule in
With the crude comfort of their kind,
Why should they do the same by Newlyn?

Why should they wreck one humble roof
That frugal thrift has raised above it?
(See that the place is waterproof
And leave it to the folk that love it!)
Why quench the lights upon the quay
That no Atlantic billow dowses,
With seamen, parted from the sea,
In gimerack rows of council houses?

Each to his own. Penzance may sleep,
Swaddled in palms and sanitation,
So Newlyn (and the country) keep
The modest homes that make a nation;
If not, both reason and romance
(If England study either school in)
Tell us we might not miss Penzance,
But cannot do away with Newlyn.



"PARDON ME, BUT THERE APPEARS TO BE SOMETHING IN MY BEER."

# Odder Than Somewhat

(With quite some acknowledgments to Mr. DAMON RUNYON)

I am sitting in a night-club along about three bells one morning and talking of this and that with various characters when a guy by the name of James the Jester, who is a friend of mine and apt to be found in such a spot, raps to me and gives me a large hello and speaks as follows:

"How are they coming, Patrick?"

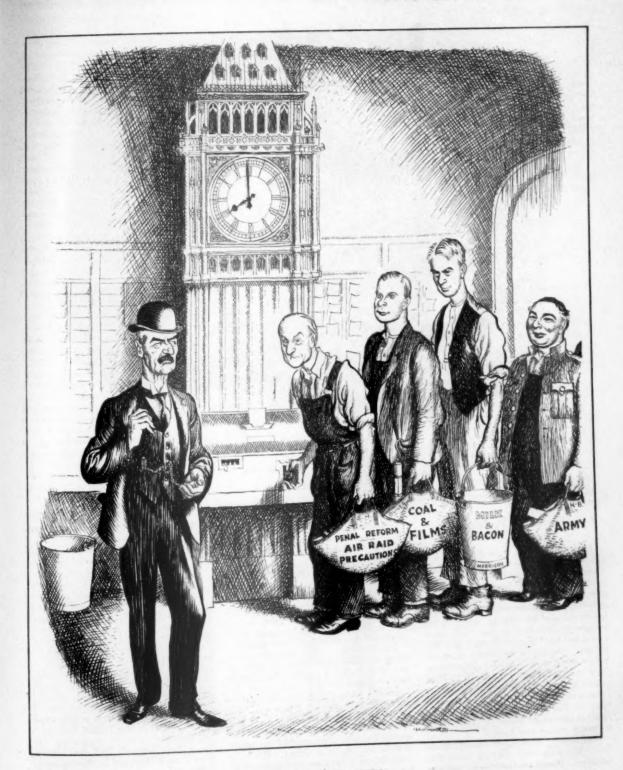
Of course I answer very cordially indeed, because I am such a guy as likes to be courteous at all times, but I do wonder what such a remark can mean. Then I get around to thinking of what is happening to the English language, and I wish to say that I attend Harrow School for some years, as well as other joints of this kind, and I am known to one and all as quite some scholar, at that. Furthermore I notice that the King's English is changing all the time. When the guy called Chaucer is writing, English is by no means a usual language and very difficult to understand, at that, but after this it gets easier and keeps on getting easier until nowadays, when even quite a dumb young doll with a very empty noggin indeed, such as one sees everywhere around and about, can maybe understand even quite a high-toned conversation if it is spoken slowly and maybe repeated twice.

But now English is getting more than somewhat difficult to understand, what with parts of the language coming from other languages and parts being made up by newspaper scribes, and now I hear of a party who writes stories and is teaching many citizens in this man's town a language which is spoken by Broadway characters such as Rusty Charlie, Big Nig and Dave the Dude, who are very quaint characters, indeed, being tougher than somewhat and full of zing and very handy with a John Roscoe. I do not mind reading of such characters, and indeed I am known to one and all as a guy who will sometimes like to mix with the public and even play a little klob or maybe shoot a few craps, but at the same time I am a peace-loving guy at all times, such as likes to see guys and dolls enjoying themselves and small kids laughing tee-hee, and if we are to have such characters around Piccadilly as are to be seen in Good Time Charlie Bernstein's little speak and Miss Missouri Martin's Sixteen Hundred club, I wish to say that I want no part of them. If I am sitting one time in a night-trap or other deadfall around and about and I see citizens being kissed with tables and boffed on the noggin generally, and maybe even a guy letting go with the old equaliser, I will take it on the lam out of there and give them the back of my neck. When a guy is not rodded up he does not sit around waiting for things to be thrown at him, such as slugs from a Betsy.

To write of such things is cleverer than somewhat, and indeed I wish I do it myself, for I am very short of scratch at this time and wondering more than somewhat how to get some potatoes to take care of the old overhead, and I know that such a scribe must overtake quite some coconuts, which is water on anybody's wheel.

But be that as it may, it cannot be too strongly urged that the indiscriminate introduction into English of slang phrases and expressions, however graphic or picturesque, from the speech of the underworld of New York cannot but have a deleterious effect upon the purity of the language and even, in some degree, upon the minds of the less highly educated sections of the reading public.

After I write this I get around to thinking that such characters as Harry the Horse and Spanish John and Little Isadore will maybe think I blow my topper and go somewhat daffy, being as mad as a hatter or maybe madder, which is very true indeed, at that.



CLOCKING IN



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

APTITUDE FOR CATCHING COLDS

# Housing Problem

I AM afraid there is no doubt that we shall have to make up our minds soon. The new people are clamouring to get in here, and the house-agents have pointedly given up sending us details of further desirable residences and have taken instead to ringing us up on the telephone and saying that they have had a bid for "Beech House" or "The Briars," and would we like to make one before they close with it? Sometimes they even ring us up and tell us that places have now been disposed of. It always cheers us up enormously when they do that, because it means that there is one more place we don't have to worry about any longer. Until about a week ago it was all rather

Until about a week ago it was all rather fun. We were still playing with the problem. It was amusing to go and see a Georgian mansion with about twenty-five bedrooms and work out that after all one could probably run it with one maid and a Woman; or to find a sweet little place with three bed and one recep, and work out the possibility of putting the family into an orphanage en bloc. But now we are down to the Short List the thing is becoming distinctly menacing. Previously I don't think it had struck us that we might really have to go and live in one of these places.

The difficulty is that whereas everything on the Short List is more or less Physically Possible, they divide sharply into what I might call the Logically Improbable and the Spiritually Unthinkable. There is, for example, "The Woodlands." "The Woodlands." is in completely the wrong district. Presumably the agent merely sent it by accident. We only went to see it because we happened to be passing. When we saw it we

laughed. Going over it we were convulsed with mirth. We agreed that it had been built by a madman. We still cannot mention it without giggling. Yet I sometimes find myself wondering if the very queer little room that looks on to the garden would not make a rather charming study; and I tend to find casual ground-plans of it drawn on things by Rachel, with rooms tentatively labelled "Day Nursery?"

Now logically we cannot go and live at "The Woodlands." Apart from the fact that it is in quite the wrong district, the place has, roughly speaking, six recep. and two bed, which is absurd. Moreover, the garden consists of a series of stone steps which would be the death of the Infant Samuel in ten minutes—always supposing that the Infant Samuel had not already been Found Drowned in the lily-pond. Further, I am convinced that the place is falling down, and there is no garage.

"The Woodlands," in short, is logically

On the other hand, there is absolutely noreason why we shouldn't go to "Parkside." It fits us like a glove. It has three bath, and I have always wanted three bath. It is replete with every modern artifice, it is in excellent condition, and it is dirt cheap. When we first saw it we went away and told one another that we had better get on the telephone and snap it up. The next day they wrote and asked me if I wished to make an offer, and we agreed that I had better write and close with them. Then they wrote again three days later and we decided that we had better get on or we should lose it. . . .

We went round being very gloomy at that time. It wasn't until I remarked one night that I didn't like the attitude of a stone figure in the garden at "Parkside" that we began to cheer up a little. We have talked a good deal about that stone figure. It appears to have had a powerful effect upon Rachel too. We have agreed that we could not possibly live in a house with a garden with a stone figure in an attitude like that. We have not actually mentioned it to the owner or his agents, because they might start some ridiculous nonsense about moving it, and we don't want to have to begin all over again. Besides we have agreed that it is certainly concreted in. And naturally

if it is, that settles it. Of course it is absurd that there should be all this difficulty. Our requirements are perfectly clear cut. We want a house either in London or not more than an hour out, with about 1-4 recep., 3-10 bed, 1-3 bath. If it has a garden it ought to be somewhere between ten square yards and ten acres, and it must have a garage, unless there is a big public garage quite near. Date, later than 1400 (Rachel hates Early Norman). Mod. con. naturally essential. But we certainly don't want one of these awful places with radiators stuck about and no coal fires and-well, all that stuff. On the other hand, the place must be cheap to run. We don't want to land ourselves in a house where you can't keep servants because they have to go lugging coal.

Of course half the trouble is the agents. They will send you to see places which are obviously impossible.

### Don't Read This Too Often.

"DEAR SIR,-We thank you for your letter of yesterday's date, which just crossed with our letter sending you a copy of the letter which we intended to send.

We must apologize most profusely for this error.—Yours faithfully."

Letter from a firm of Auctioneers.

# Might Have Been

"IF I was a bloke as could paint," Bill said, "which I ain't, Lord! the picters I'd do Of ships runnin' free In the Tropics, or flyin' like stags Down the Forties; an' seas, white an' In the Trades, or like cliffs in a blow

Off the Leeuwin, or calm After storm, an' the dawn comin' solemn an' slow

Like a psalm. . . . Ports too, Full o' funnels an' flags, I'd do, If I was a chap as could paint," Said Bill, "but I ain't.

Or if I 'ad the knack of the pen" (Bill said) "like some men, Lord! the varns I could spin About the queer places I've bin To an' queer things I've seen an' I've done 'Most everywhere under the sun: A picnic we 'ad In a copper ore barque Out o' Bristol. When the skipper went mad

An' started in pickin' the watch For a lark Off the yard with a pistol, Till the second mate managed to catch

Him a clout With a handspike, an' that laid him out Good an' proper, an' ended his bother. . . . Then the time when we roasted an' froze

Both together In a ship with her cargo alight

Off Cape Stiff in the worst of his weather: For it snowed An' it blowed A fair fright, An' the deck got That 'ot We was 'oppin' around like a hen On a griddle-an' then Come a ship by as tuk us off just In time, 'fore she blowed up an' bust. An' yarns about cannibal isles,

Where they sharpen their teeth up with files 'Case they dish up for tea Some hard-case old shellback, like me: An' shipwrecks an' shanghai-ing too I could tell-and a few On 'em true, If I 'ad the trick o' the pen,"

Bill said, "like some men.

But all as I done wi' the brush In my puff Ain't been much, Only touching up bulwarks and such, Or slung overside in the sun, Or aloft with a bucket o' slush, An' the mate comin' sneakin' be'ind An' growlin', 'No holidays, mind, Ye sons o' sea-cooks!' . . . An' the schoolin' I 'ad As a lad Was enough For to learn me to sign Ships' articles, forty-odd year Far an' near 'Stead o' makin' my mark. . . . An' that's 'ow

To read all them books, Or to see Them picters as might ha' been mine-Only me. . . . C. F. S.

It is there'll be nobody now



"YES, BUT CLARK GABLE'S TALLER."

# Artistic Afterthoughts

(How I got hold of this correspondence I cannot imagine.)

Nor long ago, I believe, the B.B.C. Productions Department received, with a manuscript entitled "Sun on the Marmalade: A Comedy for Broadcasting, in Seventy-One Scenes, by Bimbisara O. O. Phupson," the following letter:—

The Productions Director.

Dear Sir,—I enclose for your consideration a comedy for broadcasting entitled Sun on the Marmalade. It plays for about two hours and thirty-seven minutes, but I have no doubt that you could make it longer by lengthening the musical interpolations, if you must. More than three hours of continuous laughter would be bad, however, for the majority of listeners. Yours truly,

BIMBISARA PHUPSON.

The Productions Department acknowledged this manuscript by saying that it would receive attention in due course. The day after they had done this, though, another letter arrived:—

DEAR SIB,—I trust you will not mind my bothering you with a slight correction. On page 13 of my manuscript, Sun on the Marmalade, which I sent you two days ago, there is a reference to the ancient King Chandragupta of India, thus:

Wilfred. You know Chandragupta? Ernest. What?

Wilfred. I say you know Chandragupta?

Ernest. Chandra-who? Wilfred. Chandragupta.

Ernest. Oh, Chandragupta! Oh, es.

Wilfred. Well, why didn't you say so before?

On consideration I have decided that it would be better to substitute the other name of this warlike monarch, Sandrocottus, for Chandragupta; because, as you know, there were two later Chandraguptas in the Gupta dynasty from about A.D. 320 until the Hun invasion, whereas the Chandragupta who is here referred to is the king who conquered the garrisons left in India by ALEXANDER THE GREAT about 330-323 B.C. I am sure you would not wish listeners to be six hundred years out in their reckoning because of a mere similarity of name. The amended dialogue should run thus:

Wilfred. You know Sandrocottus? Ernest. What?

Wilfred. I say you know Sandro-cottus?

Ernest. Sandro-who? Wilfred. Sandrocottus.

Ernest. Oh, Sandrocottus! Oh,

Wilfred. Well, why didn't you say so before?

Please make this correction.

Yours very truly, BIMBISARA PHUPSON.

Two days after the arrival of this letter a postcard in the same hand-writing was received:—

Dear Sir,—Very sorry to bother you again—but I hear from a friend that the surname "Chuzzlewit," which I have used on pp. 9, 17, 32 and 43 of my play, Sun on the Marmalade, has been used already in some published work—I understood him to say by Dickens. It would be as well, therefore, if you changed it in each case to some equally unlikely name such as "Podsnap," "Gradgrind," or perhaps "Nickleby," all of which, so far as I know, I have made up myself.

Yours sincerely, BIMBISARA PHUPSON.

The next day arrived another letter: DEAR SIR,—I deeply regret having

ETON AND NUFFIELD

to trouble you yet again about my comedy. Sun on the Marmalade, but I now think the jokes on pages 33 and 34 follow each other too quickly for the ordinary listener. I think, therefore that you should cut out the entire passage beginning on page 33, where Dorothy says, "My name is Norval, on the champion hills," etc., and ending (page 34) with the swift rattle of dialogue between James and the Deputy-Mayor. Thus, after Angeline has said (p. 32), "Who shall explain to me the mystery of the Universe?" James can say (p. 34), "Ar, Hangeline! Ar, lady mine! Dost thou remember Jeans !

Yours most sincerely, BIMBISARA PHUPSON.

And the following day came another, reading thus:—

DEAR SIR,—I cannot tell you how profound is my sorrow at having to disturb you once more about my play, Sun on the Marmalade. I find in my duplicate copy, however, that in the passage on page 58—

James (humorously). By gum! Ellen (shocked). James! James (humorously). Whatto! Dorothy (shocked) James! James (humorously). Lord love a

duck!

Angeline (shocked). James!

James (humorously). Gorblimey!

—and so on, the word "humorously" in brackets, which I am convinced was in my manuscript, appears to have been omitted in each case from the typescript. I must emphasise the fact that it is absolutely necessary, or the actor who takes the part of James will be entirely misled as to his character.

James, in my play, would never utter such expressions as "By gum!"

"Whatto!" and particularly "Gorblimey!" without making it clear that he intended to be funny.

The actress playing Ellen, by the way, should speak on a high indignant note all the time—between high C and C-sharp. I forgot to mention this. The actress playing Angeline should speak in a low firm voice, if possible with a lisp.

Yours ever, BIMBISARA PHUPSON.

After this no more letters were received from Mr. Phupson. This fact was not, I think, due so much to any decision on his part to refrain from troubling the B.B.C. further as to the fact that on the day his last letter was received the Productions Department returned his manuscript with a note saying that it was not quite suitable for broadcast purposes. R. M.

# Impersonation

"You know how men always say that they can't imagine what one finds to talk about?" said Laura.

I replied that it would be odd indeed if I didn't know, as it was undoubtedly one of Charles's most frequent remarks.

"Well," said Laura, "have you ever wondered what they talk about?"

"I don't have to wonder. I know perfectly well. They talk about things they've just read in *The Times*, and about how old So-and-So's horse fell down dead on the field in the spring of '79. And, at home, about expense."

"Well, one talks about expense oneself," Laura admitted. "But I do feel that it all rather begins and ends there."

"Begins and ends by talking about it, you mean, and then buying the thing just the same? If you're thinking about those dessert-plates—"

"No, no, no!" screamed Laura. "I didn't mean anything in the least like that—and besides they were absolutely necessary, and it's always cheaper to get the best in the long run, everybody says so. I meant that expense was about the only thing that men and women both seem to talk about when they're by themselves."

"I'm glad," I said, "that you think I was right about the dessert-plates, but I honestly can't see how you can possibly know what men talk about when they're by themselves. If you're there, then they aren't by themselves."

"Like the woman who hid in the clock at a Freemasons' meeting and heard everything," was Laura's extraordinary reply.

One glanced involuntarily at the mosaic trifle ticking away on the mantelpiece. (Souvenir of Aunt Emma's visit to Florence in 1906.)

"It was a grandfather clock, I believe," said Laura gently.

"Well, and did they talk about expense?"

"She never said. Sometimes I wonder whether, when they're by themselves, they talk about just the same kind of things that we do."

"No," I said without hesitation, and, supposing the subject closed, turned my attention to three pure one plain.

my attention to three purl, one plain.

The next moment I had inflicted a rather severe wound on my thumb with the knitting-needle as the result of a violent start.

"What did you think of the position of COPPER this morning, old chap?" roared an unnaturally bass voice at my elbow.

"Laura!"

"Yes, old man?"



"GARÇON, THIS VIN IS EXTRIBBLINABILY ORDINAIRE."

"You'll strain your vocal chords or something. Why in the world are you bellowing like that?"

"I thought it would make it easier, if I sounded like a man, to try to talk like

"You sounded to me more like an elephant than a man," I had to say. "Try to talk like a man in an ordinary human voice."

Laura tried.

"Are you at all fond of big-game shooting?"

"Not very," I replied cautiously.
"Neither am I," said Laura. "What about ordinary shooting? (Say Yes.)"

"Yes," I lied.
"I remember once shooting over the moors in dear old Scotland; I took out a most frightfully good dog. You know how they go on about their dogs."

"I know.

Entering into the spirit of the thing I found my own voice dropping lower and lower in the scale.

"Was it a retriever, old fellow?" I

inquired.
"No, it was a pug," said Laura, and went into fits of laughter. Nor did she recover from this breakdown as quickly as might have been expected.

When I came, as I hoped, to the rescue with a definitely technical inquiry about the tonnage of the Queen Mary she only replied in a stifled falsetto—

"I do hope you won't be seasick, old chap. I believe they have a marvellous beauty-parlour on board."

"What on earth," said Charles, coming in, "do you two find to talk about all day?"

E. M. D.

# The Language Question

My conversation may not have been brilliant. Perhaps too many people in the Balkans know that my brother-in-law is a tobacconist and that soon snow may fall, but I feel safer with a book of useful and polite phrases in front of me. Aunt Elizabeth, on the other hand, is the leader of the miming class in our local institute, so she naturally believes that action is more expressive than speech. "Everything," she told me, "can be explained by gesture."

She gave the performance of a lifetime when we went to buy mosquitonetting. The shopman came forward with a pleasant smile. "Bz!" she said, darting at his face with her finger and thumb. "Ping!" She gave a sudden leap into the air. She pinched his hand and then slapped it, saying "Bz!" His wife came forward to protect him.

I went away to another shop and silently pointed at a word in my book. As I went back with the netting under my arm, Aunt Elizabeth was still there with a shopful of excited Balkans all pinching and slapping and saying "Bz!" She came home an hour later, a little silent and carrying three large pumpkins. I never knew why they gave her pumpkins.

After this she bribed Michika, the maid who brought her a pint of hot water every evening, to teach her. They played a kind of dumb crambo together. Aunt Elizabeth would act "hunger" with a piece of soap, or "bride" with the mosquito-netting and an accompaniment of MENDELS-SOHN, and Michika would look doubtful for a moment and then burst into applause and give the word. "Dog"

SEES SEES

"WHO THE DICKENS HAS BEEN FERRET-ING IN MY HAT?"

was easy, and "hen" was brilliant, but they had some difficulty over "tired." Aunt Elizabeth sighed wearily with her hand to her head. Michika was puzzled. Aunt Elizabeth groaned, staggered across the room and collapsed on the table. I have never seen anyone so tired. I should have given her the prize in any competition. A look of enlightenment came over Michika.

"Ah! Pijan!" she said, sucking in her lips and nodding her head—"Pijan!"

Aunt Elizabeth wrote it in her notebook and went on to act "I am delighted to see you." She was going to be fully equipped for our visit to the Archimandrite the following Sunday.

This was the high spot of our journey. We got to the monastery in time for supper. It was a delightful meal. The Archimandrite sat with his saintly face and long hair in front of a paprika stew which blew my head off, the sun set behind the mountains and a boy poured out home-brewed wine. There would be a long silence and then the Archimandrite would murmur "Lloyd George!" which was all the English he knew, and I would nod my head appreciatively and answer "Lloyd George!" There would be another pause while the moon came round the corner or the boy poured more wine, and then the conversation would begin again. It is the only dinner-party which has given me the comfortable feeling that my small-talk was entirely adequate.

But Aunt Elizabeth grew more ambitious. She talked about hens and dogs. She told him she was delighted to see him, and he looked startled and a little uncomfortable. I began to wonder if she had over-acted the part to Michika; perhaps the girl had got confused with the bridal veil and Mendelsohn. The boy certainly seemed a little horrified. The Archimandrite looked sadly towards me, murmured "Lloyd George!" and sighed deeply. He seemed very tired.

Aunt Elizabeth was sympathetic and asked "Pijan?"

This had a worse effect than her first remark. "Me pijan," she said, pointing to herself, and she began her little turn to explain what she meant, but before she had time to do more than roll her head on her hand the boy had caught her elbow and was leading her with all his strength back to her bedroom.

The Archimandrite sighed again. "Lloyd George!" he said, by way of dismissal shaking his head sadly.

dismissal, shaking his head sadly.
"Lloyd George!" I answered sympathetically, shaking my head too, though I wasn't quite sure why.

I followed Aunt Elizabeth and found her rather crestfallen sitting on her



"THAT ONE, PLEASE."

bed. The boy had insisted on taking off her shoes for her. She had my phrase-book open at "Expressions of Emotion and Anger." They were the kind of things which I had always hoped for the chance of using: "Sir, you are an impostor!" "Leave the room instantly!" "You are drunk!" There was our old friend "Pijan." "So that's what he thought!" she said.

"So that's what he thought!" she said. We turned to "Expressions of Contrition and Apology."

# "King Fergus"

In our issue of September 8th we published a paragraph referring to certain mixtures under the names of "Red Biddy," "Yellow Jake" and "King Fergus." The article was a purely humorous one, but references to the compounds in question were founded on statements made in the House of Commons on March 23rd, 1934, and reported in the public Press the following day. We are now informed by Messrs. LAMB & WATT, Limited, Wine and Spirit Merchants, of Liverpool, that they are owners of a well-known trade name, "King Fergus." This is registered in connection with a whisky. In publishing the paragraph we had no knowledge of the existence of a whisky of that name and, as appears from the whole paragraph, it did not and could not refer to a whisky; it was dealing with compounds of a very different nature. Clearly no one knowing of Messrs. Lamb & Wart's production could in any way confound it with the compound we were referring to. We, however, sincerely regret any annoyance which may have been caused to Messrs. LAMB & WATT, Limited.



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### S.O.S.

NOTHING else in her new and intriguing existence as kitchenmaid in the "big square house wid the flesh-coloured whitewash" appeals more strongly to young Mary Kelly than Wednesday's tea-time conversation between Mick and Delia. For on that day each week the jobbing gardener ministers to the old lady's garden and drinks tea with the long-established Delia, known in the village for that very reason as "ould Mrs. Fitzgerald's chronic cook-general."

At this time of year Mick's ministrations consist chiefly in tearing things out of the ground and destroying them. "He has a yoke that goes be the name of an Insinuator," the kitchenmaid has reported to the people at home, "an' it goes teetotally mad for rubbidge, he says." The visible reactions of young Mary to his weekly news bulletins are very gratifying to Mick, who had grown tired of the uncompromising attitude recently adopted by Delia towards his amazing disclosures. As she has said grimly to her assistant when the kitchen doorway is darkened every Wednesday afternoon by the entrance of the conversationalist, "An' now we'll have the Minsthrel Boy-wid varigations.'

Passing as he does from garden to garden, Mick's bulletin might so easily be of intense interest to Delia if only it concerned people she knows instead of those of whom she knows less than nothing. "He used to be forever gassin' about some massacreetion out in foreign," she told Mary.

"but he had to give that up, an' I wasn't sorry, you may be sure, for me brain was in babbyrags wid all the conthradictions he had."

As an earnest student of the various newspaper-sheets spread upon the Rathberry kitchen tables before his cup is filled, Mick is in the unusual position of seeing world affairs from every angle, not only because of the position of his chair at the time, but because the political views of Irish readers determine rigidly their choice of a newspaper. This means that four distinct varieties reach Rathberry every morning, to reappear after a while upon the kitchen tables. Not that Mick has much truck with politics, except at election-time. He concentrates rather upon snappy paragraphs of world-wide interest.

Last Wednesday, watched with flattering interest by young Mary, whose intentness made "the slight hesitation of one eye" more noticeable than ever, Mick stirred his tea vigorously and prepared to tell the story of the S.O.S.

"It seems that the four fellas was tossicated about th'ocean in a class of a little sailin'-boat," he began solemnly, "out upon the expanses of the mighty say, an' it was altogether subsequent to the time they meant to be back in the Scottish port, an' the sail was flogged to death wid the wind that ruz up, an' the steerin'-wheel went baw ways, an' I dunno what all. One of them sthrove to let off fireworks, but they were gone a sort of damp at the time. 'Them rockets didn't go near as high as I expected,' he said afther, 'an' I never thought they would.' But it axled up their courage a bit all the same; an' they wanted

that, for the roars of th' iliments was most dismal, be all accounts."

Mick paused to take a long draught from the semi-porcelain cup reserved for his use, and noted with some satisfaction that Delia had ceased to move about the kitchen and was now seated at the other end of the table, where her attitude of complete indifference would have told anyone who knew her well that she listened as intently as her junior.

"I'm tellin' ye nothin' but the candid thruth," the story-teller went on. "They had med full sure they was bet when they seen lights upon the top of a wave, an' the lad that done the cooking med a dive down into the gallery an' he cotch hold of a saucepan an' brought it up an' hommered the side of it wid the gravy-spoon. An' when I read that I says, 'I must tell this whole affair to Delia Byrne, for we all know she's light about them luminol saucepans, an' she has the young one very near as bad as herself.' 'I'll send out an S.O.S.,' the fella says, 'an' mebbe they'll hear us.' An' so he did. 'S.O.S.,' he hommered out— 'S.O.S.' An' the big boat kem an' took them home to Scotland be way of New York, no less nor. Bedad, it was a sloppy adventure for them, widout a doubt; but they overed it well, it seems.

Delia rose hastily, but Mary had transferred her gaze from the speaker to the gleaming pyramid of aluminium utensils on which she was being taught to expend so much energy; and she sighed with the contentment of one to whom a revelation has come. "Didn't I often wondher to meself," she said, "why they called them yokes Sospans? An' now I know." D. M. L.



"Won't you let me take you away from all this?"

# Up the Garden Path

We had moved into the country to live in a pretty cottage just discernible in a green wilderness of overgrown shrubs and weeds. In town I had grown petunias in a window-box one summer, and several hyacinths in bowls the following spring. But dealing with this tangled greenery was as far beyond my skill as canard pressé to a plain cook. Ronnie was no help, and it was obvious that what we really needed was a gardener.

"Try old Rory," suggested the village grocer. "He does a bit of gardening when he's not around the farms. I'll send him up, ma'am."

So a week later I met Mr. Rory for the first time. He came up one morning and followed me politely, cap in hand, as we struggled down the garden-path to view the desert at his disposal. I liked him immediately. He was very brown and broken-toothed, with an extraordinary number of bumps and moles on his face and neck. He talked slowly and knowledgeably in a comfortable country voice about all that could be done in our garden. We walked round, pausing here and there to imagine this and that, with rising enthusiasm.

"Why," said Mr. Rory, "after I've scythed over all this 'ere grass and dug up all this front we can sow seed in September for a fine lawn right down to the gate, ma'am. That big border along the wall, delphiniums and lupins I'd like to see there, ma'am. . ."

Like a bright length of new carpet the garden unrolled itself in my imagination. From the front-door a flagged path with shimmering smooth green lawn on either side. Blue lupins by the old red wall and clusters of mauve and white lilac from the now trim and tidy bushes.

In the kitchen-garden Mr. Rory surpassed himself. Nothing was to be seen except a desolation of grass and creepers. At the end a row of struggling raspberry-canes kept their heads above weeds. In magic phrases Mr. Rory transformed the scene.

"You'll be carrying on with raspberries, ma'am? A fine soil for raspberries, that is 'ere; and, if I might suggest, a big strawberry-bed in front of 'em; then currant-bushes—and I see you've got some gooseberries there—to come down 'alfway, with a nice wide path to separate 'em; and 'ere lettuces——"

"Lots of lettuces," I said, "and fruit-trees to cover the walls."

And with a feeling of warm friendship



"N FOR NOBODY?"
"No. M FOR ME."

and confidence between us we walked back to the cottage to settle terms.

I could scarcely wait to see Ronnie. I took him round the garden to point out its coming beauties, and we both felt full of love for the good earth. Ronnie pulled up a root of convolvulus.

"Your little pink trumpets have blown their last fanfare," he said poetically.

A week went by and I began to feel puzzled. The grocer's little boy came with a message from Mr. Rory. He'd given his promise to help harvesting up at the Manor Farm, but he'd come on Monday surely. Monday came and went, and the next, and the next. I

went sorrowfully to my friend the grocer with an ultimatum. The butcher had heard of my trouble and tried to console me by saying harsh things about Mr. Rory.

"That's him all over," he said.
"One day's work, two days' holiday.
Fonder er talkin' than doin'."

That evening, reading our local paper, we were informed that the Parish Council, at their meeting last week held at the Vicarage, had passed, among others, the following resolution:

"That owing to its deplorably neglected condition, T. Rory be deprived of his allotment."

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# "I Object!"

"That aeroplane," said my poor friend Poker, "makes too much noise. It is only one aeroplane; it is the only aeroplane to be seen or heard in the wide sky of West London, but it can be heard, I suppose, by a million people. Not one of them can complain.

"What is being done about the noise of these delightful things? It is now more than twenty years since we conquered the air, but they seem to me to make as much noise as ever. More. Good work is being done, I know, about other noises, by road and rail. But is anyone making the smallest attempt to diminish the 'phons' of the air-pigs? (There goes another—and a louder one.) I ought to know, I suppose, for I am a member of the Anti-Noise League, as you should be: and, what is more, I have just paid my subscription for the year before last.

"That barbarous noise up there is compounded, they say, of three elements. There is the nasty enginenoise, there is the beastly propellernoise, and there is the execrable noise of the whole blasted contraption passing through the air. Sometimes too you can hear the financiers snoring.

"The nasty engine-noise, they say, could be diminished, as it is on land. Whether anyone is attempting to do this I do not know: I see, or hear, few signs of it. But the real difficulty, they say, is to stop the beastly propellernoise. I know a way to do this—stop the propellers. But the absurd flying-world seems to think that this noise should continue to be made.

"So we can do nothing but dumbly object, like the Abyssinian, the Chinaman and others. 'Object'! That gives me an idea. The Abyssinian and the Chinaman have not, as we have, the defensive weapons of Parliamentary democracy. They cannot, for example, block a private Bill.

"When I say a private Bill I do not mean a private Member's Bill, such as is discussed in the Chamber of the House of Commons on Fridays. I mean a 'local' Bill, promoted, for example, by the Burbleton Corporation to amend the Burbleton Bye-laws, acquire the foreshore, or authorize a

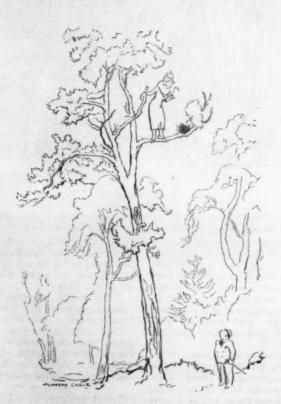
gas-works. Such Bills lead a semisecret life of their own upstairs before Select Committees, which are a sort of judicial tribunal, complete with barristers in wigs. But formally they go through the same processes as ordinary (public) Bills: and at any stage, if Members dislike them, they can be hauled into the Chamber and belaboured in the open there. This is brought about by the process known as 'objecting.'

" 'Objecting' is fun. The Clerk at the Table reads out a long list of private Bills demanding a Second Reading—the Burbleton (Gas-Works) Bill, South Wouldham Corporation (Sewage) Bill, Glasgow Corporation (Water-Supply) Bill, East Munsey (Municipal Airport) Bill, London County Council (Western Exits) Bill and so on.

"If no one says anything each Bill is deemed to have been read a second time and goes up to Committee for the real battle of the barristers. But any Member can prevent that (for a few days at least) by shouting 'I object!'

"And this, though fun, is nervous work. It is rather like 'Snap' or 'Animal Grab.' You are objecting, say, to the City of Whatnot (Electricity Supply) Bill: and you must follow the Clerk closely down the list, ready to say 'Snap!' at exactly the right moment. If you are a new and inexperienced objector you may let the hateful measure slip through—or you may shout 'Object!' in the wrong place and hold up the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board (Extension) Bill, to which you have no objection at all.

The first time I successfully said 'Snap!' (it was the Western Exits Bill, which, by the way, does not seem to have produced much yet) I was all-ofa-tremble, I remember. While, metaphorically, mopping my brow after that Bill had been successfully blocked, I noticed that the honourable Member next to me was objecting to all the remaining Bills in the list. 'Burbleton Corporation (Sewage Works) Bill'—
'Object!' he cried. 'Rocksey Docks and Harbour Board (Extension) Bill' "Object!' he yelled with passion. He objected to the water-supply of Manchester, and the municipal aquarium at Fishpool, to power-stations in Scotland and sewage-works in Wales, to the by-pass round Bogton and the suspension-bridge at Wuggin. I regarded him with some astonishment, for he looked a mild little Member; and I wondered as much at his ferocity as at the wide range of his interests. And when he had blocked the whole blessed lot I gently asked him why. 'I was bored,' he said.



"THERE. HUMPHREY, I SAID THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY BOOK IN IT."

"Rather naughty? Well, the effect is not permanent, and I have no doubt that he let them all through in the next round: and you want your legislators to be vigilant against the bureaucracy, do you not? But you can see that it is a tempting power.

'And a valuable one. Two or three days later the list is read again, and you can say 'Snap!' again; and again on the third day. But up in the Gallery are sitting the anxious representatives of the Corporations or other promoters of Bills, watching to see what Members are making a nuisance of themselves. And after the second or third 'Snap, or earlier, you will be sought out and asked to say why you object to the proposed municipal aquarium at Fishpool. (And it gives one a great sense of importance, I can tell you, to feel that the Corporation of Fishpool are grovelling before one on the floor of the Lobby.)

"Well, if your objection is only one of detail he may be able to 'meet' you. He may undertake, for example, to add a clause providing that there shall be a stickleback tank in the aquarium, or that there shall be seats provided for the visitors; and, in return, you promise to say 'Snap!' no more.

"But if your objection is one of principle; if you are a fish-lover and think that all aquaria are abominations, especially municipal aquaria at places like Fishpool, the Corporation's man will not be able to do anything for you. There is then nothing for it but a Second Reading debate on the floor of the House; and this will be arranged by the reluctant Chairman of Ways and Means. The Corporation man is pretty reluctant too; for the delay is expensive and dangerous, and maybe the House of Commons will be swept away by one of those queer waves of opinion and throw out the Fishpool Aquarium Bill altogether. And, failing that, you may carry an 'instruction to the Committee that only British fish shall be kept in the Fishpool Aquarium, or that all the fish shall be phosphorescent or decently dressed.

"Well, now, perhaps you begin to perceive the drift of that which I call my mind. The sensible citizens of this country are being reluctantly persuaded to become 'airdrome-conscious' (Gosh!). And municipal airports are being projected in many places. Now, what is in my mind is this. Whenever the Burbleton Corporation (Municipal Airdrome (Gosh!)) Bill is on the Paper the Anti-Noise Party should be present in force and shout like madmen: 'Object!' Then the Corporation's man will come to us and hiss, 'What exactly do you want?' And we should



"Tell me, little one, can you too appreciate the profusion of old gold—the infinite variety of russet in this, the most colourful season of the year?"

"I GET YER! AUTUMNAL TINTS!"

say, 'We want QUIET. Have your horrible aeroplanes, if you must, and spoil a good field or two by making an "airdrome" for them. But what provision have you made in the Bill to secure that your "airdrome" shall not make the life of the neighbourhood hideous with NOISE? Is there, for example, a clause forbidding the reception of rowdy aeroplanes? No? Impossible? Well, we are very sorry. That's your affair. But—no antinoise clause, no Bill, as far as we are concerned. A thousand apologies: but we shall continue to say "Snap!"

"Then we should have a Second Reading debate on the Bill, and publicly proclaim the principle of Quiet in the Air. Nothing, I fear, might happen if we did. And maybe not a man could be found to play the game. But still, there may be something in it. Meanwhile, listen to that one! Blast it! I object!" A. P. H.

#### Drastic Measures

"At the monthly meeting of the Council the Housing Committee's report, presented by Mr. J. M. —, stated that since the last meeting 24 families had been removed to new Council houses, 17 under slum clearance and 7 owing to overcrowding. The removals were by way of van-hydrogen cyanide gassing process."—Devon Paper.



"YES, WE BOUGHT HIM SO THAT WE CAN ALL STROKE HIM AT THE SAME TIME."

#### The Home Farm

In my young life there was no world beyond The pig-sty and the ten tall poplar trees: The cow-shed was my kingdom, and the pond Meant more to me than all the seven seas. On this great patch of gum-boot-worthy ground I culled the greatest lessons of my life, Learnt when to wear my cap the wrong way round And how to eat my dinner off my knife. Here, from some sunburnt summit of a stack, I'd hear the melody of threshing corn. The sodden thud of cowmen coming back; Here I would get my Sunday trousers torn. On that perpetual palimpsest of straw, While the bluff rooster tottered to and fro, His womenfolk beset with beak and claw The lesser livestock from the world below. There calves found cause for leaping on stiff legs When they were but a muddled minute old; Ducks were encouraged to deposit eggs And lambs went country-dancing in their fold:

Bulger the bull came rumbling through the rye And Nell, the woolly guardian of the sheep, Fox-trotted home to shut her only eye And have, in every sense, a wink of sleep. Here I would gladly spend a whole hot day Thinking of names to call the piebald calf, Eating bran-mash and winnowing away Until my stockings overflowed with chaff. Here have I cantered home astride the swedes And lived my most impressionable years Lost in enchantment as a vast sow feeds Her eyes, her nose, her offspring and her ears. How large in those old days the barn would loom, Where pungent odours stole into their own, Where the old Daimler rotted in the gloom And I could come and want to be alone! When I stood there, as the warm wind was blowing The smell of cow-cake through the evening glow, I thought that it was all the world worth knowing-I only thought it then, but now I know.



HONOURABLE INTENTIONS?

PEACE. "LOR! MISTER MUSSOLINI, HOW YOU DO STARTLE ONE!"





'AS YOU SEE, BELLAMY, I HAVEN'T LOST MY PASSION FOR DRIVING FOUR-IN-HAND,"

# All Change

"Have you got a car?" the young man asked, hurrying into the smithy.

"Well, there's that," said the blacksmith, pointing to a vehicle resembling a henhouse with nesting-box standing in the street.

"I must be in Little Bigton in halfan-hour."

That's three mile and a half," dubiously. "Jump in then. No time to lose. Lemme see," peering under the dash. "Not quite sure which way she is set for."

"Aren't you at home with the

'Tain't got nothing to do with it. Depends on what 'appened when she stopped. Put your foot on the gas and old on to that door while I wind her up.

He turned the handle, doubtfully, experimentally, scratched his head and took another glance under the dash.

"Here, you've got your foot on the and-brake where it broke off short. You've got to press that loose board to open the throttle. Pull on that wire and 'old it. Don't leggo that door."

He cranked again, producing

hammer-on-anvil sounds, then irregular but unmistakable explosions. He recovered his balance and scrambled into his seat.

"There, now, she's backing. We shall have to go up the village, round by the 'Cock,' and down Watery Lane. . . . Whoa! Steady!''

"Can't you change gear? We can't reverse three and a half miles!

Your only She's self-changing. 'ope is that she'll change going up the village."

"There's a cow coming down the

"Ah! I must sound the crumpled 'orn. Dang it! The 'orn's on the other car. You'll 'ave to bellow. Don't leggo that door."

The young man bellowed. The vehicle shuddered. There was a sound like falling scrap-iron, and they were immediately travelling in the opposite direction and drawing away from the cow, easily.

The young man picked himself up. "I reckon she's in second," said the blacksmith. "If I can get a bit more way on maybe she'll go into top; maybe bottom. Best leave well alone. Here—the gates at Blue Sheep Crossing might be closed!"

"Can't you stop the thing?" asked the other anxiously.

"You don't want to stop this side of Bigton, do you?"

'Suppose she doesn't stop then?" "I don't cross my bridges before I gets to 'em.'

"I should not like to cross them at all in this.

'There's no cause to get disrespectful to your elders. She was on the road before you were born.'

The car suddenly lurched.

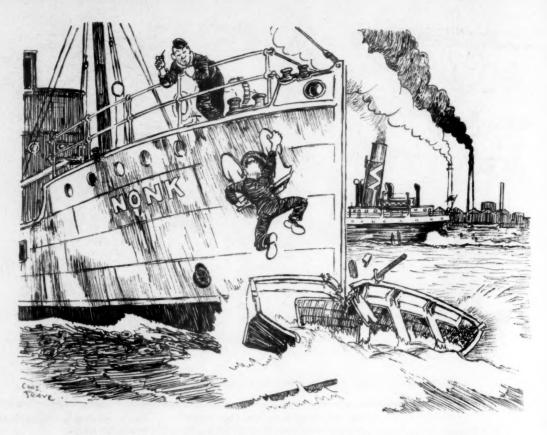
"Look out, you crazy fool!" the young man cried. "Look out yourself, and don't leggo that door. I've got to miss potholes,

ain't I? You just say you're sorry."
"I'll be shot if I do! You get me to Little Bigton without any more tricks.

Tricks, you call it, eh?" evilly. The blacksmith jerked the steering-wheel. The car slowed, stopped, while the engine chugged unsteadily. "Am I a crazy fool? It's nearly three mile to Bigton.

You're the best driver in Wobblewick. Step on it. A gallon of beer if you do it in twenty minutes.

The blacksmith wiped his mouth. He jerked the steering-wheel again, but the car went into reverse.



"THAT'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT 'OW ABOUT WHEN WE ANCHOR?"

# Accompanist

The room is really very well filled Considering that this is rather a highbrow affair. There are lots of boys at the back of the room And a good many grown-ups in the sixpenny seats; There are also nearly twenty people in the shilling seats, So we should do well financially.

We had a short scene from SHAKESPEARE By the Women's Institute, Two recitations, And some pretty songs by the schoolchildren In the first half of the programme.

Now we are in the second half; Mrs. Higgins has just finished a long unaccompanied song Called "Ora Pro Nobis," And I am seated at the piano Waiting for the Vicar to announce "Two Part-Songs" By the Choral Society.

I wish he would hurry, Because the people at the back of the room are getting a little restive; Still, it gives me more time to get settled. I arrange the corners of the music so that I can turn over easily, And push my chair back to get at the pedals better. I'm afraid I shan't be able to do much with octaves in the left hand

Because the corner of the stage protrudes so much just there.

Ah, the Choral Society are coming forward now, And the Vicar is saying a few words about them. Miss Stenning looks very tense and clutches her baton; But if she only knew, None of the singers are going to look at her. How can they when they daren't take their eyes from the music?

We are going to give them "Lullaby" first.

I start the few soft notes on the treble,
Which give such atmosphere to the song.
Mr. Hart, the chief bass, starts with me,
And there is a moment's tension on the platform,
But he soon realises his mistake.
Only one bar now, and they are due to start.
I glance round over my shoulder to see if they are ready,
Take a deep breath
And give them a good lead into the melody.

I think Miss Stenning must be trying to hush them, For the sound is dying away rather.

I will give the altos some help in a minute,

FITZ

But just now I am busy with the bit on Page Two Which is supposed to imitate the rocking cradle, And one of the chief notes has stuck. I try to prise it up with my little finger, But unsuccessfully.

Never mind, I shall be up there again when we come to the bit about the fishermen.

There was a crisis then, and I had to give up playing with my left hand and sing, Because the tenors had broken down; However, we are all right now, And having reached the top of Page Four We have regained courage And we hauntingly lull the child to rest,

We seem to have awakened a baby or two in the audience, And there is a little pause after the clapping has died down While their parents soothe them. One has to be removed altogether.

I take the opportunity of loosening the note which stuck so badly In "Lullaby."

Now!

Everyone cheers up as the Vicar announces a favourite

"Oh, Who Will O'er The Downs?"

Even the tenors look a little more determined.

Iroll up my sleeves and plunge into the dashing accompaniment.

It is only by strenuous endeavour

Ending on a prolonged chord.

On my part
That the Choral Society attains to that galloping rhythm
Which is so much admired.

It is wonderfully dramatic,

Particularly when we halt on the high note, Hold it,

And come crashing down again to safer ground

On the words "and me."
But I have to turn right round in my seat to make sure

That they hold the word "love" as long as I do.

I am playing with fire now, Flinging my hands up into the air

And cascading about in showers of octaves

(Only in the right hand, of course), And the volume of sound is terrific.

It is Romance.

At the piano.

But it ends;
The last note is reached
And the singers die away
As they always do,
Leaving me to finish the bar,
Which I do with great energy.

The applause is hearty,
And Miss Stenning, who hasn't even sung,
Reappears from a corner of the stage
And bows.
They forget to clap me,
Though I believe at proper concerts
The accompanists are always led forward.
Never mind;
All the members know they couldn't have sung
"Lullaby"
Or "Oh, Who Will O'er The Downs?"
Without me



















THOSE BOOK-ENDS

# At the Play

" AUTUMN " (ST. MARTIN'S)

This is a domestic drama of considerable emotional content, imported from Russia and saved from mediocrity by a central part in which Miss Flora Robson gives a fine performance. Miss Margaret Kennedy and Mr. Gregory Ratoff have adapted it from the play by Ilya Surguchev, and I suspect it may have gone rather better in the original, for Russians are notoriously queer about the home (or so their dramatists have taught us), and the weakness here is mainly a failure to make certain lines of conduct at all convincing.

In particular the behaviour of Sir Brian Brooke (Mr. WYNDHAM GOLDIE) is altogether too carved-from-thegranite, however harsh a view you may take of the effects of a successful career at the Bar on a man's sympathies and understanding. It is bad enough that in normal circumstances he habitually addresses his wife as if she were suspected of arson, but when in the biggest mutual crisis of their lives he assumes the grand Old Bailey manner and only by a miracle checks himself from rolling out "M'lud!" patience is tried. Pomposity may be not unknown in the Temple, but such solid stupidity as Sir Brian displays almost throughout the play never got anyone very far up any tree.

Catherine (Miss Robson) had married

him as his second wife ten years earlier, and having lost her one child had been left more and more on her own as briefs had begun to pour into his chambers. She had run his house well and been kind to his daughter Monica (Miss VICTORIA HOPPER); and after a long resistance she had become the lover of a brilliant young barrister who was her husband's protégé, Mark (Mr. Jack Hawkins).

When an anonymous letter arouses Sir Brian's suspicions, Catherine half persuades him that it is Monica and not herself whom Mark loves, but when Mark discovers that this is the truth and somewhat calmly sets about the conquest of Monica, Sir Brian remains suspicious. At the engage-

ment party he bullies Catherine into giving herself away. As he might have foreseen, this brutal dénouement drives Catherine into unconsciousness and Monica to the edge of suicide; but in spite of it all the youngsters go off gaily to a registrar's office at



WEDDING-PRESENT: A CHANGE FROM TOAST-RACKS

May Drummond . . MISS MURIEL AKED

the end (Mark magnificently unembarrassed), leaving their elders with what novelists call "a new light" springing in their eyes. Sir Brian certainly mellows a good deal in this last Act, but I found Catherine's sudden pleasure at being left alone

with such a man not easy to comprehend.

Yet her situation, which is the core of the play, rings true, and Miss KENNEDY has balanced her character most sensitively, giving to her agonised renunciation a depth of feeling and a humanity in its generosity and in its weakness which are worthy of the genius of Miss Robson, who tears herself to pieces without mercy in what must be a terribly exhausting part. Her most effective scene, I think, is where Catherine explains to Sir Brian; and here Mr. GOLDIE is also at his best, being allowed for a little while to be humble and almost likeable. He has a fine voice and manner and cleverly suggests the kind of mind that is a large booming reservoir of facts. If his performance were keyed down a little it would be improved.

There is not very much to Miss HOPPER's part, but she plays it well in a Tessa-ish sort of way, sings prettily and handles the big moment of Monica's return with skill, though the subsequent scene between father and daughter grew, at least to me, uncomfortably sentimental. Mr. HAWKINS has to suggest a young man of preternatural sang-froid, and contrives to give him charm as well; he rises gracefully superior to the difficult periods of just standing about in which the vicissitudes of the play frequently land him.

Quite irrelevant but always acceptable from such an artist are the incur-

sions of Miss Muriel Aked in the character of a rich suburban aunt. Eric.

# "HIDE AND SEEK" (HIPPODROME)

In Hide and Seek, at the Hippodrome, Miss Cicely Courtneidge and Mr. Bobby Howes play hide-and-seek with the years, moving easily from 1937 to 1890 and back again. We see them at the modern seaside as pierrots. We go back to their parents in an Epsom publichouse half-a-century ago. We go to the Wild West of the same period, and we come to modern New York.

It is a wide range which gives opportunity for scenes that achieve a distinction rarely attained in light musical entertainments. There is a richness and a



CROSS-EXAMINATION IN THE HOME; OR, EMINENT K.C. WORKING OVERTIME

Lady Catherine Brooke. . . MISS FLORA ROBSON Sir Brian Brooke, K.C. . . Mr. WYNDHAM GOLDIE

1937

balance about the colouring and about all of Mr. David Homan's décor which makes the stage over and over again look like a singularly vivacious and satisfying piece of painting. If colour photography had been successfully invented in the last century we might have pictures like the Epsom pictures in *Hide and Seek*; but what the camera could not do, the stage can, and the best period reconstructions are to be seen in this medium.

The story which flows through these delightful settings is a simple and light-hearted affair, but it gives Mr. BOBBY HOWES plenty of scope for that game battling with successive and incessant misfortunes in which he particularly excels. Until the very end his efforts to rise in the world are continually baffled, but his high spirits are unconquerable, and he and Miss COURTNEIDGE have an unshakable faith in the value of a song and dance as the way of getting out of a tight hole. The gangsters, who are of course an essential part of the New York scene, may be tough enough guys, but any chance of success they ever had is lost when the toughest of them, Bennie (Mr. DAVID BURNS). falls in love and succumbs to a strange longing to go straight.

Miss Courtneidge gives a most spirited performance, full of that famous play of the eye, that cocking of the eyebrow, to which the part of a much-sought-after barmaid of 1890 gives particular scope. She has an impressive but not overwhelming dignity behind the bar, with a magnificent disdain for most of her customers.

The comedy of the 1890 part is greatly helped by the more serious and pretentious clothes worn by everybody; and there are moments of pursuit, with the police on the scene, which are pleasantly redolent of the triumphant Victorian farces. They bring back to us how happily those farces were placed, because the clothes of the Victorians lent themselves peculiarly well to the kind of jokes which turn on the destruction of human dignity. It is not at all the same in the New York cabaret, where there is no dignity to be destroyed and the main joke is a simple fear of physical violence.

Hide and Seek is an admirable entertainment; not one with any great number of detachable lyrical plums, but a singularly skilful production blending the constant easy laughter which BOBBY HOWES and CICELY



ROMANCE IN THE NINETIES

Mike . . . . Mr. Bobby Howes

Mabel . . . . Miss Cicely Courtneidge

COURTNEIDGE know so well how to maintain, with an excellently balanced variety in the lesser characters and in the impressive scenes among which their admirable adventures are played to a happy conclusion.

D. W.



CAPITULATION OF THE BUMPERS-OFF OF

Bennie .					MR. DAVID BURNS
					MISS PATRICIA BURKE
Rene	8	*	÷.		
" Ricky"					MR. IAN MACLEAN

## Chronicles of the Golden Age of Sheman Shu

THE EMPEROR GOES SHOOTING.
HASTILY the Woodland God
Blew three Notes upon a Reed,
Speedily the Message spread,

Telling of his urgent Need;
Through the Emperor's golden
Woods,

From the godlet's hollow Tree Sped the glad and pressing News Borne by Birds of Pedigree:

"Sheman Shu, our Well-Beloved, Virtuous, refined and bold, Sallies forth to try his Skill, Bearing Guns inlaid with Gold! With him come a hundred Men, Fearless Hangers-On, and Boys, Bearing costly Staves and Gongs, Paid to make a Cultured Noise; Bottles of the rarest Wines, Choicest Foods and luscious Fruit Further show that noble Shu Braves the Rigours of a Shoot!"

Corpulent and over-fed,
Well preserved from First to
Last,

Game within the royal Woods
Rarely travelled very fast.
Yet though Pheasants, filled with
Grain,

Seldom reached a decent Height, Though the Rabbits, out of Breath, Panted while in laboured Flight, Still the anxious Local God

Knew that Shu might miss the Lot; For the Chaste Omnipotence Frankly was a Ghastly Shot.

> Therefore when the All-Wise One Missed his Mark, the Birds flew back,

So allowing courtly Shu
Chances for another Crack;
Courteously the gracious Fowls
Paused awhile above his
Stand,

Deeming it a Joy to be Plugged by that Enlightened Hand;

Meritorious Conies too Stopped a Moment in their Stride

Lest the loved Sublimity Send his Shot a trifle wide.

So by sundry loyal means
All the Justice-Loving Game
Worked to let Illustrious Shu
Take a fairly steady Aim.
Fearful lest a slender bag
Add to Virtue mild Disgrace,
Happily they ceased to live,

Saving thus the Royal Face.



"THE FACT IS, MY DEAR FELLOW-AND YOU MAY AS WELL ADMIT IT-WE'RE NOT 80 YOUNG AS WE WERE FORTY YEARS AGO.

### The Life Vicarious

"You know Brimps-my cousin?" "Brimps? Is that the one I didn't see that time at Folkestone?"

"That's the one You've never seen him, but you know who I mean."

"Oh, I know who you mean. lives with his mother in Queen's Gate and he had whooping-cough twice as a child. Oh, yes, I know Brimps all right.

"Well, it's really rather awful. He's got a great friend called Alfred Something

"Oh, has he? Do I know about him?"

"As a matter of fact I don't suppose you do. We've none of us really met him much, but of course Brimps has talked about him.

"Of course. Has something awful happened to him?

Not exactly to him. But to the husband of one of his half-sisters. "Has Alfred got half-sisters?"

"Yes. I only knew about them today when I got this letter. It seems that his mother-Mrs. Something, whatever her name is-was left a widow when she was only about twenty-one.

"How awful!"

"Yes, wasn't it frightful? Alfred was only two and a bit.'

How unspeakably grim!" "I know. So after a time she married somebody else, and I don't blame her.

"Nor do I. Not a bit."

"And they had three children-all girls

'What a shame!"

"I don't know whether they minded or not. Anyhow, they had them.'

"Poor things.

"Two of them seem to be in jobs or married, or both, but one of them got married to this architect that all the trouble's about. It's really rather awful.

"Yes, I'm sure it is. Poor things. Do tell me.'

"I am telling you. It seems that the architect-the half-sister's husband-

"Yes, yes, I know." "He's had influenza. But that's not all."

"Isn't it really? How perfectly dreadful!"

"I know, poor things. It seems they had seats for the Russian Ballet, and it was the one thing on earth he wanted to go to, and now he can't-and she won't go without him."

"I must say I call that rather nice of her. I can understand it, you know.

'Yes, so can I. In a way. But I think it makes it almost worse for

"Poor things!"

"And of course they don't want to waste the tickets.'

"No, naturally they don't. It's ghastly, isn't it? Couldn't one do anything?

"Well, that's just it. If only they could change the tickets with somebody they know, who'd kind of leave it open, because it's not absolutely certain he won't be able to go-it's not till next week. And if he can't go next week he could the one after that, almost for certain.

"Yes, I see exactly what you mean. Now do let's think. There must be somebody.

"Yes, that's what I felt."

"Now wait a minute. You know the Hare-Montgomerys?

"The people that those people you met in Wales said they knew when they were in Clifton?"

Yes, those ones. Well, I believe they might know of someone.'

How marvellous!'

Wouldn't it be? Of course I can't be certain, but I do remember being told that they had a friend with an old uncle who went regularly to the Russian Ballet always, and I should think he might be able to change tickets if one could get hold of him somehow.

"Oh, do let's try to get in touch with him, shall we? I feel so frightfully

sorry for them all—don't you?"
"Frightfully. The poor architect, and Alfred's half-sister-and of course Alfred himself must be worried about it all, and naturally that upsets Brimps."

"I really must meet Brimps one

'Yes, you must. Not that I really know him much myself." E. M. D.

"The area and population of each of the Chinese provinces, contained within the fighting lines, is at least equal to those of larger and more densely populated European countries."—Natal Paper.

Come, come! Why this caution? We should say greater.



# The Hedgepig Again

EVER since I wrote my "Natural History Note" inquiring into the tendency of the Dandie Dinmont to carry hedgehogs in pride and triumph to his master or mistress, I have been receiving letters, all emphasising the attraction which those prickly and uncomfortable creatures have for the delicate soft mouths of dogs. But before I attempt to analyse so many testimonies from so many different parts of the country, and one even from Italy, I ought to say that my own dog has done it again. The very next night after my "Natural History Note" was printed, he again arrived. at about ten o'clock, with his trophy, and, laying it ceremoniously at my feet, went off into ecstasies of satisfaction and self-approval. It may, of course, have been the same hedgehog. caught roaming in the same meadow, but as I had had no means of "ringing" the first and, indeed, no thought of doing so, I cannot say. But I hope not. All hedgehogs, especially in a poor light, look much the same to me; but I hope this was a new one. In fact I feel sure it was. In my anecdotage it will always be "another hedgehog.

But although certain of my correspondents tell me of laceration and gore, it does not seem necessary for the dog to be hurt. According to a correspondent at Ilkley, the hedgehog has a furry part underneath which affords its carrier a secure and painless hold. Whether this provision was thoughtfully created against the need of dogs to display devotion, I leave to the biologist to decide; but in a world of wonders I can see no reason to the contrary. At any rate, there the fur

The writer of this particular letter, by the way, has had the unique experience of being able to observe the growth of a real friendship between his Cocker Spaniel and the hedgehog, who, after a day or so, became so attached that they shared the same kennel. The alliance was brought to a tragic close by "a careless young visitor" stepping backwards. I shall not soon forget this "careless young visitor"; I shall group him with the "man from Porlock."

The first thing which this correspondence establishes is that in affection for hedgehogs the Dandie Dinmont enjoys no monopoly. Unalluring as such burdens would seem to be, they appeal equally to the Irish Terrier, to the Wire-haired Fox Terrier, to the



"HAVE YOU A CHEAP TO-AND-PRO TO TAUNTON?"

Black Retriever, to the Golden Retriever, to the Cairn, to the Chow, to the Cocker Spaniel, to the Sealyham and to the Alsatian. All these seem to entertain kindly feelings towards the hedgehog and to use him, like my Dandie, as a means of conveying intimations of loyalty; but the tale of gentleness is rudely interrupted by the achievements of a Scottish Terriewho kills hedgehogs on sight and in one recent morning destroyed eleven.

Loyalty, however, is not all. Thanks must also be included, for my Italian correspondent tells (and types it too, God bless him!) a charming story of three Setters—father, mother and son—who, arriving mysteriously just as his party was sitting down to a picnic at the foot of Monte Rosa, were

induced to stay and partake of the meal. At the close, the Setters, apparently seeing no chance of anything more to eat, trotted off. But they were not so cupboardsome in their love as at first appeared. On the contrary, in a quarter-of-an-hour they returned, the father carrying a live hedgehog, which he laid down beside the lunch-basket as a token of gratitude.

I have left to the last the most remarkable of the records. In this a lady-doctor relates how her Irish Terrier not only evinces homage by means of hedgehogs but sits in her motor-car while she is calling on patients and sounds the horn when the visit seems to have lasted long enough. Medical papers, please copy. . . .

E. V. L.

### Oxford Has Failed Me

(Being just one more of those articles that always crop up at the beginning of the University year.)

I was at Oxford. How well I remember the day that I approached the city of dreaming spires, as it has been so cleverly called. I was fired with a desire to pursue a brilliant University career. I lived only for the morrow. I had no thoughts about the day after to-

My father, a fine old man who had worked his way up from the bottom of a sawmill to the top of a timber warehouse, had early realised that his son was of a literary bent. In order, therefore, that I should have the best possible advantages, he sent me to University College, the centre of Oxford intellectual life. My first impression was of the Matriculation Ceremony, whose simple grandeur moved me to the verge of tears. University professors, gorgeously gowned, stood on all sides while I, dressed in the hired silk knee-breeches which are the correct wear for the occasion. bowed low before the Vice-Chancellor. He, in turn, handed me a book which contained the laws of the community I was now entering, and delivered a gentle homily on the snares of University life.

How earnestly, in those early days, I wished to fulfil the Vice-Chancellor's faith in me. For a whole week my only relaxations from work were strolls through the quaint little quadrangles of Christ Church while I meditated on life. Then one day I ran across a friend from my home town of Macelesfield. He, poor lad, had entered the college of Balliol, notorious throughout Oxford for its dissipation and loose living. Merely to keep him company I began to join those rowdy parties in which beer was drunk by the pint and which seldom ended before midnight.

In vain my teachers and the headmaster of my college implored me to mend my ways. I was caught up in the whirl of riotous living whose force only those who have lived riotously at a University can understand. Not that I succumbed without a struggle. One day as I walked down the spacious cloisters of St. Edmund's Hall I deeided that I would try to reform. By then the long summer holidays were upon us and I was due to go on a "reading party" to Margate. I swore I would work as I never had worked before. Alas for my resolutions there was a fun-fair on the Margate pier which we indolent youths formed a

habit of visiting to fritter away golden hours and copper coins. The vice of the University system had me in its grip.

All this time I was reading the Classics for which Oxford is so famous. Whenever I turned from my pleasures to the winged words of Homer I felt a strange sense of comfort and security, although I could never find out what a single one of them meant. But I could not refrain from asking myself: What good will Homer do me in after-life? I confess I was seldom able to answer myself satisfactorily.

My mind, therefore, was in doubt and turmoil when the time arrived for



SPANISH CHESTNUTS

Chef Eden (after prolonged efforts to take the chestnuts out of the fire). "If only I could hand over this job to Ganzoni!"

["Inside the House of Commons great improvements have been made by the Kitchen Committee, of which Sir John Ganzoni is Chairman,"—Daily Paper.]

my final examinations. Moreover the ceremony itself overawed me. Men known as bulldogs, chosen for their physical ferocity, lined the walls of the examination room. On a dais at each corner sat a professor with an elaborate system of mirrors that enabled him to see the papers of every candidate. Such are the precautions taken to see that no dishonesty occurs. In the trying circumstances it is hardly surprising that I failed to pass.

Oxford had cast me forth without so much as a Pass Degree to my name. A poor reward, you may think, for all the money my father had poured into the University chest. But such is the way of Oxford. What could I do?

Despite the fact that I had thrice contributed articles to the *Isis*, I failed to get a job as dramatic critic to a newspaper. Although I had appeared as a courtier in several O.U.D.S. productions, theatrical agents refused to believe I had dramatic talent. Eton turned down my offer to go there temporarily as a Classical master.

What, then, has Oxford done for me? It has taught me how to hold my ginger-beer like a gentleman and given me a few friends from whom I can borrow money if they don't see me coming; apart from this, nothing. Had I gone straight into business after I left school I might already be a flourishing motor-car salesman. As it is, disillusioned, dispirited, I shall just have to write a novel.

# Question Time

I have noticed for some time a pernicious tendency among novelists. They have got into a habit of asking questions and not giving the answers. "What was he to do?" "What was to become of him?" they ask continually. But they ought to be telling us, not asking us. This is worse than the rhetorical question we toyed with at school ("Does it indeed seem fit to you, O men of Athens, within sight of victory to turn back?"), because it never took much intelligence to answer that.

Something must be done about this tendency, and I am going to do it by writing a book that answers everything. I shall do the answering in footnotes so that any beetle-brain who does not agree with me can read it like a normal novel. Here is a specimen:—

"He walked swiftly back. Why, he wondered, am I doing this? (a). Was it really he who was walking on this road? (b). Or was it some creation of his imagination? (c). Could he be the same person who had walked this way a week before? (d). He paused outside a low wooden gate. Where had he seen just such a gate before? (e). He read the name: 'Mildew-Eaves.' Why did that name affect him so strangely? (f). What half-forgotten memory did it stir? (g). The sky seemed suddenly to darken, or was it his imagination? (h)."

Do you like it?(i).

- (a) For exercise.
- (b) Yes.
- (c) No. (d) Easily.
- (e) In the same place last week.
- f) Because it was a strange name.
- (g) The memory of seeing it last week.
- (h) Imagination.



"CAN YER GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR ME WIFE'S NEURALGIA—THE PAIN'S KEEPING US AWAKE."

# Eucalypticon

My true love hath my cold, and I have his,
Through germ exchange one for another given.
I caught his cough, and mine he could not miss,
There never were more microbes straighter
driven.

My true love hath my cold and I have his.

His cold in me keeps him and me in one Continual sneeze, and mine his sniffles guides. He loathes my cold since now it is his own, I curse at his, because in me it bides. My true love hath my cold and I have his.

## The Implacable

The oldest ship afloat, the last survivor of Trafalgar, dedicated to "the sea-training of youth on its holidays," has now been made serviceable for many years to come. The restoration work done since 1934, when the Committee's last appeal was issued, should last (it is announced) for another century, provided funds are available for the necessary caulking, stopping and painting. A minimum sum of £3,000 has to be found annually for the upkeep of the ship; subscriptions and donations are the sole source of revenue, and you are asked to send yours to the Hon. Treasurer, Implacable Fund, c/o The Society for Nautical Research, Greenwich. S.E. 10.



"AND NOW A CANTATA BY BACH IN B MINOR."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Light on the Levant

THE books on the Near East that Englishmen have written make a singularly impressive array and there can be no doubt that Orientations (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 21/-), as Sir RONALD STORRS, with a characteristic sense of the mot juste, has called his autobiography, will take a high and permanent place among them. To the student of the affairs of the Levant it will always be of first-rate importance, to the lover of good writing always delightful. For Sir RONALD is not only a public servant of great ability who since his earliest days in CROMER'S Egypt has made it his business to understand the peoples he has been called upon to advise or control; he is also an artist and a humanist, true spiritual heir to that legendary generation of public men (among whom his uncle, HARRY CUST, was so radiant a figure) who had time and the inclination to cultivate the Muses and Graces. He organised chamber concerts in Philistine Cairo, read the classics in the desert, and cherished beauty wherever he found it and under whatever stress of circumstance. Yet the realism of his vision and his gift for translating vision into action were largely responsible for the Revolt in the Desert and the achievement of LAWRENCE, whom he worshipped but little this side idolatry. For he is not ashamed of hero-worship or afraid to present his heroes with their human foibles. His portraiture is brilliant. And in the midst of a narrative packed with incident and personalities he has anatomised Zionism with luminous wisdom.

#### Cosa de España

"What a set!" exclaimed MATTHEW ARNOLD, confronted with the SHELLEY-GODWIN menage and its ramifications. "What a set!" repeats Miss V. SACKVILLE-WEST in heartfelt reprobation of her forbears, English and Spanish. Yet what a loss to both life and letters had she allowed the seedy pathos inherent in a magnificently picaresque theme to come between her own accomplished, intimate and sensitive recording and the story of *Pepila* (Hogarth Press, 10/6). Pepita was Miss Sackville-West's grandmother, a Spanish bailarina married off young by a possessive gipsy mother

whose highest dreams were realised when the girl's lovers financed her family. Pepita, however, settled down to left-handed domesticity with Lionel Sackville-West and bore him seven children. Their eldest daughter became her father's hostess at the British Legation in Washington, married her cousin, the heir to Knole, and produced her present biographer. For Pepita's legend is followed by that of Victoria Josefa, the legend of a similar naïve exploitation of unbridled charm with a similarly tragic ending. The extraordinary wealth of detail, which is half the book's enchantment, is due to discerning use of the evidence collected by the family when Pepita's sons made a vain attempt to establish their legitimacy.

#### O. S.

Once again the familiar initials. In Owen Seaman: A Selection (METHUEN, 7/6) the editors "have sought to embrace the author's best work in the several veins and periods covered by his huge output." This must have been a difficult job; there was never an anthology yet that satisfied everybody. To take an example, Sir Owen had at one period an undoubted relish for girding at the EX-KAISER and Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN; but these personages cut no ice to-day, and one can recall poems here omitted to which they might have yielded place. That, however, is a matter of private taste, and there is (of course) nothing but praise to be given to a book which in its flawless craftsmanship should be treasured by all who take any interest in light verse. And not all light. It is a queer fact that, in spite of the cold perfection of "O.S.'s" technique, the cumulative effect of a small collection of elegiac verses at the end is the strongest impression left by the book. On SEAMAN as editor Mr. C. L. Graves touches in his excellent introduction, and he makes a reference to an "auxiliary band" of writers outside the actual staff which, coming from a distinguished member of that body, is singularly graceful. And now for our triumph. The editors have spelt FITZGERALD—the Omar FITZGERALD—with a small "G." What would OWEN have said?

#### On with the Dance . . .

One wonders, on and off, why there is anything sacred about the so-called standard of living, particularly in the case of a class that has plenty of superfluous luxury still to jettison. While the poor who have next to nothing to put in a larder are considered by the health authorities incomplete without one, the governing classes, as depicted in



" How the blazes am I to get another secretary?"

The Black Virgin (HEINEMANN, 7/6), are straining every nerve to keep their pâté de foie gras. It is all very odd; and one cannot but hope that Miss MARY BORDEN has drawn upon imagination rather than life in portraying the house-party, "gay but not messy," to which Jock Barnaby, Under-Secretary of State, returns for the Christmas vacation. Barnaby is in for trouble. His wife, originally a divorcée, is perpetually giving him notice; and her once impressive fortune has been misinvested by an insolvent brother who is bent on restoring his bank-balance by worming an official secret out of Barnaby. This process and its welcome but unconvincing climax are the not particularly adequate staple of a novel whose chief merit lies in depicting the effect of domestic and financial instability on children and old people.

#### The Sound of the Horn

The Foxhunter's England is
A link in that garland green
Which is SEELEY SERVICE'S
Sequence, "The English Scene."
General GEOFFREY BROOKE
For Nimrods and Dianas
Has made this happy book,
And a better right no man has.

When gossamer shrouds the lawn
And in tiffany wakes the sun,
Here we may ride at dawn
Where the varminty red cubs run;
And still on a winter's noon
We of our author's bounty
May follow his bitch-pack's tune
And a fox from across the county.

Ere the leaf falls down to the ground As when forests wave forlorn Do you love the cry of a hound And the twang of the tuneful horn? Then here is your book of both, And as for that book you'll love it While a fox is nothing loth And a hunt is a thing to covet.

#### Butterfly in the Sun

Transgressor in the Tropics (GOL-LANCZ, 10/6) is one of those disturbing books that make Mayfair flats and peach houses and scratch handicaps and prosperous businesses seem of small account compared with the marvels many and many wonders that reward the most tepid indulgence in wanderlust. Mr. Negley Farson is a butterfly among wanderers, flitting from town to town, from political personage to political personage from

personage to political personage, from bar to bar, in search of ephemeral knowledge and easy-going if sometimes trivial experience. His book leaves you with little to remember and a deep regret that





WOMAN-EVER UNREASONABLE

"HANDS UP! OR I FIRE!!"

F. H. Townsend, November 2nd, 1904.

circumstances have never permitted you to go transgressing in the tropics, seeing things and meeting queer people for yourself. Mr. Farson is a true Conquistador of the mind who faces the local calaboose-and South American jails are good places to keep out of-as readily as he quizzes the latest dictator. He realises that the proper study of mankind is man, with woman as light relief and manners and customs, mixed drinks, primitive transport, blue seas, towering Andes, bullfights, biting flies and bad cooking as a sort of ever-changing backcloth to the moving show. It is a deal easier in these days, when you can reach the East Indies in a week and travel a thousand miles up the Amazon on a luxury cruise, to reach the ends of the earth than to see a new world when you get there. Mr. FARSON has that happy knack, and that is why Transgressor in the Tropics has more entertainment in it, and here and there perhaps a more exact focus, than many a book of travel whose author probes deeper and has a more definite intellectual objective before him.

### **Ouality and Quantity**

The Dangerous Years (HUTCHINSON, 8/6) of Mr. GILBERT

FRANKAU'S latest novel occur between the sinking of the Titanic and the fall of the Alcazar. Charlotte Carteret lost her husband in the first disaster and her (though not his) son in the last one. Although this young man and his father were attractive ne'er - do - wells who both 'made good" in the end, the author has avoided sentimentality as dexterously as he has guarded the reader from boredom. There is not a yawn in the six-hundred-and-eightysix pages, which is remarkable considering that there is scarcely a laugh either. Perhaps the secret is that Mr. FRANKAU makes all his people even the prigs and bounders -likeable, and knows the world so well. His latest pictures of life during war

and peace in hunting-field, manor, school, office, studio and cellar-hospital are as good as knowledge and understanding and skill can make them. His publishers describe this as his greatest novel, and perhaps they are right.

### The Simple Great Ones Gone

While fame would seem to be nothing but a nuisance in life and of no practical value whatever after death, there are still a number who pursue it, and for these Miss Theodora Benson and Miss Betty Askwith have expressly written the latest of their joint works, How to be Famous, or, The Great in a Nutshell (Gollancz, 6/-). Looking back at the biggest wigs of history and literature, these irreverent partners comment on the qualities and methods which have brought success; sometimes they are very funny and sometimes they are only faintly so, relying too much on what is known to professional humorists as the Coot Gambit, or that of absolute baldness. "The Spartan boy let a fox eat his inside without giving the

animal away. He thus established himself as the dumber and friendlier of the two," shows them at their best; whereas they fill a whole page with "Machiavelli plotted with unscrupulous craft. Machiavelli didn't plot," and "President Monroe had a doctrine." On the other hand Mr. NICOLAS BENTLEY, their illustrator, never once misses fire. His multiple portrait of Mrs. BRIGHAM YOUNG and his impression of Mollère trying out a script on his housemaid are in particular things to contemplate with gratitude.

### High Tension

In The Divine Society (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) Baroness Orczy relates the misdeeds of the Carbonari, a secret society whose chief aim was murder; Napoleon III. being among those earmarked for sudden and explosive death. The Baroness handicaps herself by making Orsini, the head of this gang, so crazy and indiscreet that it is hard to believe in his magnetic power. She, however, puts up a gallant though not quite successful fight against this

handicap. On the other hand her portraits of two brothers, who in turn fall under the influence of *Orsini*, are drawn with admirable restraint. And the long-suffering heroine deserved the happiness which she ultimately received.



". . . OTHERS SAY IT'S JUST A CLEVER FAKE."

#### Injustice

Rhapsody in Fear (GOL-LANCZ, 7/6) has been labelled "a crime novel," and it would be difficult to find a more accurate description of Mr. JOHN NEWTON CHANCE'S latest story. At the outset a young and promising surgeon, Raymond Fielding, is sentenced to three years' imprisonment for a crime that he did not commit. Eventually released, friendless and obsessed by the idea of discovering the criminal

by whom his life had been ruined, he is helped by a little man whose acquaintance he had made in prison; and with the assistance of this underwordling the hunt is in a sense successful. Novels of revenge can in all conscience be tiresome enough, but Mr. Chance's has avoided many pitfalls, and the tale as a whole will add to its author's growing reputation.

#### In a Good Cause

Mr. Punch commends to his readers the appeal of the London Fever Hospital, which is in urgent need.

Early in December a special Midnight Matinée is to be held at the London Coliseum. This, it is hoped, will raise a substantial part of the £30,000 required for building and the additional income needed for management. Donations to help towards raising the rest should be sent to W. Elliot Dixon, the Secretary, London Fever Hospital, Liverpool Read, N.1.

#### Charivaria

On the day of his arrival in this country, PRIMO CARNERA Was served with a writ for £124 incometax. This was undoubtedly the Inland Revenue's round by a wide margin.

"America watches the difficulties of the British frontier in India with sympathy," says a writer. It is good to know that, according to a recent Hollywood film, SHIRLEY TEMPLE is on our side.

"There will be no great war in Europe," states The Daily Express. We take it that the Dictators do actually read The Daily Express?

It is suggested that babies should be allowed to choose their own food. Just as the price of coal has gone up!

Worms more than two feet long have been found in Central America. The early bird that gets one of these will probably spend the rest of its life in a bath-chair.

At a recent meeting of an anti-superstition organisation, it was noticed that there were some members who still considered it un-

lucky to light three automatic lighters from the same match.

"Change," we are reminded by a business magnate,

Two American chemists claim that by adding synthetic alcohol they can make water wetter. An even easier method of course is to leave it out in the rain all night.

"Two Evenings Merge." Heading on "World's Press News" Poster. Another experiment with Time?

Everything is now normal between Paraguay and Bolivia. Having looked round at world-affairs in general, they unanimously decided that they just couldn't compete.

According to an old superstition it is very unlucky to turn back when somebody whistles to you. Fancy our Airedale being super-

\* \* \*

"The skunk," says a naturalist, "is a small quadruped carnivorous found on the North American continent." We can't

imagine it ever being lost.

stitious!

"What have Americans done that we haven't?" asks a writer. one place.

The Tower of London, for

Things That Might Have Been Better Expressed.

"One of the problems in the city of Karachi is to secure pure butter and pure milk in spite of the vigilance of the Health Department."—Indian Paper.

A fire-engine formed part of the bridal procession at the wedding of a fireman recently. There was, of course, no escape.

"is essential to progress." Taxi-

drivers don't care.

In Indiana the State authorities report that they have a balance in hand in the Treasury. Accidents will happen in the best Government Departments.



A 'flu cocktail has been invented, and hot whisky is also recommended as a preventive. There is evidently a determined campaign to popularise the complaint.

Convicts in certain American prisons are encouraged to grow flowers. Wall-climbing plants, however, are looked upon with a good deal of suspicion.

## Diplomatic Incident

"You know how it is with dreams," I said; "they skip about so. One moment you're in your old prep. school gymnasium talking to a bishop, the next you may be on board ship trying to convince a man in a bowler-hat that your life is already insured. I resent that. I like to take one thing at a time. It was seldom enough in the old days, Heaven knows, that one got a chance to talk to a bishop in the gymnasium. Why, when the experience comes to one late in life and in sleep, should it be cut off in this peremptory fashion? And what becomes of the bishop? Have you ever thought, Mallaby, of the miserable lot of those other people in one's dreams who are perpetually being extinguished before they have even had time to explain their presence or apologise for their unorthodox It makes me quite angry. There was a fellow called Hobson, I remember, who was always cropping up in my dreams at one time, but he never stayed long enough

to tell me why he was wearing a fez."
"Ah!" said Mallaby, without looking up from his paper. "Well, that's what I mean about dreams, generally speaking. They aren't satisfactory. They flit about and get you nowhere. But the other night I had one that really stuck to the point. It was consistent. It-it cohered. And upon my soul, Mallaby, looking back on it, I'm not sure I don't prefer the other sort after all. I don't know when I've been so embarrassed.'

Really ?"

"Yes, really. It was dreadful. You see, I was at one of these big receptions that all the Ambassadors attend-

"I didn't know you went to that kind of affair."

"I don't. Only in this dream-

"What dream?

"This dream I'm telling you about."

"Are you telling me about a dream?"
"My dear fellow," I said patiently, "I am trying to tell you about a most remarkable dream which came to me a night or two ago.'

Good heavens!" said Mallaby, and went back to his paper. "Well, as I was saying, there I was at this reception surrounded by Ambassadors in gorgeous uniforms and Ministers looking extraordinarily plenipotentiary in kneebreeches and here and there, so it seemed to me, a shrink-



"As CHILDREN, NO ONE COULD TELL US APART."

ing Chargé d'Affaires. We were in a room-a chamber. perhaps even a salon-of magnificent proportions. And the appointments! There were paintings by great Masters, there were chandeliers, Mallaby, there were crab sandwiches everything was of the very best. At first, after a quick glance to see that I too was in knee-breeches, I was far from alarmed. 'It will pass,' I said to myself regretfully-'at any moment it will pass and I shall find myself at a circus or back in that confounded gymnasium.' But it didn't pass. It all stayed just as it was. And by-and-by people began to come up and speak to me. 'Good evening, your Excellency,' they would say, so I knew that I too was of ambassadorial rank.

Now as those who came up to me turned away I noticed a curious thing. The name of their country was printed in gold lettering across their backs-Chile, Greece, Mexico, and so on. A pleasant custom, I thought, but so much more helpful if the names had been in front. It is awkward not to know whom one is addressing until he goes away, and for an Ambassador it is downright dangerous. I stood in constant dread of being too friendly with some country with whom our relations are at the moment strained, or vice versa; until I hit on the expedient of standing near a coffee-urn, so that the backs of all who spoke to me were reflected in its shining surface. Even so LATVIA is a tricky word to recognise spelt backwards.

"I had disposed of EGYPT, VENEZUELA, SIAM and half-adozen others in this way when I had a terrible shock. A gentleman who looked like URUGUAY in the urn leant forward confidentially. 'I hope Great Britain is coming round to your point of view,' he said.

"The room, the salon, spun round me. All the time, you see, I had taken for granted that I was British, and now my whole status was undermined. I didn't know what country I was representing. Was ever Ambassador in such a delicate situation? Turn and twist as I would-and I assure you, Mallaby, knee-breeches are not adapted for turning and twisting-I could not get so much as a glimpse of my back. The responsibility was enormous. Suppose GERMANY were to come up and I was excessively chilly, I might split the Rome-Berlin axis in twain. Or if I embraced him and turned out to be Russia, what on earth would FRANCE think? Of course there were a number of countries that I knew I was not-CHILE and LATVIA and MEXICO for instance, but if I was to work by a method of elimination I felt certain I should cause a war, or at least a re-orientation

of European policy before I was through."
"Why 'nutty'?" said Mallaby suddenly. "What do you mean, 'why nutty'?

"It's an advertisement here," he said, waving his paper. "I can't understand it. The advertising people seem to think that everyone has a passion for nuts. Bread, beer and tobacco, the three essentials, if you omit cheese, of the Good Life-they're all spoken of as having 'the real nutty flavour.' Why? I don't like nuts. I doubt if anybody does. And yet we are all supposed to want our bread and our beer and even our smokes tasting of the confounded things.

"But, Mallaby," I said, "what has all this got to do with my dream?

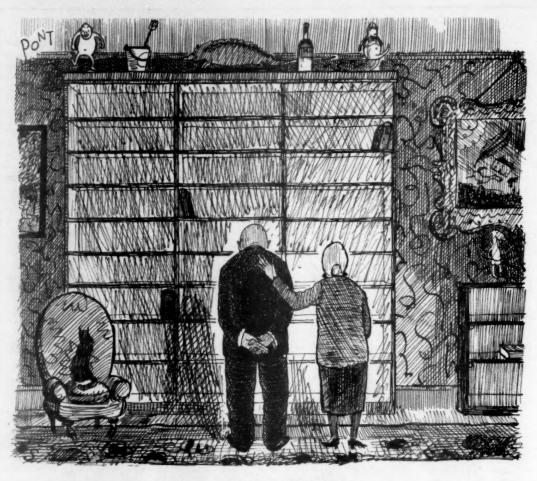
"Have you been dreaming?" he asked curiously.
"I'm telling you," I said, "if you'd only listen. There I was at this great reception, not knowing in the least who I was, and trying to see my back in a coffee-urn. Imagine my predicament! Then the worst happened. I saw JAPAN approaching me. My mouth went dry and my knees began to quiver. Suppose,' I said to myself, 'just suppose I'm

"And at that moment, of course, you woke up." "No, I didn't," I said. "I took a chance and sloshed H. F. E. him.



THE EFFRONTERY OF AGE

Japan. "CONFOUND IT! THE AGGRESSIVE WRETCH SEEMS TO BE DETERMINED TO DEFEND HIMSELF."



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

A TENDENCY NOT TO RETURN BORROWED BOOKS

## The Pleasure of Your Company

"Look here, Father," said Christopher—"it's time we gave a party again. What about the twentieth?"

"Is it time we gave a party?" said Mr. Caraway. "Why?"

"Well, everyone says so. It is too."
"Everyone?" said Mr. Caraway,
raising his eyebrows.

"Well, everyone I've asked."

"Do you go around asking people if it's time we had a party?" "I mean everyone I've asked to the

party, Father.'

No one said anything for a time. Somewhere in the room a piece of barley-sugar was being crunched nervously.

"What party?" said Mr. Caraway

Stephen laughed. "That's good, Father. We've got back to the beginning again."

"I'm not sure that we ought to have one just yet," said Mrs. Caraway. "I did promise the people next-door that we wouldn't for some time."

"But it is some time," said Christopher wearily. "That's what I've been saying. Besides," he added in a more practical tone, "I doubt if anyone will bring a barrel-organ this time. Still, I suppose we'll have to ask the next-door people or they'll keep ringing up."

"Don't let's just ask the usual crowd," said Stephen. "Let's make it different."

"It always boils down to the same

people," said Christopher. "At least, there's always a nucleus of people we've known for ages, and then a few that we've never seen before and never see again."

"Like that man who came in a turban," said Stephen, "and I went and made that awful remark about niggers."

"I must ask Mrs. Grace," said Mrs. Caraway; "she sent me a card from Santa Margherita."

"Good heavens, Mother, it isn't that sort of party! This is for people we like."

"And Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett," went on Mrs. Caraway, "and George of course; and we'll have to ask Alice because the poor girl has such an unhappy life——"

"Hey!" said Christopher. "This is a party, not a social rescue centre.

Don't forget, Mother, that a party should be given for the hosts' benefit. We haven't got to ask anybody. Except," he added meditatively, "old Passmore. I'll have to ask him along, blast him! And we'd better ask those Trivett people too. I do wish those Trivetts wouldn't ask us to their beastly parties."

"Well, we didn't go," said Stephen. "I say, that reminds me. We never wrote and apologised for forgetting."

"Well, then, we can't ask them, thank heaven! We can't ask the Farmers either—they hate the Chalks, and we must have them because of Robert playing the piano.'

"It seems to me," said Mr. Caraway, "that your friends are made up mostly of people you must ask and people

you mustn't.'

"Yes, but they change about," said Christopher. "I mean, there's David, for instance-he was a 'must' last time because of that girl with the exciting name he was going to bringwhat was her name?

"Tanis," said Stephen.

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"I've never noticed it," said Mr. Caraway. "Every party we have is exactly the same as all the others."

"Well, we'll make this different, anyway. We'll have games."
"Guessing games?" suggested Mrs.

Caraway.

'Huh!" said Stephen.

"Well, what sort of games, then? I can't have that one where you turn out the photograph-drawer and play that whist game. I've lost a lot of our old photographs that way.

"Only the ones of old Grandpa, Mother. They were always trumps. Anyway, that game's hopelessly out of date. What we want is something pretty intellectual to scare the dull people away, but not too intellectual because of all the sherry.

"All the what?" said Mr. Caraway "Let me tell you this, sharply. Christopher. You'll have to pay for

this party yourself."

"How can I, Father? Besides, if Mother's going to ask all those old buzzards-

"It was your idea, and you can pay for it. And your mother can invite whomever she likes. It's not-

"Whoever," corrected Stephen. " 'Whomever' is actually right," said Christopher, "though definitely pedantic and not colloquial. I remember looking it up in FOWLER.

"It isn't right," said Stephen.

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"'Tisn't either."

"'Tis too.' "Either."

"Too."

"For heaven's sake stop that!" said their father, exasperated. "I don't want this party at all. Why should I spend a lot of money so that your friends can make a ghastly noise? I loathe the whole idea.

'There's no need to make all this fuss just because I mention sherry,' Christopher grumbled. "You always have as much as anybody. We must get some gin in as well," he added

thoughtfully.

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"Good! that rules out the Bartletts," said Christopher. "She's such an awful woman-always gets everything just wrong. She asked me once if I'd seen The Lost Horizon and Good Earth."

"And had you?" said Mr. Caraway. "Let it go," sighed Christopher. "It's too subtle for you, Father. It's something your generation just can't

"Well, something else my generation can't see," said Mr. Caraway, "is why anyone should want to give a party when it only means a lot of quarrelling beforehand, a good deal of senseless talk during it, and a headache afterwards. And yet you say it's for the hosts' benefit.

"Senseless talk? Why, I've made many of my most brilliant remarks at parties. They come tumbling out. You find people discussing the most extraordinarily varied subjects, while at tea-parties they don't get much beyond servants or books read. And nobody minds a hangover-anyway, it doesn't last long. As for quarrelling beforehand, we wouldn't do it if you didn't make all these difficulties and insist on inviting impossible people.'

"Your mother can invite-"And what's all this Fairchild stuff about 'your mother,' I should like to know? We might be wearing lace collars and long ringlets from the way you talk. That's the trouble with-

"Yes," agreed Stephen. "Always repressing us. Weren't you ever—
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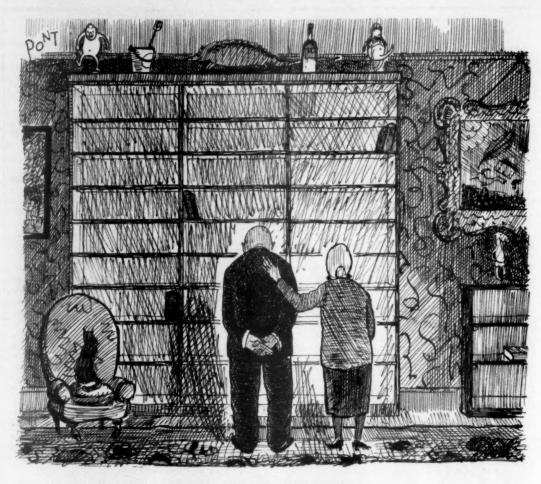
"All right!" said Mr. Caraway, flinging down his book. "Have your confounded party. Throw the house open to all the young fools in the district. Get bales and bales of hashish and see if you can make 'em any stupider. Let's have the whole neighbourhood ringing up the policestation to complain about the noise. It isn't my house. I only pay for it. I like to see rings of sherry on the piano afterwards. I like having glass and cigarette-ash trodden into the-

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"Then that's settled," said Christopher. "Stephen, get a bit of paper and we'll make a list. Now, these are the people we don't really want, and these here are the ones we'll ask to stay on late. . . .



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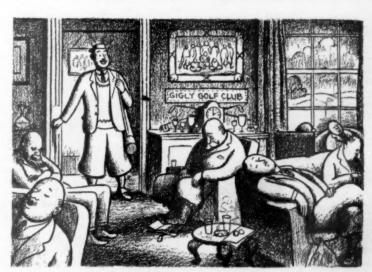
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## Everyman's Is That So

#### A Thousand-and-One Fearless Facts

(This is by no means intended as a rival to the popular work of a somewhat similar character which has just appeared on the market. On the other hand it should be regarded as supplementary in that the information to be found here is not at all likely to be found anywhere else.

Readers will observe that items are not arranged under alphabetical order, or indeed any other kind of order. The present arrangement was adopted because the editor thought of the items in that sequence. It is hoped that readers will think of them in the same sequence. Then everything will be quite simple and we shan't want an index.

Next week's issue, if we can think of any more things we want to tell you, may appear next week.)

# Do THEY HAVE ROLLER-SKATES IN VENICE?

Venice, as is widely known, has canals instead of streets. Thus roller-skates would be very little use to the average Venetian. However, it is impossible to say that none of the inhabitants possesses a pair of roller-skates—a relic perhaps of the good old days when he (or she) lived in Turin or Milan or even Rome.

Venice is built on three hundred-andsixty-five separate islands and is famous for its cathedral of St. Mark.

#### DID TENNYSON EVER PLAY THE BASSOON?

ALFRED, Lord TENNYSON, was an ardent lover of music on the bassoon, a taste which he inherited from COLERIDGE. He was fond of playing in the garden at night, when he would often be joined by ROBERT BROWNING on the flute and DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, then a young man, on the violin, in trios with which they would regale the flowers for long stretches on end. A hint of this may be found in Maud:—

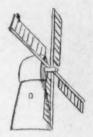
#### "All night the roses have heard The flute, violin, bassoon."

Tennyson was very fond of introducing musical similes into his work, but he has been criticised for having written in *The Brook* about "little sharps and trebles," which, according to purists, does not make sense. When taxed with this the poet is said to have remarked, "The fault is with the printers, not with me. What I wrote was 'little *sharks* and trebles.' I referred of course to the trebles in the cathedral choir, who, as you probably know, are often to be found at the bottom of the brook."

#### HOW MANY SAILS HAS A WINDMILL?

The most common form of windmill in this country is the four-sailed windmill with four sails. Others are to be seen, especially in the North and South, the West Country and East Anglia, which have two, three, five, six, seven, eight, nine and/or ten sails. If you see a windmill with one sail you can be

pretty sure that the other three have dropped off.



This is the famous windmill at Rumbleton, Suffolk, with a parrot perching on one of the sails. In 1924 Percy, the pet parrot belonging to Mrs. Archer of Rumbleton, escaped from its cage and took refuge on the windmill. Several days elapsed before the bird was finally enticed back to captivity. Parrots, if turned loose, could not long endure the rigours of the English climate.

#### WHY HAS A COW GOT FOUR LEGS?

The common domestic ox, of which the cow is the female, is descended from the giant oxen which flourished in the Pleistocene, Pliocene and Plastocene Ages. Nature seldom does anything without a good reason, and it is probable that these beasts were provided with four legs—one at each corner, that is—because if they had had any fewer they would not have balanced. Try cutting off one leg of a cow and see how awkwardly it stands.

The minimum number of legs upon which an object will rest stable is three. The fourth is provided so that when one is used for walking there will still be equilibrium. In the case of the octopus, and still more so of the centipede, we can only assume that there is more in it than meets the eye.

#### WHAT IS THE ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE "TO THROW ONE'S CAP OVER THE MILL" ?

The expression was certainly used by Madame de Sévigné in the letter to her daughter dated April 26th, 1671, but it is not likely that she invented it. After all, why should she? More probably it is derived from the old Provençal custom, still to be observed in some parts, of throwing caps, hats or bonnets over a mill to mark some special occasion.

#### CAN A BALL ROLL UPHILL?

To determine whether or not a ball can roll uphill a simple experiment can be performed. All that is required is a ball of steel, rubber, platinum or some



"TO HEEL, CHAMPION PEERLESS OF BRAMBLEMERE."

other material and an inclined plane long enough for the ball to roll on. (Your local carpenter will knock you

up one for a few pence.)

Place the ball at the bottom of the inclined plane and give it a shove upwards. It will be seen to be rolling up the plane, that is to say, from the bottom to the top. If, however, the ball is placed at any point in the plane and released without any impetus being given, it will roll down the slope, that is to say, from the top towards the bottom. This is due to the Law of Gravity.

WHAT SORT OF BIRDS ARE THOSE?

What, those? Oh, you mean the ones in the picture. Those are sparrows, larks, chiffchaffs, goldfinches, thrushes, magpies, sedge warblers,



hedge - warblers, honey - buzzards, swans, dodos, ostriches or penguins. You really can't tell when they're so far off.

Sedge-warblers may easily be distinguished from hedge-warblers by the initial letter, which in one case is "s" and in the other "h."

## WHAT WAS THE CONSPIRACY TO MURDER BILL?

The Conspiracy to Murder Bill was a wicked conspiracy entered into by a junta of five men to murder a man called Bill. The Government of the time, anxious to prevent such a horrible crime, passed an Act of Parliament which made it illegal to murder anyone called Bill, and the sign, "Stick No Bills," still frequently to be seen, is a warning which dates from that era.

The "Junta" was so called because it was composed of five politicians called CLIFFORD, ARLINGTON, BUCKINGHAM, ASHLEY COOPER and LAUDERDALE.

#### WHO IS THE CLEVEREST MATHEMA-TICIAN IN NEWCASTLE?

There are several claimants to the title, of whom the two most likely candidates are Mr. Percy Hotchkiss, of Acacia Walk, and Mr. Alf Pope, of



"DEFINITELY A HOUSE WITH CHARACTER, MADAM!"

Corporation Villas. Mr. Hotehkiss has been known to extract by inspection the square root of  $35a^2+17a^2b^4+\frac{8}{8}(4a^2-91ab+5b^4)$  (a-b-c)-4xyz; while Mr. Pope once expanded  $(13a+5b-c)^{108}$  without the use of the Binomial Theorem and moreover with his eyes shut.

It is difficult to say which of these feats is the more difficult; but as Mr. Pope's is by far the more useless it is generally conceded that he won the palm. What he is going to do with it remains to be seen.

WHO WAS "BONNY BLUEBELL" ?

"Bonny Bluebell" was the name applied to a young woman at one time prominent in British child-welfare circles. She had a pair of magic gloves,

and had only to wish for whatever it was she wished for to come true. Later in life she went in for detective work.

She came of a very old family and is said to have been one of the Bluebells of Scotland.

#### The Simplicity of Scots Law

"The pursuer returned a unanimous verdict for the pursuer, and assessed the damages at £230."—Scots Paper.

"We had written O tempores! O mores! at the head of this note, but our young friend Smith minor pointed out that mores stands for quite a different kind of customs."

Professional Paper.

Smith major, perhaps, might have been even more discouraging.

#### At the Pictures

PAUL MUNI AND GLADYS GEORGE

IT is amusing to watch the efforts of the cinema magnates in search of new materials. The best of the old ones having been exploited and worn out, they seem for the moment to be relying on the allurement of political corruption. This is not a theme of much interest to us; but in the last few days I have seen two American pictorial campaigns for cleaner civic life and the expulsion of undesirable mayors and editors. The best of these was Exclusive, notable for a very fine performance-by far the best thing in it-by CHARLIE RUGGLES, as a bibulous but loyal newspaper-man. I would not describe the picture as good, but many of the most popular ingredients are there, including the escape by motorcar of a heroine who has played too fast and too loose with our sympathies. and the pursuit of a crook amidst machinery by an infuriated mob. And at the end RUGGLES dies to slow music, and virtue triumphs.

Exclusive, however, treats only of municipal hanky-panky in a small way. The great film of the moment, The Life of Emile Zola, extends its scope to malfeasance in the French Army itself. In this the degradation and rehabilitation of ALFRED DREYFUS constitute the story. Dreyfus, who, once, unless my ears deceived me, is miscalled Albert, just as Maître Labori, who, by the way, is several inches too short, is once addressed by the President of the Court as "Monsieur," seemed to me to be found guilty by his fellow-officers at an impossible speed. There is not, I know, in two hours, time to relate all the essentials of such a complication as the famous "affaire" but I confess to being shocked by the rapid readiness of the French Military Staff to find a scapegoat, and it was a grief to me that General PATY DU CLAM (whom Mr. Dooley used to call "Pat the Clam") was out of the cast. General Henri, however, is here and duly commits suicide, and Zola emerges from his exile at Sydenham to die of a mixture of over-work and accidental asphyxiation.

As to Paul Muni as Zola, I am doubtful. To some extent he looks the part, although the Zola that I can remember had a hundred more lines in his forehead and an air of intense concentration, perplexity and weariness which are missing. Nor, on the screen, does his championship of Dreyfus seem to come in the least from

within, as in real life it must have done, but rather casually after a call on the novelist (who has been buying live lobsters for dinner) by *Dreyfus's* unageing wife. This means that when



COURT ADDRESS No. 1
Emile Zola . . . . . . PAUL MUNI

the time comes for Zola's great appeal to the jury, it is far less convincing than it ought to be. The best performance is, I think, that of JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT as Dreyfus.



COURT ADDRESS No. 2

Jacqueline Fleuriot . . GLADYS GEORGE
Raymond Fleuriot . . . JOHN BEAL

Madame X is an adaptation for the screen of a stock French melodrama by Brisson, of which two

silent versions have already been played. I did not see either-in one of them the principal part being taken by PAULINE FREDERICK and in the other by RUTH CHATTERTON-but I eannot think that, however different they may have been, either of their performances was better than that given by GLADYS GEORGE in the new speaking film. Apart altogether from the presentation of Madame Fleuriot in her steady decline from refinement to drunkenness-all the while keeping sacred a certain reserve of nobility-GLADYS GEORGE'S rendering is remarkable for the skill with which the ravages of time and trouble have been registered in the actress's appearance, chiefly in her face and her hair. I wish I had seen PAULINE FREDERICK and RUTH CHAT-TERTON so that I might compare with the latest Madame Fleuriot their readiness to be uglified and coarsened: no small concession in a beautiful woman.

But the whole cast of the film is more than adequate, from the husband, Warren William (whose only fault is that he cannot help looking amused), to, say, Henry Daniell, the villain, and John Beal, as the young advocate. Whether, however, with the faithful Rose on one side and two blackmailers on the other, it would have been possible to prevent the truth, as between Monsieur and Madame Fleuriot and their son, from leaking out, is doubtful. Still, the play's the thing.

E. V. L.

#### Hum Muum

["On the South Coast of the Gulf of Mexico."—A GAZETTEER.]

Hum Muum— a name of enormous potentialities. The haunt perhaps of some degraded Voodoo sect, the scene of nightly rites of unspeakable horror transplanted from nearby Haiti. Or was it once the summer palace of some forgotten dynasty of kings, now decaying and brooding over its ancient glories, ghost-haunted?

Exotic orchids of fabulous value may bloom there, or a rare and fragrant liqueur be distilled from age-old recipes. Did Drake put in to careen there, or the Spanish gold trains creak past its adobe huts?

Hum Muum. Gigantic butterflies, vivid as the dawn, flitting unmolested through jungle clearings. Speckled lizards on sun-baked stones.

But reality surpasses all these. In deathless verse the chart betrays its secret—"Hum Muum (Huts and Cokernuts)."



"This one should not be held in the hand, Sir."

#### Michael

Whose precocity was lately chronicled in the Press.

Blow the fife and sound the trumpet;
Lift a shindy loud and long;
He that likes it not can lump it;
I for once am going strong.

Michael I sing, the gifted son Of Patterson, N.J., Who at the early age of one When systems, people say, Are all too easily upset,

Deeply enjoyed his frequent cigarette.

The gentle years passed by, and still
That infant seemed to thrive,
And grew a seasoned vessel till
Now, when he's just passed five,
He tackles, nightly, a cigar;
And if you're after richness, here you are.

Bang the big drum, beat the timbal; Horns, announce the hardened Mike; To it, trombone; at it, cymbal; This is really something like.

Yet, though an earnest devotee,
He is not wholly ripe,
And goodly will that moment be
When first he starts a pipe,
That the starts a pipe,

That source from which the dullest mind

Imbibes grave thoughts—e'en wisdom of a kind.

See with what joy he fills the bowl; Observe with what aplomb He wafts fair visions of the soul And soaring dreams therefrom;

Fit subject he for that full boon; EINSTEIN will not be in it with him soon.

Softly now, you flutes and fiddles;

Low and ever lower sink; Hushed the tone and faint the twiddles

Let the little beggar think.

And praise we now his sire and dam
Who when they saw their dear
Serenely smoking in his pram
Forbore to clip his ear,

But offered him a match with joy, And called their neighbours in to see the boy.

And they shall share his young success,

Enjoying, with the name Of Michael ringing through the Press

A fifty-fifty fame,

And bask in his reflected light; Then smoke, young Michael. Everyone's all right.

> Now in music broad and stately, Band, your whole caboodle blend;

And may Michael prosper greatly.

So may I. And that's the end. Dum-Dum.

"The orchestral items were 'Entracte Fragrance' and 'Dance of anyone musically inclined will be heartily occasion.

"There are vacancies in the choir."

Daily Paper.

They'd rather have simpler music, perhaps.

#### The Pathfinder

It is difficult—but not impossible—to reconstruct this story. It is not, as you may be inclined to think, a murder story, although in a way it might have been. No, no, nothing like that. Simply a straightforward account of how Uncle Egbert and Laura went to look at a waterfall in South Wales.

Now with Aunt Emma Laura has never been what I should call a whole-hearted success. Aunt is apt to say that she often wonders what it is exactly that prompts one's choice of friends. Is it, she says musingly, just blind chance or is it something deeper that leads one to look below the surface in the hope of perhaps finding better things? And from the way she says it there isn't much doubt that she favours the blind chance theory and thinks rather badly of it into the bargain.

As for Laura, she just says that life is difficult enough already without having to speak French every time the house-parlourmaid comes into the room, or remembering that the green vase goes on the Queen Anne bureau and the blue one on the right-hand side of the Benares table that poor dear William brought home just after the Crimea.

"HE SAYS IT'S NOT FOR SALE, MY LORD."

Between Uncle Egbert and Laura, however, a happier state of things prevails. After Uncle Egbert once said that she distinctly reminded him in certain lights of a very dear second cousin with whom he used to play a good deal of backgammon at one time, Laura told me that she'd always felt she was a man's woman really. No doubt that was the spirit in which she accepted Uncle Egbert's offer of taking her to look at a waterfall that he'd known well as a boy. (Meaning a waterfall that Uncle Egbert as a boy had known well.)

Aunt Emma remained at the hotel in Tintern and said she thought she'd have a look at the Abbey, as that was really what one came to Tintern for, wasn't it? And Laura said much the best view was from the window of the hotel lounge, though of course Aunt Emma could try the bathroom too.

Leaving out Aunt Emma's reply—which would take too long—one goes on to the actual ascent of the hill, through the woods, to Cleddon Chutes. It is here that the evidence becomes confused.

Uncle Egbert simply asserted that fifty-eight years ago he could have found the place blindfold, but times weren't what they were, and neither were Cleddon Woods, and the holly-tree that he remembered at the turn of the path seemed to have gone altogether.

Laura was at once more eloquent and—probably—less accurate.

"We walked and we walked and we walked, and I must say it was perfectly lovely and completely overgrown and unspoilt and everything, but the only thing was that I felt absolutely certain that old Uncle Egbert was going to drop down dead at any minute. And we kept on climbing higher and higher, and every time the path crossed another path he said he rather thought he remembered turning sharply to the right here—or perhaps it was to the left, and the next one was to the right. And of course I knew he was hopelessly lost, poor darling, and we should very likely go on walking for ever and ever."

"Like the Babes in the Wood?"
"The whole point of the Babes in the Wood was that they didn't go on walking. You must be thinking of Felix the Cat."

"Go on," I said, passing over the disputed point in the classics.

"Well, at last," Laura said, "we met a man and he said we'd gone a bit too high. And old Uncle Egbert said he thought so and we'd go down a bit. And ages and ages afterwards we met the man all over again."



BRITISH SPORTSMANSHIP AT ITS BEST.

"Do you mean he was looking for Cleddon Chutes too?"

"Oh, dear, no. He'd been in the same place all the time, marking trees. He still was. We'd just got round to him again. That was all."

"What did he say?"

"He said we'd gone a bit too low, and old Uncle Egbert said he had defeeling we had. And I said, 'Old Uncle Egbert,' I said, 'this has got to stop. I don't believe there are any chutes,' I said."

"I'm certain you didn't say that."
"No," said Laura, "I didn't. But I wish I had, because as a matter of fact we did find the place in the end, and there weren't any chutes because they always dry up in the summer. Uncle Egbert was so delighted, because he says that's just exactly what they always used to do in a dry summer when he was a boy." E. M. D.

## Line upon Line

AN AUGUST MEMORY

It was a summer evening
As far as eye could see;
I wandered lonely as a cloud
Down to a sunless sea;
The shades of night were falling fast—
The boy—oh, where was he?

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Look in at the open door;
I wish I were where Helen lies,
Loved I not honour more;
For I had done a hellish thing—
Left the baby on the shore.

My heart leaps up when I behold My dainty duck, my dear. "Come to my arms, my beamish boy!" He cannot choose but hear. A sadder and a wiser man Could scarce forbear to cheer.

### **Poppies**

"Do you think Mr. Binks would be offended," said Isabel, "if we told him that we were getting just a shade tired of 'When The Poppies Bloom Again'? It is not a bad tune as tunes go nowadays, but twelve times on one Sunday morning is almost more than flesh and blood can bear."

"We could complain to the landlord of the flats," I said, "and have Binks's gramophone confiscated, because there is a clear clause in the lease that nobody is allowed to play any musical instruments except wireless-sets, and then only if they are used without annoying the neighbours."

"I think it would be a mistake to make Binks lease-conscious," said Isabel, "because people are so unreasonable; he might point out to the landlord that we have a piano and a cat and also a canary. It is true that the canary is not exactly what the lease calls a 'noisome and offensive bird,' but once you start arguing through the landlord with other tenants—"

At that moment Binks put on "When The Poppies Bloom Again" for the thirteenth time, and I told Isabel that something would really have to be done about it.

"It looks as if the song must have some strange sentimental appeal to poor Binks," she said. "You know what these middle-aged bachelors are Probably when all the world was young, lad, and all the leaves were green, and that sort of rot, Binks loved and lost some beautiful maiden, and they heard 'When The Poppies Bloom Again' on their last evening together before her rich father told him never to darken the door again."

I shook my head. "Binks is quite fifty," I said, "and the tune was only written a year or two ago."

"But that makes it even sadder," said Isabel, "because obviously poor old Binks must have had his hopeless passion quite recently. Probably the girl objected to that big walrus moustache of his and said that she would never marry him unless he would agree to have it painlessly destroyed."

"Then why didn't he have it pain-

lessly destroyed?" I asked.
"Who knows?" said Isabel with a shrug of the shoulders. "Perhaps he promised his old mother as she lay dying that he would never part with it. 'Promise me one thing so that I may die happy,' she said faintly. 'Anything you ask—absolutely anything,' he replied brokenly. 'Then promise me that so long as you live



"I WOULDN'T 'AVE MF CLOTHES MUCKED ABOUT LIKE THAT."

you will never part with your walrus moustache,' she said. 'For hundreds of years the eldest son of the house of Binks has always worn a walrus moustache, and I should not rest easy if I feared that you might in a fit of madness jettison it.' 'It shall be as you wish, Mother,' Binks replied. So naturally, when this girl he was so fond of asked him to choose between his moustache and her, he had to cling to his moustache. So he took the flat below, determined to live solitary to the end of his days, listening to the refrain which reminded him of his lost love."

It was a very affecting picture, but in a hard brutal world like this people have got to show some consideration for their neighbours, so I went down to interview Binks. I spoke kindly but firmly. "Do not think me unsympathetic towards your dead romance," I said, "but this persistent blooming of poppies is giving my wife the jitters."

"Sorry," said Binks, "but I'm mending an old gramophone for a friend of mine, and he only lent me one record to test it with. However, I'll try the other side."

So during the afternoon we were no longer troubled with the blooming of poppies, though it was not much better to be constantly reminded that palm-trees nodded in welcome above the warm white sand.

"The woman, who had been taken apart, gave correct name and address, but she was very impertinent, added the Fiscal."

Glasgow Paper.

Well, she had her reasons

## Doggerel's Dictionary

XV.

QUICK ONES.—See RAPIDITY. (Frankly I am as tired of this pass-along-please business as you are, but I have set my hand to the slough and I shall not cease from mental strife until we are all embedded in it.)

QUONDAM.—When I was living in the earl's gazebo I frequently had to put up with a personage whose favourite word was "quondam." He used to go up to the house and try to sell saucepans at the back-door, and on his way out again, after failing to sell any, he would stop at the gazebo and talk to me. He used the word "quondam" for all possible purposes. "I have not succeeded," he would say, "in selling any of my quondam saucepans to the quondam duke." (He always called the earl a duke.) When I asked how he was getting on he would reply, sniffing, "Oh, quondamly, quondamly." He would also say "when I



# THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE

[The War Office announces that the entitlement of chargers in Royal Artillery, field and medium brigades will be reduced to one charger for every two officers from January 1st, 1938.]

told him that, he didn't half get into a quondam," and he would even sharply ejaculate "Quondam!" when he scraped his ankle (as he did every time) on a nail that was sticking out of the door-frame. To illustrate a point in a story once he gave me his card; I forget what his name was, but I remember very well that his house was called "Erstwhile."

QUOTATIONS.—Years ago I made a resolution about quotations. I resolved that, although I might find one I liked in a quotation-book, or quoted by somebody else, I wouldn't use it myself until I'd read the whole of the work it was quoted from. This worked very well for a time with short things like "Give 'em an Inchfawn and they take an Ella Wheeler Wilcox," which I saw quoted from the works of my late friend, Andrew Mulligatawny (Gin) Fizz, because I was able to find out from him that the complete work from which this arresting passage had been taken was simply "What I always say is, give 'em," etc. (He wrote it with a burnt match, or several burnt matches, in a blank space at the end of a leaflet of Passport and Visa Regulations.) But when I found that the beautiful rhythmic phrases, "Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Faraday—Spring, Summer, Awesome, Winter," had come from Dr. Uttley Cole-Black's Anthology from Non-Existent Sources, a work in sixty-two volumes, I threw my resolution overboard. It has never bothered me since.

QUOTES. — That is, quotation-marks, or "inverted commas." Like so many punctuative and grammatical phenomena, they behave like a drug. Once you have used them you are apt without thinking to use them again, almost immediately: they seem to be essential the second time. The same thing happens with dashes, which some writers seem to find it necessary to use instead of commas; with italics; with exclamation-marks (or "screamers"); with semi-colons; and with particular words, such as "disingenuous" or "frenetic." Or, of course, "quondam." Nothing can be done.

RAILWAY.—I seem somehow to have avoided the tremendous hold railways have on the imagination of so many people. For instance, when my train stops I never experience a passionate desire to battle my way to the carriage-window and stare up and down the line to find out why; but nearly everybody else in the carriage seems to be experiencing a passionate desire to battle his. Nor, when I look out and see another train, or another line curving away into the distance, am I inclined to wonder what train or what line it is, or to tell everybody else (if I know) that it is the Sposhton train on to the end of which we join at the next station, or the little-used Gungleby line that leads the long way round to Foul; but to an immense number of other male railway-travellers such facts as these appear to be worthy of the deepest concentration, the soberest or the drunkest argument. There is of course no logical reason why the question whether the 5.18 stops at Crewe should not be just as fascinating a subject of discussion as the question whether the Bunghole calls at Antofagasta. If you are on the 5.18 and want to go to Crewe there is every reason why it should be. Even so, though, it will probably do you more good to talk about Antofagasta.

RAPIDITY.—See SPEED. (That was easy.)
RAT, or RATS.—These rodents, also known as "Nonsense" or "Phooey," are fierce and cunning, and strikingly resemble men in various other particulars—some more than others. (Some men as well as some rats and some particulars.) I gather that this is why it is so often rats that get let in for those experiments about brown bread, and green vegetables, and glass that lets through ultra-violet rays: if it does the rats good it'll do us good, that's the idea. I sympathise rather with rats: with the brown or Hanoverian



"GOOD HEAVENS! I DO BELIEVE YOU HUNT."

rat, with the black rat (which has larger and more prominent ears, a long fine tail and a more pointed snout), with the grey rat, the pet white rat, and finally the yellow rat, or yeller rat, who has such a nasty time with the G-men in the last reel.

The word "rat-tat" has nothing to do with rats. (Or tatting either.)

RATIO.—In order to show that there are more things in heaven and earth, Ratio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy, I was proposing to insert in its appropriate position just after RAILWAY a

> Graph or Chart showing the Ratio between the Number of First-Class Tickets bought and the number of First-Class Seats occupied on the Average Train

-a very interesting wavy line with a twiddle at one end. But happily I repented of my intention to do-this. R. M.

#### On Lambeth Bridge

STANDING on Lambeth Bridge At those brief times of day When land is grey and water grey In all directions, And every moving object seems to be Slipping forlornly towards the sea Until

Only the ducks and herring-gulls

And a few sailing-boats with snub-nosed hulls Stand still,

Being anchored to their own reflections . . .

The Thames is like the floor Of some Lost Property room.

The necks of swans turn in the gloom

To carven handles

Of countless old umbrellas, now in rags; The buoys are unclaimed gladstone-bags;

The spars,

The sails are sticks, coats, caps which might Have been lost overboard in the poor light Of stars

Or by the windy flicker of ships' candles.

The people pass and pass, Peering over the wall; They watch the oddments rise and fall, Idly inspect them, But, recognising nothing, turn about And walk irresolutely out Of sight, Leaving the nameless trunks and gamps To rock and wait beneath the embankment lamps For night That never fails to cover and collect them. O.D.



"THE ARCHDEACON AND THE VENERABLE MRS. PIM."

#### Grouse

THINGS are not what they were. . . .

Last Saturday night I went to Saint Matthew's Fair.

It was held on the selfsame spot when I was a child,

And for those three days the whole of the town went wild.

Folk hadn't so much to amuse them then, of course; It was pleasure enough to sit on a prancing horse And go up and down and round and round and round In a blur of light and a bedlam of cheerful sound, Rifle-cracks, bells and gongs and the organ's blare—But things are not what they were.

It's a bigger fair than ever I've seen before, But the people don't look so happy, although there are

more; They drift round the stalls and shows with a listless

As though they had lost the way to enjoy the Fair. The noise is louder than ever but not so gay; The jolly steam-organs have all been taken away, And on every side loud-speakers hideously bray. The lights are brighter too, but they're hard and cold—They make the prettiest faces look lined and old;

Never a flicker, only a merciless glare, Not like the tipsy joy of a naphtha flare.

No, things are not what they were.

Some pleasures are still unchanged; the ginger-snaps— "Fairings," we called them—still taste as good, perhaps.

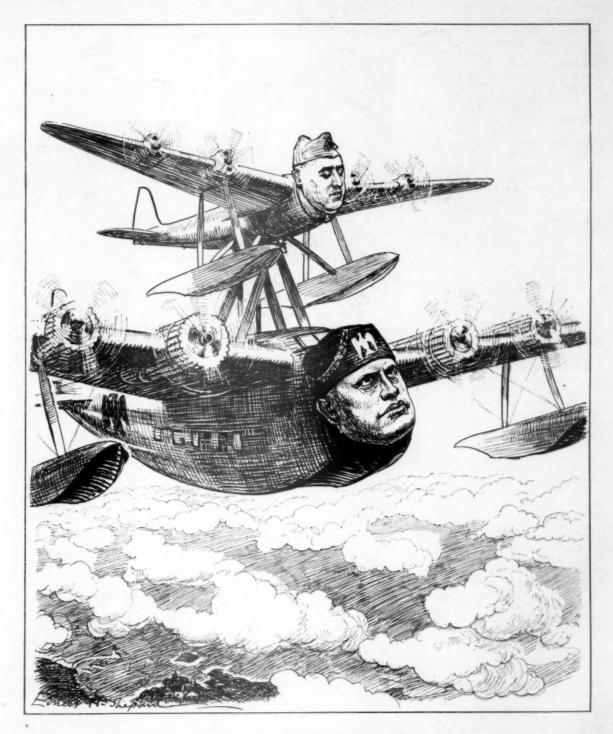
The engines that haul the waggon-trains when they come

Still stand aside and quietly quiver and hum,
Magnificent chocolate monsters, brass-bedecked—
The only things in the field you can really respect.
But the shooting-booths use air-guns—puerile toys!
Why, the smell of powder was one of the fair-time joys!
You can ride in every sort of mechanical trick,
With a motion, some of them, fit to make bosuns sick:
There are ghost-trains, cycles and several kinds of

And a dragon with chairs on his back, like a cocktailbar,

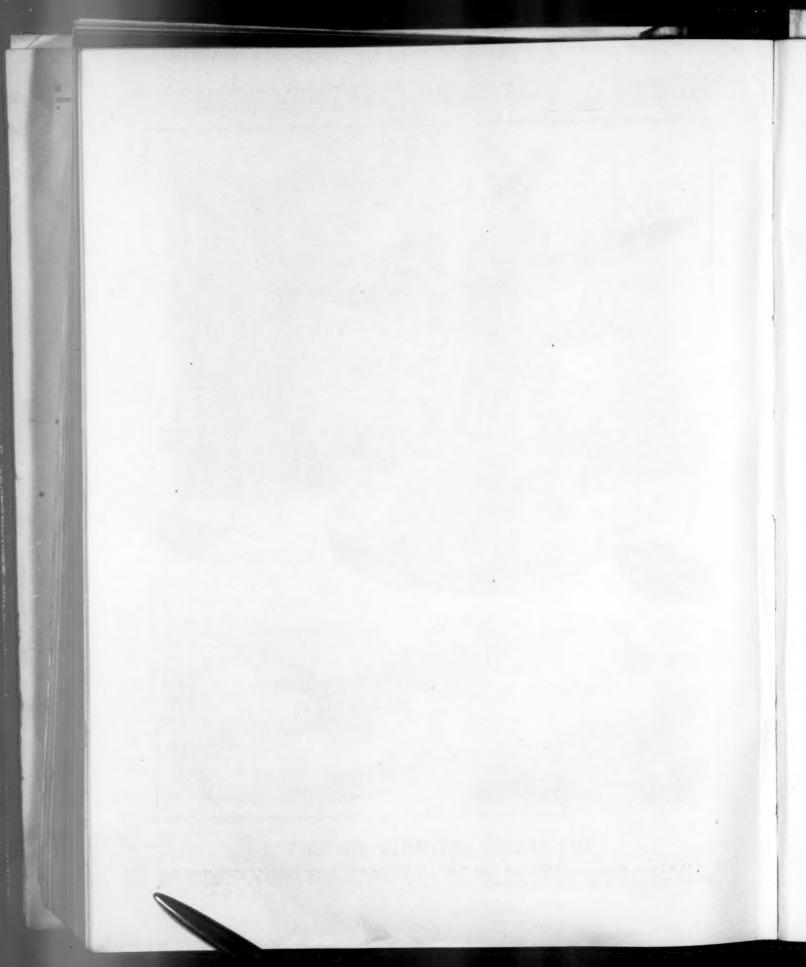
But there's never a horse in the length and breadth of the Fair. . . .

No, things are not what they were!



THE FRANCO COMPOSITE AIRCRAFT

THE UPPER COMPONENT. "THANKS FOR THE LIFT, BUT I'M SURE YOU'LL AGREE THAT I CAN MANAGE NOW WITHOUT YOUR SUPPORT."



## Impressions of Parliament

Tuesday, October 26th .- This morning THEIR MAJESTIES drove in state to open Parliament with all customary pageantry. The day was fine, the colours magnificent, and the House of Lords packed.

The Speech is generally fairly vague and ends with the useful phrase. "Other measures of importance will be laid before you and proceeded with as time and opportunity offer." This year it promises first-class Bills dealing with coal royalties and reorganisation, the distribution of electricity, and humane amendments to the penal law, but it makes no mention of the League of Nations, unemployment, Palestine, or the continued slaughter on the roads, and these omissions drew a number of unfavourable comments.

In an Upper House not looking its best on account of the vast metal covers, like biscuit-tins, which have been screwed over half the windows to celebrate some special kind of cleaning, the Duke of NORFOLK and Lord RID-LEY moved and seconded the Humble Address, clothed respectively as the Earl Marshal and as a Hussar. The Duke was the gayer figure and made sound points for the farmer, while Lord

RIDLEY covered the urban field of industry. In subsequent debate Lord SNELL attacked what he described as pedestrian proposals and Lord HASTINGS drew a pathetic picture of the imminent "pauperisation" of the coal-owners: a sorry state of affairs, for, according to The Oxford Dictionary, "to pauperise" means no less than "to make dependent on public relief."

The proceedings in the Commons were set moving with wit and more dash than usual by Captain HAROLD BALFOUR and Mr. MABANE. Mr. ATTLEE, who followed, was highly suspicious of the Government's intentions, as became the Leader of the Opposition, and very depressing about "the end of the trade cycle which faced us"; whereas the CHANCELLOR, who should know, was correspondingly optimistic about the state of industry, assuring the House that figures were still improving. "Like

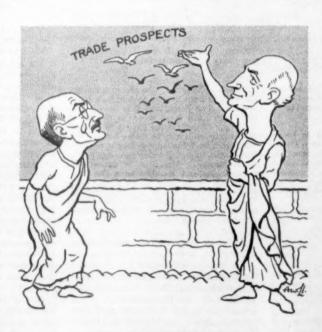
the catalogue of a remnant sale " was Sir Archibald Sinclair's somewhat impolite description of the Speech; he



THE RURAL WORKER'S FAIRY GODMOTHER

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD

particularly resented the omission of any reference to the League.



THE AUGURS Sinister, Mr. ATTLEE. Dexter, SIR JOHN SIMON.

The tradition that the two City Members should sit on the Treasury Bench on the opening day of each new Session is picturesque, for they are always much better dressed than Ministers. Mr. Maxton explained their presence in a new way by saying that they were there to see that the tune which the City had called was being properly played.

Wednesday, October 27th. - After ves-

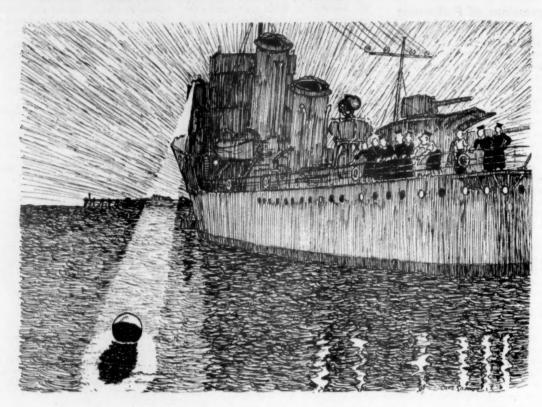
terday the Lords rested.

No one in the present Opposition gets half so much pleasure out of indicting the Government as Mr. GREENWOOD, who prosecutes in the grand manner of melodrama, bracketing all the occupants of the Treasury Bench together as greedy and unscrupulous villains and habitually speaking of them-though "hissing is a better word—as if it were only a matter of days before the furiously disillusioned mob tore them to pieces in a well-merited pogrom out in Palace Yard. This afternoon he set about the Speech in characteristic style, suggesting that the Government were hanging together in the knowledge that if they didn't they might very well hang separately. The Speech ignored the major problems of the day, said he, "a fact which would come home to roost." This picture (so often called up by our legislators when they get excited) of a covey of facts winging their way

across country with horri-ble precision is one which never fails to give Mr. P.'s R. a thrill.

The debate was not of a very high order. Sir Francis ACLAND was in good form. He regretted the P.M.'s absence, because he might have found enlightenment on foreign affairs from a statement of the Liberal position; but enlighten-ment, he feared, might prove even more painful than gout. The Liberal position (boiled down) was that we should take a much stronger line with aggressors, whoever they might be.

For the main defence Sir KINGSLEY WOOD Was successfully briefed, and presented a good case for Health and Housing with his usual skill. In addition he made the important announcement that at long last the Government proposed to help in the building of cottages at low rents for farm labourers.



"THE NEXT BLIGHTER 'OO KICKS IT OVERBOARD GOES AFTER IT."

#### Air-Witted

"Miss Gladys Potts, setting off on her second big flight to the South Pole and back, took with her a lip-stick, a nail-file and three small biscuits."—Loony News.

"Joe Carburettor, who is out to break Miss Potts' record for the flight from Poona to Patagonia, is over the Pacific now. In his multi-engined, plural-propellered plane he carries a tooth-brush, a ham-sandwich and the lower half of his pyjamas."

Loony News.

"Bill Wing, who hopes to take a day off Joe Carburettor's record flight from Alaska to Amsterdam, crossed Boston (Mass.) to-day flying high in the wrong direction. The plane carries a thousand tons of petrol, but no wireless-set, lifebuoy, food or drink. 'I have no room,' said Bill, 'for anything but essentials.' The weather is bitterly cold, but the airman was wearing a light tropical suit in case he should be driven south—also, as he said, to reduce weightage."—Loony News.

"Mrs. Velocity Air-slot fell out of her plane at Athens yesterday, having covered the distance from the Cape in twelve hours shorter time than that taken by British Airways and the established air-lines. She was dazed, deafened, exhausted, dirty but

defiant. She said it was a scandal that everybody could not travel in this way."

Loony News.

"Mr. and Mrs. Bat, who are on a honey-moon flight from Sydney to Surbiton, have not arrived at Perth, and it is feared that they may have come down in the great Mullarbor Desert. Some anxiety is felt for their safety, as it may be weeks before they are found, and the happy couple were in fancy-dress, following a coming-of-age party at Melbourne. Mrs. Bat is dressed as a Columbine and Mr. Bat as a Bedouin. Expecting too to reach Perth in one hop, the adventurous couple took no supplies with them, though Mrs. Bat accepted half a lobster from her host as a memento before starting."—Loony News.

And then they implore us to be "air-minded"!

The more I read about the air-world the more I marvel at the prediction in that work of Mr. H. G. Wells that it would be the united airmen who at last brought peace, enlightenment and international what is it to the suffering world. Whether the air-wits are regarded at war or at peace, they seem much more likely to create a state of Cosmic Insanity.

Heaven forbid, boys, that we should frown upon the spirit of adventure or the bravery of any Briton! Let us always applaud the courage of those pioneers of the air who have made the world so contented and secure. I am even willing to believe that there is still something useful to be learned about the nasty air-machine and that Joe Carburettor may acquire that information by flying to Patagonia a little faster than Gladys Potts. But I wish that The Loony News would not still pretend that the Eyes of the World are anxiously fixed on Joe Carburettor's movements. Most of the world does not care two hoots whether he reaches Patagonia or not: and the only people who can truly be described as "anxious" are the Patagonians, for Joe's arrival will painfully suggest that they may be the next people to be bombed.

And if Joe must do a bird-act over the Pacific or the Sahara, cannot he take some reasonable precautions against the possibility that he may come down? Maybe he dislikes food and drink, and prefers to have the wrong clothes on when he is wrecked in the ocean or lost in the desert; but the knowledge that he had, shall we say, a tinned tongue, some bully beef, a little water, a Primus stove and perhaps a woolly searf for the nights, might make a little easier the task of those who have to risk their lives in trying to rescue him.

Yachtsmen too make adventurous but unnecessary voyages about our coasts or across the deep seas. And sometimes—though in proportion to the number of voyages such events are rare—they are caught by sudden storms or unpredictable misfortunes and give trouble to lifeboats and other vessels. (We have once done this ourselves through the breaking of a rudderchain.) But it is rare indeed that they give such trouble because they have not taken the elementary precautions or provided themselves with the obviously necessary equipment.

What would be thought of a man who set out in a motor-cruiser from Dover to Dieppe, and, expecting because of his speed to make the passage in a day, did not provide himself with a dinghy, with an anchor, with navigation-lights, with food and drink, warm clothing and some cooking apparatus? He may be caught in fog or storm; he may burst into flames or go aground; his engine may break down; he may have to anchor or take to the dinghy. And ninehundred-and-ninety-nine out of every thousand mariners will be prepared for these contingencies. At least, I do not remember reading anything like this:

"Exciting rescues were made to-day by the Burbleton lifeboat from the little-known island of — where the yacht Mignonette was wrecked. The engine stopped and could not be started again, since there was no reserve of petrol on board: having no anchor the vessel drifted towards the rocks, and, having no dinghy, the crew had to swim ashore, where, having no food or spare clothes, they were surprisingly uncomfortable for four or five days."

But the air-wits seem to assume that their only duty is to start the engine and steer the ship: Providence so loves petrol and the plane that she will do the rest.

And, in the case of "record flights," this is not merely childish but a sort of cheating. Joe Carburettor reaches Patagonia in three days twelve hours less than Gladys Potts. British Airways take four or five. And the absurd claim is made that what Joe can do British Airways ought to do. But Joe is not carrying several passengers, a change of underclothes or a properly-provided refreshment-cupboard. He is working for speed, not safety: and when he arrives he is dazed, deafened and dirty. The comparison, therefore, is not convincing.

By the way, should not sea-planes



"There, that's the mantelpiece I had my feet on when I got the idea of substituting eutholeptose for thergodlasticosicine in the manufacture of my chest lozenges."

be provided with lifeboats or dinghies? They are a sort of ship, and they are far more likely to come to grief at sea than ordinary ships. When they do come down in mid-ocean and the only possible course is to abandon ship, the occupants have no means of abandoning ship. All they can do is to cling to the wreckage and pray. Caution and common-sense would forbid any amateur mariner to face the seas so illequipped, and the Board of Trade would prevent the rest. I suggest that the Board of Trade should poke its nose into this affair; for a sea-plane, out of control or wrecked upon the waters, becomes subject, I presume, to the laws

of the sea and the control of the Board of Trade. I shall be told, of course, that the provision of a lifeboat would gravely reduce the speed of Joe Carburettor, Bill Wing, Gladys Potts and the rest. But how splendid!

A. P. H.

#### Thought

Though the method be crude, uncultured, inferior, One can see in a way Why a maid with a tray Should open a door with her back or posterior.

## At the Play

"THE LAUGHING CAVALIER"
(ADELPHI)

The Laughing Cavalier, at the Adelphi, is a splendid production. It needs to be, for men who go for their inspiration to seventeenth - century Holland are going to the great age of a robust and highly-gifted people, in love with the good things of life and in the first flush of a triumphant and wealthy independence. And the Dutch Masters have preserved on canvas the richness and vigour of that high time. It was a natural ambition to wish to bring it on the stage, and a happy thought to provide a story to explain how one of the masterpieces came to be painted. The scenery, the costumes, the groupings are challenged all the time by our memory of Dutch interiors and Dutch men and women of that age, and it is but just praise to the producers to say that even so they have nothing to fear. No one will go to The Laughing Cavalier and not be

richly rewarded with what will meet his eye. Where criticism must begin is with the story, which is, frankly, altogether unequal to the fulness of its setting. It cannot support this splendid framework, and whenever we pause from the pleased contemplation of Haarlem life we realise how slight a tale is being set

before us.

Frans Hals (Mr. JOHN GARRICK) is deliberately made a rather pale and boring painter who lives for his art. That might not matter so much, but his wife, Lysbeth (Miss IRENE EISINGER), is so very much the child-wife, with kittenish prattling ways, obviously rather feather-brained, bored and likely to fall—if not this time, then the next. The Laughing Cavalier himself (Mr. ARTHUR MARGETSON) has a more elaborate past. Some of it appears in the person of Maryka (Miss Nora Swinburne); but he strikes us as a large simple man, meaning no harm, and his flirtation is quite quickly nipped in the bud. When he finds that the little Lysbeth is the wife and not the daughter of the painter he at once withdraws, and his withdrawal is very much more convincing than the pretence that passion overpowers him in the end, and that her virtue sends him away.

This flirtation is set at the heart of a larger flirtation, that of the wives of the burghers of Haarlem with a visiting



THE ARTIST'S WIFE WHO COULD NOT SIT STILL FOR HER PORTRAIT

Frans Hals . . . . Mr. John Garrick Lysbeth . . . . . Miss Irene Eistiger

troop of horse. But the jest of the wives' welcoming the soldiers, to the helpless consternation of their stolid husbands, leads to nothing beyond itself, and of itself grows rather worn in repetition.



THE CAVALIER CEASES TO LAUGH WHEN HE LEARNS THAT LYSBETH IS MARRIED

Maryka . . . . . . . Miss Nora Swinburne The Laughing Cavalier . Mr. Arthur Margetson

There is one quite excellent comic character, the burgomaster, Pieter (Mr. Charles Heslop), but he is, with all his excellence, pre-eminently a pantomime figure, highly incongruous in the careful representational scenery. He is a poltroon and a buffoon, but of

the liveliest intelligence, with jests (penned for him by Mr. REGINALD ARKELL) of our own age and time and often involving for their enjoyment a knowledge of current advertisement slogans. It is very well in its way. Mr. HESLOP deserves all the gay laurels he wins. We are grateful for Pieter, who makes us laugh a great deal; but this note of complete burlesque ruins any chance we have of taking Haarlem, its wives and its visiting soldiery, with that minimum of seriousness which is needed if we are to enjoy it as comedy. The consequence of this is that the pantomime streaks, like Pieter's adventures when he is conscripted and set on guard and arrested for desertion, are much livelier to watch than the comings and goings of Mrs. Frans Hals and her lover.

The critic can say of *The Laughing Cavalier* that it is emphatically a show to see; but he must underline that word see. D. W.

"PUNCH AND JUDY" (VAUDEVILLE)

As a member of the Band of Hope (literary variety) from early days, I doubt if it was wise of Mr. VAL GIELGUD to borrow the real Ruritania for a tilt at present-day dictatorships. A number of the Band who otherwise might not have bothered will probably swell his audience, but in the long run their disappointment at finding so little connection between ancient and modern is not likely to be a help. The feelings of literary fans are notoriously easy to wound. The only use that I can see to which Lady HOPE - HAWKINS' permission has been put is the requisitioning of a few illustrious names.

With the argument that Ruritania was just the kind of place to be landed in the most frightful mess by post-War politics no one will disagree. Mr. GIELGUD'S very reasonable theory is that the economic crisis took it amidships, the Queen was given a single ticket to Cannes, and the sub-

sequent democratic Government was such a flop that a bank-clerk called Bernard Hentzau laid aside his bowler-hat and assumed power, wearing a shirt of a revolting magenta which must have been the only hue left unclaimed at the International Haberdashers.

When we first come on the little man he has already established himself through the usual channels, gunmen and microphones, and his personality has been artificially inflated according to the rules laid down by the best star-builders of Hollywood until he himself appears a trifle intimidated by its size. He is nicely installed, in fact, as the Fragrant Ideal of the nation which sweetens its necessarily simple homes better than any airconditioning and makes their occupants weep with ecstasy at the silliest of his utterances; and, unlike other dictators, he is economically in clover, for an American girl of boundless fortune allows him to plaster the cracks in his administration with it in return for thrills received from being publicly declared his wife, though this she is not, nor yet his mistress, blankly refusing to be either.

Herein lies his downfall, and who will say but it serves him right? For having been bribed and bullied by him into burdening their bassinettes far beyond the Plimsoll line of comfort or common-sense, the people of Ruri-

tania begin at last to grumble at the shameless infertility of their leader; and almost before he knows, the Army has grabbed the wheel (in the person of a certain Captain Sapt), and he is back again in his bowler-hat.

Well, this is not so funny as it might have been. Probably Mr. GIELGUD has held back on account of a justifiable feeling that today is not the most tactful moment for guving some of our neighbours, but in that case wouldn't it have been better to leave them alone? The authoritarian State is overflowing with material for satire, but not for satire with the brake on, as this is. If we are once given a peep at dietatorship we expect to see the whole works, with the Minister for the Pulverisation of Thought and the Sultan of the Little Marching Mothers and the Professor of the Distillation of the Race and the rest of the boys all throwing their weights about like professional jugglers; whereas what



NOT HALF THE MAN HIS FOREBEAR WAS

Captain Otto Sapt . . MR. TERENCE NEILL

we are given is a slight story which misses golden opportunities and is told much too slowly.

But parts of it are sound, and the

best treat us to that ever-attractive spectacle, the Man of Iron looking very small and tinny in his home.

Mr. FRANK CELLIER booms and struts with authority and cleverly underlines the pathos of thwarted infallibility. Miss CAROL GOODNER'S charm almost lures one into forgetting the unlikeliness of her part. Mr. TERENCE NEILL gives a convincing portrait of a military snake-in-the-grass, and Mr. ALEC CLUNES, as a young English diplomat, cunningly illustrates exactly how to avoid engaging the affection of other peoples. Perhaps the Foreign Office would have appointed the Vaudeville an official Night School for the time being; but it was announced last week that the play was to come off on Saturday, after a run off only seven

#### The Field of Remembrance

The Empire Field of Remembrance was inaugurated in 1928 to honour the Memory of the Fallen. There, in the shadow of Westminster Abbey, relatives and friends come to pay their tribute to the Dead by the planting of Remembrance Crosses and Poppies. The sale of these Crosses and Poppies provides work for the war-disabled men in the Poppy Factory and helps to swell the funds of the British Legion Relief Department. This year the Field will be opened on November 7th and will remain open until November 14th.

#### Friends Wanted

FRIENDS urgently wanted. Generous dispositions. Sole owners (part in certain circumstances) cars, aeroplanes, newspapers, yachts. Good tips stock market. Members of House (Somerset, Burlington, Commons, in particular) not precluded. Educated (a) by self, essential: (b) university optional, combined preferred. Life box-holders Covent Garden, Albert Hall. Beach bungalows any warm coast, castles Inverness, roomy apartments West side New York. Good taste ancient and modern books, drama, music, painting, architecture, essential. Likely to prod, inform, invite, opine, pay, as occasion arises. Nationality, colour, any. Applications dealt with strictly in rotation.



DICTATOR TAKES HIS ROUGHAGE

Bernard Hentzau . . . . . . . Mr. Frank Cellier
Jane . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Miss Cahol Goodner

## Ballade of Regrettable Nomenclature

Is that the name with which you would endue Of your great love, your infant son and heir? That the grim title which, his lifetime through,

Day in, day out, he must for ever wear?

None sure could hold him beauteous past compare,
But do you feel he really looks like that?

You asked my views, my views I must declare.

I'm not too partial to Jehoshaphat.

And me you named his godfather; I too
Have no mean stake to lose in this affair.

Have no mean stake to lose in this affair.

Could I have spoken and said, "His name is Hugh,"
Or, "Reverend Sir, they call him Alastair,"
My port had owned an amplitude so rare
The sober choir had marvelled where they sat;

But this—you know, I hardly think I dare.
I'm not too partial to Jehoshaphat.

Who was he? Was he someone someone slew?
Swelled he their rout who mocked the infrequent hair
On old Elisha's temples (but he knew

A thing or twain, and loosed the sudden bear)?
Was 't he that felled a lion in its lair

In time of snow or thrust from Ararat

The spears of Oc? I know not, neither care.
I'm not too partial to Jehoshaphat.

Envoi.

Prince, did you speak? In answer to my prayer You have decided to baptize the brat As Adonijah? Bless you, put it there! I'm not too partial to Jehoshaphat.



" IF HE'S NOT HERE BY Y AFTER H, THEN I'LL GO."

#### Round the Horn With Wine and Walnuts

I ENTERED my seafaring career, as the old salts say, "through the binnacle." For some years I sailed before the mast, until the limitations and discomforts of the post and the prickings of ambition persuaded me to become a steward. This accomplished, my rise was magical, and at last, very much doubting my abilities, I found myself in command of the *Ermyntrude C. Doolittle*, bound for Valparaiso with a cargo of granite.

The Ermyntrude C. Doolittle was a sloop-rigged, feluccatype schooner, sturdily built of Spanish walnut. The owner praised her handsomely.

"A bonnier craft never carried granite, Captain," he said.
"She is as nimble as a fairy and has a double bottom besides."

"Nevertheless I shall keep her away from the rocks," I said briskly, anxious to impress him with my keenness. However, he looked at me, as I thought, rather strangely and muttered something about being "hard of hearing."

and muttered something about being "hard of hearing." I learnt with some misgivings that the mate's name was Hobbleworthy. I was unsure of myself and I felt, fancifully no doubt, that a man with such a name would seek rather than give information. Moreover, it was too unwieldy for quick use when rounding the Horn.

However, I put a brave face on it and sent for him when I went aboard.

"Mr. Hobbleworthy," I said, "you have, I take it, brought your instruments?"

"Yes, Sir," he replied.
"Then I wish you to shoot the sun as much as possible. I shall not check you, as I expect to be busy on our cargo of granite, seeing that all is shipshape. So you must be doubly accurate."

"Yes, Sir," he replied, rather doubtfully, I thought.
"You can set off now," I said, thinking to start as I meant to go on, as the saying has it. Then, realising that I must put more of the vernacular into my commands and seeing that he was looking more doubtful than ever, I said sharply, "Cast away, cast away, Mr. Hobbleworthy! Edge out into the channel, keep her to and by, and if you ship so much as a cupful of water, call me."

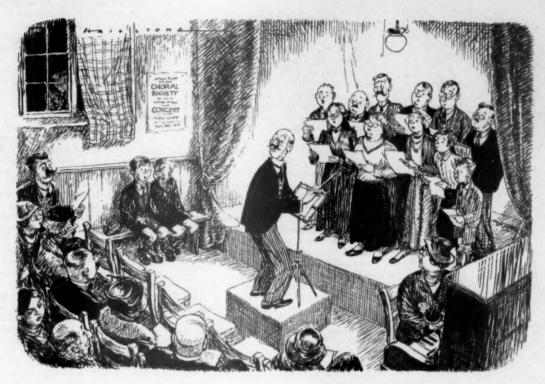
This seemed to stir him, for he leapt smartly out of the cabin. I wound my watch, ordered some hot milk and prepared for a good night's sleep.

The mate's conduct on the outward voyage belied his ominous name. I had never hitherto been to Valparaiso, but directly we were through the Canal I watched him narrowly to see that he turned to the left. A turn to the right at this point, as I understood from my pocket atlas, would lead us eventually to the Bering Sea. However, he executed this manceuvre faultlessly, getting well clear of the rocks before proceeding southwards.

A continual worry to me at this time was the writing of the ship's log. On the first day of the voyage my entry was as follows:—

"Light variable winds. Clapped on all sail. Later wind shifted two points and blew half a gale. Took off all sail. Outbreak of boils among crew."

Although this seemed a little bald, it had a fine salty flavour. The outbreak of boils was a flight of fancy, but it cleverly implied that I had the welfare of the crew at heart. As time went on, however, in the difficulty of filling each day's space and avoiding the expressions "Clapped on sail" and "Took off sail," I found myself making desperate entries dealing with seagulls and whatnot. At last I was



"OUR NEXT IS AN ALL-BRITISH NUMBER ENTITLED 'HEARTS OF OAK."

forced to fall back on the crew, and noted outbreaks of scurvy, fever, yaws, mumps and elephantiasis.

It was a proud moment for me when I woke up one morning to find the *Ermyntrude C. Doolittle* anchored in Valparaiso harbour. Without mishap I had completed the first half of my task, and although the homeward journey round the Horn was not without danger, I felt confident that I should come through safely.

Our granite was soon unloaded, and we took on board a cargo of wine and walnuts. Then up anchor and away to the south.

At last the day came when, as we surged through gigantic seas, I saw the mate at the wheel make a quick movement, and realised with a thrill that we were turning to the left. In anticipation of the critical passage of the Horn I had prepared several orders to impress the crew. Of these I was able to use, "Make Easting, Mr. Hobbleworthy!" and "Avast!" with considerable effect. When in doubt I would roar "Athabasca!" into the upturned collar of my overcoat. The command, "Follow that albatross!" I was forced to discard.

At last as night fell the seas grew calmer, and with a thankful heart I sought my bunk.

The next day I spent some time in attempting to work out our position with the help of my pocket atlas and a little booklet entitled *Elementary Navigation*, which I had found in my cabin. However, my working showed that we had either come round the Horn at fifty knots or had not yet reached it, so in something of a stupor I descended to the hold and opened a bottle of wine.

From that day forward my worries were over, and except for a little trouble with Mr. Hobbleworthy, when I

caught him cracking a walnut with my telescope, the homeward voyage was uneventful.

When we reached port I received a hearty welcome from the owner, who urged me to take one of his new paddle-boats to New York. However, I had worked out a little scheme during the voyage which induced me to decline this offer.

I proposed to acquire a hundred hens, and by hourly alternations of light and darkness, constant feeding, and liberal doses of brandy in their drinking-water, to dupe them into laying twelve hundred eggs a day.

#### Cat's Meat

You, who've rejected the pick of the dish And flatly refuse to be stirred

By the mention of meat if you know there is fish Or of fish if you know there is bird,

Who insist on your sole being à la bonne femme And your chicken direct from the breast,

Who will only touch trout that has recently come From the shadowy shoals of the Test,

You who drink nothing that isn't Grade A And would turn up your nose at a mouse,

Whom I've actually seen moving coldly away From an underhung portion of grouse,

You who will listlessly trifle and toy

With a dream of a cod kedgeree

Are eating with every appearance of joy

A very decayed bumble bee.

low and old-fashioned to make anything at all. The dernier cri is not

only Objects but Found Objects. You don't take a piece of clay or a piece of wood and mess it about. You just go

out and find a stone or a bit of stick

or half a broken bottle, bring it home,

label it "Found Object 137," and there you are-the thing's done. There is

the finished opus, imbued with your

personality,\* an expression, one might

almost say, of your artistic soul. I

went to coffee with a man the other

night who had found a ravishing

Onion Object in a field. It absolutely

reeked of his personality, and we all

agreed that as Plastic Form it was

rhythmically too opalescent for words.

I understand that he's putting it in

Now this sort of thing, I suggest,

sweeps away the last barrier before

the Creative Urge in all of us. It

brings the possibility of Practical Art

for All right to the doorstep, and makes

Creativeness, as it ought to be, uni-

versal. Even the men with no arms,

who previously had to undergo years

of training in drawing with the toes, can go right out and start creating

straight away. There's no more to it

than going mushrooming, with the

added advantage that you don't have to get up early and that there's no

chance of being poisoned. Remember

Beauty, as Mr. FORD might have said, is Bunk. It is sufficient that you bring

it home in preference to the various other things which you might have

I cannot help wondering, however,

what the effect of this development will be on what one might call the artistic

centres of London. Already, I under-

stand, the galleries are feeling a

draught. The cognoscenti who previously thronged the exhibitions are now

to be found poking about in those places which sell Railway Lost Prop-

erty, explaining to one another how clearly a three-and-sixpenny umbrella

exudes the personality of the propri-

etor; and I met a man the other day

who was proudly displaying a suitcase which was labelled "Found Object

2,001,723. Personality of Sir Josiah

For myself, I am dispersing some

brought.

STAMP.

the thing hasn't got to be beautiful.

his show at the Burlington Galleries.

## Found Object 137

It is very heartening to note this modern tendency towards making things easier. At one time of day practically all the amusing sciences or arts demanded a special aptitude and/or a long and arduous training. This, to most of us, was an almost insuperable difficulty. It seemed as though there was no room in the sciences or arts for the Common Fool

I am therefore particularly pleased to note the present tendency to realise that the Common Fool is, after all, an immortal soul; and that in both science and art as long as he expresses himself (however artlessly) he has, as the Americans say, spluttered a valuable bibful and made a notable contribution to the-er-sum of things, if you un-

Take, for example, Messrs, MADGE and Harrisson's new science of Mass Observation. Previously, if I rose from my bed at eight-thirty-two, found that my razor was blunt, looked out of the window and saw a milkman talking to a housemaid, and ate 1 (one) boiled egg for breakfast, I merely thought of it as the start of another rather dull day. I did not realise that if I wrote it all down in my own artless words and sent it along to Messrs. MADGE and HARRISSON I should be indulging in anthropological research, just like Sir JAMES FRAZER. In fact I still have difficulty in realising it. It seems too good to be true.

But if Mass Observation has altered my whole attitude towards life, I doubt if it has done as much for me as some of the latest artistic developments. It is very nice to become a scientist overnight, as it were, but, speaking for myself, my tendencies have always been creative. There are several shelves and things about in the house which bear witness to my creative urge (slightly thwarted, as it were—a little frustrated). Until recently I was handicapped in getting beyond the frustrated shelf stage in creating by stupid technical limitations. cannot, as it happens, draw or paint or model or any of those things in the old-fashioned realistic photographic

Objects and nothing more. Imagine my delight, therefore, when duplicates in my own collection-particularly those which are the property of Sam, my Alsatio-Mastiff. So if anyone wants a Half-a-Dead-Rabbit Object, or a Chewed Golf-Ball Object, very strongly imbued with personality indeed, he's welcome.

\* Because you found it. Or maybe it got that way while you were carrying it home. I'm not quite sure about that bit.









such as you or me. derstand me.

way. Such things as I produce are just

I found that nowadays Objects are all the thing. I understand from a friend of mine that all the best people in Art have given up drawing or modelling anything but Objects. But that is not all. It is nowadays a trifle



"WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM THAT YOU'RE SELLING HIM SO CHEAPLY?"

#### In Defence of Beauty

(With plentiful apologies wherever due)

"UNCLEAN! Unclean!" the old reformer cried; They cleave the hoof and do not chew the cud;

They paint the lip, they decorate the hide; Their claws drip blood!"

"It's true our nails are bloody but unbound;

The ends divinity hath shaped we shape again; The human form divine is neatly gowned;

Tresses we train.

Considering the lilies of the field,

We strive to be as beautiful as they.
Stiff work: don't blame us if we cannot build

Rome in a day.

But don't forget, when praising Nature's

And the perfection of God's natural law,

Nature is red, or so we've heard them say, In tooth and claw."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Well, to be strict honest, Lady, I believe the air of Brighton don't suit 'im."



Our Booking Office

" AND THIS IS THE BATHROOM."

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Prime Minister of Epigram

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S latest book-Great Contemporaries (Thornton Butterworth, 21/-)—is a mixture of Olympian detachment from the little people of present-day politics and of wire-haired fury against such of them as may be suspect of Bolshevism. He dwells-with occasional inspiriting lapses-among the great and placid figures of a generation just passed away, and while visibly delighting in his most fascinating gift of words, supports his zest for the perfect phrase by a determination to force his judgments, whatever wrath he may draw upon himself, into terms of artistic and arbitrary brevity. Among other memorable things he says of the sabre-rattling EX-KAISER as he was before the War, "If you are the summit of a volcano, the least you can do is to smoke"; of Earl Balfour that "he passed from one Cabinet to another like a powerful graceful cat walking delicately and unsoiled across a rather muddy street"; and of Mr. BERNARD SHAW that "the world has long watched with tolerance and amusement the nimble antics and gyrations of this unique and double-headed chameleon, while all the time the creature was eager to be taken seriously." Mr. Churchill's own part in Olympia is suitably, even almost modestly, indicated.

#### Fire of the Spirit

"A. E." once remarked of Cardinal O'Donnell that his public speech sounded like a soliloquy overheard, in which the speaker seemed trying to arrive "between his own heart and himself" at what was right and just. Undoubtedly the literary relics of George Russell ("A. E.") himself have this brave quality of disinterested meditation; and it is hard to imagine a more contagious fire than that which burns, flares, smoulders and twinkles in The Living Torch (Macmillan, 12/6). Poetry, painting, economics, mysticism—these were the main interests of a fine artist and finer humanist. "A. E." did not, one gathers, understand religion: witness the statement—true as far as it goes—that "religion is the high culture of the average man and especially of the poor." But in his practical work for a civilisation founded on the land, he enlisted Protestant

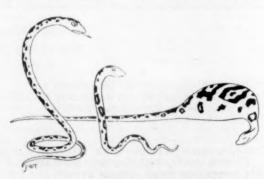
and Catholic alike. An artist who faced the discrepant claims of art and personal perfection, he is illuminating on both; and his generosity to young poets is rewarded by his present editor, Mr. Monk Gibbon, in the enthusiastic discernment of an able introductory essay.

#### The Blower on the Basset Horn

Readers of The Star in 1888-89 racked their brains to identify the paper's musical critic with the Italian-sounding name of CORNO DI BASSETTO, who wrote so brilliantly and even amusingly on the serious subject of music and its performers. Other critics whose articles in Corno DI BASSETTO'S opinion were "refined and academic to the point of being unreadable and often nonsensical," enviously regarded the whole affair as a joke having for its point Corno di Bassetto's alleged ignorance of music. Their lofty scorn did not deter him. At thirty-two he was in his own judgment "one of the few critics of that time who really knew their business." Although the Devil could not have made the basset horn with its "peculiar watery melancholy" and quaint Italian name of corno di bassetto sparkle, a young Irishman named George Bernard SHAW could and did blow upon his basset horn, both delightfully and impudently, as is shown in London Music in 1888-9, as Heard by Corno di Bassetto (later known as Bernard Shaw), where also Some Further Biographical Particulars prove that the passage of fifty years has not taken the sparkle out of G. B. S.'s horn-blowing. The book is published by Constable at 7/6.

#### Cromwell's Precursor

Lord Eustace Percy, in his modest preface to John Knox (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 20/-), wonders whether an "amateur historian" is justified in retelling an old story. He need be under no apprehension on this score. We know too little of the great Scottish reformer, without whom, according to CARLYLE, no Puritan revolution would have taken place in England. What we are apt to forget is that Knox lived in desperate times. Lord Eustace detects many of the same symptoms in our own case to-day, but assuredly we do not run the risks of an earnest reformer who lived through the reigns of EDWARD VI., MARY and ELIZABETH. For nineteen months Knox was a prisoner in the French galleys, pestered to "give reverence to the Mass." In 1549 he was released; in 1552 he was offered the bishopric of Rochester, which he wisely refused, for two years later Mary succeeded her brother, and as an English bishop Knox would infallibly have been sent to the stake with RIDLEY and LATIMER. Then, after a sojourn



"GEORGE ALWAYS DID GET MY GOAT."





#### TRUE HUMILITY

Right Reverend Host. "I'm afraid you've got a bad egg, Mr. Jones!"
The Curate. "Oh no, my Lord, I assure you! Parts of it are excellent!"

George du Maurier, November 9th, 1895.

of some five years in exile abroad, he was "blown to the horn" in Edinburgh as an outlaw, the Regent having forbidden the reformed preaching in Scotland. Finally, after a short period of triumph in 1560, came the years of bickering with the young Queen and her Court, and the last short campaign of vengeance. The old story has been well retold in this volume.

Country Times and Country Seasons

Here's a book where we remember (Called *The Country Year*)
January to December:
Country days are here,
Each with things of good repute—Blackbird and his "boxwood flute,"
Sea and meadow, flower and fruit
And the hills of deer.

Here the partridges are pairing
Though the nights still nip;
Here the flycatcher, far faring,
Takes his wedding-trip;
Here the foxhounds stream away
Where the leaf's gold disarray
Drapes the glade where once in May
Flipped an Orange Tip.

Now, when afternoons grow darker,
Now, when lamps are lit,
Here's your book, by ERIC PARKER;
Pleasantly you'll sit
Lost in what, I tell you freely,
Is a work of rare appeal. He
Who would buy please note that SEELEY
SERVICE publish it.

#### Public Gift-Book No. 1

Where the more cheerful sort of child-study is concerned the partnership of Miss Brenda Spender and Mr. J. H. Dowd is always a strong one, and, when it has the most modern methods of printer and blockmaker to help it, it is a very powerful combination indeed. In Serious Business (Country Life, 10/6) Miss Spender's sympathetic pen and Mr. Dowd's equally sympathetic pencil and brush (the latter with quite a lot of colour in it this time) have produced together as pleasant a volume of childhood-studies as anyone could wish to possess, while the way in which printer and blockmaker have brought out the charm of Mr. Dowd's drawings is almost as noteworthy as the way in which Mr. Dowd has provided them with charm to bring out. All Mr. Dowd's drawings of children show keen but kindly observation and a very nice taste in the choice and treatment of materials, and even if the drawing on the

jacket seems, to one critic at least, to be one of the least mentorious of a delightful collection, that is such a refreshing departure from general practice that it may almost be counted as an additional point in the book's favour.

#### Mr. K\*a\*p\*l\*a\*n

Readers who have already made the acquaintance of the magnificent Mr. Kaplan will perhaps feel some concern for those who first meet him in Mr. LEONARD Q. Ross's collection The Education of Hyman Kaplan (CONSTABLE, 5/-); for the illustrator has revealed, by picture or caption, at the head of no fewer than five of the fifteen episodes, a humorous point the author chose to leave until near the end and lead up to. One sympathises with the author. Admittedly no

story dealing with Mr. Kaplan would ever depend for its effect on a single small circumstance, but this premature revelation does blunt the finer edge. The book is an account of the efforts of Mr. Parkhill, English teacher in the American Night Preparatory School for Adults, to modify Mr. Kaplan's brilliantly original syntax and correct his reckless pronunciation. It is conceivable that to those unacquainted with Mr. Kaplan there do not seem to be many comic possibilities in this theme; but they are wrong. How wrong they are. The rest of us rejoice to note that Mr. Parkhill is no nearer success at the end of the fifteenth episode than he was at the beginning of the first.

#### The Movies

"I still read about the movies with pleasure, because reading about them brings them to my mind," writes Mr. Gilbert Seldes in *Movies for the Millions* (Batsford, 7/6), a book which one way and another should give this

sort of pleasure to a great many readers. Besides Mr. Seldes's twelve sensible chapters it contains a hundred-and-thirty-three photographs: some of them "stills," some of picture-making in progress (now and in the old days); some comic, all interesting; each arranged in the position that gives it most significance. Mr. Seldes's book is not primarily an historical survey, or an examination of reasons why people go to the cinema, or a statement of opinion about the industry's aims and prospects; it is something of all three, discursive, informative and highly entertaining. There is nothing particularly new in it, but it is "about the movies," and anyone in the least interested will read it "with pleasure."

#### Conflict and Cocktails

Mr. R. L. Duffus, in Night Between the Rivers (Selwyn and Blount, 7/6), has drawn an impressive picture of New

York when beset by a general strike, but the party that Myvanwy Wynne was giving in her apartment, while tragedies were happening in the city, suffers from what one of the guests aptly called the "bourgeois romanticism" of the hostess. To some of the readers of this story the loveaffair between Myvanwy and Louis Flood, which lasted eighteen hours, will doubtless be supremely beautiful and wonderful. It is, however, equally certain that those who shy at "romantics" will find these lovers more than a little tiresome. Mr. Duffus is the possessor of fine ideas, and he writes of them with the greatest enthusiasm.



"Dear Sir,—I would strongly advise you to keep a civil pen on your ear . . ."

#### Suspense

Although the actual conclusion of *The Elephant Never Forgets* (COLLINS, 7/6) is re-

markably neat and clever, the last few chapters of the tale hang fire and are too untidy to be entirely satisfactory. Nevertheless Miss Ethel Lina White's story contains many of the qualities that have brought her previous work to the notice of discerning readers. With complete success Miss White has created an atmosphere of doom, and her heroine Anna and her friends have the utmost difficulty in escaping from a strangling web of Soviet intrigue. A tale more grim than gay, but always readable.

#### Mr. Punch on Tour

The Exhibition of the original work of Living Punch Artists will be on view at the Public Art Gallery, Cheltenham, from November 9th till December 4th.

Invitations to visit this Exhibition will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Office, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

#### Charivaria

It is suggested that many people take up bridge-playing for the sake of human companionship. And, for all we know, in some instances they may even get it.

A man trying to hurry through the Customs was found to have several watches concealed in his plus-fours. He needn't have hurried. He had bags of time,

"America used to be the land for jobs," observed a speaker recently.

Now there always seems to be a situation in Europe.

"The description of the man for whom the police are seeking is: between 30 and 40 years of age, and five to six feet in height."

Lancashire Evening Post.

Please communicate with Scotland Yard if you have seen anyone like this recently.

With reference to the position of the frane, there is some

talk of France calling a mass meeting of ex-Premiers.

Improvements in modern house construction are being sought. What about taking away that extra step we always forget about in the dark?

Five overcoats were left behind when a peer's London house was broken into and jewellery stolen. We understand that the police

are not yet certain whether it is the work of a gang or a taxi-driver.

Sir H. Blythe says mosquitoes can live for six weeks without food. The trouble is that they won't.



The "mass observation" tests have disclosed that many people play cards on Sunday—over and above the traditional hour's Napafter lunch.

"Why do so many newspapermen look so worried?" queries a reader. "Because so many readers ask such silly questions," retorts a newspaperman.

FAIRBANKS Sen. says he hopes to figure in many more films before he retires. There's life in the old Doug yet!

"It is just as well that the future is hidden from us,"

remarks a speaker. Otherwise, of course, there might be so many correct football coupons that the dividends would be hardly worth winning.

A thief who broke into a West-End night-club recently ate several sandwiches. Nothing else of any great value was taken.

We are informed that one of next year's attractions on Southend Pier is to be a

mammoth chess-board. This of course is in addition to the usual draughts.



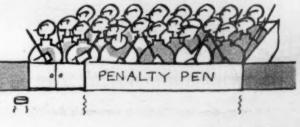
"There was a baby in a perambulator near, and as the firework struck the ground it went off with a loud explosion."

Police Court News.

"When there are no more wars, what will the League of Nations do?" asks a correspondent. Probably take up the question of ice-hockey.







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#### Babylon Is Fallen

If it isn't one thing it's another. The news from China has been bad enough, and then HITLER and MUSSOLINI hobnobbing together and the threat to Pets' Corner and FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW'S salary and Wall Street going up and down like a balloon in a hurricane, well, really, one hardly knows which way to turn. And now—the final blow—The Evening News has begun to talk about GENEVIEVE TABOUIS. Genevieve TABOUIS!

Madame Tabouis of the Euvre has long occupied a special niche-I dare not say in my affections but in my esteem. Whatever the particular crisis in European affairs, whether Germany is making overtures to Hungary or Italy sending troops to Libya, Madame Tabous (of the Euvre) has something trenchant to say. Her pronouncements, weighty and authoritative, lucid and significant, even in translation, never fail to decorate the pages of our 6.30 "PERTINAX" of the Echo de Paris, her constant companion, can usually be relied on to produce a word or two in season, and Signor GAYDA ("the abominable showman") is always worth reading, but Madame TABOUIS, if I may say so without offence, is the girl for my money. "Mussolini," she will roundly declare, "appears to be aiming at nothing less than the hegemony of the Mediterranean," or (more probably), "Mr EDEN's speech shows that Britain is still deliberately blinding herself to the realities of the situation." And who shall question when the oracle has spoken?

It is good for the conceit of men that there should be at



"I'M SORRY, SIR-MRS. GILLESPIE SAYS SHE'S HOUT."

least one woman in their lives before whom they bow down with a sense of unquenchable inferiority. And for most of us there is such a woman. With some it is their nurse, with others their mother, with others a great-aunt or grandmother or old friend of the family; others again do not come across this personification of Female Awe till later in life, and of these a few, an unhappy few, marry her; the rest marry her daughter. In my case it just happens that Madame Tabours fills the gap. To me, as was another to Sherlock Holmes, she is always the woman.

But not-oh, for heaven's sake not Genevieve Tabouis! The ever-increasing familiarity of the Press is no new complaint. If a Miss Primrose Penholder sets out to fly to the South Pole and back in record time, she may start from Croydon, if she is lucky, as Miss Penholder, but by the time she gets to the Pole she will be Primrose Penholder to every reader, and on her triumphant return to Croydon simply "Primrose Does It," or possibly even "Prim." is too late now to protest against this revolting habit. Airmen, explorers, boxers, athletes, all who get, one way or another, into the public eye must expect to be Tom, Dick and Harried by the daily Press. But surely our publicists might be left alone? It is part of the business of a publicist (I hope that is the word) to be Olympian, to sit apart on a lofty eminence of knowledge and insight whence he (or she) may look down on the petty manœuvrings of governments and statesmen and point out to them with kindly patience exactly what it is they are up to. Once let the public begin to suspect that its favourite publicists are after all but men as they themselves are, and they (the public) will begin to question their (the publicists'-it would all be quite clear in Latin, boys) conclusions; and that will never do. But how is the poor publicist to maintain his position if his Christian name is going to be bandied about from mouth to mouth

Because, by all the portents, "Genevieve Tabouis," bad though it is, is not the final impertinence. Already, you see, the "Madame" has gone. The "Tabouis" is bound to follow. "HITLER'S offer to immobilize the Swiss Frontier," says Genevieve in the Œuvre, "should be received with the utmost caution." Who is going to pay any attention to that? One might as well follow Auntie Tabitha in The Daily Flitch.

And what of others? "PERTINAX" and "SENTINEL" appear to be safe, but worse remains behind. Is the throne of Mr. J. L. Garvin to be shaken by a "James" or—horresco referens—a "Jimmy"? I doubt if even his authority could long survive such a treacherous stab.

"Russia, according to JIMMY GARVIN . . ." "The sequestration of Turkestan, says JIMMY . . ." "The possibility of a coup d'état in Transjordania, pipes Jimmyboy in The Observer . . ."

Or even this-

"For once JIMMY and GENEVIEVE appear to be in agreement over the menace to the Anglo-French suzerainty in the Western Pacific . ." Jimmy and Genevieve! They ought to be in a strip-cartoon, not meddling with the intricacies of high politics.

The fact is, as I realised long ago, that if you want to retain a world-wide influence you've got to be content to sign your articles simply with initals. Thus—

H. F. E.

It must have been potent stuff.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Southall Radio Society.—At the opening meeting of the season, Mr. Douglas Walters, the Society's President, presented to Mr. L. J. Swan the silver cup which he won in the open DF contest during the summer. Mr. Swan followed tradition by filling the cup with champagne, after which a discussion on direction-finding followed."

Wireless World.



THE "GREYS" AND THE DRAGON

[In commemoration of the good news that this famous regiment has successfully defied mechanisation.] .



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

HORSINESS

#### On a Rainy Day

I HAVE pitched a camp in the dining-room, Three tent-pegs I have hewn from the broom, And the table was my tent.

I have been the coal- and the laundry-man-The ironing-board makes a lovely van-

Or did till the big end went.

I have painted the face of the fairy queen, Painted her hair with Hooker's green And her nose with crimson lake.

I have gone on winding the clockwork train Once too often and once again

For my sister Susan's sake. I've seccotined "This Side up with care" Round the legs of the Queen Anne chair

And the temporary maid.

I have found what's ailing the woolly toys And made an end of their wailing noise

With my two-edged razor-blade. I have climbed white heights in a breathless heat Mounting with mud-encumbered feet

The linen-cupboard shelves.

I have dangled at every uncle's knee,

Heard them swear they were hurting me Far less than they hurt themselves. I have learnt that an angry garage-hand

Greased the works of the Steinway grand And filled it with petroleum.

And tales are told of a pirate bold Sailing the seas in search of gold

And soaking the linoleum. They say that a party of redskin men Crept in the kitchen and hanged a hen And had no jam for tea,

And a public enemy masked in black Raided the larder by the back,

And all of these men were me. I have played with gipsies, I've played with fire, I've played at being a motor-tyre,

With tin-tacks in my tummy. I've beaten the gong, I've banged the bell Till neither of them go quite so well-

So what shall I do now, Mummy?

## Galliproof Garden Suburb

WE leaped with the agility of young gazelles from tuft to tuft where a board said "Shopping Centre"; we skirted the pit full of rain-water and cast-off ironmongery which was labelled "School"; we sank up to our ankles in mud at the "Town Hall." "Let us go home," said Everard

Galliproof firmly. We went.

Everard lives in one of those villages that was so misguided as to be situated within easy reach of London, with the result that London, finding itself within easy reach of it, stretches out insatiable fingers of development which will eventually result in Bumblesbury being just another station on the so-called Underground. It was the latest of these development sites that we had just been inspecting.

Biting savagely into a crumpet, Everard gave vent to his resentment.

"It isn't so much the fact that there have to be houses," he complained, "although you've only got to look at the gaunt untenanted aspect of any new block of flats to see that the necessity is considerably over-rated; but it's the dreadful ugliness of the beastly things they put up that I object to. That, and the crushing monotony of the horrible places.

Any one of these new estates is exactly like any other one. Put me down in the middle of Funtings Park Broadway and I shouldn't for the life of me be able to say that I wasn't in Twittenham Green Broadway or even Humpingdon Broadway; and to tell you the truth I shouldn't care either as long as they've all got railway-stations or bus services, so that I can get away.'

He bit into his crumpet again, equally savagely, and looked savagely for another one. Even more savagely he realised that there were none left. He sucked the butter from his fingers in a manner that was positively threatening and continued his diatribe.

"What these new suburbs need," he observed, "is individuality. If I could have a free hand——" He gazed into space with an expression that reminded me of "The Boyhood of Raleigh.'

"Have you a piece of paper?" he asked.

I offered him a couple of bustickets. "They're lucky when they add up to twenty-one," I explained, "but I've had the luck from these."

"Not big enough," said Everard. He went to his bureau and produced a sheet of Bristol board about six feet by four.

"Now," he said, "here is my idea of a suburb." He began to draw a map in the south-west corner. "You see, here is a central square, very big, with grass lawns in the middle and ornamental fountains. There are flowerbeds round the lawns"-he drew some symbolical gladioli on his map-"and six paths radiating from the fountain in the centre to the one-way road round the edge.

"All around this square, you see, you have the municipal buildings. He sketched in a ring of windowed boot-boxes. "Here is the Town Hall. here is the-er-church, here is the fire-station, here is the Odeon, here is the Underground."

"Why do you have the fire-station next-door to the cinema?" I inquired.

"In case the Town Hall catches fire. The Town Hall is panelled inside with rich but very inflammable Empire woods. Outside," he continued, "it is of white stucco, very tall and statelylike Maud. I should like to see it about a hundred-and-fifty feet high. On one side is the red-brick fire-station, On the other the blue slate church. Thus we combine patriotism with architecture.

Abandoning the central square, he added eight radiating roads to his picture. "This one," he expounded, is the main shopping centre. You can call it the Broadway if you like. It is built of concrete and the upper stories of the shops extend over the pavements with a sort of cloister effect to keep the rain off." He drew in the cloisters. "Farther along the same road is the school, set well back from the road in its own playing-fields where the kids can make as much row as they

like without disturbing anyone but their unfortunate teachers.

"This road"—he indicated the thoroughfare at right-angles to the Broadway-"is the main road from London to somewhere. You always have one of those in a new suburb. There is of course no speed-limit. The road bisects the suburb into two halves"-he marked a division from north to south-"one of which is, as it were, the commercial half, and the other the residential half." He marked the western side with a "C," the eastern

"You will pardon my pointing it out," I interrupted, "but the children from the residential half have to cross the derestricted main road to get to their school in the commercial half.'

Exactly. And thus the ones that tend to be a nuisance on the road get killed off when they are quite young, and the others receive a salutary

"In designing the residents' houses," Everard went on, "we are motivatedor actuated, if the word 'motivated' hurts you as much as it does mepurely by considerations of conveni-ence. Old-fashioned ideas of beauty are swept away. They are cubical in shape and smoke-grey in colour. The gardens are laid out with hard tenniscourts and artificial flowers." illustrated a row of his ideal dwellings.

"And where would you have your

house?" I asked.

'My house?" Everard prolonged one of his eight roads until it reached from the south-west corner of the paper to the extreme north-east. "My house is about a couple of hundred miles along there," he said.



Driver, shouting from car. " LEATHERHEAD?" Pedestrian. "FISHFACE!"



"EXOTIC FOODS! THE CHOICEST WINES! DAPRINE GAZED WITH 'ORROR AT THE NAUSEATING PROFUSION."

## Le Home-Life de Old England;

Ou, Further Guide pour les Foreigners.

"IT will be quite a family party, I'm afraid."

"Charming, charming.

"No, it will not be charming in the least. On the contrary, they are all very dull."

"I cannot believe that."

"Oh, pray don't make speeches, pay compliments or rave like a poet. There is nothing that we English dislike more."

I apologise.

"Not at all. Let us forget it ever happened. I was telling you that my uncle and aunt, my husband's mother, our son from India, my daughter's fiancé and my youngest child and his dog are all arriving this week.

"You will be transported with delight."

"Oh, no. Nothing like that. Still, one is quite ready to see them all again, only one does not want any nonsense about it."
"No?"

"No-most certainly not."

"The uncle and aunt-what are they like?"

"Quite ordinary. They play golf, but they are not good at it.

"Ah."

"Do you want me to describe the others as well?"

"As well as what?

"As well as the uncle and aunt. Not that there is very much to say about any of them. They are all very dull."

"Does your husband's mother also play golf?"

"No. She reads the newspapers without glasses. She is a remarkable woman. Not that I wish to gush about her."

"I quite understand."

What excitement!

"Our son is home for the first time in five years, as it happens.

Ah, heavens!"

"We are quite looking forward to seeing him-if you will not think it absurd of me to say such a thing.'

"Oh, I hope not. He would not care for that at all."

"The English keep their emotions under control." "Where they have any, certainly. But we try to do without such things as far as possible. They are a great handicap when playing games."

"The fiancé of my daughter is quite a nice type of young Englishman. You will, I think, enjoy meeting him.' I am sure I shall. What does he do?"

"He is hoping to get a job with an American film company.

He has not yet succeeded?"

Not yet. He does not care for the idea of working with Americans, also he wishes to have his week-ends free, and to live where he can get some hunting; and it is not very easy to find, especially as he feels he must ask a good

"Is it permitted to ask what his qualifications for the post may be?"

He says he feels that he would make a good organiser." "Ah! And your daughter?"

"We are hoping that they will get married as soon as he has found a job.

"They are much attached?"

"They have a great deal in common. They both like hunting and playing tennis."

'They are affinities?'

"I doubt if they would care for the expression. We English seldom use words of that kind. But each thinks that the other is a good sort."

"They are not, then, passionately in love?"

"Hush if you please."

"I apologise.

"Not at all. Let us, once more, forget that it ever happened. That is always the best way in any little awkwardness.'

"Tell me of the youngest child—the one who is bringing the cat, is it not?"

"The dog, if you please. A cat is not quite the same thing

"Assuredly not. It is entirely different."

"That is what we English always feel. My youngest boy is bringing his Aberdeen terrier. No cat."

You are pleased?'

"Delighted. He is the sweetest, most intelligent, altogether adorable little person in the world. The whole house revolves round him, he is such a perfect darling."

'Ah! I perceive that the youngest is the favourite. "I was speaking of the Aberdeen terrier just then." "Really? Sometimes I find the English rather difficult, if I may say so, to understand."

"How strange! We are such a simple homely race."

That's Why

(With acknowledgments to our City Editors)

BEARS were all scurrying fast to cover And the undertone was bright: Dealers were marking up their prices On the strength of encouraging advices From Wall Street overnight; Gilt-edged were good and Home Rails buoyant.

While Industrials were sought; Copper was two quid more a ton

And Kaffirs were staging a record run-And that's why I had to pay more than I meant to The day that I bought.

There were stale bulls in a nervous market And commodities were weak: Something was happening in Siam, Oils were on offer in Amsterdam

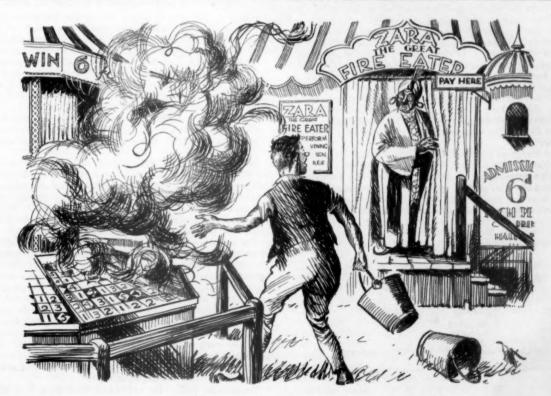
And armaments past their peak; Paris at noon came over a seller

And they lowered the price of gold; There were droops and dulness and slumps and sags In Imps and Johnnies and Bats and Bags And that's why I didn't get what I'd expected

The day that I sold.

Historical Note

"George the First knew no English when he came to the throne. But when he was dead, he could speak a little."—Smith Minor.



"WELL, DO SOMETHING, CAN'T YOU?"

# The Portrait of a Hero

HE was born, I think, in Bideford or thereabouts towards the middle of the last century. At the time when the portrait was done which has made his fearless shaggy face familiar to millions he was serving as leading seaman in H.M.S. Hero, the one with the two funnels set on one side aircraft-carrier fashion, just to the right of his whiskers. The other ship, running stern first before the wind at the back of his neck, is H.M.S. Princess Adelaide, in which he was serving when he invented the untearable lifebuoy, which he always regarded as his greatest triumph and a representation of which serves as a passe-partout to the whole inset.

The main seascape below was done off the China coast (as witness the junk on the right horizon) just before a typhoon. The building on the promontory on the left was built as a pagoda, but with the advance of Western ideas was spokeshaved down to form a lighthouse.

His attitude to life was straightforward. If the Queen said that seamen were to have whiskers he would let them grow freely and without trimming, though there is evidence that, in order to preserve some sort of access to his mouth, he was in the habit of curling the hair on the upper lip and right back to his ear around a bit of spunyarn at night. On the other hand, the Queen said nothing about eyebrows, so he plucked them and redrew them with the upward and outward curves that give him an air of shocked surprise most appropriate to a British tar exposed to the devilries of foreign ports, and that earned for him among his shipmates the soubriquet of "Blinker."

In all this there is a good deal of matter for reverie. The rig of H.M.S. *Princess Adelaide*, for example, was not the result of lighthearted irresponsible design or of mere accidental misconstruction. At the time when she was laid down the controversy was raging furiously between the supporters of the traditional sail propulsion and the innovators who favoured the new vulgar and ridiculous paddles. The paddle party had recently had one or two ships built and had irritated the sail supporters considerably by navigating their vessels backwards in and out of the Fleet—a feat beyond the capacity of the normally rigged sailingship. Admiral Sir Benbow Broadside, to demonstrate the flexibility of sail design, produced *Princess Adelaide*, which, so far from being unable to sail astern, actually could not sail forward.

The design of the second ship depicted also by a curious coincidence was affected by the same controversy. Built some ten years later, *Hero* was the result of a compromise between the two parties, drawn together by their common contempt for the absurd coterie who were at that time



" No, THANKS, OLD CHAP; I DON'T SMOKE."

beginning to press the claims of a fantastic and unworkable invention called the Archimedean or screw propeller. Admiral Broadside agreed to adopt the paddle principle, with the reservation that the paddle must be on one side only in order to leave the other side clear for repelling boarders. If both sides were cluttered up with paddles, he argued, it was doubtful whether the boarders would be able to get on board at all, and in that case it would be impossible to repel them. And unless one could repel boarders it was difficult to see how the issue of a sea-battle could ever be determined. H.M.S. Hero therefore was fitted with one paddle on the starboard side, which is hidden from view in the picture by the hull of the vessel.

Then, again, the facts concerning the Blinker Untearable Lifebuoy commemorated in the picture are not without interest. In the early 'seventies a statesman became First Lord of the Admiralty who had made his fortune in early life out of the manufacture of untearable rag books for children. In consonance with the finest traditions of our political life, he at once devoted to the Service of which he was the Chief the high principles and the rich experience which had guided him through a successful business career. On his first visit to the Fleet he tested everything for tearability, but found to his secret disappointment that most of the sails, spars and things were pretty well untearable already. A junior officer of good physique, however, seeking to ingratiate himself with the new First Lord, showed that it was possible, if you were strong enough, to put one foot on a lifebuoy and tear it in two.

The First Lord immediately returned to London and took the matter up with his Department. The memorandum is fortunately still available for reference:—

### "First Lord of the Admiralty to First Sea Lord.

During his recent inspection of the Fleet the First Lord of the Admiralty noted with surprise and concern that the lifebuoys with which Her Majesty's ships are provided are of such construction as to be easily tearable by hand. The First Sea Lord is invited to contemplate the loss of life which must ensue if, upon an occasion on which it is desired to put the lifebuoys of a ship into service, it should be found that all the available lifebuoys have been torn up, whether by enemy action or otherwise. The First Sea Lord is also requested immediately to initiate such action as may in his view be necessary in order to remedy this serious defect of equipment."

On the fading sheet the marginal endorsements are still legible: "First Sea Lord to Second Sea Lord.—To you." "Second Sea Lord to Third Sea Lord.—Noted and passed to you." "Third Sea Lord to Fourth Sea Lord.—Agreed. Will you please see that something is done. Urgent." "Fourth Sea Lord to Permanent Secretary.—Why is this? Please submit an immediate report and proposals."

The upshot of it all was that a competition for the design of an untearable lifebuoy was thrown open to all ratings. The subject of this paper was one of the keenest of the competitors. Saving up his pay to buy materials, he worked night and day at the problem. Eventually he produced the lifebuoy in the picture, which might well have won the prize. Firmly binding on every edge with two-inch circumference manilla rope, it was his intention to cover it entirely with the same material, but, as you will see in the picture, even the seizings on the edge were never completed. Impatient to try the great invention, he could not wait until the job was finished. He threw it overboard and it sank immediately with the weight of rope.

He died in 1925. He always smoked shag in a shortstemmed clay.

# "A Ship Hat Had She On"

OLD Meg she was a gipsy, And lived upon the moor, and, according to Mr. KEATS, she wore a ship hat. Why she did so, or just what type of ship hat it was, is not explained; but nearly everybody knows about her and feels rather proud of spotting something by KEATS. Though it may not be great poetry, people can make it out, and it is just the length for the lighter anthologies and there is nothing to pay for putting it in. Well, she lived upon the moor, stared hard against the moon for supper, sported an odd sort

of cloak and ship hat. This year every woman worthy of the name has been going about in some kind of ship hat. We are becoming sea-minded at last, and very nice too. It started with the Coronation, when I saw a policeman in a gust of wind catch, without moving from his refuge, two fly-away ship hats in perky white linen that had parted company from their shiny heads in mid-street. You might have taken these for bakers hats, perhaps, or convicts' hats, but they were ship hats, for they were embroidered clearly with anchors, not arrows. The owners were not at all sure whether they had got their own, so alike were they. Old Meg never had one of these, I'm sure. In any case, they were no good to me. My face is the wrong shape. But one must conform to some extent. One

cannot go about looking odd. Later came saucy miniature man-o'war straws, perched on the backs of heads of heaped-up curls, or over one eye, or dangling off an ear, very nautical and natty. But not for me.

"I cannot wear these ship hats," I told James; "they are not my style." Yet am I not sea-minded? It was a pity; besides, how singular one feels! I tried a compromise with a discreet model of a City dustman's hat, but it left me cold. Highwayman shapes were intriguing on the mannequin: recommended for the "not so young lady," they made her look like a landlady. I was quite out of the picture. Then dissipated female Nobby Clarkes began to stare against the moon in bluejackets' caps, worn tilted back as on a "drop of leaf," the cap-ribbons tied rakishly over the left eye. Old Meg never wore that kind of thing, and neither could I. With a fickle switch over across the Channel for inspiration they evolved "amusing Breton sailors." James found mine too amusing for words, with or without eye-veil.

I was no happier with a chic version



" IS THAT QUITE CRICKET, SMITH?"

of the nautical headgear so popular with the First Lord of the Admiralty for undress occasions—what the Navy calls a "yacketing hat." It just wouldn't stay put. So I have continued to go about looking a perfect frump in a mere land hat.

At last an approaching wedding drove me to action for the credit of the family.

I found my ideal hat: just the thing for the not-so-young, the not-so-slim, the not-too-conspicuous. This hat of mine was hat pure and simple. You know the old idea of the thing? It had a round sort of crown, into which the upper part of the head went. The circular brim was stuck on round the hole quite neatly; there was a natty striped ribbon to cover the join, and the whole thing was glazed by some patent process which made it look a bit out of the common as well as shower-proof. I liked myself in it. I was assured that "Moddom could wear that."

"This is my hat!" I cried. "Bother the fashions!

In the home circle I clapped my purchase on my ruffled head and glared

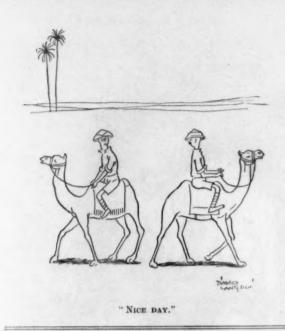
'How do you like it? Will it do?" hoped they could not hear the beating of my heart.
"Capital!" exclaimed James. "A

ship hat had she on.'

"We are all sitting on the fence with valuable greenhouses, huts and produce, and nowhere to go, with a very lukewarm Council holding us in the hollow of its hand after over 20 years' occupation."

Letter to "Harrogate Advertiser."

And winter coming on!



# Doggerel's Dictionary

XVI.

RAVEN.—One of the numerous and celebrated versenarrative characters that quoth. I have an affection for all of them. The raven, it is true, merely quoth "Nevermore"; but it quoth. For a long time I was under the impression that "Horatius" was full of people who quoth, and it was a disappointment to me when I looked it up and found that most of them merely out spake. But in stanza forty-three I was gratified to discover that the great Lord of Luna quoth.

REFRACTION.—Among the last scientific experiments I made were several connected with this subject. I was in my laboratory with my assistant, Mr. T. J. Anaximander-Turnip, B.Sc. (Hon.), and his assistant, a rather pretty girl called Charlotte, tabulating Errors of Refraction. We were all taking turns at the theodolite, through which we were examining a graduated glass marble in a beaker of water. As I stood up after obtaining my third reading I noticed Anaximander-Turnip looking at me strangely.

Anaximander-Turnip looking at me strangely.
"Doggerel," he said, "do you notice anything?"
"Tut, man, it's a bonfire," I said airily. It was the time

"Tut, man, it's a bonfire," I said airily. It was the time of year for bonfires. "It's the time of year for bonfires, Anaximander-Turnip," I said.
"I don't mean that," he said with a gesture of infinite

"I don't mean that," he said with a gesture of infinite weariness. And light suddenly burst on me in a flood.

"Anaximander-Turnip," I said, "you mean-?"

"Yes," he said. We stared at each other. Charlotte stood between us with her great intelligent brown eyes, which never left us for a second. (Nor did they leave her.)

"Let me take another look," said Anaximander-Turnip suddenly. He bent to stare through the theodolite, but straightened up again almost at once. "It's . . . still there," he said.

"An Error of Refraction," I said stoutly.

"Pah!" he said. "That is the easy way out."

The problem under discussion was the inexplicable appearance, beside the glass marble, of a miniature statuette of Shakespeare, upside-down.

"I suppose we must let the Royal Society know," I said.

"It will make Clambake furious."

"It will sabotage the whole theory," agreed Anaximander-Turnip. "Why, it will put EINSTEIN back a century and a half."

How lucky it was that we had Charlotte there, with her great intelligent brown eyes and her woman's intuition! She it was who realised that the statuette of SHAKESPEARE was inside the theodolite, having been left there after my

lecture on Hamlet the previous day.

RHYTHM.—I said most of what I had to say about Rhythm under METRE, so this space shall be devoted to Ritherm. The phrase "to have ritherm" (as in "I got ritherm," "He ain't got ritherm"), dubious as it is, does seem to me to express an idea impossible to express briefly otherwise. It is ungarammatical, it is unparliamentary, and it does not literally mean anything, but everybody (except many of the people who ain't got ritherm) gathers vaguely what it is intended to convey. What it is intended to convey I shall not insult those who got ritherm or baffle and exasperate those who ain't got ritherm by laboriously explaining. If you can keep track of a fairly simple tune throughout a three-minute "hot" series of variations on it by a group of energetic virtuosi on the clarinet, saxophone, trumpet, piano, drums and bass, you got ritherm, Gunga Din.

Ruskin.—A writer of the last century once said something to the effect that the laudable reason for approving of an author's statements was not "There, that's what I always say," but "Well, I never thought of that before." I mention this idea often enough as it is, and I should probably mention it oftener except for the fact that the writer was Ruskin. To find myself quoting Ruskin with approval makes me

feel uneasy.

SATISFACTION.—What I want somebody to explain to me is the phrase, "Guarantee of Satisfaction." How can it be a commercial proposition to guarantee anyone else's satisfaction? I used to put this point sometimes to my assistant, Mr. T. J. Anaximander-Turnip, B.Sc. (Hon.), after a hard day in the laboratory. "Satisfaction, Anaximander-Turnip," I used to say to him, "is a purely personal matter, and as such quite impossible for an outsider to guarantee." Anaximander-Turnip would fold up the microscope, sheathe the slide-rule, roll up the map of Europe, throw away the hydrochloric acid, hring one of Bellamy's pork-pies, break a pipette across his knee, blow a lot of iron-filings out of the ventilator, and say "What?" In the laboratory we used to call this "shattering the retort."

In a radio shop in Fleet Street years ago I saw a notice reading "Guaranteed to give you all the satisfaction you require!" but I never consulted Anaximander-

Turnip, or even Charlotte, about that.

Sculpture.—In that 1847 Dictionary of Commerce, which is one of the best bedside books I know, and which I would carry about with me constantly if it were not over three inches thick and several pounds in weight, occurs the following passage:—

"The art of the sculptor, or statuary, was carried to the highest pitch of excellence in ancient Greece. Fortunately several of the works of the Grecian sculptors have been preserved, and serve at once to stimulate and direct the genius of modern artists."

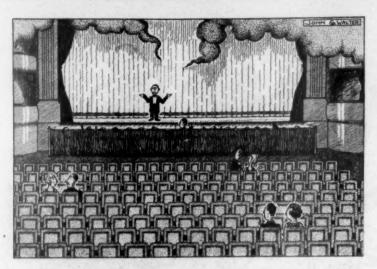
Another controversial statement in the book is one about the rouble, which is alleged to be worth three shillings and twopence-three-farthings.

R. M.



THE FIRSTBORN

Thomas Desrick



"I VERY MUCH REGRET THAT A SMALL FIRE HAS BROKEN OUT, BUT IF THE AUDIENCE WILL KINDLY LEAVE IN AN ORDERLY MANNER THERE IS NO CAUSE FOR ALARM."

# Nothing New

"FOR my part," said Mr. Sheridan, "if this Bill shall pass I shall think myself unworthy to continue longer the prattling representative of a dumb and enslaved people."

"That's the way to talk," said my poor friend Poker. "That was in 1795—Mr. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN on the Treason and Sedition Bill. Now listen to this. . . ."

We sat in the great library, dipping at random into the speeches of longdead statesmen. It is an occupation both inspiring and depressing. For the subjects of the speeches are so often familiar to us; and only the literary style is new.

Here, for example, in the next volume, was Mr. Sheridan holding forth on the "Affairs of Spain" (June 15, 1808):—

"He was satisfied that there never was a time, since the commencement of the French Revolution . . . there never was so great an opportunity and occasion for this country to strike a bold stroke which might end in the rescue of the world. . . Let Spain see that we were not inclined to stint the services we had it in our power to render to her: that we were not actuated by the desire of any petty advantage, but that our exertions were to be solely directed towards the grand and general object the emancipation of the world. . . Would it not preserve and even rouse the spirit of the people of that country to know that the unanimous voice of Parliament, as well as of the people of Great Britain, was raised in their favour, and their cordial assistance and

co-operation ready to be afforded them?... The crisis was the most important that could be conceived: the stand made in the Asturias was the most glorious. He hoped that the progress of it would be closely watched, and not a single opportunity lost of adding vigour and energy to the spirit which seemed to exist there."

"And here," said Poker, "in 1837—just a hundred years ago—is the Duke of Wellington still discussing the troubles in Spain, and, what is more, non-intervention in Spain":—

"I think I have shown your Lordships how little has been gained for any party by the system of operations which has been followed upon the coast of Spain, and the inutility and danger of the continuance of that course. . . Let us resume, in reality, the neutral position that becomes us . . . and we shall have at least a chance of restoring tranquillity."

"This, too, is rather topical":-

"Now it has unfortunately happened that extreme political principles have been forced upon a great part of Europe by means of large armies and of great military forces, and it was consequently expected that the same thing would succeed in Spain. . . . I believe this was the reason for our interference in these unfortunate Spanish differences. . . ."

"On June 15, 1837, the Marquess of LONDONDERRY called upon the Government to state whether it was their purpose to persevere in the policy with regard to the Pensinsula which they had for the last three years so erroneously pursued.

"There was much talk about the formation of a British Legion in Spain, and the Duke said":—

"I really hope that the noble Lord is mistaken in supposing that Colonel Wylde has taken any part in the formation of a freah Legion, but I must say that if he has taken that course he has done what he ought not to have done."

"And here," said Poker, "is the Great Duke speaking on the Address to His Majesty in reply to the gracious Speech from the Throne.' This speech might have been made last week":—

"My Lords, I sincerely rejoice in the first part of His Majesty's Speech, in which he informs us that he entertains no apprehension that the peace of Europe—or, I should rather say, the peace of the world, will be disturbed. I confess, my Lords, that from what I had heard of armaments being prepared, or in a state of preparation, in the different parts of this kingdom, I was somewhat apprehensive that we might receive different information upon this occasion; and it is most satisfactory to find, not only that no grounds for such apprehensions exist, but that His Majesty continues to receive from all foreign Powers, Potentates and States their assurances of continued friendship towards this country; and that the armaments which we have heard of as being in a state of preparation for some months have been got in readiness for the purpose of guarding and protecting the extended commerce of this country. Nothing can be more satisfactory than these assurances, because I am convinced that the great object of this country should not only be peace for itself, but peace for the whole world; and at the present time it is more peculiarly so than it has ever been at any other period. I confess, my Lords, I regret that the maritime force of this country was reduced a few years ago by the very amount of men which I believe it is now intended to add to it: because if that reduction had not



"BROKEN DAHN AGAIN, GEORGE?"

taken place at that time the alarm and apprehension to which I have alluded as being created by the increase of our maritime force at this moment would not have occurred."

"In 1837," said Poker, "the Duke of Wellington was Chancellor of Oxford University; and in 1837 we find him speaking on the Civil List Bill, thus":

"My Lords, I likewise confess that I feel very strong objections to the system established respecting pensions during the pleasure of the Crown. It is my opinion that a sufficient provision has not been made for the exercise of the royal bounty. . . Is it possible that your Lordships can believe that you have made sufficient provision for those demands upon the bounty of the Crown—demands in which the public interest is materially involved—by giving the Sovereign the power of granting £1,200 in pensions each year?"

"Ninety-nine years later, in 1936, it was proposed by a Member for Oxford University that that figure, £1,200, should be doubled; and a hundred years later, in the Civil List Act, 1937, this was done. We may not move swiftly: but, by gad, we move.

"And here, in 1842, is the Duke, consenting with the familiar reluctance to the income-tax, and making the familiar promises that it will not endure at the present rate for long":—

"I sincerely trust that this Government, if your Lordships will adopt this Bill, will maintain this increase as long as is absolutely necessary, and not one hour longer. . . . .

I can answer for myself, and I believe I can also answer for my colleagues, that nothing but necessity could have induced us to propose such a tax. We are perfectly aware of all the inconveniences that must result from it. . . . We are perfectly aware of the odious powers with which these commissioners must be entrusted, and we can reconcile it to ourselves only by the necessity of the case. We have been now for several years engaged in operations involving great expense in all parts of the world. I will not say, my Lords, that we have been at war; but I believe we have been at something as like war, if it be not war, as anything could well be. . . . They have entailed upon the country the expenses of war, and we are now called upon to discharge the bill. I hope we shall pay the bill, and that we shall restore the country to a satisfactory state and to prosperity. I say again, my Lords, that nothing but a strong sense of the necessity of the case and that there was no other course which we could take to produce such a revenue as would enable us to meet the difficulties of the country, or to do what is necessary for its prosperity, would have induced us to propose such a measure, and it will not last one moment longer than it shall be absolutely necessary.

"And here is Lord Brougham on another modern theme—'Agricultural Distress'":—

"As the law is now administered, under the influences of the habits which have unfortunately grown up with the abuse of it, the lower orders look to parish relief, no longer with dread or shame; but they regard it as a fund out of which their wants may be



"FOR GOODNESS' SAKE HOLD THE UMBRELLA UP-YOU'RE SIMPLY RUINING MY HAT."

at all times supplied. To say nothing of the effects of this feeling upon their habits of industry and economy: to pass over its fatal influence on their character, and especially on their spirit of independence: only observe how it removes all check upon improvident marriages, and tends to multiply the number of the people beyond the means of subsistence—that is, to multiply the numbers of the poor. A young couple who feel inclined to marry never think nowadays of waiting until they can afford it, until they have a prospect of being able to support a family. They hardly consider whether they are able to support themselves. They know that whatever deficit may arise in their means the parish must make up; and they take into account the relief derivable from this source as confidently and with as little

repugnance as if it were a part of their inheritance. It is truly painful to reflect that our peasantry, who, some time ago, used to regard such a supply with dread—used to couple every notion of ruin, misery and even degradation with the thought of coming upon the parish—should now be accustoming themselves to receive relief almost as if it were a regular part of their wages. I can see but one effectual remedy for this great and growing evil; it is the one that follows so immediately from the principles unfolded in Mr. Malthus's celebrated work."

"Nothing," said Poker, "seems to change very much. But the speeches nowadays are shorter." A. P. H.



"I DON'T THINK I LIKE NIGHT-LIFE."

# Requiescat in Pace!

Buried as I am in the heart of the country . . . .

Why, Mrs. Navarre! . . .

And dear Mrs. Mann!

You came down by car!

And you've brought little Ann?

Well, this really is kind!

But how did-you find . . .?

It's so terribly far,

Buried as I am in the heart of the country.

Buried as I am in the heart of the country . . .

Dear me, there's the phone!

Excuse me. . . Hullo!

Hullo! Hullo . . Joan?

What? You've got Uncle Joe

And he does want to see . . .

But, my dear, come to tea. . .

Yes, of course . . quite alone,

Buried as I am in the heart of the country.

Buried as I am in the heart of the country . . . It was the front bell! Come in, Mr. White! You've met Mrs. Snell? She's staying the night. You've missed Colonel Trend: He staved last week-end With Dick and a friend. I fancy you know My Great-uncle Joe? And Mrs. Navarre? She's come down by car With dear Mrs. Mann. They brought little Ann; She's out there with Joan . . . One moment—the phone!

It was young George McMull. ...
What's that, Mrs. Brown?
I must miss the town?
No, I don't find it dull,
Buried (as I soon shall be at this rate)
in the heart of the country.



# THINKING IMPERIALLY

THE FASCIST QUEEN BROKE THE SILENCE BY SAYING TO THE NAZI QUEEN, "I INVITE YOU TO ALICE'S COLONIAL PARTITION THIS AFTERNOON."

"I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS TO HAVE A COLONIAL-PARTITION AT ALL," SAID ALICE, "BUT IF THERE IS TO BE ONE, I THINK I OUGHT TO INVITE THE GUESTS."



# Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week

Monday, November 1st. -Com-mons: Debate on the Address continued.

Tuesday, November2nd.—Lords: Debate on Refugee Children from Spain.

Commons: Debate on the Address continued.

Wednesday, November 3rd. -Lords: Debate on Mediterranean Security.
Commons: Land Drainage

and Hours of Labour discussed.

Monday, November 1st .- Mr. Dalton, whom the Labour Party put up to-day to con-clude their case against the Government, made his chief eriticisms in the sphere of foreign affairs, as was natural in an ex-Under Secretary for that Department, and gave Mr. EDEN the chance to make what most Members of the House regarded as the most effective speech of his career.

A policy of planned scarcity of food and a general bungling of the location of industry

were Mr. Dalton's first charges. He went on to ask why the Government systematically backed the wrong horse on the international Turf. to quote the statement of the Military

"QUIPS AND CRANKS AND WANTON WILES" LORD WINTERTON

Correspondent of The Times that class prejudice was blinding the strategical sight of some sections of the British public who were backing Franco, and to insist that Japan was only having



THE WESTMINSTER WALL GAME OLD ETONIANS MEET AGAIN

MR. EDEN AND MR. DALTON

a dress-rehearsal for the big outing of the three Fascist Powers, when we might well be one of their objectives.

Early in his speech Mr. EDEN gave a welcome rebuke to Italy's championship of German colonial claims. Italy had done pretty well out of the War he pointed out, and it was hardly good enough that she should demand a contribution from us which she showed no signs of making herself. He easily refuted the suggestion of the Opposition that we had speeded up the Nyon Agreement for selfish reasons by describing how, with the French Navy, we shared almost exclusively the burden of protecting ships of all kinds of nationalities; assured the House that, owing to sharp internal divisions on the Spanish problem, the League had never been in the least anxious to handle it; declared that if his reward was to be full American cooperation, he would gladly travel not merely from Geneva to Brussels, but if necessary from Melbourne to Alaska; warmly defended M. VAN ZEELAND against recent attacks; completely turned Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's accusation that Non-Intervention had worked in favour of the insurgents by quoting the latest figures from Russia; reminded would-be interveners that England wished to live amicably with whatever Spain might emerge; and promised that we would go on offering

co-operation to all while accepting dictation from none, that we would adhere to the League and its principles as the surest path to the rule of international law, and that we would con-

sider favourably any sound proposals for League reform. In passing he reminded the Opposition, à propos of the "class-prejudice" of which Mr. DALTON had spoken, that both of them had been to Eton. It was an altogether admirable speech, phrased and delivered with a vigour which made a deep impression on the House.

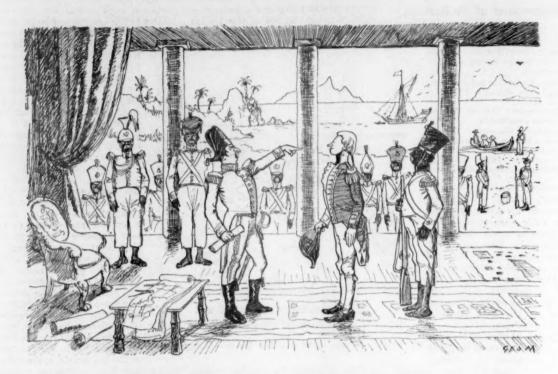
Tuesday, November 2nd.-In the Commons Question - time was brightened twice, when Mr. TURTON, who is a wag, asked about the importation of foreign pullovers at sixpence and then produced a shocking garment like a circular dish-cloth, which he passed round the horrified Conservative benches: and when Mr. HORE-BELISHA announced that the Scots Greys' nightmare of motor-scooters had no foundation in fact. Since, however, letters in his name had given rise to the campaign of the last few days, the delight

of Scottish Members was not unmixed with curiosity.

The Liberal Amendment to the Motion on the Address was moved by



"BY JINGO \*\*\*!" LORD STRABOLGI (Lab.) BEATS THE BIG DRUM.



"AND REMEMBER, I MUST HAVE THE KIND WITH PINK ICING ON TOP!"

Major LLOYD GEORGE, who is now one of the most interesting speakers in the House. He urged that an ugly time lay ahead when rearmament slowed down, and asked why the Government were not doing much more in the way of public works to prevent a slump.

This question of slump economics ran through the whole debate. Mr. OLIVER STANLEY (President of the Board of Trade) roundly disbelieved in the imminence of a serious crash, and pointed out that whereas the causes of the 1929 landslide on Wall Street were economic, those of the present fall were largely political. He assured the House that the Government were not neglecting public works, and that he was doing his very best towards a trade agreement with America.

Mr. AMERY as usual spoke up for Empire Preference, Sir ARTHUR SALTER painted economists as hard-boiled men of the world, and Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR was so depressing about the years to come that Lord Winterton, in the wittiest speech of the day, labelled him the "king-pin of gloom."

Wednesday, November 3rd .- Period-

ically Lord STRICKLAND expresses dissatisfaction with the political situation in Malta. He did so to-day, and got no



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO

Jarrow won't forget How much it is in Miss Wilkinson's debt For her fight To end its plight.

change whatever out of the Front Bench; but the references to the Mediterranean gave an opportunity seized by Lord STRABOLGI for a lengthy disquisition on the weakness of Italy now that she was keeping garrisons all over the place, and the heavy superiority in numbers which the British and French navies would possess over those of Germany and Italy if the worst ever came to the worst. He emphasised that he was making no attack on Italy, but his speech was exactly the kind of tactless utterance so easily misunderstood abroad, where people still find it hard to realise that peers are not of necessity official mouthpieces; and Lord REN-NELL's polite criticism seemed welldeserved.

The Commons spent a scrappy day. The P.M. was back and was greeted with cheers. He described how he and MUSSOLINI had exchanged friendly letters with each other at the end of the summer, and he thought they had had a good effect. In later debate on Private Members' motions neither Land Drainage nor Hours of Labour warmed anyone to particularly notable orations.

### Props

THERE is always a certain satisfaction in feeling that one has thoroughly mastered one's subject, and I think I can claim that few people except Henry Furbelow (Prop.) are more fully conversant with the advantages of the Hill View Hotel (fully licensed, corkage will be charged if visitors provide their own wine) than I am. The charges are strictly moderate (so much superior to charges that, though moderate, are painfully lax) and there is h. and also c. in every room. Nearly all the sixty bedrooms have magnificent views over the open sea, which just shows what modern architects can do when they are really put on their mettle. Obviously the hotel is extremely thin, so that all the rooms are front rooms (in which case the invigorating breezes. may be expected to blow it over at any minute), or else it is on a little island in mid-Channel, in which case it is difficult to see how it can be within five minutes' walk of the golf-course.

I have never stayed at Hill View Hotel, and I do not intend to stay there, because I am heartily tired of the place without ever having set eyes on it. For the past hour I have been sitting in the waiting-room at Chiddle-bury Junction. Rain is flooding the platform outside, and I foolishly forgot to buy an evening paper, so that I am left entirely without anything to read except a very curt notice to the effect that if I spit it will cost me more than I can afford, and the very large advertisement for the Hill View Hotel, which is exactly opposite the hard penitent form on which I am sitting.

Perhaps the most irritating feature of the whole advertisement is the sample dinner menu, since I have no prospect of getting any dinner for at least a couple of hours, and all my favourite dishes seem to be included in the bill of fare set tantalisingly before me.

The billiards - room (two tables) sounds very attractive, but I have a feeling that one table is usually away being repaired and the other constantly occupied by Henry Furbelow and his cronies. I must be quite frank and admit without any beating about the bush that I do not like Henry Furbelow (Prop.). His name at the bottom of the advertisement has a fat and dishonest appearance, and before I recommend anybody to stay at Hill View Hotel I shall want a full explanation from him of exactly what happened to the late Prop., George Smithson. George Smithson is the man who originally drew up the advertisement and put his



"An' what's more, you don't see the light o' some o' them stars till a hundred million years afterwards."

"AH, IT ONLY SHOWS YER, DON'T IT."

name at the bottom of it, but the rascal Furbelow has crossed out George Smithson's name with two thick lines and put his own name underneath.

I feel convinced that George Smithson was a thoroughly decent sort of man (quite unlike the scoundrel Furbelow)—a good husband and father and a warm supporter of local charities, and that his mysterious disappearance caused general regret and concern in the neighbourhood. Naturally people looked askance at Henry Furbelow and probably the baffled constabulary called in Scotland Yard; but Henry Furbelow just sneered at them across

the billiard-table and potted the red with a sinister laugh. Where, I wonder, did Henry Furbelow secrete the body of the luckless Smithson? The palmlounge (fitted with Glisto Moresum windows) would probably have struck him as a little too public for the purpose, unless he cut him into small pieces and buried him in the palm-pots.

My train is just coming in, and I am afraid the mystery will never be solved, although personally I incline to the belief that a cunning dog like Furbelow would have been awake to the advantages for corpse-disposal purposes of the "really excellent cellar."

# At The Play

"YAHOO" (WESTMINSTER)

LORD LONGFORD calls Yahoo, his play about Dean Swift, a fantastical commentary, but the fantasti-

commentary, but the fantastical commentary does not begin until the second half of the last Act. It is an all too short brilliant affair, showing a mastery of the newest technique. The author had the brain-wave of showing the melancholy madness which afflicted SWIFT, and his abiding disgust for mankind, in visions of what posterity would do with his name and fame, and he makes the attention and the neglect of two centuries alike equally distasteful. This rings true. We cannot imagine that SWIFT would have been pleased either at the interest which the few have shown in him, so largely to-day for his private pathological weaknesses, or at the general indifference in Ireland to his memory as a public man. The visions come as a punishment, and for two previous Acts have established clearly before us the justice of such punishment.

The Dean (Mr. NOEL ILIFF) does not appear as a figure of much force or power, perhaps because he is getting on in years and is riddled with self-pity. He appears as a disagreeable old egoist, who never succeeds in losing sight of himself, and when roused to indignation over Wood's Halfpence, is as much wrapt up in contemplating himself as the deliverer as in achieving a public deliver-

Where the play does succeed in bringing out the force of Swift is in the subdued steadfast loyalty of his friends. Mrs. Dingley (Miss EILEEN ASHE) and Stella (Miss BETTY CHANCELLOR) are admirable as the crushed good women of romantic fiction. Perhaps they would not appear so spineless and insipid if they did not talk such excellent English all the time. But what is true of them is also true of Bishop Berkeley (Mr. HAMLYN BENSON), who stands like a loyal serving-man in the Dean's presence, ready

to perform a secret marriage

without warning, deferential

and apologetic when he inherits some of *Vanessa's* money which he thinks the *Dean* expected for himself.

Only two characters in the little entourage have any independent fire, Vanessa (Miss Jean Anderson), who does not take her desertion altogether



BEES IN HIS WIG

Vanessa . . . . MISS JEAN ANDERSON
Dr. Jonathan Swift MR. NOEL ILIFF
Stella . . . . MISS BETTY CHANCELLOR



THE YAHOOS HAVE IT

Dr. Jonathan Swift . . . . Mr. Noel Illiff

lying down. But she is easily circumvented and has to content herself with changing her will and cutting out Swift before going to her early brokenhearted grave. The other flash of independence comes from the attractive drunken serving-man (Mr. Blake

GIFFORD), whose presence enables us to see something of the genuine humanity to individuals which accompanied Dean SWIFT's collective mis-

anthropy.

The first two Acts fail to present a situation with suspense. We do not wonder what on earth is going to happen, but only how this difficult old gentleman will choose to arrange his subservient female friends, and although the success of the Drapier's Letters is suddenly revealed in the Third Act, with crowd noises off-stage, there has been no dramatic interest over Wood's Halfpence. But any playgoer who found the play unrewarding, the fine prose so clearly spoken insufficiently loaded with meaning, and who left before the very end, would have been missing much the best part of the play and something well D. W. worth seeing.

# "YES AND NO" (AMBASSADORS)

The Intelligent Foreigner visiting London just now must be finding it very hard to straighten out his already confused ideas of English family life, if he accepts the vein of domestic comedy most popular on our stage at the moment as being in any way a true reflection.

I had the honour of sitting next to two I.F.'s at this play, and though they laughed uproariously, a look of uneasiness clouded their faces. Could it be possible, they were clearly wondering, that the English countryside, which they had always understood to lie wrapped in a hazy slumber unbroken by any passion not connected with the extinction of small animals, was in reality peopled exclusively by lunatics whose public self-control only added fuel to the crazy flames which consumed them in the privacy of the home? They scarcely liked to ask.

The asylum which Mr.

KENNETH HORNE has opened up for our inspection is a small one, a rectory in Somerset, where the inmates, by the name of *Jarrow*, have been lucky enough to retain a nominal control of parish matters. Their living-room, callously left unpadded by the diocesan

authorities, is under observation the whole even-

Absent-minded" is a mild description of the head of this family. Quite unreliable in regard to the spectacles on his nose and barely capable, without stern effort, of distinguishing between his own daughters, poor Jarrow, like his Northern namesake, is indeed a Special Area, though nevertheless a man of much quiet charm. His wife is kindly and marvellously inefficient, and his two daughters are thoroughly nice girls with tempers of purest cordite. One of them is ambitious to get her name into electric lights on Shaftesbury Avenue, the other to become a noted

public beater of grand-pianos. For these two to be practising their arts without restraint while their father tries out the stickier portions of his sermon and their mother runs off Jumble-pyjamas on an ancient sewing-machine, all within the narrow confines of the living-room, is as much a commonplace of Jarrow life as the sudden tempests which blow up from nowhere and nearly raise the roof.

A glance serves to sum up the Rectory as an awkward hunting-ground for Cupid, and so it proves. A polite young man who is about to go to Persia and thinks he needs a wife is dragged out of his depths into strong waters, where the Curate is already struggling; and the author, taking the invitation to Persia as the point of balance, divides his play into three parts, one showing what would have happened if Joanna had said "No," the second the results of her saying "Yes," and the third what actually happened.

This may sound rather an inconsequent method, and it is true that the necessary repetition takes a little gloss off the later Acts; but the merit of the whole piece is that it is so utterly inconsequent that if it were played backwards you would hardly notice that you had been led into the maze at the wrong end. In any case you would probably be laughing too much

to care, for this is frivolity of excellent workmanship, ingeniously turned. I like Mr. HORNE's sense of humour and I like the way he writes. In a marked degree he possesses the satanic gift of painting the irregular in natural colours.



SERMON-WRITING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

NAME OF STREET				-	-	 -	ATTE AVER A 40 CHILLIANS
The Rev. Richa	rd .	Ja	rro	20			MR. FELIX AYLMER
Joanna Jarrow							MISS DIANA CHURCHILL
Mrs. Jarrow .							MISS MARY JERROLD
Sally Jarrow .							MISS RENE RAY

Moreover he has had the luck to collect an ideal cast. Mr. Felix Aylmer's Reverend is a brilliant study of abysmal vagueness, endowed with a dignity of his own, and not at all the stage-parson; Miss Mary Jerrold is



SANDWICHED LOVE

Sally Jarrow. . . Miss Rene Ray Adrian Marsh . . Mr. Denys Blakelock

about our foremost exponent of muddled maternity; the conflicts within Joanna are handled extremely neatly by Miss DIANA CHURCHILL, who manages to be attractive even in stark rage and to suggest sweet reason in the very van of insanity; Miss Rene

RAY makes a sound job of Sally, the other sister; Mr. DENYS BLAKELOCK'S amorous emigrant is delightfully the supernormal product of all the most expensive educational grooves; the Curate, by Mr. ROBERT EDDISON, is a highly original and successful bit of

work, and Miss MOLLY HAMLEY CLIFFORD's stout rusher-in is all she should

In short, the Ambassadors is likely to be packed for some time with the light-hearted and well-fed.

ERIC.

### Shakespeare and Me

Last year
I longed for Lear.
Two years ago
I pined far more than
Juliet for Romeo;
Than bashless Beatrice I
was far more siek
For Benedick.
And oh! the year before,
To be (or not to be) in
Elsinore;

To die a garrulous and messy death Like Antony, Othello or Macbeth! Then

I would give short shrift to lesser men. But now I am prepared to stoop To Scroop;

To be a Gent.,
To do my bit
As Second, Third or any other Cit.,
To graft the gamut of my subtleness
On Murd., or even Mess..

Work hard
On Guard
Or do my melancholy most
With Ghost.
Nor would I scoff
At Noises Off

Content

Or scorn to pour the apprehension of my age

my age On "Enter Page." I'd work like anything

As Noble in attendance on the King. In fact I'd give my soul to be allowed To earn my keep in anybody's crowd.

### So Now We Know.

"English Rabbits . . . 1/4
English Tripe . . . 8d.
English Brains . . . 4d."
Notice outside Chelsea butcher's shop.

"An unusual study of Gigli (Albert Hall) being made up for a part in opers." "Daily Mail" Caption.

So that's his real name.

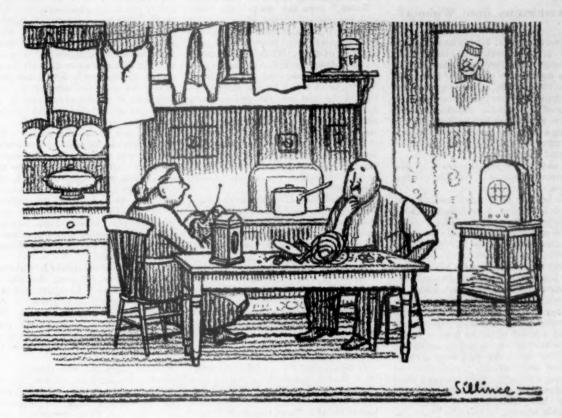
# Autumn Gardening

- I HAVE been reading a lot about pruning lately
- And there have been some very stimulating talks on the wireless,
- So I am all ready to put into practice what I have learnt.
- I feel quite like stout Cortes or Livingstone As, saw and clippers in hand,
- I enter the primeval forest of gooseberries.
- I have only taken three steps, however,
- When I am faced with an impenetrable barrier.
- Still, that was only to be expected: Gooseberries are well known to make remarkable growth in
- a year-Even the books say so.
- I hang the saw on an apple-branch,
- Then, gripping a prickly shoot with my left thumb and fore-
- I give a determined snip with my clippers.
- I had quite forgotten that these ones always take a piece of one's hand too.
- This is the kind of wound that should be attended to immediately;
- I think I must go in and apply some iodine.

- What a pity I had to go in then! It took quite a time to find the iodine, And then someone telephoned: I'm afraid I must have wasted half-an-hour. Still, now I have brought the iodine bottle out here, And my gardening-book just for reference, I expect I shall get on very fast.
- I had to cut a good deal out of that first bush Because my legs were being ripped to pieces; Curious how long the prickles are.
- I am now going to prune a bush in the classic manner And make it look exactly like the picture in my book. I make rather a neat arrangement with two spades On which to balance the volume, And begin.
- I have now cut out every shoot which is crossing another shoot,
- And there is quite a little pile of them at my feet;
- And now I see that I have got to look for the old wood And cut that out.
- The only thing is there doesn't seem to be much wood of any kind Left on the bush.



"NURSE NEVER REALLY BROKE ME OF THE HABIT."



"IT'S A COMPLETE ENIGMA TO ME, ANNIE."

It is very strange.

There are a good many weeds in here too—
The kind that wind round the ankle
And the kind that leave little burrs.
Both kinds impede my progress.

I think I will move on to the next bush And this time concentrate on the old wood. First, though, I will stand upright and stretch myself Because my back aches; And also I will take some deep breaths Because it is amazingly stuffy among all this vegetation.

As I stand up I hear footsteps,
And, looking round, I see William coming with his wheelbarrow,
Grinning broadly.

He says he fears it is 'ard work among all they prickles.

He would say more too if I didn't interrupt him.

Majestically I point out the space I have cleared,
And I suggest to him that he too might enter the primeval
forest
And carry away the prunings.
His smile fades.

I am not doing any more to-day
Because I don't want to over-do it.
But I have made a start,
And I expect I shall come back to-morrow
Or one day next week
And do a lot more bushes.

"The meaning of the new front is still a matter for anxious research, only thinly disguised by expressions of indifference. But America's adhesion to the London-Paris axis is already considered a fatal blow to the propagandist project launched by Rome in connection with the Hitler-Mussolini meeting, aiming at conversion of London-Paris and Rome-Berlin axes into axles of an anti-Bolshevist juggernaut, under Fascist leadership, which would smooth the path to other German-Italian goals. And if the two axes are joined into a common vehicle, it is realized that the weight of the United States would also determine the course it takes. Since the Rome-Berlin axis in consciousness of its new power is by no means ready to become the hind axie, the project of the new four-power pact, dangled before democratic eyes during the festive days of Berlin, has of necessity been side-tracked again."—Montreat Paper.

Got it?

### Things Which Might Have Been Less Brutally Expressed.

"The opening of the annual sale of work by the Mayoress, Mrs. —, at All Saints' on Wednesday, was rendered doubly attractive by the fact that this was the last of these functions which she would attend before her term of office expired."

The Burton Chronicle.

# Conspirators from Without?

The story that I wish to lay before you is noteworthy in having, in addition to its ordinary character, a very remarkable element of timeliness—so remarkable as to suggest that the practical joker can, on occasion, be assisted by occult influences: that there are unknown powers which, liking a jest to be symmetrical, behave accordingly; and that even the supernatural has its fun.

I can vouch for the truth of the narrative, because I was the central

To begin with, I must confess that for a long time a certain theatrical performer has been one of my bêtesnoires and that I have made no secret of letting people know it. Apart from a prevailing impishness, this was the reason why a family with whom I am on familiar terms perpetrated the practical joke which I am about to record.

They first cut some portraits of the comedian out of the newspapers; prepared a letter to me as from a homesick settler in Africa, urging me to lose no time in seeing this very accomplished and charming entertainer and writing a eulogy of him; enclosed them in an envelope to which with great skill they had transferred a couple of Uganda stamps, postmarked; and, all unknown to me, on a visit to their house, slipped the letter into one of the inside pockets of my overcoat.

So far so good—except that they did not know that this was an overcoat which I rarely wore, and that I never kept anything in that particular pocket. Moreover, as the year was getting warmer the need for overcoats was becoming less. Even so, however, as you will see, these wanton wags were being protected: more than protected: fostered and cockered-up.

For a long time the envelope lay undisturbed: certainly for two months. There then came, however, a day of rain when I put on the overcoat in order to be warm on a motor-ride to London, in the course of which I had to stop at the Croydon aerodrome to make an inquiry.

So far there is little enough in this story, which relates merely how the practical-jokers had prepared a subtle plot, and how, so far, that plot had failed. At any moment during the period which had passed I might have put my hand inadvertently into the inside pocket of the overcoat and drawn the letter out. But I had not done so.

We now come to the next step and

to the arrival of the extra dimension. "Never," says the poet, "the time and the place and the loved one all together." I cannot speak for the loved one, but suddenly there was a conjunction of three. While I was outside the aerodrome, a man, on the way to his own car, stopped to scrutinize mine, and although he was muffled, as though he had just descended from a flight, I recognised the theatrical performer whom, at any rate on the stage, I did not like.

It was within a few moments of his departure, in the search for a hand-kerchief, that, at last, I put my hand in the unfamiliar pocket and found the letter.

With difficulty I deciphered the postmarkings over the Uganda stamps and saw that they belonged to a distant date. Then, filled with perplexity, for I knew no one in Uganda, I opened the letter and read it.

Here was coincidence indeed. Within a minute of seeing the top-liner in the flesh, I was reading a letter from a stranger in Africa sounding his praises and exhorting me to join in the chorus. That is what had happened, and naturally I saw no reason for disbelief, and I related the story to many people as an extraordinary occurrence.

It was not until two or three months later that I heard the truth of the preparation of the hoax. This, however, matters little; the consummation is the thing, and the point is how much better than they knew, the hoaxers had builded.

Had I found the letter, as they expected I should, on my way home the day after they had slipped it in my pocket, I might have at once suspected its genuineness, and they would have been satisfied. But no; the fates were working otherwise. The discovery had to be two or three months later, and when the theatrical star was present; and hence my claim to the existence of occult powers who like a joke and like it to be symmetrical: supernature which enjoys its fun.

E. V. L.

# Letters to Officialdom Re Car Registration

To the London County Council (Road Fund Licences), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1.

DEAR SIRS,—About my car—the one I purchased last year from my friend Braby and about which I had a slight difference of opinion with you in re the rating. (You kindly pointed out that m/m stood for millimetres and not for the rate it could travel in miles

per minute.) I see I am required to notify you if any alterations have been made "affecting registration particulars since last declaration." Until recently I understood this to mean such alterations in my income as would make it easier or more difficult for me to pay tax quarterly within the fourteen days of grace allowed, but my wife says it means alterations in the horse-power, unladen weight, seating capacity, colour or type of body.

capacity, colour or type of body.

Well, it's about the colour. The horse-power is the same as it was when the car was new in 1926; the seating capacity and type of body are also unchanged—the one squashed, the other high off the ground. I should mention, though, that the unladen weight is rather less, because the spare wheel dropped off last week, but as I am getting another one I presume it is not necessary to report this officially in the meantime.

It's the colour that is different. You remember, I expect, that the car was grey. This is to notify you that it is now green—leaf-green, if you know the kind of leaf I mean. The change, however, was purely accidental, and if I'm asked to pay extra duty or anything I shall write to the A.A. about it.

What happened was this. I was cleaning the car with some new patent polish the other day in the sun outside the greenhouse where I ordinarily keep the car. The directions said I had to let the polish dry before rubbing it off, so I smeared it all over the car before tea and then washed for tea, intending to rub it off directly afterwards.

Well, my wife had friends to tea, and the stuff was on the car in the sun a long time. Imagine my surprise when I eventually rubbed it off and found that the car had turned brownleaf-brown (the same leaf in autumn). It must have been the combined effect of the sun and the chemicals in the polish on the cellulose, for we were sitting within sight of the car during tea and would have noticed any person trying to paint it unobserved. However, as I had bought a large tin of the polish, enough for six months, I naturally did not feel inclined to throw away seven-and-sixpenceworth just because my wife had had friends to tea and the sun had been out. And I did not notify you then because I thought it would turn grey again.

As it did not do so I tried a second application of the polish this afternoon, when the weather was damp and misty. I was successful in removing the brown hue, but my efforts were of no further avail. The colour, as I said at the start



"FATHER, WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE FOR A SON, A LIAR OR A DRINKER?"

"I COULDN'T STAND A DRUNKARD, MY BOY."

"O.K. THEN. I'LL CUT OUT DRINK."

of this letter, is now green. What do you want me to do if my car goes on behaving like a chameleon? Shall I send you a postcard every fortnight, simply stating my present colour? (I mean the colour of my car.) If the sun makes the polish turn the cellulose brown and a mist makes the polish turn the cellulose green, what on earth is going to happen when I clean the car on a cloudy cold morning with the sun trying to break through and a heavy dew on the ground? You may call this romancing; I call it being pre-

pared for awkward possibilities. You can't drive about England in a car that looks like a patchwork quilt.

However, I still have a lot of the polish left, and on the principle of medical inoculation I propose continuing to use it in the hope that one day the cellulose will take on its original grey colour. Meanwhile please note that for the next five months or so my car, ZZ1423, is likely to change colour every two weeks.

Yours faithfully, Chas. Cursett. P.S.—I wrote this letter to you last night. This morning I found that my daughter was in the garage—the greenhouse, that is—last night and inadvertently upset the rest of the polish all over the car. There was a frost during the night, and the effect is now one of camouflage. Kindly advise me if I am contravening Army regulations by leaving it as it is. A reply by return of post would oblige as I have to drive down to Hampshire this week and do not wish to be involved in the Army manaeuvres.



"I NEVER DREAMT THAT IT WAS LOADED."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

### Justice for a Lawyer

It is fitting that it should fall to a soldier to tell the lifestory of the greatest of civilian heads of the War Office, if only because at the time when the statesman's administration was most tempestuously assailed by political opponents it was among his professional colleagues that he found support. Major-General Sir FREDERICK MAURICE'S Haldane 1856-1915 (FABER AND FABER, 18/-) is for the most part no more than a straightforward recital of the familiar detail of a rise to eminence as lawyer, philosopher and founder of universities, but when he deals with the critical period of the early days of the War there is something fresh to say. HALDANE came within measurable distance, through his personal contacts in Germany, of staving off the War; and he built up from very inadequate foundations the most perfectly equipped and organised force that ever left these shores. For both these notable services he was showered with obloquy almost unequalled for injustice in our political history. The main issues have long been fairly well established, but it has been left to the present writer to clinch the matter. He points to the triumph of the Territorialsneglected by KITCHENER but coming grandly to their own as the War progressed-as the final proof of their creator's genius.

### An Artist Looks at the Land

In the struggle between town and country the artist is usually on the side of the country. What place has he. after all, in a world dominated by industrialism? And when Miss Clare Leighton praises the tramp for his vagabond nonconformity and indifference to comfort, she is praising in effect the antitype of that mass-produced, standardised empty-headed materialist, the unfortunate pawn of "progress." This zeal for a temporarily lost cause is the undercurrent of Country Matters (GOLLANCZ, 10/6), of a text devoted to rustic Buckinghamshire and the Chilterns, to fairs and flower-shows, ploughing- and cricket-matches; and to such unique crafts as that of the chair bodger, still carried on in wigwams under the beechwoods. Her wood-engravings exhibit a vital sense of the beauty available to all who can limit their cravings to what the country so freely bestows. She depicts great barns and noble cart-horses, willow-lined streams and striped fabric of ploughland and stubble, and groves as quiet as Shelley's pine-forest, where the sky can only visit the interspaces of the trees. Her rare excursions into fantasy and modernity are perhaps not so interesting. It is her rendering of traditional realities that counts.

### More Idle Rich (American Style)

The cumbrous procedure of Imperial City (GOLLANCZ, 10/6) effectively disposes of the idea-if any such existed-that a dramatist can necessarily construct a novel. Roughly a third of Mr. Elmer Rice's eighty-three chapters of New York life harks back to the origins of new characters; and though most of these are ultimately drawn into the orbit of a large and decadent big business house—the firm and family of Coleman—you feel that the superstructure hardly repays such deep foundations. The novel's unimpeachable contention is that a race of ruthless moneymakers, dipsomaniacs and dilettante art-patrons-with their sycophants, mistresses and highly impermanent wives—is a poor thing to show for the economic subjugation of the poor, few of whom could support, however much they desired, the decent families their superiors fail to produce. The colouring, crude and drab by turns, of Mr. RICE's social portraiture rather hinders appreciation of a certain humourless dexterity in his drawing. And unfortunately the only Coleman to emerge from the ruck is an ineffective radical professor whose impossible young woman prefers a liaison to marriagelines as being less upsetting to her aged father.

### "The Author of Tarr"

Autobiography—even autobiography over the short period of twelve years—is plainly not an art-form in the opinion of Mr. Wyndham Lewis. With a novel such as Tarr or The Childermass or The Apes of God, or with such stories as were in The Wild Body, he will take trouble: these are Art, to be thought out, worked on, polished; but an account of his own life in the period 1914—1926 such as he has just produced in Blasting and Bombardiering (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 15/-), should be treated (he obviously



"SOMETIMES I THINK THEY UNDERSTAND EVERY WORD WE SAY."



Affectionate Husband. "Come, Polly—if I am a little irritable, it's over in a minute!!"

John Leech, November 11th, 1848.

believes) like one of his political pamphlets—flung into words at top speed and brought out immediately, full of uncorrected misprints and conversationally bad grammar. But it is easy to forgive careless prose from an author who, no matter how hastily he writes, is incapable of dulness. Mr. Lewis, as critics have remarked, is above all influenced by the Eye: he puts down what he sees; and he has unrivalled power in describing the most trivial incidents to give them comic intensity. The incidents here—wartime ones at the Front, or events in his acquaintance with JOYCE, ELIOT, POUND, T. E. LAWRENCE, FIRBANK, the SITWELLS and others—show that "richness" of narrative comes naturally to him, whether he takes care with his writing or not. The book is very readable, informative and often funny, and contains twelve good reproductions of portrait drawings by the author, as well as other illustrations.

### The Frequent Gun

This countryside miscellany,
The Sportsman's Bedside Book, "B. B."
Has written down in diary
When "all the leaves are green."

It shows a rural neighbourhood
Where foxes run and game is good;
It comes from Messrs, Spottiswoode;
It's fresh and young and keen.

ARMOUR and WATKINS PITCHFORD draw Its pictures, each without a flaw; And Nature's red of tooth and claw, And Man is redder still; For, even when the white may-tree Looms in the dusk like ivory, "B. B.," who writes delightfully, Must yet go out and kill.

In short I'll say, and have it done
(Though to complain's a thing I shun),
That in this book there's too much gun
To win my full regards,
And that, when first my shooting-boots
Trod upon stubbles or in roots,
Men taught me how no sportsman
shoots
A hare at seventy yards.

### Stark Scandinavia

There are some authors who like to go down to the root of things, to picture their unfortunate men and women wringing a scanty living from a barren soil and bringing up families in the process. This their admirers term "making a strong appeal to our most fundamental emotions." Here, for example, is Katrina (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, 7/6), in which the daughter of a Finnish farmer on the mainland is tempted to marry a sailor from one of the islands in the Baltic, a young fellow with a remarkable talent for exaggeration. By his account the home to which he proposes to take her is a sort of palace, situated in an island where wheat and vegetables and even fruit grow freely. Led away by this fancy picture, Katrina consents, only to find that his home is a miserable cabin, almost falling to pieces, on a flat shelf of rock, with not a blade of

green near it. And there she is left alone for half a year while her newly-wedded husband goes off on his interrupted voyage. Johan, it seemed, was a spineless braggart at whom everyone laughed, and his wife was to start her married career by working in the fields for the wealthier farmers of the island on a miserable pittance. This does not sound material for a very cheerful story, yet Miss SALLY SALMINEN secured with it the prize in a competition for the best Finnish-Swedish novel. For a first book it is a remarkable achievement. She contrives to make her characters alive. Even the weak boaster Johan becomes a likeable figure in the end, and for Katrina herself and her unceasing struggle with life and the cares of a family everyone will feel warm sympathy.

### A Mirror For Families

Before his death last year CLARENCE DAY, that gifted

and much-missed New Yorker, achieved a feat denied to all but a few writers by getting the characters of his parents and the whole atmosphere of his childhood on to paper with such detachment and yet with so sympathetic a humour that they come vividly alive again. Life With Father was a welcome immigrant. Now Life With Mother (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6) follows and completes the hilarious picture of the DAYS. There is still a good deal about Father, for he was never a man to take a back seat, but Mother steps out of these pages as a person just as formidable and equally lovable who, like most mothers, took a private awful joy in winning her victories by subtler tactics and with infinitely less noise. From the first moment of their marriage Father ran true to form; crossing the Atlantic made Mother unrelievedly wretched, and Father's notion of comfort was to poke his head into the cabin after every meal and entertain her with a full and ecstatic account of all he had eaten. Mother's conviction that the horse, far from being a noble animal, was a menace to mankind, and Father's magnificent impatience with the smallest sign of rebellion by Nature against the yoke of man are only two good things in this altogether delightful book.

### Sally Bowles Along

Everybody knows her, the frail bit of humanity that comes drifting into the lives of literary men, provides an insight into the Depths of Pathos and Sublimity in Woman, strikes a few forlorn attitudes, and drifts out again, leaving much useful copy. Sally Bowles (Hogarth Press, 3/6) came into Mr. Christopher Isherwood's ken in that curious pre-Nazi Berlin of his, where Mr. Norris changed trains. Her story is a series of extremely well-told glimpses, rather like letters from a clever friend. And Sally is altogether too

inconsequent to be the literary waif. That is why she is so pleasant, though a great bore on the subject of her theatrical career. She was also innocentbecause her attempts at being calculating practically never came off, and she was horribly corrupt, with morals below the Green Hat standard. She left young Fritz for Klaus when it suited her, and, it seems, jilted somebody else for Kurt; and yet was absurdly kind-hearted about an unpleasant old landlady, and so soft that she lost a fabulously wealthy American who, it was thought, only wanted to be amused. In the end, at the police - station, she was smart enough to get the kommissars on her side by making them laugh, and so stupid that-well, she let herself fall in love at last. Poor Sally!



"LA DONNA E MOBILE . . .

### Many Inventions

For the scene of Hell Let Loose (Hodder and Stoughton,

7/6) Mr. Francis Beeding has gone to war-scourged Spain, where those confirmed opponents, Colonel Granby and Hans Krause, were engaged in hunting for the plans of an invention that was guaranteed to be "of the utmost value in war." They, however, were not the only people who were searching for these plans, and a Spanish lady of remarkable resource and charm was as clever as any secret service man in following the trail. So often do Granby and his friends encounter Krause without arriving at a definite result that the story becomes, perhaps, a little monotonous.

In a notice of Owen Seaman: A Selection in our issue of October 27, we omitted to state that the proceeds of the sale of this book are to go to the Implacable Fund. As many Punch readers will remember, this was the cause nearest to Sir Owen's heart.

### Charivaria

According to a current newsitem, a boy of four years and three months old has been charged with house - breaking. Apparently he had grown tired of cracking his own crib.

"If you receive a doubtful egg from your grocer," says a household writer, "do not ring up with an angry complaint. It may not be his fault." Make a personal call and break it gently.



A gossip mentions a tourist hailing from Central Europe whose name is CZCHZYSKI. The extraordinary part of the affair is that he doesn't seem to be a film-director.

"Cobbler's shop ransacked by burglars," runs a news-item in a provincial paper. We trust he didn't lose his awl.

Some Covent Garden experts, we read, can test the quality of

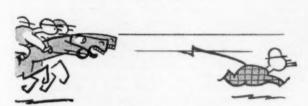
A correspondent complains that he finds the people of some of the cities in the Midlands very uncommunicative. He writes from Coventry.

\* \* \*

"Experienced gardener, well up in all branches; can be highly recommended."—Advt. in "Cork Examiner."

Yes, but can he be got down?

"Herr HITLER," says Herr STREICHER, "will get his reward in the hereafter." It doesn't seem to be worrying him unduly.



Making the greyhounds run round the track in the opposite direction is the latest novelty to be tried in London to break the monotony of dog-racing. Why not go one better and have a live hare chased by electric dogs?



We read that the Swiss have few hobbies. Except perhaps the comparatively harmless one of chasing euckoos out of euckoo clocks.

cabbages by sounding them with a sort of stethoscope.

But it is chiefly boxers of course who have a good ear for

"Dog STAR TO RETIRE "-Observer.

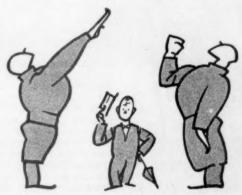
This sounds Sirius.

a cauliflower.

Mr. and Mrs. Dolding of East Peckham, who recently celebrated the sixty-sixth anniversary of their wedding, admit that they have never seen a film star on the screen. Film stars can, however, get their own back by admitting that they have never celebrated the sixty-sixth anniversary of their weddings.

Conjecture is rife as to what Herr HITLER will do with the mountain that was recently presented to him. One theory is that he will strike rather a new note and make a molehill out of it.

A Chinese spokesman recently warned the Western Powers that Japan is out to bring chaos to Europe. We hardly think we've got room for any more just at the moment.



"The man with cold feet is looked upon with contempt," states an explorer. Except of course by hot-water-bottle manufacturers.

A man who has travelled practically all over the world is producing a series of articles on "How the people of other lands greet each other." We shall be particularly interested to see what happens when Greek meets Greek.

# Demolition in the Square

ROLL down, roll down and level with the floor. Roll down and scatter Number Twenty-Four And take away in sacks This conquered fortress against super-tax. Now with your hammers shatter the rich gloom Of the dark-crimson-papered dining-room, So redolent of cheese and morning prayers. Break, break and spoil those seven-and-ninety stairs Up which on summer days Came Beatrice, hourly, with the nursery trays; And from the schoolroom chase that cheerful smell So openly deplored by Mademoiselle; Splinter the room where in pre-War array Robert, Cecilia, William, James and May, Audrey and John first saw the light of day. Destroy for ever with a mighty thrust The strip of wall-paper where William tore it, Nor can you with your labours raise more dust Than Father when he stood before it; And, lastly, to the vulgar gaze reveal The cavernous haunts of Cook and Mrs. Beale.

Roll down, and raise instead A noble block of labour-saving flats, All innocent of stairs, Where no mice squeak beneath the spare-room bed, Empty of dogs, untenanted by cats, Where no child yells and no between-maid swears!



"MADAM LOOKS BETTER ALREADY."

### Ichabod

ONE of the saddest sights in the Lord Mayor's Show—perhaps the saddest though that is saying a lot—is always to me the figure of the retiring Lord Mayor. I weep for him as he rides by. There he goes, his head bowed low, his face hidden by a shielding hand, choking back the sobs that rise unbidden to his lips. Now and again he snatches a quick look at the silent crowds—crowds that but a bare twelvementh ago hailed his passage with such delirium—and seeing their cold incurious gaze cowers back into the recesses of his preposterous vehicle. "They have forgotten me," he whispers; "already they have forgotten me!"

That at any rate is the picture I prefer to have of him. Too often, I know, his appearance and demeanour, in that fleeting glimpse we get of him, are disappointingly unshaken. He may be chatting or smiling, or just looking plain bored. And there are always to be found among the crowd certain persons, men of coarse fibre and insensitive mind, who advance the view that he of all people has nothing to worry about. "That's the last bloke," they will say—"chap who's just finished. I bet he's glad to be out of it." And they add that what with speeches and dinners and foundation-stones and what-not he must have had a dog's

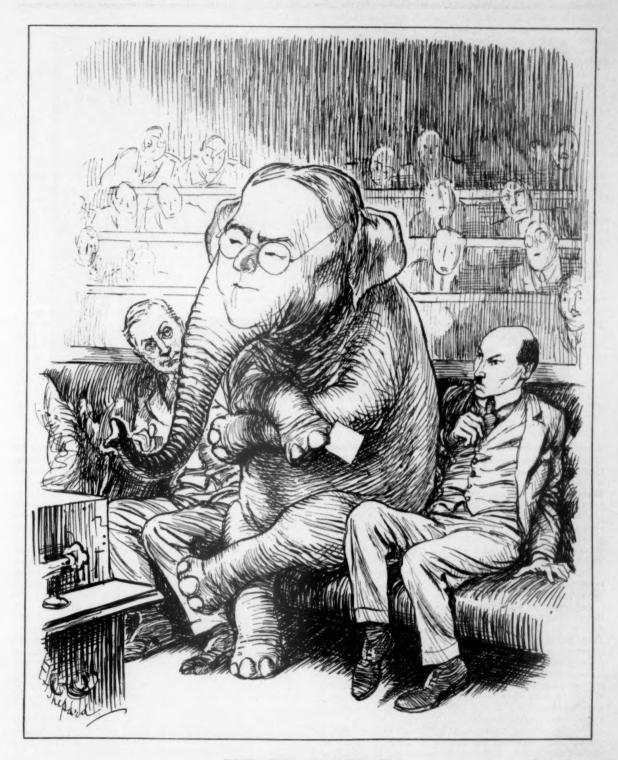
life of it the past year.

I cannot agree with these clods. It is perfectly clear to me that if the ex-Lord Mayor is not openly sobbing it is simply because he prefers to hide his grief under a cloak of manly indifference. How could it be otherwise? For a whole year he has wielded a mighty office. He has been the accredited representative of the greatest city in the world. He has entertained the highest in the land at his table and halted kings at the entrance into his domain. He has dispensed justice in the Guildhall and welcomed distinguished foreigners at Victoria. He has opened swimming-baths, distributed prizes and patted innumerable small children on the head. Everywhere his person, his powers of oratory and his impossible hat have been requested and acclaimed. He has even appeared in news-films. And now—it is all over. The glory is departed. He is nothing. He sinks in a single day into impenetrable obscurity and is never heard of again.

He is never heard of again. A sinister phrase, but who will dispute its truth? When other men of eminence retire one has at least a rough idea of what has become of them. Pugilists, for instance, keep pubs, and so do professional cricketers, unless they become coaches at public schools or have flourishing sports depôts. Admirais accept City directorships; judges, when they renounce the law, take to golf; retired colonels become retired colonels, and so on. There is no mystery about any of them. But no one has ever been able to tell me what happens to our old Lord

Mayore

Is it possible that they are all killed off on the first day of their successor's reign? I think it is. There is a rough and not unmerciful justice about this theory which appeals to me. After all, as I pointed out just now, the man has had his crowded hour—a whole year of it—the rest of his life could be but a pitiful anti-climax. Better, surely, to see that there is no rest of his life, to put him quietly away while the savour of the sweets of office is still upon his tongue? "Come, now," I can imagine the sheriffs and aldermen saying on the morning of the fatal 9th, "we're going to take you for a nice little ride," and with that they bundle him into their second-best coach and away they go. With pomp and circumstance the funeral cortège passes between the serried ranks of Londoners, through the City, down Ludgate Hill, along Fleet Street and so to the Law



THE RED ELEPHANT

[Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS is translated to the Front Opposition Bench.]



". . . AND FURTHERMORE, EDITH, I'LL NOT PERMIT YOU TO VOTE FOR A MAN WHO SUPPORTS DICTATORSHIPS."

Courts—the Law Courts, mind you—where the new Mayor no doubt passes official sentence of death. Then homewards, by way of Northumberland Avenue and the Victoria Embankment. Where the last act in this age-old drama takes place I do not pretend to know—the Mansion House probably, or perhaps the Guildhall; but one may be certain that the procedure is decorous and in no way calculated to give pain. A swift blow with the Mace and it is over. The Mayor is dead, Long Live (with certain reservations) the Mayor!

And a few hours later the guests are happily sipping their turtle-soup at the Annual Banquet. Turtle soup? Well, well, it may be so. . . .

Anyone who does not care to accept this fascinating theory (and we live in a squeamish age) has still to find an answer to the question: What does happen to our old Lord Mayors? There must be a goodish number of them about somewhere. But where? Unless they have been foreibly incarcerated in the Tower (which I am unwilling to believe), the only possible explanation of their disappearance seems to be that they have gone voluntarily into hiding. Why? Because they prefer to court obscurity rather than have it thrust upon them? Or because men who are playing a dangerous game naturally shun the limelight?

It is not without a good deal of hesitation that I accuse our ex-Lord Mayors of deliberately plotting the overthrow of the Constitution. But consider the facts. Every school-boy who has turned the pages of an English History is familiar with such sentences as this: "It was not to be expected that X"—(STRAFFORD, WOLSEY, SIMON DE

Montfort or one of those)—"having once tasted power, would be content to spend the rest of his life in impotent obscurity. He began to work quietly for the overthrow . ." Very well, then. Human nature changes very little with the centuries. The ex-Lord Mayors have tasted power, lost it and—gone underground. Can it be doubted that they are working night and day to recover a part at least of their former glories?

I suggest that the police should lose no time in tracking down the headquarters of the Secret Society of Old Lord Mayors. And I suggest further that if they wish to get the whole gang they should wait until November 9th next year before pulling them in. It is then of course that every member of the Society must be present for the enrolment of the new member—perhaps in the crypt of St. Paul's or in the vaults (if there are any) under the Mansion House. The ceremony of initiation must, I fancy, be a long one. There is the reading out of the Objects of the Society (No. 1: The setting up of a Council of Mayors in place of the House of Lords), the swearing of the Oath of Fealty "By Gog and Magog," and the solemn branding of the initiate with the sign of the Turtle. And afterwards of course everyone present would like to say a few words.

Perhaps, after all, the Society is not a very dangerous one. There can't be time for anything much except speeches.

H. F. E.

<sup>&</sup>quot;4.39 p.m. Lords: The Lord Chancellor took his eat on the Woolsack at 3.45 p.m."—From a Tape Machine.

Hereinafter called the "Woolsnack."

# The Act of God

"PERHAPS it was as well," I said when he had returned to us after missing a voyage or two while the affair of the collision was being discussed at his home port, "that it was not a British Board of Trade Inquiry. They are apt to be unsympathetic.

As soon as I spoke I realised that I

had touched a sore place.
"My friend," he said, "if it was British Board of Trade Inquiry I do not care. I can explain everything. When I explain they will say to me, 'Captain Romanescu, it is quite all right, we understand perfectly: it was Act of God, no responsibility of the master.' That is what they say in Athens and we have very good inquiry there. No smoking and policemen everywhere, very strict, just like the English Board of Trade.

Now, listen: I tell you how it happen. The Dardanelles we have passed. We are bound for Istanbul, The Dardanelles we have keeping close to the coast to avoid the adverse current of four knots, according of the Admiralty instructions. It is beautiful sunny morning, light breeze and visibility good. Suddenly I see ahead a ship I know. It is Astra Dobruja, 3,286 tons metric, my old

friend Miranos the master.

"About this Miranos I must tell you: it is very strange. Long time ago, maybe ten years, when he was my Chief Officer, he marry a very beautiful girl-oh, a lovely girl, Greek girl, very charming, very sympathetic. He take her home to his farm, very nice farm, plenty of pigs and vines, where he keep his father to work very hard for him, making pot of money. Everything he give to her to run the business for him while he is at sea; and for three—maybe four—voyages everything is very happy. Then one day he come home and find she make hell. Someone has tell her that Miranos has wife in other places and she is very

"Now this is very dirty business, because Miranos is very fine chap, very straight, very strict, and he never marry any wifes anywhere at all except maybe in Turkey, and he is very sad; but he goes away because she break all the bottles for the wine at him and he think maybe next voyage she will cool up. Next voyage he comes back and he find that she has sold all the farm and run away, and also she has stolen his father. This makes him very mad because now he has no one to make the pot of money while he is at sea.

"He make many inquiries to find

where she is gone, but no one has seen her. Then, after a long time, maybe ten or twelve voyages, he forget a little and marry again, but it is not the same, because he has no father now for working while he is at sea, and whenever he see his friends he ask, 'Have you seen my old wife Nikita or my father anywhere?' So you can see he does not forget properly.

Now, this voyage I am telling you when we have the collision, I was in Oran, and when I was in Oran I find Mrs. Miranos. There she has a beautiful hotel-oh, a lovely place, like a finest English hotel, magnificent, clean, as good as Charley Brown's or any other. And old Miranos, he is there too, washing the glasses and fetching the bottles.

Now, you see, when I see Astra Dobruja ahead I say to myself, 'My old friend Miranos! I must tell him I have find his wife and father.' He has no wireless, so I send for the International Code Book and I write down a message for Miranos-'I have find your wife and father. She keeps lovely grog-shop in Oran called Hotel Bristol Magnificent. It is very fine business. If you go to Oran maybe she will let by-pass be by-pass. If not, maybe you can raise stink with consul and get your father back.

"I tell my Chief Officer to make this signal in International Code and he look up the book. After a bit he say to me, 'Hell! there is none of this sentences in International Code. Whoever

make the damn code, I think, has not expect ships wanting to say find your wifes and fathers keeping grog-shops in Oran." ' 'Very well,' I say, 'you make signal to him to close in and I speak on the megaphone.'

"Then I go below to find the megaphone, and when I come on deck I see Astra Dobruja has close in too much and soon we must be careful not to make the collision. So I shout to the helmsman. 'Hard-a-port! Hard-aport at once!' And the damn fool he put his helm hard-a-starboard.

"That is how we make the collision and that is how I can explain, if you like, to the British Board of Trade or any other, and they will say to me, like they say in Athens, 'Yes, Captain Romanescu, you do quite right. It cannot be help. It is Act of God. It is

a pity.'
"Now I tell you something. Since we have this collision I have been thinking much and I make a new rule on my ship. Now when I say to my helms-man 'Port your helm' and he put his helm to starboard, I fine him twentyfive drachma. That is more strict, I think, than British Board of Trade. You have not this rule on your ships? Yes?"

Our directors and leaders sure look swell in their new sweaters and in the near future it is hoped they will be provided with a more complete uniform consisting of pants for the men and skirts for the young ladies."

Yes, yes-and the sooner the better.



"JAKE B'LIEVES IN LETTING SLEEPING DAWGS LIE!"



"YES, SIB, THE CLUB IS BEING RAIDED, BUT IT'S ALL QUITE ORDERLY."

# Talking Without the Book

I HAVE always been quite sure that in the unlikely event of my ever becoming suddenly very rich practically the first thing I should do would be to go out and buy myself a vast quantity of books. I once knew (very distantly) a millionaire. Having bought himself an enormous new house he found that he had in it a large room with bookcases, which was obviously intended for a library. He was not the sort of man who wasted his time reading things (other than The Financial Times), but he intended to furnish his house properly. So he just gave his son two hundred pounds and told him to go out and buy some books to go in the library. The only terms of reference were that they must be "proper books with leather backs."\*

At the time I was consumed with fury and envy. "Think of it!" I said

to myself—"Two hundred pounds' worth of any books you liked! The perfect commission." But nowadays, frankly, I am not so sure. I am still interested and I should very much like to know what the son bought. But it no longer appeals to me as an easy job.

My doubts about the whole bookbuying business began, I fancy, when, through a clerical error on the part of my examiners (who, presumably, added the date in with my marks), I won a prize at Cambridge. It wasn't two hundred pounds. I think, in point of fact, it was three guineas. But anyhow it was "to be expended upon suitable books, which were then to be stamped with the college arms and became college prizes." There was naturally a certain amount of doubt as to what was a "suitable book" in the view of the college authorities. But that was not the main difficulty. For I found that, although as a rule there were literally hundreds of books which I longed to possess, yet during the week when I was making agonised efforts to lay out my three guineas to the best advantage, no bookseller in the whole of Cambridge seemed to have a single book on his shelves which was really worth buying. In the end I was reduced to spending the last guinea on a ponderous reference-book on Organic Chemistry. And there it is on my shelves to this day, ready to be Referred To if I ever happen to have a working Organic Chemist to stay. For my own part I never opened the thing then, and never have since.

That was a long time ago. But recently the problem has been revived in acute form. I have had a birthday and everyone (out of sheer laziness) has given me those delightful book tokens. Totalling them up, I find that I am in a position at any time to go and buy books to the value of five-pounds-ten and no questions asked. This has been so for over a month. So far I have bought

(a) Babar (for my small daughter).(b) Some of the works of BeatrixPotter (ditto ditto).

<sup>\*</sup> Oddly enough this is true.

(c) A really large atlas (Rachel has always wanted a large atlas). But there for the moment I have stuck. The difficulties are like this:—

(a) There are of course a great number of classical works which I ought to have. I ought, for example, to have a copy of Tom Jones and a complete BEAUMONT and FLETCHER and Piers Plowman, the works of Massinger and The Seven Lamps of Architecture. It would be very nice to have all these; but when one has only five-pounds-ten, to go out in cold blood and buy a copy of Massinger or The Seven Lamps of Architecture seems a trifle . . . You see?

(b) There are also a certain number of modern novels and things which I would quite like to read. But you know what modern novels are. It seems such a waste of seven-and-six. One might just as well wait for the thing to be remaindered or to come out in a cheap edition.

(c) On the other hand, when one has five-pounds-ten, which is sufficient to make a real addition to one's library, it doesn't seem quite right to go round buying a lot of cheap editions and remainders.

(d) There is the possibility of splashing the whole lot on the complete works of somebody in twelve calf volumes. But it seems rather silly to spend five pounds - ten on buying All of Somebody when one can have the added variety of buying Odd Bits of a lot of people.

(e) Again, one might buy something curious and rather rare. People are always sending me catalogues of the most curious old things: "The Personal Accounts of Mary Duchess of Dogby. 1715. Orig. Calf. Hinges weak. Page water-stained. V. rare. £2 15s.," and all that sort of thing. But it seems a trifle silly when one has only five-pounds-ten to spend to give half of it for a thing like that.

Actually I have bought one rather nice book. It is called Hints on the Religious Instruction of the Children of the Poor (1848, orig. cloth, hinges not only weak but non-existent). It is full of noble thoughts about the desirability of being Poor, and it cost sixpence out of a box in the Charing Cross Road. But that still leaves quite a lot to be got rid of.

(Note.—An idea has occurred to me. I once wrote a book, and they pay me about ninepence every time they sell a copy. Now, for five-pounds-ten worth of book tokens I could buy fifteen copies, and that would be eleven-and-three in royalties in my pocket. Enough to go and buy my-self a—a book or something.)



THE WARS OF THE ROSES
HAND-TO-HAND CONFLICT WITH A RAMBLER

# Nocturne

Sweet and attractive you appeared last night;

Charming and quiet, beneath the shaded light—

All pink and white.

Demure you stood upon your slender feet,

Making a man forget life's fret and heat—

So cool, so neat.

You seemed so slim and dainty, almost frail—

Was it too much to hope you would not fail

A trusting male?

How soon you cast me down! How hard my fall!

And, though I beat my head against the wall,

That was not all,

For when I tossed in cramp-racked slumber light

My clothes were rapt away at dead of night,

Which chilled me quite.

"O mean, deceptive, low-down piece,"
I said;

"Squat miserable bench, without a head—

Vile Divan Bed!"

### At the Pictures

### DOUBLING AND TREBLING

LET me say at once that the new Odeon, in Leicester Square, is sumptuous. But how many people will call it the Odeon, and how many (as they do in the provinces) the Odd One, remains to be seen. It is, however, magnificent; in the dress circle the seats appear to be upholstered in leopard-skin, and on the way in we were up to our knees in carpet.

This great and gorgeous building has set me pondering on the question whether the little area of the West-End, of which it is the latest ornament, may not be in danger of being over-supplied with films. In Leicester Square there are now three large cinema houses; Daly's is being reconstructed in order to be another, and in Coventry Street there is the Rialto. In Piccadilly Circus there is the London Pavilion; in the Haymarket there are the Gaumont and the Carlton; in Lower Regent Street there is the Plaza, while on a site on the east side a vast new film theatre is to arise with a newscinema in it as well as an ordinary one. The seating capacity of most of these places is well over two thousand, and the performances start at an early hour and continue till nearly midnight. Is it not possible that saturation-point is approaching?

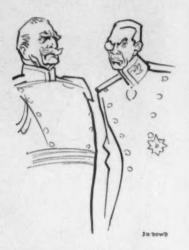
Be that as it may, there is no doubt that it would be difficult to have made a better choice than *The Prisoner of Zenda* for the Odeon's inauguration. We like ANTHONY HOPE; we like full-blooded romance and adventure within range of a Balkan express; we like sword-play; we like RONALD COLMAN; we like the panoply of royalty;

we like AUBREY SMITH.

Indeed in this new version of the famous story—which possibly is going to run for ever as a stock drama— AUBREY SMITH as Colonel Sapt (" Zapt" in the programme) very nearly "steals the show." RONALD COLMAN, in the dual part of the King and Rassendyll, is gay, authoritative, vibrant, resonant, but the military precision and decision of AUBREY SMITH seem to have more authenticity. It cannot be said of RONALD COLMAN as it was said (by BERNARD SHAW) of GEORGE ALEXAN. DER, who was the first to double the chief rôles, that he played the drunken scene like a hardened teetotaler; far from it; RONALD COLMAN plays it very convincingly, and in fact plays joyously throughout. But when I shut my eyes I see not him but AUBREY SMITH.

Since GEORGE ALEXANDER'S time.

it must be remembered, cinema-magic has come in, so that whereas, at the St. James's Theatre, Rassendyll and the King could not be brought together,



RECTITUDE AND TURPITUDE

Colonel Sapt . . . C. Aubrey Smith Black Michael . . Raymond Massey

in the screen version they are often in each other's presence.

We all have our disappointments, and just at the moment I have to state that WILL HAY is one of mine. At



STAFF GATHERING

any rate, in Oh, Mr. Porter! which, in the company of a very sparse audience, I saw one evening last week at the Gaumont in the Haymarket, I found his comicalities depressing. I mention the theatre merely as an indication that in this quarter of London there may not be the rush to the films which I have been foreshadowing. It will depend on the picture.

To begin with, the registering of the voices is wrong and for a long while we could not disentangle the hurried syllables. Later the scene changes to a wayside single-line railway-station in Ireland, where the humour is centred in runaway trains; and if runaway trains and their grisly potentialities are funny, this part of the picture is very funny indeed. Then, however, the dubious element of gunrunning is imported into the slapstick atmosphere, and again we are not so sure.

WILL HAY has a dry quality of his own that needs better direction than it has been given here. The very old bearded schoolboy, who, in his musichall sketches, can be so entertaining, is here too, but also in need of better material. I never saw anything less effective or less necessary than the three leading comedians' antics on the sails of a windmill.

It is late in the day to commend The Pearls of the Crown, because by the time these words are in print another foreign film may have superseded it at the Curzon. But it should be seen as a blend of history, audacity and wit, with some excellent acting by the author, SACHA GUITRY. In The Prisoner of Zenda RONALD COLMAN is satisfied to play two parts, but SACHA takes three, and he seems to enjoy his work so much that the stage proper may see him no more. Whether The Pearls of the Crown would be quite the pleasant riot that it is, had there been no RENÉ CLAIR I cannot affirm; but I have my doubts. It would not break our hearts if its success spurred E. V. L. M. CLAIR to new efforts.

# Example of Modern Science

I.

Aunt Florence has been invited to give a short address to the girls of St. Primrose and to present them with prizes.

She has said that nothing will induce her to do it.

She has said it five times.

She has added, twice, that to speak from a platform would kill herneither more nor less. (It couldn't be more surely?) She has said that even if she did do it, nobody would hear her because her voice doesn't carry.

Now Aunt Florence is wavering.



"DADDY, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND AGAIN. I WANT TO BE A AIRMAN."

She says that perhaps it is a duty, and quite likely they will have a microphone.

She is wavering more and more. She says: What are we here for at all if not to help one another?

Finally she says that if I will go with her she will address the girls of St. Primrose and present them with their prizes.

She says that no one, in her opinion, can do more than his best.

### TT

Aunt Florence and I have reached the doors of St. Primrose, and a man in an alpaca coat has directed me to put the car between a laurel-bush and a saloon six-seater.

Our car is the shabbiest one there and the oldest.

Almost a museum-piece.

Aunt Florence says she wishes she had put on her green hat instead of her brown one. It would, she thinks, have given her more confidence.

Someone is coming to open the door.

Aunt Florence suddenly exclaims that it's not too late, even now. We could still make a dash for it and go.

She looks as if she really means it. I tell her that everything will be all right, it won't take long, and I shall be sitting quite close, probably on the platform with her.

This doesn't seem to encourage her as much as I'd hoped.

### TIT

We are actually in the School Hall. It is gigantic.

There are hundreds and hundreds of girls, and an average of about one mother to every girl—(so it's all nonsense about the decline in the birth-rate)—and three fathers and one grand-father.

There is a platform, and the Staff and the Headmistress and Aunt Florence and I are all ranged on it behind a table loaded with prizes.

Aunt Florence has turned a palegreen colour.

"It's quite all right," I say in a whisper.

"No, dear, it isn't. My voice will never carry in a place this size."

"But there's the microphone, on the table. Just speak into that quite quietly."

"Like an announcer, dear?" says Aunt Florence in tones of horror.

Before I can reassure her the Headmistress has begun to say how pleased she is to see us all there. Every word audible, and she isn't raising her voice in the least—just speaking into the microphone like an announcer. Modern science, I tell Aunt Florence in a whisper, has completely robbed public speaking of any terrors it may ever have held.

Aunt Florence only answers "What?" inattentively.

### IV.

Aunt Florence is on her feet in front of the microphone.

She is uttering.

As she is turning her back on me I can't hear a word, but everybody in front looks pleased. The grandfather is leaning well forward, with one hand to his ear so as to make sure of not missing a word. (Evidently still mentally alert, although ancient.)

Presently Aunt Florence comes to an end and is applauded.

She sits down.

The Headmistress turns to her and says, Would she now present the School Trophy to the captain of the hockey team? Here it is. She picks up the microphone from the table and hands it to Aunt Florence—"This clock . . ."

E. M. D.

# Whither Whithering?

(An exceedingly powerful article—and, what is worse, trenchant.)

WHITHER France? Whither Japan? Witherush—I beg your pardon, I mean Whither Russia? Whither Youth? Whither Democracy? Whither Poetry? Whither Ireland? Whither cement?

Do you not hear the beating of ghostly wings? So do I—it was probably all those whithers.

At the outset let us deal with the subject in a broad general manner.

Many millions of years ago, before the moon broke away from the earth (am I being too broad, too general?), before America broke away from the British Empire, before the C.I.O. broke away from the A.F. of L.—if that's what did happen; when great beasts roared and hummed where now is the sluggish Stock Exchange, when what is now the place where the tram-lines turn out of Theobald's Road was a mass of blazing nebulæ; before the Cro-Magnon Man's uncle was called "Tiny" (this has only just occurred, so far as I know); when income-tax was still one farthing in the pound, and when nobody imagined that the unassuming youngster on the velocipede would grow up to be one of the greatest

pigeon-fanciers the world has ever seen; when . . .

The impression I am trying to convey is this: I want to make it quite clear that the subject of discussion is the past, not the present.

In the past, then (if we are to be succinct), there was not, I believe, so much of this whithering. People did not go about, or stay where they were, saying "Whither" this and "Whither" that; they were not so deeply concerned about the future.

Or at least not concerned in the way of whitherers. Prophecy, yes; foresight, yes; but whithering, no. The person who says "whither" whatever-it-is betrays an attitude of mind that I believe to be quite modern. As a rule this person obviously feels concerned for the opinions of posterity, its opinions above all. Maybe posterity will do this, will look like that, will experience the other; these are interesting considerations; but what will it think? What will it think of us? The speculation enthrals them.

It is recorded (by me) of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS that when he was painting a portrait of a Dane being expelled from Sweden with one hand in the waistcoat and the hat under the arm (the Dane's hat, the Dane's arm), as was customary in portraits of the period, he was put out by his sitter's habit of continually fiddling with one eyebrow. "Pray, Sir," said Sir JOSHUA, "why do you constantly finger your

eyebrow?" "Why, Sir," replied the Dane, under the impression that he was Dr. Johnson, "a man may do as he pleases with his own eyebrow." It is not generally known that after this Sir Joshua Reynolds never smiled again.

You might suppose that this anecdote had nothing to do with the matter under discussion, but you would be wrong. No, on second thoughts you would be right. However, it is at least an anecdote, such as is usually inserted by authors when they suspect the reader of inattention.

Perhaps I was a little off the subject of what I have called whithering even before I brought in the anecdote. Interest in the opinions of posterity does not as a rule mark the geographical whither; an article under the heading "Whither Jugo-Slavia?" is often merely an account of the country as it is now, which has been given that title by the sub-editor because he thinks readers will be more attracted by something that suggests action or movement. The idea is that when you see the title "Jugo-Slavia" you think merely of a vague shape somewhere down there on the right and pass on immediately to the comic strip, but when you see 'Whither Jugo-Slavia?" you think of everybody in the country marching hand-in-hand through the mists of time to a new dawn, or rushing down a steep place, or climbing a ladder to undreamt-of heights as they hack away primeval jungle, or something. It all depends how clear your head is.

The other kind of whither, howether, the kind that might be called the blether-whither (this article itself is a notable example of a blether-whither that has been left too long in the sun), is usually stiff with regard for the opinions of posterity. "What will the people of two hundred years hence think of us," writes the Whither Ornithology? man, "if we allow the kestrel to be exterminated?" "In 2037," says the writer of Whither Philosophy? "they will smile tolerantly as they look back on our muddled way of thought." In Whither Science? we find some such remark as "Imagine the scorn of our remote posterity for people who had to believe the evidence of their senses." You see? There aren't enough persons about who think us fools already. We have to give full rein to our conscience and people the dark and terrifying future with them.

Whither whithering? . . . I'm glad you asked me that. I think there are great prospects ahead for whithering. It took centuries to get started, but it will take centuries more to finish. I'm sure we should all be feeling exceedingly embarrassed at the thought of how silly we shall look to our great-great-grandchildren when they compare our feeble attempts to whither with their own.

The gentle reader will agree with me. The ungentle reader may go and look for a lake. (When found, jump into.)

R. M.



"A BIT MONOTONOUS PERHAPS, BUT I'M A WALLPAPER PRIEZE DESIGNER."



### White Fish

THE Sea Fish Industry Bill is delicious reading. Through all its sixtythree clauses you can eatch with one ear the surge of the sea and with the other the sizzling of the chips.

It is all about the White Fish Industry.

What, you ask ignorantly, are White Fish?

I cannot find the term in my Encyclopædia. But it is interpreted in Clause 62:—

"' White fish' means fish of any kind found in the sea, other than-

(a) herring

(b) fish of the salmon species, or

(c) trout which migrate to and from the sea;

and includes shell-fish; and references to white fish shall be construed as including references to parts of white fish."

Red Mullet, then, I take it, is White Fish, and Blackfish is White Fish, and Lobster is White Fish, and Mackerel and Mussels are White Fish, though I should have betted the other way.

Moreover, it seems that Whales are deemed to be White Fish, for Part III. is all about Whales. And this is a great shock, for do we not all know that the Whale is not a Fish at all but a Mammal? Furthermore, if I have read Clause 44 aright, the Grey Whale is now to be declared White Fish by the King in Parliament, yea, all the Grey Whales named in the new Schedule—the Californian Grey, Devil Fish, Grey Back, Hard Head, Mussel Digger and Rip Sack. And what, I wonder, would Moby Dick have had to say about that?

No matter—it is a great, wet, bouncing, smack of a Bill, and with Skipper W. S. Morrison at the wheel it should give the faithful Commons a wholesome blow. And do not think my language unParliamentary. For that same strong word "skipper" is frequent in the Bill itself. See, here in Clause 48—

"Where the skipper or any other member of the crew of a fishing-boat is paid, wholly or in part, by a share in the catch . . ."

Grand simple stuff, such as you do not often find in Bills, and not always in this Bill. It might so easily have been—

"As respects any vessel employed for the purpose of fish-apprehension of which the person for the time being in effective control or any other person continuously engaged in the direction upkeep or maintenance of the same within the meaning of section 178 of the Factories (Amendment) Act, 1879 . . ."

But no, there it is, in Government print—"skipper." And we have so often to complain of the language of H.M. Gov. that we delight to throw a bouquet when we can.

Well, now, this Bill begins by creating two new bodies, a

White Fish Commission and a

White Fish Industry Joint Council. The White Fish Industry Council is to consist of a Chairman and, at least,

One White Fish Wholesale Seller One White Fishmonger One White Fish Frier, and One White Fish Salter, Smoker, Curer, or Canner.

One White Fish Producer

This ought to be a jolly Council. But I am surprised by one point in the composition of it—that it does not contain what a friend of mine has called the Statutory Woman. In almost every Act of Parliament nowadays there is a Council or Committee or two, to consist of so many members, "one of

whom shall be a woman".

This chivalrous phrase does not occur in Clause 1, or, I think, anywhere else in the Bill: but I have no doubt that it will be present in the final edition of the Act. It is generally inserted on the motion of a Woman Member, which is an odd thing. For the same Woman Member, as a rule, maintains that Women are in all respects equal to Men: and indeed they do have an equal right to vote at elections and sit in the House of Commons. But if they are, in fact, equal to men, and since, in fact, being more numerous, they have more votes than men, it must follow that they have as good a chance as men of being appointed to any bi-sexual Committee. And to insist upon the insertion of these words is really to confess that they are not in fact as able and eligible as men to serve upon a given Committee.

As for the men who consent to this amendment, it would perhaps be more graceful if they put it the other way, thus: "The Committee shall consist of six members, some of which shall be

mere men."
So I hope to see this White Fish

Joint Industry Council finally constituted as follows:—

Two White Fish Producers, one of which shall be a White Man Two White Wholesale Fish Sellers, one of which shall be a White Woman

Two White Fishmongers, both of which shall be White Women

Two White Fish Friers, one of which shall be a small White Blonde Two White Fish Curers, most of which shall be Bluecoat Boys.

That seems to be a fair division between the sexes. As for the White Fish Commission, I hear that the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries have some really progressive plans. This is to consist of five members "appointed by the Ministers," and will probably, in the end, be made up thus:—

One White Cod
One White Star-fish
One White Whiting
One White Red Mullet
and
One White Whelk

two of which shall be a woman.

Then, in Clause 16, another Committee is proposed—a White Fish Consumers' Committee, which is to consist of a Chairman and not less than six other members, "who shall be persons appointed by the Ministers to represent the interests of consumers of white fish"

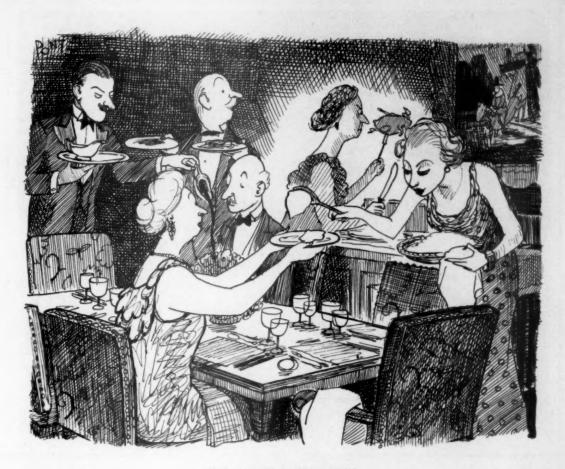
Here, again, there is not a word about white women. This, surely, must be remedied, for, gosh! can they consume fish? I suggest that there should be at least two White Fish Women Consumers, one of which shall be a White Blonde Oyster Consumer.

Part II. of the Bill deals with the Meshes of Fishing Nets and the Size

Limits for Fish.

The object of this Part is to secure that White Fish, like White Men, shall expand their chests, keep themselves fit, and show by their appearance some sense of uniformity and discipline. The actual dimensions to which White Fish will be expected to attain are not mentioned in the Bill; but a White Paper on White Fish (Right Sizes) will, no doubt, be issued shortly. White Soles are to be two foot by one: White Bait are to be a hundred millimetres by one: and White Sturgeon are to be the same size as Mr. White Shakespeare Morrison.

A minor difficulty is expected concerning the Right Size of White Shrimps. It would be easy enough to design a net so meshed that it would admit only white shrimps of the right size: but this might exclude desirable white prawns. Per contra, if the net is adjusted to the right size of white prawns a great many admirable white shrimps will get away. A possible



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

ABILITY TO MANAGE FOR ONESELF ON SUNDAY EVENING

compromise would be to require the white shrimper or prawner to retain the net he now uses but to declare before immersing it whether he proposes to catch a white shrimp or a white prawn, and, if he guesses wrong, return his captive to the sea. Another way would be to forbid the catching of white shrimps altogether: but that, I hope, will not be necessary.

I have already sketched, I think, the new proposals concerning White Whales (one of which shall be a woman); and no more need be said about them, though a good many committee-points will probably arise. I wonder, for example, whether any member of the royal family of the ocean ought to be known by names so lacking in dignity as "Mussel Digger" and "Rip Sack."

This brief review does not pretend

to do the work full justice. It contains sixty-four pages and can be purchased for 1s. 3d. net through any bookseller. It is well printed by the King's Most Excellent Majesty's printers; but I wish that the King's Most Excellent Majesty would speak to them about those superfluous full-stops in headings. Look at this—

SEA FISHING INDUSTRY BILLO ARRANGEMENT OF CLAUSESO PART IO

ORGANISATION OF WHITE FISH INDUSTRY.

What are all these full-stops for? And look at the top of page 3—

[1 Geo. 6.] Sea Fishing Industry. 3 A.D. 1937.

The full-stops after Geo, A and D are

good, because they indicate abbreviations. But they lose that force if you put one after Industry, which is not an abbreviation.

And why is a full-stop required after the 6 but not after the 1? If 1937. is right, why is the 3 naked and stopless? I cannot tell.

One word more. Nowhere in the Bill do I see any reference to that wise fish, Sardina sagax. He should surely have representatives on one of the Committees, one of which, of course, must be a woman.

A. P. H.

### Masterly Move by Council

"Following a request from the County Council that the Town Council should execute repairs to the drinking fountain at Craigendoran Bridge, the Town Council has agreed to remove the fountain and erect a street lamp."—Scottish Paper.



"You've forgotten your trumpet, my Lord."

# "When I Hear Brahms . . . "

When I hear Brahms the feelings in my breast Surge like the waves on some Atlantic shore; BEETHOVEN churns the heart within my chest And Bach cantatas crush me to the core.

I feel benevolent and kind to Mozart's themes, All-powerful to Wagner boomed by basses, And Delius wafts me woozily to dreams Of nobler lives led in more pleasant places.

My thoughts are wise and beautiful and rare
To bits of BRUCKNEE blown down a bassoon;
The slightest breath of HANDEL in the air
And I am in a deep ecstatic swoon.

DEBUSSY makes me dance just like a fairy, LAMBERT and WALTON cause me to enthuse, While to the strains of MENDELSSORN I vary From high hysteria to the darkest blues.

Yet I confess that when my spirits fail
Only the sloppiest tripe can make me glad;

And I'd not trade the saxophonist's wail For all the PAGANINIS to be had.

Alas! if I would be completely happy,
My cup filled to the brim with quiet joys,
I'd listen all day long to little snappy
Dance tunes played by various HARRY Roys

This is a shameful thing. I know I oughter Prefer RAVEL to KERN—but I must say There's nothing like cantabile COLE-PORTER To drive the most Cimmerian clouds away.

Commercial Candour

"TRY OUR SAUSAGES
YOU WILL NEVER GET BETTER."

Advt. in Church Magazine.

"The copious italicized asides of the Book of Common Prayer provide for all else, from telling one when to kneel down to the announcement that 'In Quires and Places where they sing, here followeth the Anthem,' which used to gigve gognge gag gmome gnggep used to give one a moment of shivering expectation."

Lincolnshire Paper.

One's teeth positively chattered.

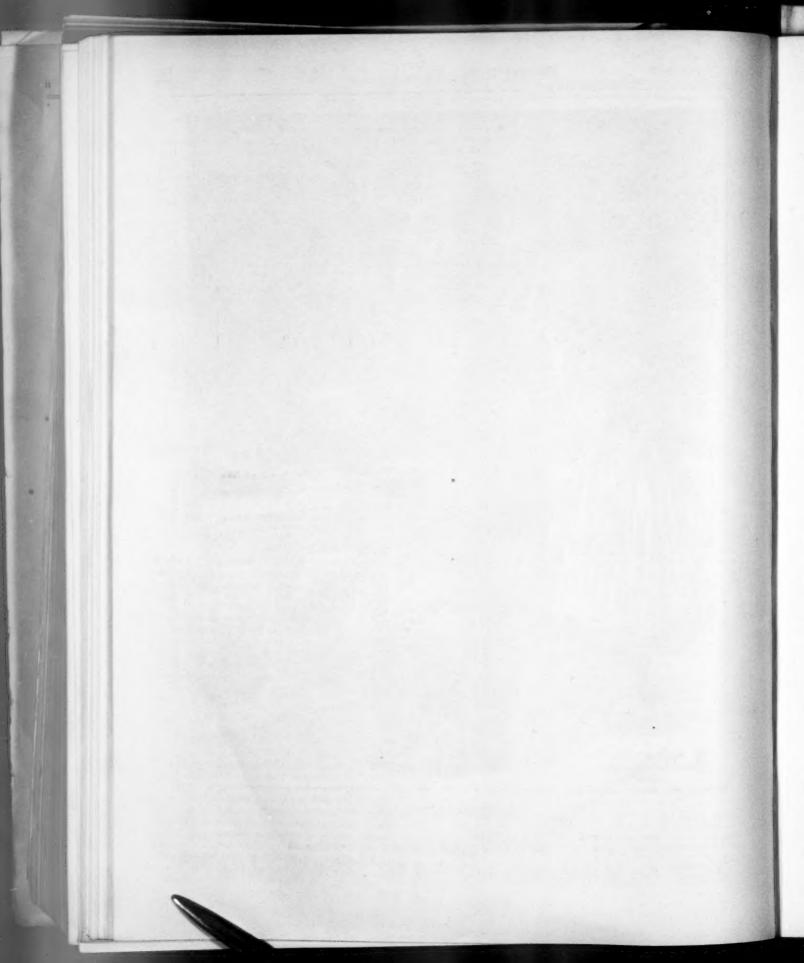


# STAR-GAZING

France. "Isn't it beautiful?"

John Bull. "Well, speaking for myself, I find it uncommonly cold."

["To-day we can best serve the cause of peace by encouraging the spirit of confidence as between the Soviet Government and England."—From a report of a recent speech by M. BLUM.]



# Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week
Monday, November 8th.—Commons:



MEMNON RE-VOCALIZED

THE SPEAKER SPEAKS.

Debate on Exchange of Missions with Spanish Insurgents.

Tuesday, November 9th.—Lords: Merchant Shipping (Superannuation Contributions) Bill given Second Reading.

Commons: New Procedure for Money Resolutions discussed. Debate on Scottish Housing.

Wednesday, November 10th.—Commons: Tribute to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

Monday, November 8th.—When Mr. Eden, in accordance with the P.M.'s promise of last week, gave the House a full account at Question-time of the reasons which have led the Government to arrange an exchange of agents with General Franco, it seemed unnecessarily inconsiderate of Mr. Attlee to ask for a further opportunity for discussion in the evening, seeing that the Foreign Secretary was in the middle of the Brussels Conference; but the P.M., rather than create a grievance, as he said, agreed to adjourn the House.

A large amount of British capital was locked up, Mr. EDEN explained, in the mines and wines of the areas under insurgent control, and had suffered increasingly from a lack of proper machinery through which negotiations could be carried on with the authorities at Salamanca and Burgos, while British export trade to those parts of Spain had been handicapped in the

same way. As the appointment of new Consuls would imply a measure of recognition, the Government had decided to appoint an Agent who would look after British subjects and trade interests in insurgent territory, and to allow the return appointment of a similar agent in London, whose reception would involve no kind of recognition. In the meantime General Franco had agreed to release the seven British ships detained at Ferrol and to make good the two cargoes of iron ore confiscated in the summer.

This sounded like common sense; and beyond giving Spanish partisans a chance to air their views, the evening's debate carried the matter no further. The Labour Party insisted on seeing the thin end of the wedge of recognition, though Mr. Eden reminded them that our only diplomatic representative in Spain was accredited to the Government. The Liberals were prepared to approve the scheme provided it was clearly understood that the Agent should be sacked instantly if he meddled in Spanish politics.

The Government's Bill to appoint two more Divorce Judges to deal with the pressure caused by the Marriage Bill met with such determined opposition from those who, like Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES and Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, felt that the moment had come to transfer divorce work to the King's Bench Division, that it only got its Second Reading by eighty-nine votes.

Tuesday, November 9th.—Only about 20% of the officers of the Mercantile Marine (who are paid little enough in view of their responsibilities) are covered



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO

The pins and pricks
Of politics
Make some men sore; but, ever-young
Sir JOHNNIE WITHERS stays unwrung.

by their companies' pension-schemes, and the Upper House gave a Second Reading to a Bill which will facilitate a national scheme to cover the rest. In backing it Lord STRABOLGI suggested that the two million pounds standing over from the tramp shipping subsidy



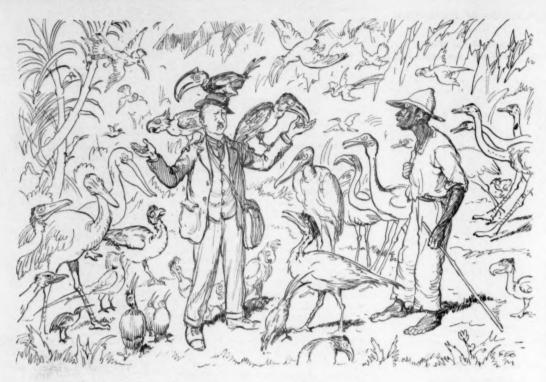
"YOU TREAT ME LIKE A BOY"

MR. KIRKWOOD

should be used to start a welfare fund for seamen.

Mr. Johnston, who is acquiring a dread reputation in the City as the Share-pushers' Scourge, asked in the Commons about the mushroom-growing companies which have been circularising private addresses inviting capital on which 10% is guaranteed, and succeeded in drawing from the President of the Board of Trade the opinion that anyone who invested in these concerns was taking a very great risk. Mushrooms are very chancy things, as Sacha Guitrey has pointed out so neatly in Le Roman d'Un Tricheur, and speculators in this field must always be prepared to find themselves on toast.

At the end of Question-time the P.M. made a long statement explaining that the Government had decided to give effect to the second recommendation of the Report of the Committee on Money Resolutions and had therefore given instructions that the financial resolutions of Bills should in future be drafted as widely as possible so as to ensure freedom for discussion and amendment; reasons for the rejection of the first recommendation (which advised that the Chair should be called in as arbitrator) were set out by the SPEAKER himself, who feared



"I GOT THE HABIT IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE."

that he might have become involved in party controversy.

The unusual spectacle of Captain Fitzroy making a speech filled the House as rapidly as the subsequent debate on Scottish cottages emptied it.

Wednesday, November 10th.

—As soon as the House met the Speakerrose and formally announced Mr. MacDonald's death.

Questions ran their ordinary course, except that Mr. KIRKwood, incensed by the P.M.'s refusal to give an early date for a discussion on the inadequaey of unemployment allowances in view of rises in the cost of living, lost his head and continued to protest in spite of the intervention of the SPEAKER. Having announced that he didn't give a damn whether he was asked to leave the House or not, he left it. muttering further imprecations from the Bar as the P.M. moved his suspension. The SPEAKER'S reference to him, more than polite in the circumstances, as "the honourable Member," seemed in particular to enrage him, for he expressed his resentment at being treated "like a boy."

WESTMINSTER

RAMSAY TAKES MALCOLM TO THE HOUSE

Reproduced from Punch, Feb. 19, 1936

This is the last of many purchased from Punch, Feb. 19, 1936

[This is the last of many appearances which the late Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD made in our Impressions of Parliament.]

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN then moved the adjournment of the House, and paid eloquent tribute to the memory of

Mr. MacDonald, saying that he would leave aside the bitter controversies of 1931 and touch on those things on which all were agreed, Mr. MAC-Donald's personal gifts, his great physical and moral courage, his peculiar skill in handling international conferences in spite of speaking no foreign language, and above all of his great kindness. Mr. Cham-BERLAIN echoed Lord BALD-WIN's recent words, in which he said that "he could not wish for a better chief," and offered the sympathy of the House to Mr. MacDonald's

family.

Mr. Attlee referred to the permanent breach which the events of 1931 had made between the Labour Party and Mr. MacDonald, but made a graceful admission of all it owed to him; and Sir Archibald Sinclair spoke of Mr. MacDonald's dignity, generosity and integrity.

# Gossip

In the old days when Gossip Columns had to be full of meetings with important personages I should have been no use as a gossip-writer, but now that the pendulum has swung to the other extreme I am seriously thinking of applying for a job on one of the dailies. It is perfectly simple; you just have to get up in the morning and mess about all day as if you hadn't a care in the world, and then write it all down. Like this:—

8 A.M.—Still asleep. 9 A.M.—Sleeping still.

10 a.m.—Rose. Shaved. Tried a new sort of razor-blade recommended by a reader at Totnes and a new sort of sticking-plaster recommended by a reader at Canewdon. Many thanks to both of them. As I shaved a man passed under the window wearing a brown bowler-hat and selling brushes. Mused a bit on brown bowler-hats and also on brushes, but nothing came of it.

10.30 A.M.—Breakfast in the library. Ham and eggs. Mused a bit on eggs, but nothing much came of it. Telephone-bell rang and one of the most charming voices I have ever heard asked me to lunch with her on the top of the Monument at 12.45, taking my own sandwiches. Her name is Elizabeth, and she sells radishes and camphorated oil in a big Holborn store. I had intended to lunch with Algy Black, who was at Eton with me and is now marrow-farming in Algeria, but I could not resist the fair Elizabeth, so I rang up Algy and asked him to join us, bringing also his own sandwiches. Mused a bit on sandwiches, but nothing

11 A.M.—Did some work.

11.5 a.m.—Went to buy a hat. The man that served me had a lisp and came from Dagenham. Told him Dagenham was a place I had often wanted to visit and asked eagerly whether it was really as faërie as it is supposed to be. He seemed to think I was mad. Tried on fifteen hats but they all made me look silly. For years I have been questing for a hat in which I would not look silly, and I shall go on questing till I die. Did not buy a hat after all.

12 NOON.—Strolled through the ceaseless hum of London's traffic towards the Monument. Wondered what Shakespeare would have thought of the L.P.T.B. Mused a bit on the L.P.T.B., but nothing came of it. Could not find the Monument and discovered suddenly that I was



Conductor. "WHERE D' YOU WANT TO GO TO?"

Passenger. "Home."

Conductor. "WHERE'S 'OME?"

Passenger. "WHERE I'M GOING."

Conductor. "Well, what's fare?"
Passenger. "AH! THAT'S FOR YOU TO TELL ME!"

in Trafalgar Square. Fearful of being late for my appointment with the divine Elizabeth, I jumped into a taxi. The driver had brown eyes and a blue chin. Reminded me a little of General Sir Thumperly Gadzooks, who was as school with me. Asked him if he was any relation, but he said he was not and that his name was Snooks. He lived at Golders Green. I once knew a waiter with asthma who lived at Golders Green. Or possibly Palmers Green. Mused a bit on the smallness of the world, but nothing came of it.

12.45 P.M.—Found Algy and Eliza-

beth at the top of the Monument, Algy talking about marrow-farming in Algeria and Elizabeth talking about ROBERT TAYLOR, both at the same time. I should not call Elizabeth beautiful, but she is intelligent. She reads my column every day and thinks it marvellous. A pleasant half-hour on top of the Monument and then each to our own job. I shall never meet Elizabeth again, but our lives have crossed and something of the fragrance of each has entered into the other. Went back to the office and mused a bit on work, but nothing came of it. Life is like that.

# At the Play

"RICHARD III." (OLD VIC)

Richard III. is one of the best of SHAKESPEARE'S historical plays to watch. There are, it is true, no comic characters, no Falstaffs and Pistols, but the main story is a swift melodrama which is so engrossing that no sub-plot or comedy is wanted. It is a story of crime on the most magnificent and wholehearted scale, leading to just retribution, ruin and death. King Richard III. is the archetype of stage villain who is not content to commit his crimes, but must explain them in advance to the audience, and think about them out loud afterwards.

Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS is most confiding, but as he shows a Richard whose face has grown wicked with wicked thoughts and deeds, the dullest-witted groundlings in front of the foot-lights could really dispense with all this careful explanation. There can be no doubt that these asides were meant to assist the low-witted when Richard was presented on the stage, as he is presented in the portraits of the time, as a good-looking, smoothspoken man, somewhat ungainly about the shoulders perhaps, but not repulsive and not, on the face of it and at the first inspection, a complete scoundrel.

The scene where Richard woos Anne (Miss Angela Baddeley) in the middle of her mourning for her husband is excellently played, but it is made incredible through the extreme villainy that is stamped on the face of this Richard. The many speeches in which he professes himself much misjudged and misunderstood cease to be plausible as tactics on the lips of a man with murder so plainly written across his face. Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS has such an exceptional power of depicting wickedness that he should use less heavy facial make-up. The cumulative effect makes the play not a study in smooth ruthless villainy, for this Richard can have no Dr. Jekyll appearances. It is all Mr. Hyde let loose.

Richard's mother, finely played by Miss Frances War-ING, shrinks from him because she knows him well. What is so difficult to understand is why anybody ever works with him or believes in him at all, and some of the sympathy that we ought to feel for Lord Hastings or the Duke of Clarence is lost because they have to appear in the presence of this monster as inexcusable simpletons.



MORE THAN SOMEWHAT ON THE SPOT

Second Murderer. . . . Mr. Julian Somers George, Duke of Clarence. Mr. Alec Clunes First Murderer . . . . Mr. David King Wood



THE WICKED UNCLE

Richard, Duke of Gloucester . Mr. Emlyn Williams
Edward, Prince of Wales . . . Master Peter Scott
Richard, Duke of York . . . Master Gordon Miller
Duke of Buckingham . . . Mr. Mark Dignam

But there is a great gain when an actor as concentrated as Mr. WILLIAMS devotes himself to compelling our attention to a black soul. He has a particular way of peering into space, of letting the rich words flow from his

lips while all the time his eyes are fixed on some sinister horizon of further plotting so that what he is saying does not fill his whole mind; and we do get the sense, which is essential to the enjoyment of the play, that Richard is a man of great natural force—able, farsighted, courageous and swift to strike. Mr. WILLIAMS plays some fine scenes with Mr. MARK DIGNAM in the part of the Duke of Buckingham. Mr. DIGNAM is a brilliantly real and plausible figure, a man of few scruples, but inferior at moments of crisis to his chief.

Mr. GUTHRIE's production of this play uses, at the back of the stage, folding doors which can be thrown open to show a small interior. When closed they have a picture of fifteenth-century London, including the Tower. This makes an effective background for the London scenes, but it should be covered over when Bosworth Field is reached. The production indeed becomes for the battle deliberately unrealistic and in the simplest old tradition. Richmond and Richard sleep in their tents on opposite sides of the

stage. The early morning battle consists of a few ritual passes across the stage, and it has been made rather harder than it need have been for Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS to show us Richard fighting bravely to the last, and his battlefield speeches are left insufficiently supported. For the rest, the production distributes the weight evenly between the successive scenes of the play. The murder of Clarence, the arrest of Hastings at the Council Chamber, are particularly well done, with just sufficient support to the eye and imagination but with no overlaying of the essential direct tragedy. This is one of the best evenings of Shakespearean drama which the Old Vic has given us for a long time. D. W.

## At the Revue

"It's IN THE BAG" (SAVILLE)

I BELIEVE I have discovered the very article with which to console the Scots Greys if the dreaded order goes north—as I suppose it may in time—that they are finally to dismount. Steadier in the face of danger and undeniably more patient than the horse, this is a small four-wheeled carriage not unlike those very early motor-cars which had their engines in picnic-baskets tied on at

the back, and it seats three persons, who each have a pair of pedals to themselves.

Whether the model which forms the centre-piece here for a parade of the less conventional members of the bicycle family has been dug out of a museum or just invented by the producer is not explained, but, painted a nice bright yellow, it has a solid antique dignity which should lend itself endlessly to regimental pageantry. Of its behaviour across country I naturally cannot speak, but I know enough of that of the horse to be quite certain which I should choose. Perhaps the War Office can spare a pigeon-hole?

This revue, at any rate, moves fast and with the utmost smoothness, two important qualities which sometimes escape makers of the lighter kinds of dramatic vehicle. It captures the eye at once and treats it kindly, offering a generous variety of scene and a skilful blending of colour; its "funnies' are distinctly funny and it contains some good dancing. Defects, while we are about an assessment, are a marked lack of pith in the lyrics, an unevenness in the tunes and a certain flatness in the dialogue. But when one thinks of the dreary sketches into which authors of revue are so often trapped in a desperate chase after wisecracks I am not sure that the last is not almost a virtue. In this programme there is not a single sketch based on that grisly old formula of the black. out on the well-worn little piece of impropriety, and for this we should be very thankful.

Many of the cast are drawn from the music-halls, and I last saw the spear - head of the attack, Gene Sheldon, playing the banjo at the Palladium two years ago. He did—and still does—this very well, but his greater claim to notice is as a quiet and subtle comedian

of the straws-in-the-hair persuasion. Whatever absurdity he is about he wears the bright surprised expression of a child who has just hit upon some major discovery. His eyebrows are permanently in the ascendant and he has a curious trick of contracting his intelligent face so that his nose



HUBS OF THE SHOW MISS DORIS HARE MR. GENE SHELDON



THE PERFECT WAR-"5 STAR" DUG-OUTS

behaves like a small concertina; above all he is never afraid of doing very little, and he dares to use silence where many other comedians would fall back on noise.

There is a wonderful scene here in which, being supposed to be a dress-

maker's cutter, he snips the frock off a customer as though she were an orange and then, plucking an imaginary hair from his assistant's head, sews up his offending hand in briliant dumb-show. In another he sneezes better synthetic sneezes than I have ever heard, for about five minutes.

He is admirably backed up by Doris Hare, a good all-round comedian whose gifts deserve better material than they have been given, and by a cast which includes BENNY Ross and MAXINE STONE, who make humorous capital out of the latter's laziness as a dancer; DIANA CHASE, a jazz dancer (and singer) of decided merit; ELISABETH WELCH, whose evident skill as a crooner I freely acknowledge while confessing that I am sick to death of the melancholy trivialities which seem to sit with such heaviness on crooners' minds; and ERNEST DILLON, who bounces so enthrallingly on a large mattress that I am sure I was not the only member of the audience who came away secretly determined to give my own powers in this field a private try-out. The ladies of the Chorus know their jobs and are well-dressed.

About the most effective sketch suggests how life in the front-line of the next war would be modified if a well-known firm of caterers took over all the arrangements (of both opponents), Miss HARE as the Scotch manageress of the British line imparting an entirely new flavour to battle; and of the more spectacular turns the best show the sort of thing that happens to a New York moll who has bumped off a pal and the sort of thing that happened to an Aztec girl who had apparently done nothing at all.

Now that the Grand Canal is little more than a motor-boat reserve, hasn't the time come when a truce could be decently called to songs about lonely gondoliers? Eric.

# **Texas Strangers**

I saw a cowboy picture last night," Aunt Miriam said. "It was on the programme as a supporting film, though what it was supporting except the actors' wives and families I don't know.

"Did you enjoy it?" I asked.

"Well, it was interesting. But it wasn't a bit like the cowboy pictures used to be. I'd like to know what's happened to all those Indians they used to have.

Perhaps they killed them all off." "Possibly. Or else the League of Nations has stepped in. It was all about a man who owned a ranch; but that didn't seem to be because he knew any more about cows than the others, but just because he could sing better. It seemed a most inadequate reason to me."

"Yes. What did he do?"

"Well, to start with he went off to the local public-house and sang a song about how nice it was to live in the West, and a man in the corner said he'd get even with him yet."

"Why?

"I don't know. Perhaps he didn't like his singing. But he wasn't really a music critic, he was just a villain.'

How could you tell that?

Oh, he was clean and respectably dressed. I always suspect well-dressed people in cowboy pictures. You know, it's very fortunate that TENNYSON wrote the bit about 'the baths of all the western stars' before the picture started, because none of the Western

stars nowadays ever seems to take a bath.

"And what happened after that?" "He went back to the ranch, and when he got there he found that a young woman had turned up. There didn't seem to be any reason for it, and she hadn't got a chaperon. He was quite rude to her at first and said his ranch was too rough-and-ready for a girl.'

"And what did she say?" "She said she was just as ready to be rough as anybody. So he said she was an Eastern girl anyway. I thought that was very impolite, because she looked quite American to me. But she stopped, and he turned the lights out, and I thought it was going to be rather romantic, but he only sang her a song about a dead horse-one of those sillybilly songs, you know.'

Did she like it?'

"Oh, yes; she joined in too, and he seemed quite pleased to find that she knew it as well. And the next morning somebody came to say that the clean man had stolen all his cows."
"And what did they do?"

"He said he was a dirty crook, which was quite inaccurate, and the hero wasn't any too clean himself. I expected him to send for the police, but there didn't seem to be any policemen. So instead he sang another song about a waggon, which seemed quite pointless to me, and all the other cowboys sang the chorus."

"And didn't they do anything else about it?'

Oh, yes. They all got on their horses and the hero had a white one. The girl went too, but I think that was only because she looked rather well in riding-breeches. Then it got rather confused, and there were a lot of pictures of men on horses and cows running about and the girl in ridingbreeches. I will say she didn't seem a bit afraid of the cows.

"And what happened?"

"Well, it was rather difficult to tell, because I couldn't properly distinguish which sides all the horses and cows were on, but I think the hero's side won, and towards the end the girl dropped a rock on top of the villain just when he was going to shoot the hero.

"And was there a happy ending?" "Fairly, I think. The hero and the girl sang a duet about a cow, and they finished up kissing one another with everybody watching. But I think she only loved him really for his banjo and white horse.

'Then you didn't like it very much?" Aunt Miriam frowned and shook her head. "Well, not a great deal," she admitted. "It isn't the Wild West any longer: it's the Mild West nowadays.



A PROBLEM SOLVED

# My Ancestor Speaks.

My great-great-great-grandfather is piqued, not to say definitely annoyed.

Yet his incoherence has made it rather difficult for me up to now to discover just what it is that troubles him.

All the same, I believe I've found out—just by piecing together one or two of his more violent but fragmentary remarks. "The men—the ships," he keeps repeating with that petulant persistence so riling to a complacent person like myself.

"You mean," I say as patiently as I know how, "'we have the men, we have the ships!"

He nods, or seems to.

I point out to him that this, on at least one or two occasions, has been said before. Couldn't he think of something a trifle more startling?

He evidently finds it hard. Mind you, I know what's generally at the back of his mind. He's a Tory and doesn't quite like the way things are shaping.

But I correct him. "Look, Grandpa," I say, "things are not just exactly where they were before, old lad. I mean to say, you can't go rough-riding over people these days. They get nasty. Besides, in a manner of speaking the dove has replaced the grapeshot, if you understand what I mean."

Something in his face seems to indicate that he doesn't see much sign of this, and of course I have to put him right again.

"Granted," I point out, "that perhaps the world of the moment can hardly be described as one large Utopia. But after all politeness costs nothing—a note distinctly less than a doubt-charge for instance.

a depth-charge, for instance.

"Moreover," I say, "we've got to be careful. There are too many fellows with big sticks knocking about. And if they catch you they can be very rude sometimes. What, I ask you, is a pot-shot across one of our destroyer's bows or a little aerial gun-practice at a motor-car? Merely an expression of feeling. And the psychologists tell

"What? Oh, I know what you're thinking. We want a Nelson." "Who is Nelson?" This after the

"Who is Nelson?" This after the manner of the Bench which, I believe, he once adorned after retiring from a particularly seafaring career.

Gramper, you must remember, is out of touch with what I may call middle history. Indeed it is only my illuminating comments on current topics which give him an inkling of what's going on now.



" My BABY SISTER'S COME, BUT SHE'S A BOY."

"He was an Admiral—since your day, you know."

This rouses in the noble ancestor a kind of restrained but spluttering berserk fury, harmless remark though it may be.

"Sink 'em, sink 'em!" he mutters fiercely.

"But we can't find 'em, Grandpa. And, anyway, why be impetuous? It's simply not d——"

"Sink the flag," I think I can catch
"sink the ship!"

And now in a flash as he looks down at mesternly from his once gilded frame, I know. He has found the solution and is trying to get it over to me.

He evidently refers to our own

ships, not those of other unfortunate nationals.

What my bloodthirsty forebear requires—as a rouser, no doubt—is the sinking of a British Admiral's flagship.

It was with great regret that we learnt of the death on November 7th of Mr. WILLIAM RIDGE-WELL, at the age of 56. His humorous drawings have been familiar to *Punch* readers since the War, and his work will be greatly missed.

# Exploiting the Exhibits

REPORT OF: M. Mangle.

RANK: Detective.

RELATIVE TO: Police Museum. Official Visit of His Worshp. The Mayor.

SIR,-In accordance with instructions red. from yourself to report re above, I respectfully report as follows:

At 2 p.m. 6th Inst. Probationary Detective Smith. P. said to me, The Old Man says you have got to help me to clean up the Museum as the Mayor will be here in 20 mins. & he is sure to poke his nose in there. I immediately replied, Very good, we shall require 2 brooms, 1 bucket, 1 gall. petrol & some rags for cleaning. We then proceeded to Police Garage for petrol & found Sgt. Pork in charge. He said, You are not going to get any car without you have got an Order, & Prob. Det. Smith. P. said, Cant you sing any other tunes, & Sgt. Pork said, You get out of my garage, last time you was here I missed a ½ ins. spanner, & the time before you nabbed my Sunday paper because I seen you eating your lunch out of such paper next day. I immediately replied, We do not require any car, we require I gall. petrol re visit of His Worshp. The Mayor so you do not want to shout so much. He then said, Who is shouting, excuse me are you accusing me of raising my voice, & I said, I do not wish to argue with you, I require I gall. petrol. He replied, You get out of my garage, you did not come here for 1 gall. petrol, you come here to make a row, you are not going to get any petrol. I immediately said. Very good, same will be reported by

We then bought 1 gall. petrol at Service Station. Voucher for repayment 1/7 herewith please or kindly ford. to His Worshp. The Mayor, & proceeded to Police Museum. At 1st we were unable to open door as Museum has not been inspected since 3-12-1918, but after sawing out panel of same we entered & Prob. Det. Smith. P. fell over Rex v. Brick Herbt. Hy. (Bundle of Safe Breakers Jemmies), & I instructed him not to use such language on Police Premises. We then put Rex v. Brick Herbt. Hy. on shelf over

We immediately commenced cleaning windows etc, & I further instructed Prob. Det. Smith. P. to throw away his cigarette on a/c of danger from Fire.

At 2.25 p.m. His Worshp. & party together with yourself, Sir, & wife & party, entered the Museum, & Rex v. Brick Herbt. Hy. fell off the shelf and hit His Worshp. on the head. Your



"NONSENSE, GEORGE-SHAKE THE TREE!"

wife, Sir, then said, Oh dear it is a mercy he was wearing his cocked hat isn't it, & you said, Sir, Pick him up, pick him up, pick him up, pick him up, & I was just going to, Sir, when the petrol tin caught fire & it must have been the cigarette. You immediately said, Sir, What the (swear) is that. Rex v. Bunn (Feather mattress) then caught fire & being very dusty the rest of the Museum also caught fire. The other ladies and gentn. then started running up & down, & your wife, Sir, said Why dont you do something George, and you replied, Sir, Because the (swear) door will not open.

In view of the fact that His Worshp. was still unconscious, Prob. Det. Smith. P. & self placed him in Rex v. Nuppings (Armchair) but as the Museum was full of smoke we could

"AND NOW MOTHER'S VERY CROSS INDEED WITH YOU!"

not see very well, & Prob. Det. Smith. P. said. This will never do, we have got His Worshp, up side down. We immediately placed His Worshp, the proper way up, & I was just going to say Fire Fire from the window but was unable to carry out same because some lady pushed me into Rex v. Parsnip (Perambulator 1 childs) & when ever I would try to proceed out of such perambulator I would be pushed in

At 2.35 p.m., Sir, the Fire Bde under Chief Officer McHooley with detachment of 16 men arrived. As you are aware, Sir, Museum door was still stuck. Fireman No. 119 then arrived at window, & I said, This place is on fire, & he said, Oh I see. Prob. Det. Smith. P. & self then placed His Worshp, in a canvas sling provided by the Fire Bde, & put him out of the window, but abt 1 way down the building, owing to hurried nature of exit he got up side down again. His Worshp, then partly woke up, & he said, My friends it gives me very much pleasure to accept this beautiful tribute, & then, Sir, the canvas sling unfortunately got stuck, & while Fire Bde was trying to get His Worshp. down we all got down the ladders. A large crowd was then assembled & shortly afterwards, Sir, Police Married Qrs, Hdqr. Bldg. & Garage caught fire. At 3.30 p.m., Sir, 2nd Battn. Ploughshires were turned out with picks and shovels to try & save the High St. & Rly. Stn. His Worshp. was still stuck way down & also up side down. He kept on asking in a loud manner to be transported to the pavement.

At 3.35 p.m., Sir, Scout Clarence Higginbottam, bugler of 11th St. James the Less Troop asked me if he would blow his bugle & I immediately replied, Very Good, sound the Gen. Assembly, but he then said that he only knew how to blow Come To The Cook-house Door Boys, & I therefore instructed him to get a lot of buckets Shortly afterwards His of water. Worshp, was brought down and sent home in an ambulance.

At 11 p.m., Sir, Chief Officer McHooley of the Fire Bde reported that at least 1 of the Rly. Stn. would be saved & also that the Borough Council Dept. would be able to get near the High St. with a view to removing remains of shops etc abt next Friday week. At the same time I reported to you, Sir, that Rex v. Brick Herbt. Hy. had been saved, & you said, What the (swear) do I care. Take the (swear) thing away & (swear) bury it.

Voucher for repayment I gall. petrol herewith please, 1/7 or kindly ford. to

His Worshp. The Mayor.

## Letters to Officialdom

II .- Re Nails

To Messrs. Thunder and Clang, Engineers, Ordnance Manufacturers and Shipbuilders, Liverpool.

DEAR SIRS.—I write to you direct because I understand that you are the biggest armament will. rivid. mfrs. (manufacturers) in this country, and down here in Wiltshire-where I am having three thatched cottages converted into a single dwelling-my builder keeps telling me that he is held up for material owing to armaments.

I was ready to accept this excuse (though I suspected it a shift) when he was unable to get girders and ties, but now that he is attributing to armaments his shortage of two-inch nails I feel I must ascertain to what extent this frequent excuse of his is

As you will appreciate, my wife and I are anxious to have the floors down before Christmas, and so that you will not think us unreasonable in taking up this matter with you, we would point out that we have arranged to give our house-warming on Christmas Day and at present have only one room with a firm floor. This happens to be the larder. I might mention that a close friend of a War Minister will be among our guests, and if we have to tell this personage-a gentleman of some refinement—that the necessity of taking cocktails in the larder is due to armaments it might get back to the War Minister and prove detrimental to your business.

We should be obliged, therefore, if you would let us know whether there is in actual fact any shortage of twoinch nails or of material from which to manufacture them. Would you be infringing the Official Secrets Act by giving us this information? (We shall of course understand if you can only give us an ambiguous answer.) enclose my birth certificate and a copy of our marriage certificate as evidence

of our bona fides.

My builder wants about six pounds of these nails. I naturally do not wish to interfere in any way with the rearmament programme, but if my needs cannot be met in this country before Christmas I shall simply have to place my order abroad (probably with Krupps). I would draw your attention to the fact that I live in Wiltshire, so that it would be quite easy for you, when you are next sending a consignment of guns and things to Tidworth, to send the nails along with them. We are only a couple of



miles off the direct route from Liverpool to Tidworth. If your driver turns left at the Rumborough crossroads and then keeps right he can't go wrong. (If he has ammunition in his lorry, please ask him to wait at the cross roads and I will meet him there. We are not insured against ammunition.)

On the way back, however, he could call at our house (the one with the Michaelmas daisies in front) and pick up some old iron bedsteads which I have dug up and would be willing to let you have. Would you like any lead? We have found a twenty-five foot lead pipe in a disused well and would let

vou have it very cheaply.

Now that I am in touch with you, could you sell me any crude glycerine? My chemist says there is a shortage of glycerine owing to armaments, but my wife wants some in which to preserve branches of autumn leaves throughout the winter. Please let me know if a vase containing one-third glycerine and two-thirds water is likely to explode in a warm room? If not-since I dislike dead leaves about the househow could it be made to explode?

Hoping you can despatch the nails

shortly, Yours faithfully, CHAS. CURSETT.

P.S.—I feel I may be imposing on you for what, after all, is not a large order. I should be obliged, therefore, if you would send me with the nails twenty (20) yards of best barbed wire.

P.P.S.—Please be careful not to send nitro-glycerine. A box of eggs recently sent to me arrived broken and rather messed up the village post-office. I should very much regret it if on top of this any parcel addressed to me were to blow the post-office roof off.



" IT'S YOUR MOUSTACHE HE WANTS."

## Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Sport and the Humanities

MR. ERIC PARKER assures us that he is a slow worker. but it is hard to square this assertion with the truly astonishing output of his pen during the thirty-seven years since he 'commenced journalist" on the last day of the last century. Journalism has been described as the grave of literature: but it was not so with him, for amid his multifarious and exacting duties as "maid-of-all-work" on the St. James's Gazette. editor of the County Gentleman, and for many years editorin-chief of The Field, to say nothing of his work for The Spectator and other papers, he found time to write two of the best school-stories of our time-The Sinner and the Problem and Playing Fields-as well as numerous and admirable anthologies of sport, pastime and wild life. Throughout his honourable and distinguished career he has always been the devout and well-equipped champion of the amenities of the countryside and of the humane treatment of birds and beasts: witness his long and unremitting campaign on behalf of caged birds, in which he gratefully acknowledges the assistance of Punch. In the War he was for thirty months continuously engaged as officer on duty at the great powder factory at Chilworth-arduous, monotonous, but most jumpy work. His book is void of egotism, full of generous tributes to the colleagues and editors who helped him. Memory Looks Forward (SEELEY, SERVICE, 18/-) is the record of a happy and industrious life, clouded for a time by great domestic grief, which was ultimately dispelled by the conviction that he was able to bridge the gulf between the seen and the unseen by direct psychic converse.

#### Academic Underworld

The worst dilemma of the modern teacher—the strain of making a career, or even retaining a post, while doing disinterested work—is reflected in *College Square* (Chatto and Windus, 7/6). Here you have a provincial Day Training College somewhere between Bristol and Birming-

ham, a college with university aspirations. Its vice-principal, the ardent domineering Marshall, proposes to achieve the higher status by specialising in agriculture. Unluckily one Dyson, a younger man with an inferior degree, is made Principal over his head; and a complicated tussle with Dyson, the staff, the City Council and a noble chairman ends in bringing the solitary champion of agriculture to bay. Marshall is represented as an unscrupulous antagonist and unpopular with his staff. His worst foes, however, are those of his own household: a neurotic wife with a passion for admonishing her partner and a commonplace daughter who loses her heart to Dyson. The light-hearted love-making of a pleasanter young woman and the noble chairman's undistinguished son makes an acceptable foil to Nicolette's affair with the Principal. But you feel that Miss Susan GOODYEAR, underestimating the appeal of Marshall, has pinned her colours to the wrong mast.

## "Mr. Vernon Bartlett"

That name on the lips of the B.B.C. announcer was familiar to millions of listeners to many clever, sane and amusing talks on foreign affairs. Mr. Vernon Bartlett is his own announcer in giving his longer talk on This Is My Life (CHATTO AND WINDUS), that is also mainly devoted to foreign affairs. After twenty years filled with ordeals by festivity as recurrent and no less formidable than his ordeals in aeroplanes, Mr. BARTLETT survives happily, if somewhat surprisingly, to tell his own and many other good stories in an inimitable conversational manner and with urbane humour. His has been a life well worth living and also writing about, alike for its variety and interest. He has seen much of post-War European politics and suffered severely at the hands of propagandists and people whose sole occupation is nursing a grievance or a grudge. But he rightly emphasises the political wisdom of the Virginian girl's remark, "You can't burp if you haven't got the gas." And he has many sane things to say about the quantities of that explosive stuff floating about in Europe to-day. Only half of Mr. BARTLETT's life is covered by this wise and witty book. It is good to think that there is more to come.

#### Horn of Gladness

Whether his mood is for verse or prose, PATRICK CHALMERS is one who knows What is which and where is what And why or whether it is or not In any problem that sport can yield, With a special eye on the hunting-field.



"I'M SORRY IF WE'RE WRONG, DARLING, BUT YOU SAID COME JUST AS YOU ARE."





"THE GREY MARE," &c.

Mrs. B. (taking the reins). "No, Brown, I will not have the Pony backed! No! That Person must have seen us come into the Lane first; and if the Man's got common Politeness—"

Mr. B. "BUT, MY DEAR, WE 'VE ONLY JUST TURNED THE-"

Mrs. B. "I DON'T CARE, BROWN! NO! I WON'T GO BACK IF I STAY HERE TILL."

Farmer. "ALL RIGHT, SIR!-I'LL BACK, SIR. I'VE GOT JUST SUCH ANOTHER Vixen AT HOME, SIR!"

Charles Keene, November 23rd, 1867

There's therefore hardly the need to say That his poem, The Horn (from Collins), "a Lay Of the Grassington Foxhounds," spins along With the genuine lilt of a hunting-song, A taste of John Peel and more than a hint Of all that's good in a sporting print.

We've a run of fifteen miles from the view, A field that whittles itself to two, Cupid up to his usual games, A fox that ought to be called Charles James— In short, all those who would make a hit With their Christmas gifts should take note of it.

## Different Phases

There is a poem about three old men who went for an evening walk. One saw mud, another saw "female shapes behind a too-transparent window-blind," and the third, looking higher, saw the new moon. Well, readers of Miss Sylvia Thompson's novel, Recapture the Moon (Heinemann), may incline to liken her view to that of the first two old men, for there is a touch of nastiness about Louis, the French hero, with his strange friends, parties and habits; and this same touch seems to interfere with the inborn niceness of Bianca, whose husband was killed in the War. Yet later in the book the author refers to the galère she

has described like this: "Still they longed for happiness and love. Still they sprawled, exposing their middle-aged bodies to the indifferent sun. Still chronically romantic, deliberately gullible, they wandered through the years . . increasingly afflicted by their own awareness of essential failure." Possibly there is delicate propaganda in the book, certainly there is irony and humour (particularly when Louis appears on an elephant at an English hunt), and, equally certainly, Miss Thompson can draw very sharply contrasted characters and keep us interested in them.

#### More Parody

Press Gang! (HUTCHINSON, 8/6), uniform with Parody Party which appeared about this time last year, has the same editor (Mr. LEONARD RUSSELL) and many of the same contributors, but it is not as good. It sets out to burlesque

newspapers; but some of the best things in it-notably Mr. FRANCIS ILES'S diabolically faithful account of the prosecution of the publishers of an "obscene book," and Mr. CYRIL CONNOLLY'S review, which is a book-parody-have nothing at all to do with newspapers. Mr. Belloc says what he always has said about the House of Commons, Mr. J. B. Morton what he always has said about litter-gatherers, inspectors in the home, women novelists and politicians, and Left humanitarianism. More entertaining are the brief news-items by Messrs. D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS and TIMOTHY SHY, from what the editor calls "the best English newspaper in the American language, which is also drawn upon by these writers for "These Names Make News" and "Opinion." (Somebody should have done By the Way," by the way.)

"NICOLAS BENTLEY drew the pictures," including two parodies of the inferior caricature ("Chamberlain, by Gad" and "An Impression by Scab"). Rather too much of the literary part is apt to provoke the comment "This is old stuff. It's been done before, just as well."

#### Revolution

The supplementary title to Red Eagle (HUTCHINSON, 12/6) is "The Story of the Pitboy Hero Born of the Russian Revolution," and Voroshnov is the hero for whom Mr. Dennis Wheatley expresses his warm admiration. But while tracing the progress of and the reasons for Voroshilov's rise to power, Mr. WHEATLEY gives a most graphic account of the vast changes that for good or ill have swept over Russia during the present century. Perhaps the two most attractive chapters in a most informing volume are called "The Blackest Side" and "The Silver Lining," for in them Mr. WHEATLEY tries without prejudice or partisanship to review the evil and the good that revolution has brought with it. Whether one agrees or disagrees with his opinions and conclusions, it must freely be admitted that he has made an honest attempt to explain Russia and the Russians to those who will read this story of Voroshilov.

#### Sharpshooting

Mr. CLIFFORD WITTING'S Murder in Blue, although most promising in several respects, suffered from the lack of any map or diagram. Now, in *Midsummer Murder* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), this defect has been remedied and Mr. Witting has supplied a plan of Paulsfield Square which his readers will find themselves frequently consulting. The policemen engaged in solving a series of problems had reason and excuse for being exceptionally

agitated, the humdrum town of Paulsfield having to endure a succession of murders. It is, however, vastly to Mr. WITTING'S credit that both Inspector Charlton and Sergeant Martin remain normal and perform no astonishing feats of deduction. The solution of the problems by which Charlton was faced may be too fantastic to be entirely satisfactory, but even when this is granted the story as a whole is so well and carefully written that it deserves the attention of those who follow the detective fiction of to-day.



"RIGHT! THIS IS WHERE WE ASK FOR OUR RISE, AGGIE!"

#### From Above

Considering that The Night Climbers of Cambridge (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6) is intended mainly for those who have followed or intend to follow "WHIPPLESNAITH'S" footsteps, it is remarkable

how much of interest the book contains even for most determined non-climbers. Good cause exists for believing that in official circles these nocturnal adventures are not regarded with complete favour, so it is at least not out of the way to quote what "WHIPPLE-SNAITH" has to say about such exploits. "The one SNAITH" has to say about such exploits. "The one thing," he writes, "on which a night climber should pride himself is on leaving no trace of where he has been and doing no damage. Otherwise he ceases to be a nuisance and becomes a menace." He is also very wise about the reasons why night climbing is popular and in what he writes of the "exaltation" that results from the accomplishment of a difficult climb. "This," he tells us, "lasts about three days, and during that time you will feel the devil of a fellow." The most vigorous opponents of this "pastime" will be partly disarmed by "Whipplesnaith's" delightful literary style, and they will certainly find that the majority of the photographs have been excellently (and hair-raisingly) reproduced.

## Charivaria

A PICCADILLY outfitter states that it is the sale of the bowler-hat that indicates whether a season will be a good one or not. It used to be the old-fashioned boater of course that showed which way the wind was blowing.

Signor Mussolini had a fit of coughing while making a speech recently. It seems rather a pity that Lord ROTHERMERE wasn't there to give him another pat on the back.

"Few people in this country know who BABE RUTH is," says an American visitor. Nonsense! We take an interest in all the dear little quintuplets.



A writer predicts that one day Arabia, owing to its atmospheric conditions, will be a great film-producing country. Mecca will then become the Hollywood of film aspirants.

"HALIFAX TO VISIT HITLER." News-Chronicle " Poster.

Does this arrangement dispose of the frequently repeated suggestion that HITLER might go to Halifax?

The author of a thriller which has an agricultural setting has re-

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ceived much criticism regarding his inaccurate details of life on the land. Many farmers have sent him harrowing details.

By order of the German Minister of the Interior, a right

angle is to have 100 degrees instead of 90. This means of course that in Germany circles will in future be slightly oval.

"Chelsea is a brainy team." says a football writer. Which completely explodes the theory that the intelligentsia have migrated to Bloomsbury.

Thieves who broke into a Belfast golf club-house took

away all the coloured balls from the snooker set. It is of course wrong to do this until all the reds have been taken.

A motoring journal thinks that all roads where two cars

can hardly pass without colliding ought to be widened. This would enable three or four to collide.

A visitor from Finland thinks that there is an intangible "something" about the people He refers, no of London. doubt, to the fog.

A Fishery official says that outside Great Yarmouth.

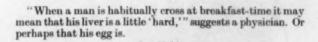
They evidently believe that prevention is better than cure.

he has actually known herrings to make a wide detour when passing the fishing-grounds

Helpful Hint "A WRINKLE FOR YOUR TABLE LINEN."

Local Paper.

The result of the recent Rat Week has not vet been published. but it is believed that at half-time the rodents were losing.



A clergyman thinks newspapers should only publish good news. That means, unfortunately, that the racing results would have to go.















VOL. CXCIII

## Be Yourself.

This changing world-and well we may say so. Each day sees some new wonder, some new miracle performed. Man from earliest times has sought to overcome Nature, to overcome the weaknesses in his own soul, to tame the body and the mind, to make everything flexible in his hands.

Man must be lord of the world; nothing shall stand in his way. It is an urge, a command even.

Man's universal conquest has been brought nearer by BUNDY'S DESIC-CATED WHOLEOATS. This is no idle boast

Look at the pictures in this advertisement and see for yourself. (These pictures were specially drawn for us by an A.R.I.B.A.

Modern life brings modern problems and BUNDY'S DESICCATED WHOLE-OATS will solve them for you.

To-day we have in our midst a problem unheard of before. Bundy's DESICCATED WHOLEOATS will solve that for you too.

What is this problem?

It is over-stimulation and overcarefulness

Let us explain.

Are you over-confident? Do you never wake up tired? Has the manager refused to see you any more for fear of giving you another rise? Do you never feel unshaved? Badly dressed? Lacking in vitality? Are you invariably the success of the party?

We were afraid so.

Your white ties always look white even when you stand near the Honourable Rollo Cardes-Harper. Your underclothes always look newly laundered even when you take them off.

We know, we know. Do you begin to get what we're getting at?

We thought so.

There's nothing now your best friends won't tell you. They look you straight in the eyes with a look of pure approbation. This is a bit unnatural, isn't it?

If you want hair on your comb nowadays you have to pull it out by hand and stick it in the comb. That is slightly unreal, isn't it?

How long is it since you complained of your shoes not fitting you? Ages, we'll bet.

Don't you really feel all this is rather unnatural? Don't you long to be just a little as you were before

We are sure you do. We could go on in this strain ad nauseam;\* but really, need we labour the point?

JUST TAKE BUNDY'S DESICCATED WHOLEOATS AND BE AS YOU WERE

(In tablets, powder and liquid. Every size twice as big as any other and half the price. Take it anyhow and anywhere, but TAKE it.)

This is an advertisement for Bundy's DESICCATED WHOLEOATS.

\*Till you're bored.



"YOU ARE NOW LISTENING TO DANCE-MUSIC FROM THE HOTCHKISS HOOLIGANS, BY PERMISSION OF THE YOOHOO HOTEL.

## Aunt for Tea

"WILL you all be in for tea?" said Mrs. Caraway, looking up from her sewing. Nobody answered, but this did not worry Mrs. Caraway; she just went on sewing. After some time the question filtered through Christopher's Sunday paper.

"Why, who's coming?" he said. without much interest, turning to another page. "Here, who's got page twenty-four? Oh, there it is-Father's got it. Just hand it over, Stephen.'

"Do we want to wake him up?" said Stephen doubtfully.

Yes, of course-he'll snore if you don't. Go on."

"No, Stephen," said Mrs. Caraway. "Let your father have a few minutes'

"A few minutes!" said Christopher. "He's been sleeping like a corpse ever since lunch. Besides, I want to finish reading this article.

You'll be in to tea, then? It's at

"It's usually at half-past," said

Stephen suspiciously. "Why is it at four?

"Well, it's just possible, though I'm not sure, that Aunt Eleanor may look in if she's in town.

"Eleanor!" said Christopher with

scorn. "What you mean is," said Stephen bitterly, "you wrote and asked her to tea and she wrote back accepting, and you go and tell us at five to four. Well, shan't talk to her, anyway.

"You must be polite to her," said Mrs. Caraway. "Besides, don't forget there's Christmas coming.

That's true," admitted Stephen. "I don't know, though. I didn't thank her for last year's. I doubt if Eleanor's worth considering, really.

Well, if the woman really is coming to tea," said Christopher, putting down his paper, "we may as well have some bets on. Make it a bit less boring."

'Right," agreed Stephen. have the usual William one. If the first thing she says to him is that he's grown, that's threepence you pay me." "And if she says anything else first,

then you pay me a penny. "I suppose that's fair," said Stephen doubtfully. "Though I don't suppose she will say he's grown. The little beast

seems to get smaller, if anything." William has grown half an inch said Mrs. Caraway since Easter," proudly.

"Oh, well, that's enough for old Eleanor. She'll yell with surprise. Then what else shall we have?"



THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE or MR. EVERYMAN'S IDEAL HOME



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

A WEARNESS FOR MID-MORNING NOURISHMENT

said Christopher. "I expect she'll get our names wrong as usual. You can give me a penny every time she calls me Stephen, and I'll give you a penny if she calls you Christopher.

"What about if she calls us by our cousins' names? Twopence a time?"

"I don't know about twopence," replied Christopher. "You'll win easily-she can never get you and Simon straight.'

"Well, she's certain to call you Charles. Let's say twopence."

"All right. Oh, lord, there's the bell.

I only hope she's in form."
"Hey, Father!" said Stephen in a loud voice. Mr. Caraway opened his eyes. "Eleanor's here."

"Where?" said Mr. Caraway, startled. Aunt Eleanor's voice could be heard on the stairs.

"And I bet you sixpence," Christopher added quickly to Stephen, "that she asks William who his special chum is at school." Stephen nodded. The door opened and Aunt Eleanor's voice got suddenly louder.

"I make it ninepence you owe me, said Christopher an hour-and-a-half later. "Gosh! she was in terrific form."

"Whatever made you both so rude to her?" said Mrs. Caraway

"We weren't rude, Mother," re-plied Christopher. "Besides, she was saying such fatuous things.

"I had the most frightfully bad luck," said Stephen. "If only William had had his hair cut she wouldn't have made that crack about his lovely long curls and I should probably have got the threepence.'

"What threepence?" said Mr. Cara-

Way. Oh, nothing. I say, though, it wasn't as much as ninepence, Christopher. It can't have been.'

"Well, I've got all my winnings down here. First thing was when she didn't say William had grown-

penny to me. Then she called me Charles-another twopence. Then just after Father had gone off to sleep again-

"I was reading the paper," said Mr. Caraway.

"Well, you must be very shortsighted, Father, that's all, because it was spread all over your face. Anyway, Eleanor asked William if there was any little boy he liked specially, so that's another sixpence-

"But we said 'special chum,' you big heel. You don't get anything

"Well, I think I ought to get threepence at least. Oh, all right, then. Next thing was she called me Michael, which was gloriously unexpected, seeing that we haven't got any cousins called Michael-or have we! I think I ought to get fourpence for that."

"No, you don't; you get twopence, but that cancels out with her calling me Denis."



"She didn't seem too pleased when you called her Aunt Susan after that, did she?—thought it a bit fresh, probably."

"I don't think you ought to have done that, Stephen," said Mrs. Caraway. "You know she doesn't approve of Aunt Susan at all.'

"Well, I detest that little prig Denis,"

said Stephen indignantly.
"Yes, but you did it deliberately," said Mr. Caraway.

"I don't suppose she knew it. I don't care if she did. It simply isn't worth the trouble being polite to old Eleanor. I wouldn't know her if she wasn't my aunt, would I?'

"I don't think any of us would have anything to do with each other if we weren't stuck together in one family," said Christopher. "That's the charming thing about family life—it holds together a number of absolutely incompatible people who-

I don't think we want to argue

about that," said Mr. Caraway.
"I do. Absolutely incompatible people who really dislike each other, though they don't always

"Yes, all right," said Stephen. "We'd just got to where she called me Denis. Then the next thing was when she mixed me up with old Simon, which doesn't annoy me so much, though he is just a brainless tough.'

Wait a minute, I hadn't finished my list," said Christopher. "She called me Charles three times alto-

gether. In fact I believe she really thought she was talking to Charles at one point."

"Charles is a good deal politer than you are to her," said Mr. Caraway.

"Yes, I noticed it happened when I was handing her cakes. I hope she still thinks I'm Charles when Christmas comes.

"Thank heaven she didn't bring the old man with her," said Stephen. "He's never really liked me since I told him he was a malignant growth on the body politie."

"Well, it wasn't a very nice thing to

say," said Mrs. Caraway.
"He needn't have taken it so personally," said Stephen. "Even though I did mean it personally," he added as an afterthought.

Supposing you pay me fivepence," said Christopher, who had been adding up some figures on a piece of paper, "then we'll be square.

We will not. I had another Simon and two Christophers. Here's a penny for you.

Wait a minute," said Christopher. "I've just remembered that she called me Christopher once. I think I ought to get sixpence for that. Next time we'll make a rule about that.'

"I doubt if there'll be a next time," said Mrs. Caraway. "I daren't ask her again, and I shouldn't think she'll come of her own accord.

Oh, well," said Stephen, switching on the wireless, "the afternoon hasn't been completely wasted after all.'



. AND FINALLY I DISCOVERED A SILLY ERROR OF MY OWN, MR. BARTRAM."



WE made a little protest
And sent it off to Spain,
But no one seemed to want it,
So it came back again.

We promptly made another And posted it to Rome; They popped it in the Tiber For all we knew at home.

A third, a little larger, We labelled to Japan; They gave it to a geisha Who used it as a fan.

Can no one read our writing?
Do we speak double-Dutch?
Or is it, Mr. Eden,
That we protest too much?

#### Hawkins

I was sitting in one of those places eating spaghetti (it won't be long now before we recognise the conquest of Abyssinia), when a tall stringy man stepped up to my table. My training as a novelist tells me that he had straight dark hair cut close at the sides and not too much off the top, thank you, Barber, and that a pair of twinkling blue eyes set beneath heavy eyebrows (beneath, mind you, not above) gave to the whole face a curiously quizzical expression, which the stern clean-shaven lips and rather foreign chin in vain attempted to belie; but as an ordinary plain citizen eating spaghetti I confess he made no impression on me whatever. He was just a tall stringy man.

"Hello, Hawkins!" he said.

I have several names, but Hawkins is not one of them. A man of birth and breeding might perhaps have denied the soft impeachment on the spot, but I am only a well-meaning ex-Public Schoolboy with a great big generous heart, and I cannot bear to see a fellow-creature put in a false

position through any act of mine. So

"Weren't you First Mate on the fourmasted schooner Arabella when we fetched a reach to Valparaiso round about the Autumnal Equinox of 1893?"

"Four days out from San Domingo with a cargo of pig lead, firewood, ironware and cheap tin trays?" he suggested softly, "So you remember?"

suggested softly. "So you remember?"
"Sit down," I said, clearing away the spaghetti to make room for him. because spaghetti has a way of spreading itself if not kept on a tight rein-"sit down and declare yourself. If you are a confidence man in a big way-well met! For I am an Australian alone in London and anxious to lay out a couple of thousand pounds to the best advantage. If you merely desire a loan of ten shillings, well met again! For I have a heart as large as a ripe water-melon, and as soft. And if (for all things are possible) you are sincerely labouring under the delusion that my name is Hawkins, why, what matter? To-night I am Hawkins. I feel it in my bones. I am instinct, if I may put it so, with the spirit of all the Hawkinses who have borne that honoured name since time began. You have inspired me. For you I could be Pelham or Crawshay or even, if need be, ffolliott.

(I hadn't been drinking, you understand, so much as soothing my palate with rare Southern wines.)

The stringy man, whose name appeared to be Haycock (I don't know why I say "appeared to be"; so far as I know it was Haycock), listened with the utmost courtesy while I was speaking.

"I realise now," he said gravely when I had finished, "that I was mistaken in addressing you as Hawkins. It is clear to me that you are not Hawkins, never were Hawkins and in all probability, for all your willingness to try"—here he gave a little bow, which I returned—"never will be Hawkins. I must apologise for my intrusion—"

"No, no."







"—and explain that I was misled by a certain trick or idiosyncrasy which you have with your spaghetti. Your features were not at the time visible to me, because the spaghetti, if you will allow me to say so, blotted them out, but there was something about the manner in which you addressed yourself to the food that reminded me irresistibly of an old friend of mine. I took a chance, blundered, and can now only reiterate my apologies and withdraw."

"Tell me," I asked curiously, putting a hand out to restrain him, "was Hawkins a great spaghetti-eater?"

"Yes," he said, thanking me with a smile for my interest, "and no. He was a great spaghetti-eater in the sense that he ate a great deal of spaghetti, but he was not a great spaghettieater if you use the phrase to imply a real mastery of the subject. It was to achieve that mastery that he went on eating spaghetti. I do not believe he ever liked the stuff-in fact I know that he loathed it: but he consumed enormous quantities almost every day simply because he did not care to confess himself baffled by so essentially simple a problem. He had, I suppose, what you would call an inferiority complex about it."

I was so moved by the thought of this heroic man, so nearly a namesake of mine, suffocating himself daily with spaghetti in pursuit of a selfless ideal that I called for another bottle of Asti Spumante; and when I had drunk my share of it a great sadness came over me. It seemed to me that the world was full of baffled hopes and unrewarded striving. I turned to my companion with the tears rolling down my cheeks.

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"Is he still at it?" I asked piteously.
"So far as I know, yes."

"And can nothing be done?"
"Nothing—unless he has himself found the only cure, the attainment of the ideal. Two years ago he went to Italy, on my advice, to study under the great Masters. Since then I have neither seen nor heard of him. There have been times lately when I have

thought—feared—that—perhaps . . ."
"You mean," I whispered, "a
surfeit? The inevitable penalty?"

He nodded dumbly.

"More wine!" I cried to a passing waiter. "My friend is faint. Bring puncheons of wine!"

"It is terrible," I said when the fiery liquor had been brought, "to think of him alone and friendless there, gasping out his life in some Neapolitan garret—that dreadful stuffed feeling—the knowledge, worse than all, that he had failed, and then

-the pitiful, pitiful end. I can't bear it, Haycock,"

My words, or it may have been the wine, seemed to rally him.

"It may not be as bad as that," he said. "He may still be alive—in need of help perhaps. If only I could go to him. But it's the money! I've pinched and scraped, denied myself food and drink—this is the first Asti Spumante that has touched my lips for days—and still there is another five pounds to be found. I am at my wits' end."

"Take it!" I cried, thrusting the

"Take it!" I cried, thrusting the notes into his unwilling hands, for I have a heart as large as a water-melon, and as soft. "And now—to Naples!" "Naples!" he echoed, with a light

"Naples!" he echoed, with a light in his eyes that I had never seen before, and, rising, strode resolutely to the door. I wonder if I shall ever see him again and hear the story of his search for the indomitable Hawkins. It may be so, or it may not. Life is a chancy business. But whatever happens, I shall never touch spaghetti again. H. F. E.

#### Take Your Choice

"Blemishes there may have been, enthusiasm there certainly was, and the one far outshone the other."—Cambridge Paper.

"Sir,—Reference to letters which appear every once and a while in your paper covering the pitiful appeal from some owner who has lost his beloved bet, which in nine cases out of ten has strayed and not been able to find its way home again."

Buenos Aires Paper.

To put it mildly.



"No, WE HAVEN'T HAD ANY CHILDREN SINCE ME."

## The Cosmic Mess

MUCH has been written about the Tripartite, Trilateral, Tridental, Threesided, Tripronged, or Triple Pact between G-, I- and J-: but one charming aspect, facet or angle of the Pact has, I think, escaped public attention. By the way, I refer to the nations as G\_\_\_, I\_\_ and J\_\_ for obvious reasons. In these days of easy communications, which were, if you remember, to bring in a new era of universal understanding, it is almost impossible for an Englishman to blow his nose without causing "repercussions" all over the world. And yet the critics say that we have no longer any influence in the cosmic mess. Any nation may say what it likes about us, and say it loud and clear through microphone and amplifier and superhetted what-not, but few public references to our somewhat sensitive foreign neighbours are permitted to pass without umbrage taken.

G——, then, I—— and J—— have just signed a Pact or Treaty. What they undertook to do I have forgotten, and maybe by this time they have forgotten themselves. For—and this is the point, though I must whisper it—these particular nations do seem to have careless or unconventional habits in the handling of treaties. I seem to

remember that

(1) G—— has not only (rightly or wrongly) "torn up" the V—— Treaty, but openly boasted about it;

- (2) There was some Covenant Pact, or What-not, to which I—did not pedantically adhere in the little affair of Abyssinia;
- (3) J——, quite recently, has not permitted her civilizing mission in C—— to be hampered by the outworn phrases and obsolete spirit of another Treaty.

Do not think that I am imputing blame. Heaven forbid! For G—, I—and J—are always right. But these facts must be known to all of them, whether uni-, bi- or multilaterally. And the odd thing is that they should have so childlike a faith in the power and permanence of international treaties that they should think it worth while to sign another one. What mugs each must think the others are! What gales of secret laughter must have shaken them as they passed the fountain-pen! Heigh-ho!

Talking of G—, we hear that the final rent in the Treaty of V—, fore-



shadowed in these columns long ago, will be made next week. The War-Guilt and indeed all other clauses having been finally denounced, it will follow that any sums paid by G—by way of reparations were wrongfully paid and will be refunded by G—B—, with interest.

We hear that the G—— Ambassador in London is in London this week.

Mr. Winston Churchill complains in *The Times* of the too candid cameras which catch the public diner as he thrusts an oyster down his throat or tries to extract a fish-bone therefrom And of course some other correspondent says that the diner really enjoys



"AND DO I HAVE TO KEEP ON HOLDING

this or it wouldn't be done. It depends. Every man of decent feelings naturally delights to be photographed at the Boojum Party next to a charming lady who is evidently enthralled by his witprovided always that he has not declined to go to the Snarks' Annual Dinner that night on the ground that he is ill; provided that the lady is not the wife of a powerful and jealous pugilist; provided that in the photograph he does not resemble a cod about to be ill; provided that his tie is not halfway round his neck; provided that he has not left his upper denture in the bathroom; provided that the cigar he is smoking is not enlarged so as to suggest that he is a film-king; provided there is not port-wine on his shirt-front -and one or two other things. But of these things he can never be sure; for, deep in soup or social intercourse, he does not perceive the approach of the hunter. He sees the flash of the hunter's light, but then it is too late. And if he keeps his weather-eye lifting for the hunter he is thought to be seeking publicity."

Moreover, if he is a kind and Christian fellow, he may reflect that the photographer has a mother and has been sent there by somebody else to win his bread by photographing people eating oysters and looking like cods. It is all very difficult. But at least let no one blame the photographee.

A warning has been issued to those who leap from their beds in the morning (as I often do), turn on the cold tap and drink a glass of water. You may get lead poisoning. Somebody (I forget where) has got it thus. You must let the tap run first and eliminate the lead accumulated in the naughty hours of night.

This is a terrible thing. All our lives we have been taught to look up to those who leap out of bed in the morning and impetuously drink a glass of cold water. We have read interviews with hundreds of centenarians who attributed their long life, health and strength to the tumbler of cold water night and morning. Many centenarians, we have gathered, never took any other form of food or refreshment. And now, in this dangerous age, even that infallible recipe is suspect.

Well, we shall be more careful in future. But, thank goodness, it was a medical officer who gave the warning. What a row there would have been if you or I had said such a thing!

We hear that the G—Ambassador in London has left London again.

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"Interested in horses?"

A Sub-Committee of the League of Nations has been appointed to consider means for the expulsion of the word "ideology" from the international vocabulary.

The Rome-Berlin back-axle (converted now, it will be remembered, into the Rome-Tokyo-Berlin isosceles triangle) has been such a success that it is thought that London, Paris and Washington ought to have some sort of jolly metaphorical link also. Prizes will be offered for the best suggestions. I favour myself the London-Paris embrace, or the London-Washington grip.

\* \* \*
The G—— Ambassador in London is out.

A fine old couple celebrated the other day the fiftieth year of their marriage. Each of them had been married before.

Under the Population (Statistics) Bill, if I read it rightly, anyone who registers a death may be asked to give information concerning the deceased, himself (or herself) and his and her former spouse, as follows:—

Whether the deceased was married at the time of death or earlier; age, occupation, profession, trade, employment, birthplace; the age, occupation, profession, trade, employment, birthplace, dependants, brothers and sisters of the last surviving spouse and any former spouse—and, I think, though this is not clear, of any former spouse of the surviving spouse: "issue," whether by the last spouse, or an earlier spouse.

#### EXERCISE

Suppose that the couple mentioned are called A and B: suppose that their former spouses were C and D: suppose that

- A had six brothers
- B had two brothers and one sister
- C had three brothers and an old governess

D had fifteen sisters and a sick aunt and was a sailor;

Suppose that A dies, that B has no idea where C is and forgets how many brothers she had, and was never, naturally, much interested in D—

- (a) Calculate how long it will take B to fill up the form.
- (b) Send, by registered letter, a rough guess at what B will say while he does it.

  A. P. H.

"To-day's hint tells you how to keep your hair in first-class order. Cut it out and paste it on a piece of cardboard—large enough to take the four following hints—and hang it in your bathroom."

Daily Paper.

Then it won't even need brushing.

"If your individual rhythm is vibrating most actively in the mental and mystical layers of the onion of your personality, you will make music most easily, most satisfyingly, with Beethoven (say) and Bach.

Evening Paper.

And you'd better suck peppermints, too.



"YOU'RE HIS FRIEND-YOU TELL HIM."

# Dissecting the Drama

REPORT OF : M. Mangle

RANK : Detective

RELATIVE TO : Ladies Uplift League. Theatrical Performances, Complaints re.

SIR,-In accordance with your instructions to inspect theatres re above, I respectfully report having arrived at Alpha Theatre at 8.30 p.m. 4th Inst. in company with Probationary Detective Smith. P. He said, What are we doing here anyway, it is Julius Cæsar, you cannot go wrong with that & besides I strongly object to same owing to being compelled to learn vds of it when a boy, how abt a Revue. I immediately said, Never mind abt what you object to, this one begins with A so we will start here.

We then entered middle seats of stalls, Sir, & General T. N. T. Drumfire who was sitting near said, I do not know why confounded people cannot be punctual, & I was just going to explain that we had been delayed when all the people started saying Hush. There was a market scene on & I instructed Prob. Det. Smith. P. to have his notebook ready, & and they all started saying Hush again. As soon as we got seated, Sir, the manager sent to say, Would you kindly come & see me, so we got up again & Gen. Drumfire said, Preposterous, disgraceful, same will not be tolerated by self. The manager who is a small stout man age abt 35 in evening dress said, I have just recd. a telephone call from an old friend & she reports that she is proceeding here to shoot me, it is a mercy you are here to arrest her. I immediately replied, Is she in possession of a Gun Licence, & and he said, Yes, what has that got to do with it. I then said, I cannot arrest this lady for allegedly saying what you allege she allegedly said, it is a Civil Action & you will have to summons her. He said, Do you mean to say that I have got to be killed before you arrest her, & I replied No if there is a Bch. of Peace it will be all right, but we are missing inspection of performance. Prob. Det. Smith. P. then said, Thank heavens, & I instructed him not to speak unless spoken to.

We then took our places again, Sir, & unfortunately I tripped over Gen. Drumfire & fell on top of him & he said, Infamous, vile, outrageous, & the audience kept saying Hush. There was a scene outside a house, & when we got in our seats the manager sent to say, Would you kindly come & see me, so we got up again, & Gen. Drumfire said

a lot of Indian words.

The manager, Sir, was hiding under a table, & he said, She is downstairs, there will be a murder here in abt 5 mins. I then said. Why dont you instruct your staff to request her to leave premises, & he said, Because they have all locked themselves in. I replied, Has this lady by word of mouth, written statement or other overt act caused your staff to have a reasonable belief that a Bch. of Peace is abt to be committed. He said, No she is too smart for that, & I replied Well, how do they know, & he said, Much more of this & I shall go mad before I get shot, lock me up in a safe place will you. I then instructed him re action to be taken in case of disorderly conduct, & Prob. Det. Smith. P. said, Come on let us pinch him for Bch. of the Cage Birds Act & then we will get out of Julius Cæsar. I immediately replied, You be quiet.

I was just going back to report on play, Sir, when manager ran out & kicked me on the shins & he said. Now you will have to lock me up. I immediately hit him on the head & Prob. Det. Smith. P. said, Hooray. I was just going to take manager into custody, Sir, when he said, Here she is I am killed. He then proceeded at a fast rate out of another door. We then took up pursuit & this lady height abt 5ft 7ins. dk hair, fair complexn. fur coat & black shoes ran after us & she said, Wait till I get a hold of you. We then chased manager into stalls & he kept saying Help help, & unfortunately, Sir, I knocked Gen. Drumfire out of his seat on to the floor & instructed him to ford, all complaints to you, Sir.

When he was getting up Prob. Det. Smith. P. knocked him out again & trod on his moustache & this lady who was running after us walked all over him & he kept on saying a lot of Indian words. The audience was then all running abt.

We all chased accused manager into a little dark passage at rear of stage & Gen. Drumfire also took up pursuit behind this lady. I then saw a lot of actors waiting in the passage to go on the stage & act but they had not seen manager, so I therefore instructed Prob. Det. Smith. P. to go left & I would go right, also keep this lady & Gen. Drumfire under strict surveillance. I then came to a large space where it was very dazzling and hard to see after the dark, & one of the actors said to me, I come to bury Cæsar not to praise him, & I immediately replied, Very good. A lot of people then said, Come off it, ring down the curtain. Gen. Drumfire, Sir, was then causing Brch. of Peace with all persons in the Theatre, & I then saw accused manager. He was running into back of stage & this lady was running into it from opposite side & I was just going to effect arrest, Sir, when she said, Wait till I get a hold of you, I seen you hit him you brute, take that.

I am not aware of what happened then, Sir, but when I came round a bit Mounted Police, Motor Patrols, Riot Squads and all reserves were in Theatre. Gen. Drumfire was in custody of 6 uniform constables, & manager & this lady was sitting down beside me holding hands. She said, Oh I am really frightfully sorry old thing but you know how you do these things on the spur of the moment. Prob. Det. Smith. P. said, She didn't & catch you a beauty with the telephone book, but I am almost certain it will be a Civil

Affair. I am of the opinion, Sir, that this play is suitable for adult audiences, & Prob. Det. Smith. P. & self, Sir, now respectfully ask if we can have next Monday off as we have been invited

to a wedding.

## **Transcendentalism**

THE sherry-coloured sunset Saunters across the sky; From end to end in silhouette The little starlings fly.

Would that my eyes could stay so high;

Would that there were no world below

In which the Dean and Mrs. Sly Have come to tea and will not go!



# The Great Fishing Match

["FISH-To catch, or try to catch, fish."-O.E.D.]

By a river. A company of gentlemen marching. To them a Simple Stranger.

Stranger. Oh, where be you going, good gentlemen, pray, So gallant and merry?

Captain. We're going a-fishing this fine autumn day
Up there by the ferry.

For it's there the perch are fattest and the carp are very fine, And the roach and the tench and the chavender or

And it's there we gather yearly with our rod and our line, All. For the annual competition of our anglers' club.

Captain. Now what's the prize for the largest fish?

All. A finely finished hot-water dish.

 $\begin{array}{ll} \textit{Captain.} & \text{And what shall he have who captures most?} \\ \textit{All.} & \text{An elegant rack for his morning toast.} \end{array}$ 

Captain. And he who scores the heaviest catch?

All. A fair-isle jumper with hose to match.

And there's bottled beer and a mort of grub

For the annual competition of our anglers' club.

[They reach the site of operations.]

Captain. Now, while you choose your bait, invoke The little fish to share the joke.

## THE BAIT SONG

Some. Come, little fish, we bring you here The stinking gentle for your cheer.

Others. From us the palatable worm
Shall charm you with its lively squirm.

The Rest. And we for those of nicer taste
Give dough and honey, very chaste.

Captain. Gentle and worm and honeyed dough,
Are you all ready? (They are.) Off we go.

[They fish.

[The finny denizens (or fish) gather round. To them a Wary Carp.

The F.D.'s. Oh, fishes all, go spread the news,
Here there is food to spare,
Food of all sorts to pick and choose.

Carp.

Oh, foolish ones, beware! One nibble and you'll rue the day; I tell you, I've been had that way.

Here, on this day, long years ago When I was yet unwise,



"SHOULDN'T 'I' COME BEFORE ME!"

Just such an appetising show
Was hung before my eyes;
Dazzled, I bit. I heaved; I tugged;
Out of the water I was lugged.

It was a cunning trick of men,
And, at the moment, vain;
Being too small to eat just then
They threw me back again,
Hoping no doubt that I'd forget
And be caught later on. You bet.

Then, fish, though innocent it seems,
Beware the lure of man;
Still, still before me in my dreams
There yawns the frying-pan.
[The little fish are impressed and turn away.
Bite, fish; all prizes and no blanks.
We are not taking any, thanks.

[They don't. The time goes on.

The Simple Stranger.

Fishers.

Fish.

Oh, how do you fare, good gentlemen, pray, Fishing so glumly?

Captain. We've not had a bite the whole damned day.

All.

Avaunt, uncomely.

All. Avaunt, uncomely. Captain (with gloom).

The day draws on, the hour grows late, Hadn't we better swop our bait?

Chorus (but without spirit).

You can try the honeyed dough, we can take the gentle,
You shall have the palatable worm:

You shall have the palatable worm;
Never mind the wriggle, for it's purely incidental;
It doesn't mean you hurt them when they squirm.

[They again resume. At last a small fish, tempted beyond endurance, takes a weak nibble.

All. A bite! By all the gods, a bite!

[A minute fish is drawn out.

Our Bill has conquered.

Carp. Serve her right.

Chorus (fortissimo). A song, a song, to dauntless Bill, whose patient skill and iron will

Still toiling and enduring still, has foiled the stubborn foe.

Bill. My worthy friends, I thank you all, and, though the victim be but small,

Shall I, awake to Pity's call, return the quarry?

All (with decision).

[The little fishes' heads appear,

Fish.

Give us back our little sister,
Flirting tail and flippy fin;
Won't you please return her, Mister?
Don't, we beg you, do her in.
Give us back our little sister;
Show a sporting spirit, Mister.

Bill (weeping). Alas, how bitter are their woes.

Pardon this tear. Away she goes.

Captain (with emotion). 'Tis nobly done. So ends the day.

Throw them the bait, and let's away.

[They begin the march.

All. So Bill has taken the largest bag, and the champion fish in size.

And Bill has the heaviest total catch, and he scoops in every prize,

And Bill has collared the half-crown sweep, and—
The Simple Stranger. Gentlemen all, good eve, good eve—
Captain (who has had enough, pointedly). 'Eave!

[The Simple Stranger accosts water. They march. Dum.Dum.



"BUT YOU'RE VERY YOUNG, JANE. YOU ARE NOT THINKING OF GETTING MARRIED TO HIM YET?"

"OH, NO, M'LADY-NOT FOR YEARS. IT WOULD LEAVE SO LONG AFTERWARDS, WOULDN'T IT, M'LADY?"

# The Art of Padding

"The situation," wrote Sir Walter Scott, "of the inferior gentry, or Franklins, as they were called, who, by the law and spirit of the English constitution, were entitled to hold themselves independent of feudal tyranny, became now unusually precarious."

I should hesitate to call this kind of writing padding; it is not pushed in to fill up a gap; it permeates the whole of the Waverley Novels. It is so beautifully and naturally done that even now we swallow it, commas and all, and like it. But no modern writer could get away with that sort of thing. If one of our younger novelists were to begin Chapter I. with the remark—

"The course of four centuries has well-nigh elapsed since the series of events which are related in the following chapters took place on the Continent"— he would be suspected of being facetious.

Yet the need for padding of some kind or other is imperative. That the majority of writers recognise this fact is shown by the ingenious forms of padding which have from time to time been evolved. One of the most effective is the terse and ungrammatical recital of events, which in skilled hands will not only fill up space but can be made to give a quite convincing impression of brevity and breathlessness. Yet it is so easy to write: I could do it myself. Like this—

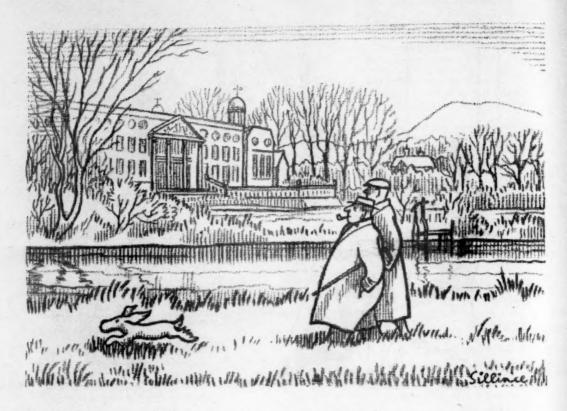
"Sadie and me went into Tony's for a drink. Sadie drank some gin. Giuseppe's boys came in after a while and got pretty noisy. Tony said, 'Those boys are a bad crowd.' I had another highball and Sadie drank some more gin. Pretty soon, I knew, the cops would be around. I told Sadie to quit drinking so much. Tony went over to the pool-table then and said something to one of the guys there and came back."

Sink me, gentlemen, if I haven't worked up an atmosphere of tension!

But the most appealing piece of padding I have ever seen occurs in a short piece of prose by a former Royal Antiquarian of Sweden, by name BROR EM. HILDEBRAND. He is describing the ancient Icelandic calendar when he introduces the memorable phrase—

"The window (glugg) of the

Now for all I know the word "glugg" may be Icelandic for a window; but that is beside the point. It seems to me that Bror Em. HILDEBRAND has opened the door (blogg) to a new and effortless form of padding. There is no reason why the principle should be confined to descriptions of doors (blogg) and windows (glugg). Why not (plonk) simply stick in words like "glugg" (glugg) all over the place (cloop)? The public (glugg, glugg) would soon get used to it. The difficulty is not the public (glugg, glugg), but the editors (bloob, choop, pongle, uffle, glugg, glug



"I BELIEVE IT BELONGS TO SOME DIE-HARD LABOUR PEER."

# From Memory

When they make me wear elastic-sided boots,
And I can't hear what they're saying
Because they speak so low,
And my memory, they think, is gone—
Though they didn't know I heard them saying so;
When they're careful of the weather I go out in,
For there are draughts and dread diseases everywhere;
When my strength has gone and left me relegated
To Worthing front in winter and a hired wheeled-chair—
These are the things I'll remember:—

A fifty-mile drive through the windy dark With a "you" in an open car; Rushing air, and the brave white beam of light Boring before us through the mysterious night.

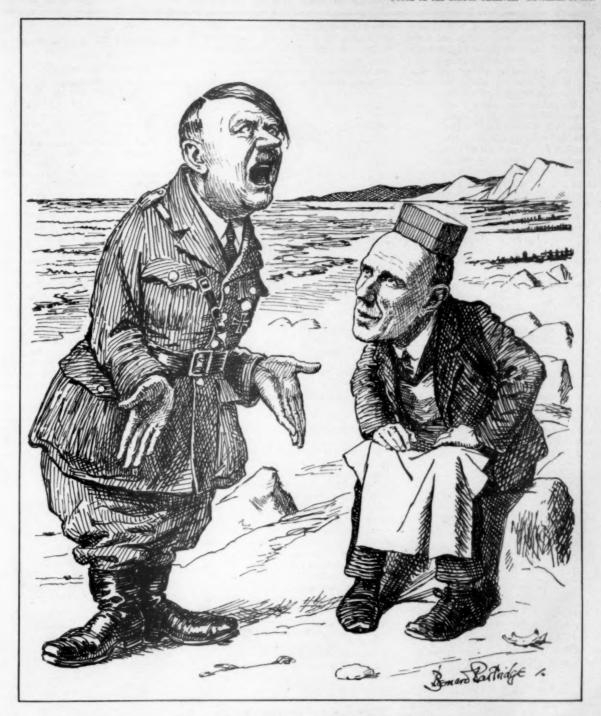
A wet autumn day on Rockingham Hill, A roadway covered with slithery golden leaves, Seyen great horses trying to keep their feet, True muscles hauling at the encouraging cries, The forest monarch on puny back-sliding wheels: The team triumphant, the men with their thankful sighs.

Midnight thunder breaking on Salisbury Plain,
And the long straight road that the Romans made,
Lit for a second, stretching out in the driving rain.
Dancing from dusk to dawn,

Clambering over breath-taking Alpine rocks, Cool waters to swim,

Headlong gallops after a fleeting fox,
And the blessed peace that descends on you
On a wintry evening with nothing to do.

Not with regret for the past,
For Youth and the joys of the young;
Not with a sighing backward glance down the years,
But with gratitude in an ancient heart
For the times I was merry and glad
And the beautiful unfolding story of Life—
All things, the gay and the sad:
Those are the things I'll remember.



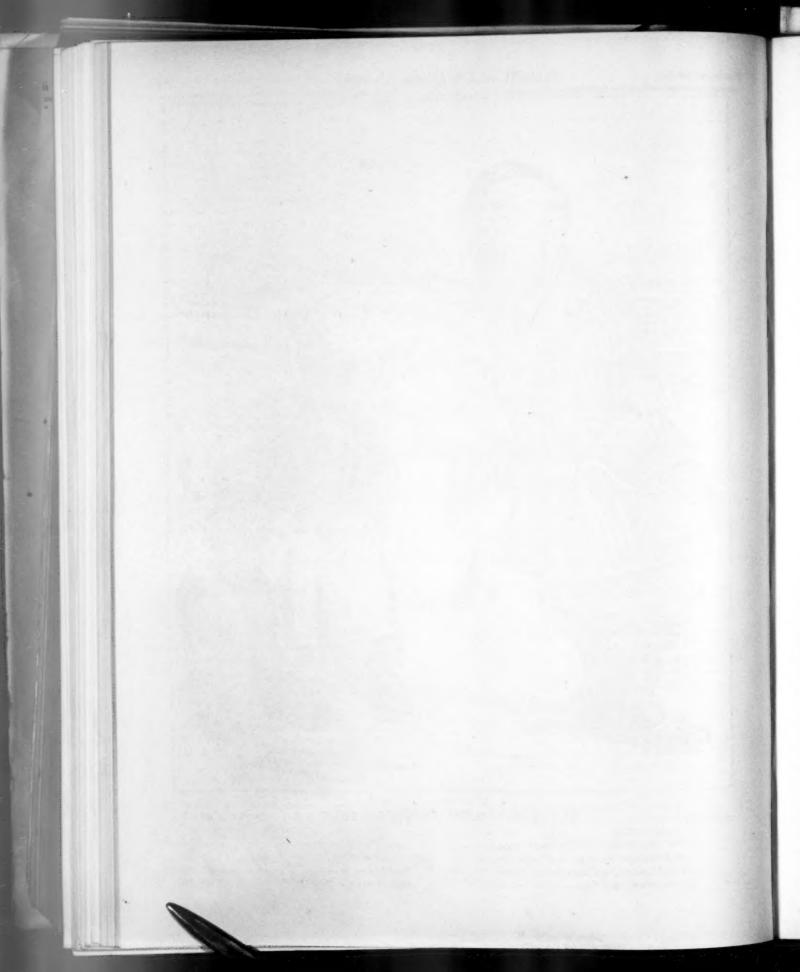
# YET ONE MORE CONVERSATION

"The time bad come," Herr HITLER said,
"To talk of many things,
Of might and right and swastikas
And triangles and rings,

And why the world is boiling hot,
And whether Peace has wings."

Lord HALIFAX. "But not about Colonics."

Herr HITLER. "Hush!"



# Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week

Monday, November 15th.—Commons: Debate on Air Raid Precautions Bill.

Tuesday, November 16th. — Lords: Quail Protection Bill given Second Reading.

Commons: Air Raid Precautions Bill given Second Reading.

Wednesday, November 17th.— Lords: Debate on Foreign Affairs.

Commons: Debate on Civil Aviation.

Monday, November 15th .- It is comforting to know that the Post Office is discouraged from succumbing to the temptation of listening-in on private telephone conversations except on the express direction of the HOME SECRETARY; although when the P.M.G. made this announcement Mr. GALLACHER complained sadly that whenever he put through a call to his party head-quarters he had to wait till the police were also connected. Mr. P.'s R.'s advice to Mr. GALLACHER is to let loose flight after flight of Muscovite canards into the eager

covite *canards* into the eager ears of the constabulary and at least have some fun for his trouble.

Mr. VYVYAN ADAMS has a notion

that a second clock in the House would encourage the brevity of speech so seldom achieved at present, but feeling in the Lobbies is that a very large sand-glass timed to ten minutes and mechanically operated by the Speaker



RÔLES CHANGE

SO DOES HERBERT MORRISON

[With acknowledgments to the well-known advertisement.]

would better induce a sense of compression.

The Second Reading debate of the Air Raid Precautions Bill brought on to the floor of the House the hard bargaining which has been in progress for some time between the Home Office and the municipalities over the incidence of the cost of the new schemes. Sir Samuel Hoare's original suggestion was a fifty-fifty basis, and he has made repeated concessions until now the Government have gone so far as to offer to pay for about ninety per cent, of the expenditure; but the municipalities are still holding out. To-day the HOME SECRETARY defended his refusal to undertake the odd ten per cent. on the ground that the Government must keep this small check on economy, while Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, who admitted the urgency of large-scale precautions, demanded that the Government should guarantee any expense which fell outside a twopenny rate.

Mr. Sandys was not alone in thinking that the Bill was sadly belated and should have been introduced three or even four years earlier; but having at last arrived it was well received.

Tuesday, November 16th.—Fear lest the last of the quails would soon be laid on its little bier of aspic has prompted a Bill to prohibit live imports during the close season, and this was received sympathetically by their Lordships this afternoon.

In the continued debate in the Commons on the Air Raid Precautions

Bill Sir Samuel Hoare offered the further concession of a clause to guarantee the revision within three years of the financial workings of the Bill, but Mr. Morrison found himself unable to accept it and hung on cordially but firmly to his twopenny guns. In the end the Government got its Second Reading by a majority of 189.

The two speeches of the day came from Mr. CHURCHILL, who censured the Government for not bringing the measure forward two years earlier and poked fun at Mr. Morrison for the conflict in his speech between the municipal officer and the Socialist leader which had provided the House with the unusual spectacle of the actual transmogrification of a Jekyll into a Hyde, and from Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, who replied for the Home Office in a speech which was a model of clearness and conciliation. He described how, far from being slack, his Department had

been carrying out long and detailed experiments, and he was reassuring about gas-proof rooms and the new



Mr. Cauncaille (looking up Hansard on the Air Peril). "Let me ace—what was it that Winston said in 1934?"



"RUDE BOREAS!"

In the debate on British Civil Aviation Mr. PERKINS doles out his ideat blasts.



"I'M SORRY, JOHN, BUT I'M AFRAID ANGUS THE GARDENER IS GOING NATIVE."

respirators, which were now being made at the rate of 650,000 a week and which had been discovered to have beneficial properties in the case of a very different sort of attack—asthma.

Wednesday, November 17th.—The passing of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was mourned on all sides of the Upper House this afternoon, when it met to discuss Lord Allen's motion asking for a statement from the Government expressing willingness to consider the grievances of other countries and outlining its idea of a settlement within the League.

Clearly this was an inopportune moment for the subject, since the Front Bench was obliged to be vague by the presence of Lord Halifax in Berlin, but the debate showed warm approval of his visit. The most notable contribution was that of Lord Samuel, on whom, in view of his race and their treatment of it, the German Government can have no claim to friendship; but in spite of this he urged that the war-guilt clause, which he described as "a confession under torture," should be removed from the Treaty of Versailles, and pointed out the absurdity of recent letters in The Times

which had argued that our Colonies were vitally important to us while ridiculing the suggestion that Colonies could be of any use at all to Germany.



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO
Nobody puts salt on
The tail of Mr. Chorlton;

Yes, his hat Is just as high as that!

The Commons were treated to a rare and refreshing exhibition of hard hitting when Mr. PERKINS amplified his charges of the last few weeks. Having been lucky in the ballot for Private Members' motions, hedelivered a smashing attack on the Air Ministry's whole conduct of civil aviation in this country. London, he said, was left with one aerodrome fitted for a secondclass Balkan state, the railways were wringing the necks of internal lines by the same methods with which they had extinguished the canals, and the Air Council had such a military outlook that it was dragging civil aviation along as if it were an unwanted child in the gutter; and on Imperial Airways, a company which, he reminded the House, being in receipt of a rising subsidy from public funds, had just raised its dividend to nine per cent. and almost doubled its directors' fees while at the same time cutting the salaries of its pilots.

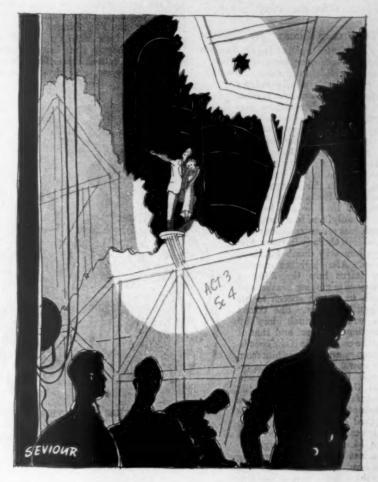
But not only its finance aroused his anger. He repeated that its services in Europe were the laughing-stock of the world, and pointed out that of four European services run by this chosen instrument of the Government, two

had been suspended for the winter and two were about fifty per cent. slower than their rivals. Even the Conservative Central Office recommended Members to fly by the Dutch Air Line, and in view of all these facts and of victimisation which he was certain had taken place at Croydon, he asked for a public inquiry.

The champions of the company, who were led by Sir Murray Sueter, gave no concrete answers to these charges, but pointed to the success of the Empire flying-boats, which Mr. Perkins immediately acknowledged. Colonel Murrhead, who replied, denied victimisation and pleaded rearmament as the cause of obsolescence, but he promised a Departmental inquiry, the findings of which would be published.

#### Authors Doodle

You would have laughed. There we were, all cluttered up round the fire and no one to play to us. Of course the piano is going out. I suppose that's the wireless. I mean no one's going to trouble to spend five or six years learning to play the piano when the knobs on the radio become intelligible in a minute. My brother learned the violin. My mother used to play the piano for him. Six easy pieces. They did sound difficult. But still you go to school about thirteen years and don't learn much. You don't really understand how necessary it is to learn until after you leave school, I suppose. I used to play about all the time. Did I ever tell you about that rag in the chemy lab? Chemistry was funny, though-nobody seemed to know really what was going to happen next. Politics are the same. The paper says nobody wants war. Therefore we won't have war. Everybody says another war would wipe us all out. But there are still Chinese and Spaniards. You don't see those Spanish corduroy trousers nowadays with onions on their shoulders, do you? Nobody would cry if there weren't any more onions ever, though some people are always crying. That girl Joan used to cry over anything. I remember when I told her I was going to be very busy for weeks she wept all over my lapels. Lapels are longer this year. It's strange how tailors work-they seem to alter little things but they never make any material changes. Plus ça change, as the French say: what does that mean exactly? Scotsmen aren't really mean, though; it's only a myth. Moths are strange-always flying towards the light. Supposing people were like



"SEE, LITTLE FLO, HOW THE DAWN WARENS THE PAR-OFF HILLS WITH HER BOOK CAPERS!"

moths and flew straight towards oncoming headlamps? There isn't much juice in my battery. The regimental dinner must be coming off soon now. Wonder how old Jones will get home? Fancy a man like him choosing a winding path. Must be crazy. Funny about people who think they're somebody else. Napoleon or Henry VIII. or somebody. Probably some repression makes them think they're HENRY VIII. because they've had only one wife themselves. Not like that fellow who had two wives and told one he was a night-watchman. That's a cushy job. Sleep at your work, and you have the whole day to enjoy yourself. Still, you couldn't afford to go to Ascot or anywhere like that. Horse-racing is a mug's game unless you get really good tips. Wonder why those fellows who

sell infallible systems don't make a fortune themselves. I wonder if there's anything in having your fortune told? Haven't met that dark beautiful girl yet, or travelled. Was it CHAUCER who wrote about travellers always being gat-toothed? In that case I reckon old Carruthers has been round the world about ten times. There are still some people who don't believe the earth is round. It must be, though, because of its shape on the moon. It's strange the way the moon controls the tides. The moon must always be shining at places like Southend. That's a jolly place. Lights and music. We never have much music at home. The other night we were all sitting round the fire with no one to play for us. That's funny: I was thinking of that a little time ago.

# At the Play

"THE SILENT KNIGHT" (ST. JAMES'S)

The Silent Knight, at the St. James's Theatre, sets everybody concerned a rather formidable problem. The diffi-culty is to make a full evening's

entertainment out of a romantic story which could be perfectly well told in an hour or less. It is not a story that anybody is meant to take seriously. A noble Italian lady, Zilia (Miss DIANA WYNYARD), is fondly loved by the Hungarian knight, Peter (Mr. RALPH RICH-ARDSON). He is a gay wooer, but this time he has lost his heart badly, and in return for a single kiss promises to obey any condition the lady imposes. She bids him stay dumb for three years. After eighteen months she learns how the King of Hungary is moving heaven and earth to restore speech to his favourite soldier. She thinks she will gain much glory by effecting the cure, and that it will be easily done if she goes to Hungary and releases him from his vow. But he takes his revenge by refusing to speak, and the penalty for all the doctors and quacks who have attempted and failed to win the reward offered for curing him is beheading. Zilia is faced with the block and is brought to the last extremity of awaiting the headsman's blow before the knight relents and a wedding takes the place of an execution.

It will be seen that neither the knight nor the lady behave very well. I do not know how this story is handled in the Hungarian original, but Mr. HUMBERT WOLFE makes a brave effort to provide a sort of justification for the agonies of the condemned cell which are so wantonly inflicted upon Zilia. The idea is that only when all hope is gone will she reveal unmistakably her own true and disinterested love for Peter. But the cell scene bristles with difficulties. The Queen of Hungary (Miss MARGARETTA Scott) arranges a reprieve, as she must do if we are to respect her and her husband, yet the reprieve has to be, for no good reason, rejected by the condemned lady.

The executioner, the knight

disguised, comes and talks to her. and the incongruities are made worse by his developing the theme of the policeman in The Pirates of Penzance-that headsmen do not find their lot a happy one, being gentle souls set on retirement. The whole play is in rhyme, and rhyme has a



IN THE TRICK WITH THE JOKER

King Matthias . . . MR. LYN HARDING Queen Beatrice . . . MISS MARGARETTA SCOTT



A FORMAL VISIT

Zilia Duca . . . . . MISS DIANA WYNYARD Peter Agardi . . . . MR. RALPH RICHARDSON

horrible way of putting its author in a dilemma. Conventional pantomime rhymes, which can be immediately foreseen, become rather annoying, but when the author is, like Mr. WOLFE. a man of great verbal facility and cunning, who can perform acrobatics and all sorts of ingenuities, the effect

is often more disconcerting. When Miss WYNYARD has in her cell to say things like

"Therefore Pax Vobiscum; go and get your axe,"

the result is not pleasing.
Mr. HUMBERT WOLFE always commands distinction in language, but in this story he is in the same boat as Miss Wyn-YARD and Mr. RICHARDSON: all their guns are too heavy to be mounted on this cockleshell of a ship. Thus Miss WYNYARD, who has magnificent gifts as a serious actress, must keep them cloaked. In her big scene, where she passes from selfconfidence to dismay and terror. she has to smother her talent lest we should begin to take the whole story too seriously. She has to appear in the First Act as a rather shallow and peevish person, and later as both undignified and curiously exalted. Mr. RICHARDSON too has to smother his obvious goodness, or we shall not be at all interested in his practical joke. They both make up for their narrowed opportunities by splendid apparel; and the dresses of all the characters have a satisfying richness. The show is indeed full of beauty, and the beauty is highly necessary to make us patient with the tale.

Miss Margaretta Scott gets all too little scope as the Queen. Of her too the same sacrifice is exacted. She must subdue herself, because if we felt there was an intelligent and good Queen we could not think there could be any protracted situation revolving round an impending quite unmerited execution.

The happiest players are those with the small subsidiary parts. There is a good jester, Mr. CAMERON HALL, and Mr. ANTHONY QUAYLE makes a

cheerful and high - spirited serving-man. But this romantic comedy has been stretched out on the Procrustean bed of the requisite evening's length.

## "THE DYBBUK" (SAVOY)

From secret meetings in a cellar to becoming the Jewish National Theatre of Palestine is quick progress for twenty years. This is the romantic record of the HABIMA

PLAYERS, who are now visiting London for the second time. They began, a few of them, in Moseow in 1917, when, owing to the Tsarist censorship, discovery still meant Siberia, and kept going until, after the Revolution, they were taken up and coached by the great director, STANIS-LAVSKY, and some of his assistants. World tours in 1925 and 1930 established their fame, and now that they have settled in Palestine a new theatre is being built for them at Tel-Aviv.

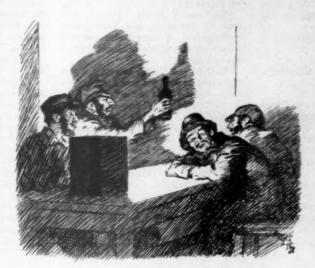
The first thing to be said about them is that a lack of Hebrew is no kind of bar towards the enjoyment of their performance. In the present play, which is particularly ritualistic, it may even be an advantage. They are such masters of

the closely-graded vocabulary of gesture and voice-inflection that meaning (apart from an adequate synopsis of plot in the programme) is made clear,

and it is something of a relief to be able to leave the shades of dialogue to form part of the general pattern of sound.

The people of the play are a mystical sect of Jews called the Hassidim, whose religious fervour found an outlet in a kind of modified theosophy. and the scene is Poland about the middle of the last century. The story is extremely simple. A young man who is in love with a girl dies when he learns of her betrothal to another, and his spirit comes to inhabit her body. At very inconvenient moments, such as the beginning of her wedding, his voice takes possession of her, and in despair her parents bring her to the Rabbi Azriel, a sage well known for his powers over the other After going into conference with an Ecclesiastical Court, the Rabbi decides to cast out the "Dybbuk" and orders the preparations for the wedding to go on. He resorts to stronger and stronger incantations until at last he is successful. But the agonising separation from the soul of her lover has been too much for the girl, and as the wedding music strikes up she dies.

Her spiritual torment, which dominates the play, is made vivid and moving



HE-BREW FOR HE-MEN

in a manner which seems typical of these actors. The attack is emotional and direct, but planned with the utmost economy, so that a sudden ex-



THE DYBBUK IS CAST OUT

Rabbi Azriel . . . Mr. B. TSCHEMERINSKY
Leah . . . . . . Miss H. Rovina

pression in her eyes or a single weary dropping of her arm is a full statement of a mind too driven to find words. This disciplined perfection of timing is equally noticeable in the lighter scenes. Much of the First Act is devoted to a

number of old men who look like disgruntled drosh-ky-drivers sitting at a table chanting themselves to sleep, but they do it so brilliantly that somehow the process is fascinating; and in the delightful scenes where the beggars dance and the Ecclesiastical Court rejoices, one gets the impression of endless vitality exactly marshalled. About all these groups there is a suggestion of charades, only of charades superbly acted.

The décor, which has just won the Diplome d'Honneur at the Paris Exhibition, is slight but very telling in conjunction with most skilful lighting. Surprisingly heavy makeup, rivalling the homely burnt cork, is used, and a few masks, but characterisation is sharp. The music on which the producer fre-

on which the producer frequently draws is played "off" and suggests an origin not very far from the Volga. Black hats which represent a happy marriage in shape and texture

between the bowler and the topper and charmingly squeeze out the ears of their wearers, black frock-coats, black curls and black beards make up a sombre but imposing costume.

I should very much like to see the reaction of an all-Jewish audience to this play, because at the first night there was an evident and comprehensible uncertainty as to when and how much it would be polite to laugh. The robust vein of peasant comedy which crops up presented no difficulties, but when a gentleman of villainous aspect clad in a cloth cap and a faded dressing-gown stalked on carrying a kind of shillalagh in the solemn rôle of the Divine Messenger, there was an uncomfortable rustling as if we were resisting a temptation to laugh in church.

Altogether a most interesting evening. The season runs for a month, with a new play each week, the others being Uriel Acosta, The Wandering Jew and The Golem's Dream. Error.

# "If Only I'd-"

A. THREW aside the paper. "Well," he said, "that's that. The flat season ends on Saturday. And then we can have a rest until—how does the phrase go?-until 'the curtain rises on the Carholme.'

"How have you done this year?" I asked.

"Badly," he said.

I put the same question to the others, B., C. and D.

They all had done badly.

The only one who had done well was "But you see," he explained, "I don't send the telegrams. I consider the runners-weight, age, trainer, jockey, form, state of the course-and make my selections, but I don't send the telegrams. I used to, once, but I had to give it up. A mug's game. Now I just play with the idea.

But if you select so cleverly, why don't you send the telegrams and make some money?" someone asked.

"Because," he replied, "if there was anything at stake I should probably choose differently. It would be money for nothing, which is against nature. Avarice would come in, and I should go for the longer odds.

"But when your horses win, don't you regret it?"

"No," said E. firmly, "I don't. Not now. I did once, but I've grown philosophical. I have trained myself to look on the whole business from a

superior angle." "In that case," said someone, "you might just as well not make a selection at all-let the Turf alone."

"Ah!" said E. "You don't know the Turf."

'It's a mug's game right enough," said B., "and on the year I'm down; but I couldn't stop having a little bet almost every day. There's always the chance of a win; and bookies are there to be shot at, so why not shoot at them? And a winner does you a lot of good too. I like to see men buy an evening paper in the street, tear it open, peer at the latest and begin to smile.'

"When they smile," interjected E. sardonically.

"Yes, when they smile," B. stoutly replied.

It's true," said C., "that a winner does you good when it comes along; but the trouble is you always say 'If only I'd—.' 'If only I'd put on a fiver instead of a quid. Or a tenner instead of a fiver.' That's the phrase that poisons a backer's life : 'If only

"Or," suggested B., " 'Why didn't

"Yes," said C., "'Why didn't I?" Same tragic thing."

"Another reason I've given it up." E. continued, "is that it ruins sleep. After I had had a bet and hadn't seen an evening paper, the night was broken by dreams in which I had lost. The next day, probably, I lost in earnest, and then came a night of regret over the horses I might have backed, should have backed, or just didn't back.'

"But you might have won?" I said. "It would have come to the same



"GARGE, YOU AND I BE COORTING NOW FOR NIGH ON TEN YEAR, IT'S BOUT TIME WE THOORT O' GETTING WED." "AYE, LASS, BUT 'OO WOULD 'AVE US NOW?

thing," he replied. "Then, on the next night, I should have lain awake reproaching myself for not having put on more. The result was I was becoming very seedy and nervy, and so I chucked it."

"Completely?" we asked in unison.
"Except for the Classics, yes," he said. "But the Two Thousand and the Derby and the Leger—I hope I shall always try my luck there. An Englishman's proud and preserved privilege, no matter what ethics may say."

"There's another snag about betting," said C, "and that's the way your mind changes. In ordinary matters you do what you have arranged to do. You leave the house in the morning all set to go to lunch at a certain place; to call here and there; to visit your tailor; and all these things you do. But the chances are that the horse which at breakfast you select to back is not the horse that you back when the time comes.

back when the time comes.

"Take," he went on, "this new Aintree Derby. I knew in my bones that 'Cash Book' would win, with GORDON up, but did I back it? No. At the last moment I let myself be over-persuaded and backed the favourite, 'Merry Mathew,' and a good 100 to 8 went west. Why did I back the favourite? Odds on, too. 'Cash Book' was a good horse, ridden by the champion jockey, owned by Lord Astor, who likes blood, trained at Manton. Why didn't I back it, as I had intended to? I couldn't remember the reasons. Not all at once. You can't. It's one of the snares of the game. So I changed my mind."

"Yes," said B., "you changed your mind. Changing our mind is one of the terrible things about betting."

terrible things about betting."
'Exactly," C. remarked. "You don't remember and you change your mind. Something happens to upset your judgment. And that's why we all go about saying 'If only I'd——'"

We sighed in unison.

"And so," I said, "there will be no betting over the sticks? That's settled."

E. agreed, but I thought the other two sounded rather half-hearted.

"A SOUVENIR OF AN ANNIVERSARY.

Victoria Regina, Laurence Housman's episodic play at the Lyric, was presented by Norman Marshall and Gilbert Miller on June 21st of this year, the 100th anniversary of the accession of Queen Victoria. The two presenters have now joined in publishing a fully illustrated souvenir of the play to celebrate its 150th anniversary."

Weekly Magazine.

Remind us again in 2087.



"AYE, THANKEE, SAM; I'M BACK ON ME TOES AGAIN."

#### The Bibliophile

I BOUGHT a book, a lovely book, I bought it second-hand;

I found it in a little shop
That lies behind the Strand,

Where musty books and dusty books
Were lying on a heap;

And there I bought my little book And bought it very cheap.

I took it home upon the bus, And with a gentle touch I fondled it and cherished it And liked it very much. I laid it on my chiefest shelf As tender as a lover; Water had soaked its pages once, It had not got a cover.

It was the apple of my eye,
Fulfilled my every need,
And it was printed all in Greek—
A tongue I do not read.

It was in truth a lovely book,
I bought it second-hand;
I found it in a little shop
That lies behind the Strand.

### **Progress**

THERE's no getting away from it, Things have altered a goodish bit Since I was a boy. And not always for the better either. Bit of luck my old Gran isn't still alive: She'd never have put up with such goings-on As they get up to nowadays. Still, taking it all in all, You've got to admit that all this Science Has given us advantages They didn't have in the old days. Take the Wireless, for example. Young Bert got China on our set The other night. China! That makes the old days seem a bit backward, Doesn't it? Of course we couldn't understand a blinking word; But it's marvellous, There's no getting away from it.

And Motor-cars!
There's Bill and Florrie,
Who live the best part of fifty miles away.
Yet when they come to see us
It only takes them an hour-and-a-half!
When I was a boy it'd have taken all day.
Of course Bill always gets my goat;
And Florrie, with that silly simper of hers.
But it shows you, doesn't it?

Then there's the Doctors.

Take old Mrs. Smith.

She was taken very bad the other day With pains.

They rushed her off to the hospital And operated for appendicitis.

When I was a boy she'd have died From Internal Congestion. . . .

Grand funeral she had too.

Seems her heart couldn't stand the anæsthetic. Still there's no getting away from it, Is there?

And Newspapers too!
Why, in the old days
If anything happened,
You had to wait days
Before anybody knew about it.
Now just you look at this:
"Hollywood Actress Loses Jewels."
And it only happened this morning!
There's no denying it's wonderful!

As for Education,
Well, I never heard the like of it!
Bert says they teach him Algebra,
French and I don't know what
Up at that brand-new school they've got.
Electricity even!
When the lights went wrong the other day
He said he'd repair it—
A nipper of thirteen!
I ask you!
Course it was a pity

He blew all the lights in the house, But he said that was because of something They hadn't taught him yet; So, it's not fair to blame the kid, is it? No, you can't get away from it, Life is different from what it used to be.

### Doggerel's Dictionary

#### XVII.

SEVEN.—I have always found that the best way of getting at seven was to subtract two from nine. In saying this I am perfectly well aware of the arguments, the very cogent arguments, in favour of arriving at it by the subtraction of eighty-one from eighty-eight, and the hardly less noteworthy points on the side of the method of addition. However—and I say this with a full sense of the unimportance of my views—I—and I may remind you here and now that I refer to myself—am—and when I say "am," "am" is what I mean\*—sure—and I may as well admit at once that although I still have a quiverful of parentheses I have completely forgotten what I was going to say in the parent sentence.

Sparrow.—On May 16, 1885, it was announced (though not in *The London Gazette*) that a sparrow's nest had been discovered in the axle-tree box of the cannon used twice a day for announcing the time to the Woolwich garrison. It is safe to presume, I think, that this cannon also announced the time to the sparrows. They hatched a brood of five there "without any apparent discomfort," and there are no doubt thousands of descendants of these sparrows about to-day. Bear that in mind and regard them with a new respect.

SPEED.—See Too QUICK.

Sun.—Anaxagoras said the sun was a massy plate of red-hot iron, bigger than the Peloponnese. And I should be interested to hear of anybody who can prove that in his day it was anything else.

Swan.—In ancient Indian literature the faculty of being able to separate milk from water is attributed to the swan. Nobody's put this to the test lately, I suppose, but you know how we keep finding that the ancients were right, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if swans could now be bred with slight improvements that would render the mechanical cream-separator superfluous.

Swans sing before they die, but cream-separators sing all the time. Thus another advantage of having a swan instead of a cream-separator would be that you would know when you wanted a new swan before the old one went out of action. How long before I don't know, but anyway before.

(Note to Whom it may Concern.—I never heard of a creamseparator that wore out, and I think it most unlikely that any cream-separator ever does wear out. Just fooling. You wouldn't mind a little fun, surely?)

TASTE.—My good taste is something fierce (though not so fierce as that of many of the people who make British films), but I also have a quantity of bad taste which I take out for a run from time to time. I notice that one kind is frequently mistaken for the other by people I believe to have neither. (Don't waste time trying to work out that sentence; I couldn't, and I wrote it.)

THINGS.—I mean the subject of STEVENSON'S celebrated non-sequitur, in which he expresses the opinion that we should all be as happy as kings because the world is so full of a number of the above. My own impression is, on the other hand, that in view of the very large number of things



"I CAN'T THINK WHERE 'E LEARNS IT, SIR; 'E SWEARS WORSE THAN 'IS FATHER."

of which the world is so full, it is astonishing that we don't trip over more of them.

One advantage of this modification is that it completely omits the controversial question of monarchy. It brings in, I admit, the question of tripping, but that is not so controversial as it was. Many hotels have adopted the practice of adding ten per cent. to the bill.

TITLES.—It is interesting to observe the title-cycle; much more interesting than to observe the tricycle. A century ago, and downwards, you had the sentence (It is Never Too Late to Mend); forty or fifty years later you still had it (No, Mother, I will Not Marry the Duke, to quote a hypothetical title imagined by BARRIE to a three-volume novel of the period); then came a surfeit of definite and indefinite articles (A this this, The that that); then came titles off which the definite or indefinite article had obviously

been lopped at the last minute to make them sound eleverer; and now back we are with the sentence again (The Postman Always Rings Twice, They Shoot Horses, Don't They?, I Was a Spy, He Laughed in Fleet Street, and a lot of other surprising assertions). If anyone likes to take a day off in order to consider the implications of the title-cycle, I shall be pleased to suggest a number of much better reasons for taking a day off.

Too QUICK .- See UNCHECKED.

TRANSLATION.—There are some curious points about translation. For instance, if I were ever to set out to translate paprika schnitzel into French, as I hope I never shall, I should translate it by schnitzel paprika. I'm not sure that this would be right, but I think it would. . . .

(I wish writing about food didn't always give me such an appetite.)



"MY CLIENT IS RATHER ADAMANT ON THAT POINT, M'LUD."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### The Open Diary

Good-Bye, West Country (PUTNAM, 10/6) takes the form of a diary kept through a year by Mr. HENRY WILLIAMSON. There are many entries of a rather intimate character, but much of it suggests that it was written, or at any rate carefully edited, for publication. The very miscellaneous variety of subjects of record or comment include notes of correspondence, personal feelings during work or recreation, the preparation of broadcast talks and how bored he is with his own "visual viewpoint," references to acquaintances by their Christian names, "fans," car runs, nights under canvas, reminiscences of childhood, the royal funeral, the abdication, a visit to Germany, which took place in the previous year, and so on. To his very numerous readers and listeners all this will be welcome as an insight in the modern manner into the literariness of literary people. Those who are not so well acquainted with him will perhaps find some of it rather incoherent, but apart from autobiographical details there is a fund of that close and sympathetic observation of the life of the countryside in which Mr. WILLIAMSON is peculiarly gifted.

#### The Victorians Face the Camera

The family photograph-album—its faded pride and pathos, its domestic humour—is a theme, one would imagine, for such a master of sentiment as the late AUSTIN DOBSON. Or, failing him, for a social satirist as cunning as LEWIS CARROLL, whose own verses on *Hiawatha's* camera, with his actual photographs of Alice and her circle, are some of the pleasantest souvenirs of the early days of the art. But no mention of LEWIS CARROLL and very little graceful show-

manship appear in Victorian Panorama (Batsford, 7/6), whose superficial, scrappy and opinionated text is a very poor accompaniment to a hundred-and-fifty memorable old photographs. Mr. Peter Quennell's "commentary," however, need not detract from—though it certainly does not enhance—the appeal of his illustrations, which, starting with the exquisite Fox-Talbot groups of the 'forties, exhibits pictures as beautiful as Octavius Hill's "Cemetery," as rollicking as "Happy Hampstead, 1890," and as grotesquely archaic as "Lord Raglan and His Staff before Sebastopol, 1855." Individual portraits abound—stage, pulpit, demi-monde, royalty, art and letters contributing their amazing quota—interspersed with scenes as remote as the "Aldgate Pump" of 1880 and the "Ascot" of 1900.

#### Clavers

Bloodthirsty CLAVERS or Bonnie DUNDEE Is one on whom documents fail to agree, And on him by turns the historians put A coating of whitewash, a coating of soot.

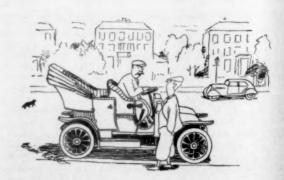
In Claverhouse (COLLINS) both tints are displayed, But the white has the limelight, the black is in shade, And is shown by quotations all traced and defined To have sprung from the scribblers with axes to grind.

Yet the tale Gordon Davior tells us is more Than a searching of records and dry-as-dust lore Of loyalties, treasons, heroics and crimes— It's a jaunty and intimate view of the times.

For probing the surface and finding the seams, Establishing facts and interpreting dreams, As one would expect in a book from her pen, She turns the old names into women and men.

#### Down "Maychester" Way

Mr. S. L. Bensusan is without rival as an interpreter of the people of rural Essex, their immense independence, their suspicion and dislike of anything strange—an ingrained habit of mind which is linked with a superb assurance of the rightness of their own convictions. "I ain't never met one o' they chaps that call theirselves artists," remarks Mr. Solomon Woodpecker, "but I don't think nawthen to 'em"; or listen to Aunt Priscilla on the subject of a holiday-making "furriner" from London or suchlike outlandish parts: "I ain't set eyes on her an' I don't want I ever should.



"YOU KNOW, WATSON, THE TRUTH IS THEY DON'T MAKE CARS LIKE THIS NOWADAYS."





#### SCENE: HOTEL. TIME: SUNDAY MORNING.

Lady. "LET ME HAVE DINNER AT FOUR THIS AFTERNOON."

"YES'M. WOULD YOU LIKE IT HOT OR COLD?

"Hor. I SHOULD LIKE A CHICKEN."

YES'M. WOULD YOU LIKE IT ROAST OR BILED?"

Lady. "Boiled. Is there a church near here!"

Page. "Yes'm. Would you like it High or Low?"

George du Maurier, November 24th, 1866.

If anybody was to meet everybody what come down here that ouldn't do them no good." These are the sentiments of all "right-forward" Marshland folk. Admirers of Mr. Ben-SUSAN's insight into the country mind, his mastery of the local idiom and his gift of quiet humour will find in Marshland Echoes (ROUTLEDGE, 10/6) most of their old friends, Mr. Blite, Mrs. Wospottle, the "Wise Woman," Tod Mole, the excellent Mrs. Martha Ram and many more. Several serious, indeed tragic, tales and sketches are included in this new volume, and with these the author is not always successful. He avoids the vice of over-emphasis so pertinaciously that a certain effect of flatness is produced; "An Imaginative Man" is a notable exception. And the humour is, as always, delightful.

### Gardeners' Delight

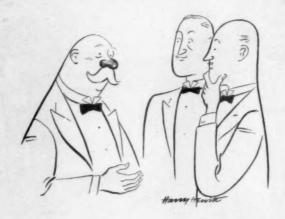
If your garden is less "a blaze of colour" than the intimate home of indispensable delights you will hold up your hands and bless Miss V. SACKVILLE-WEST for introducing you to the particular delights of her own garden and greenhouse. Some Flowers (COBDEN-SANDERSON, 6/-) is the perfect Christmas present for the meditative and energetic gardener, the aspiring experimentalist and the humble realist, for the author exhibits all these facets of perfection herself, and the twenty-five flowers and shrubs she describes have obviously benefited by her many-sided enthusiasm. They are largely painters' flowers," individual and distinguished, like the winter-flowering witch-hazels and irises, or remarkable for

their gaiety and joie de vivre, like the (American) zinnias so amusingly introduced into Marius the Epicurean. Cultural directions abound: witness the mediterranean shelter of lavender recommended for the little tulip Clusiana (The same happy treatment might be suggested for the hardy cyclamen.) Miss Sackville-West keeps a pomegranate, as Evelyn did, on an outside wall; and one wonders if she knows that pomegranates (like oleanders, camellias and mimosa) will grow like weeds in an English cold greenhouse from cheap seed bought on the horticultural quays of Paris.

### Good Cargo From Radstowe

Those admirers of Miss E. H. Young's novels who felt the central characters of the last two to be unworthy of her discerning attention need harbour no doubts of *Celia* (CAPE, 8/6), a woman whose mind repays investigation as much even as that of her illustrious predecessor. *Miss Mole*. Forty-five, the wife of an unsuccessful architect and the mother of two growing-up children, she is compensated

for having to watch the passing pageant of life from a back seat by a gift of appreciation of its big and little ironies seldom bestowed on occupants of the stalls. In short, she is a philosopher, and so enabled to accept with understanding the partial failure of her marriage. As she lives in Radstowe (which is Bristol), the pageant is leisurely, its main incidents being connected with nothing more dramatic than the dovetailed and shifting relationships of a few families; but these are ample material for Miss Young, who can illuminate a small group of people until the covers of a novel seem almost too narrow to hold them. She writes English with a rare perception of the shades of words, and has added another fine work to her list.



"QUICK AS A FLASH I EMPTIED BOTH BARRELS."

them, and are not self-conscious about saying so. Collected film criticism—ephemeral writing about ephemeral things—sounds as if it might be dull; but anyone at all interested in films should find this book intensely, astonishingly readable and entertaining.

#### **Greatly Gifted**

In Edward Wilson of the Antarctic Mr. George Seaver gave us a picture of a man for whom it was impossible not to feel sincere admiration, and now he has added to our debt with Edward Wilson: Nature Lover (Murray, 10/6). Wisely he has, by constantly quoting from journals, letters and so forth, allowed Wilson to tell his own story. "It was," Mrs. Wilson has written, "my husband's great wish to produce a book on Natural History and to illustrate it with his own drawings. He had planned to do this on his return from the Antarctic." He never returned, as we all know, from that magnificent journey, but his work lives and will live after him. Both the letterpress and the

beautiful illustrations of this book prove that beyond any doubt; and once more the quality of the man, quite apart from his artistic and scientific abilities, shines forth and acts as an inspiration.

#### An Island Mystery

Mr. R. A. J. Walling's industrious detective, Mr. Tolefree, arrived abruptly on the Scottish island of Rona, for he and his friend Farrar had parted company with their boat and were washed ashore. Then persistent gales kept them weather-bound, but hospitable people attended to their comforts, and all would have been well if Tolefree had not found a problem to be

solved. As it was, their host was as suspicious of them as they were of him, and presently a situation arose that was far from pleasing to anyone connected with it. Bury Him Deeper (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6) is a rather forbidding title, but in the telling of Tolefree's latest exploit Mr. Walling is in good form and shows a subtlety that is not always to be found in his detective stories.

Mr. Punch welcomes the appearance of As Others Hear Us (MACMILLAN, 7/6), by E. M. DELAFIELD; Sip! Swallow! (METHUEN, 5/-), by A. P. HERBERT; Talk in the Townlands (TALBOT PRESS, Dublin, 5/-), by DOROTHY M. LARGE, and Whelk's Postbag (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 5/-) by GEORGE C. NASH. Much of the contents of these volumes has appeared in Punch over their respective authors' initials.

#### Non-Stop Novelist

"Mr. Arthur Calder-Marshall, the author of Pie in the Sky and other highly promising novels, has exchanged the fogs of the Thames Valley for the sunshine of California. When last heard of, he was bathing in the Pacific and writing his new novel."—Publisher's Brochurt.

#### **Nine Critics**

"This," says Mr. ALISTAIR COOKE in his introduction to the book he brings out under the catchpenny (and why not?) title of Garbo and the Night Watchmen (CAPE, 7/6)-"this is a book about the movies by people who earn their bread-and-butter by dashing from meals to movies," and who therefore have no time to write books in which they "consider The Film and weigh trends." The volume contains his choice of criticisms written in the last ten years by four English, five American film-reviewers. Each has his section, a group of notices of various films; and there is an appendix giving the opinions of each on a single film (Modern Readers who never see anything but the run of superficial criticism (which so often deals with the most trivial and obvious aspects of a film in a way suggesting that matters of solemn importance are being discussed) will be interested to note that however flippant the language of some of these writers, they all take films seriously and when there are subtleties to see they see

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#### Charivaria

An explorer who recently visited a small South Sea island describes the natives as being almost in-credibly backward. "Were they actually playing "Knock-Knock"

left undone," says a clergyman. He must be thinking of the bottom button of the waistcoat

strike at Highworth, near Swindon,

stipulation will be extended to the jokes too. there is some talk of Eton and Harrow coming out in sympathy.

"There are some things better With reference to the school

"Why are there so many convicts in our prisons?" demands a lecturer. Because they keep the gates locked.

Metropolitan Police XV. Improve "COPPERS GO LOWER." Financial Column.

One pantomime producer is insisting that all the male artists in his show must be clean-shaven this year. It is hoped that this

tralia, New Zealand, Canada and Italy). . . . "-Your move, Benito. An earthquake has occurred in a South American beauty spot, causing fissures in the ground. Tourists declare that

the district isn't what it was cracked up to be.

"They comprise the British Empire (including South Africa, Aus-



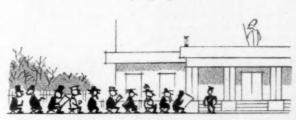
A traveller declares that the promenade-deck of a ship is the best thing he knows for a pick-me-up. The rail of course is favoured for hangovers.

A horticulturist has grown a cabbage that has no odour even when burnt. Unfortunately it is intended to be used as cabbage

A mouse marked with a chalk cross returned to its hole after being taken a mile away. So we shall stop chalking crosses on our

and not as Christmas cigars.

"There are some people who are consistent only in the non-payments of their debts," states a writer. All the same these no doubt receive their unremitting attention.



It is said that in order to become a member of one exclusive London club, a person may have to wait patiently for as long as twelve years. We trust that tea and camp-stools are provided.

"PUNCH GAVE HIM PERFECT PROFILE"

Charity, suggests one of our readers offensively, should begin at home.

The members of the expedition which was prevented by a sandstorm from completing the crossing of the Kalahari Desert by car announce that they are undismayed by

this failure and that they will make a further attempt. Their disappointment has only made them more full of grit.

"How can I send a Christmas pudding to a friend and know it will reach him without being battered in the post?" asks a correspondent. Batter it yourself beforehand.

"Light car crashes through frontdoor," runs a headline. It is to be hoped that its engine knocked first.



### Translations from the Chinese

The Apt Pupil

Among the sacred papers of my revered parent. The witty and illustrious Wu Li Fang, I found a letter from a Japanese scholar, One Michi Domei.

He thanks my father for diligently and faithfully instructing him

In the glories of our celestial Chinese culture,

In loyalty to the Emperor,

In filial piety

In domestic duty and harmony,

In fraternal honour and affection,

In chivalry to the weak and helpless,

In the enduring value of friendship, And in that incomparable brushwork for which Wu Li Fang was famous.

He was one of hundreds of Japanese boys To whom my father humbly unfolded his wisdom.

Now my wife and I cower in a bomb-proof shelter; My house and the sycamore-tree under which the teacher Meditated in evening tranquillity

Are shattered; My two sons are fighting in a lost battle;

And the accursed Nipponese swarm like rats in a ruined granary.

W. K. S.

### Strictly Private

### LORD EGG TO SEE STALIN A PRIVATE VISIT

Lord Egg, the popular Minister for Drains, will, it is understood, shortly pay a visit to Moscow. The visit is to be of a purely private and unofficial nature, but Lord Egg will no doubt take the opportunity of an informal chat with Stalin on matters of general interest. Lord Egg is peculiarly well fitted to undertake this task, as he is known to have no particular views about anything and is therefore likely to approach the delicate questions at issue between the two countries with an entirely unbiassed mind. His visit is eagerly discussed in all the leading Russian papers this morning, notably the *Pravda*, which says, "Lord Egg would be better advised to stay away."

The Clarion, 22.11.37.

### p Egg's Mission

#### LORD EGG'S MISSION CLARIFYING THE ISSUES

The arrangements for Lord Egg's visit to Moscow are now almost complete. After a tour of the Exhibition of Samovars in the Kremlin he will take tea (probably with Voroshilov) and then travel in a specially-heated carriage to Omsk, where Stalin is temporarily in hiding, unless Stalin decides at the last moment to come to Moscow. It is not impossible that through a diplomatic "misunderstanding" the two statesmen may meet halfway and have their talk in a station waiting-room, but earlier accounts envisaging the possibility of a meeting in a captive balloon in order to ensure complete privacy are authoritatively denied in Moscow. It is pointed out that Stalin has on many occasions shown his dislike of balloons for informal discussions.

Comment in the Soviet Press has taken a more friendly turn this morning. "If Lord Egg wants to see the Exhibition of Samovars," says a writer (believed to be Stalin himself) in the *Isvestia*, "by all means let him do so; but the suggestion that he should take it upon himself to catechise Stalin on any subject whatsoever is mere impudence." The general feeling appears to be that no purpose whatever will be served by the discussions.

The Flute, 23.11.37.

## LORD EGG'S DEPARTURE PRIME MINISTER INFORMED

Lord Egg left Victoria for Moscow at 2 P.M. to-day. He was wearing a dark pin-stripe suit of an unofficial kind and an informal hat and was seen off by a large crowd of Cabinet Ministers. His luggage was of a private nature but included what looked like a case of Cuban cigars. The fact, in view of STALIN's known liking for this brand, may not be altogether without significance.

This morning Lord Egg had a conversation with the Premier and informed him of his intention to travel to Russia. Later the Foreign Secretary joined them and the three had a long talk on samovars, in which the Prime Minister is keenly interested. Lord Egg smiled knowingly as he left No. 10, Downing Street (picture on another page). He is expected to reach Moscow at four o'clock on Friday afternoon.

Reports that Russia will declare war if Lord Egg crosses the frontier must be regarded as premature.

The Evening Trumpet, 24.11.37.

# THE EGG-STALIN CONVERSATIONS AN UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT

Shortly before four o'clock yesterday Lord Egg arrived at Moscow. He was met at the station by Voroshnov but left again shortly afterwards for an unnamed station on the Trans-Siberian Railway. A mishap, according to reports from Kirov, marred the final stage of Lord Egg's journey. The sledge in which he was being driven to the lonely meeting-place appointed by STALIN was pursued by wolves, which became so menacing that Lord Egg was forced to throw out his box of Cuban cigars in order to check their onset. STALIN's chagrin was manifest, and as a result the conversations were somewhat less cordial than might otherwise have been the case. Nevertheless, it is understood, a useful interchange of views took place. The meeting was of course strictly private and confidential, but among the subjects discussed (writes our Omniscient Correspondent) were the German threat to the Ukraine and the possibility of a better understanding in the Baltic. Lord Egg left for London immediately the talk was over. The Trombone, 27.11.37.

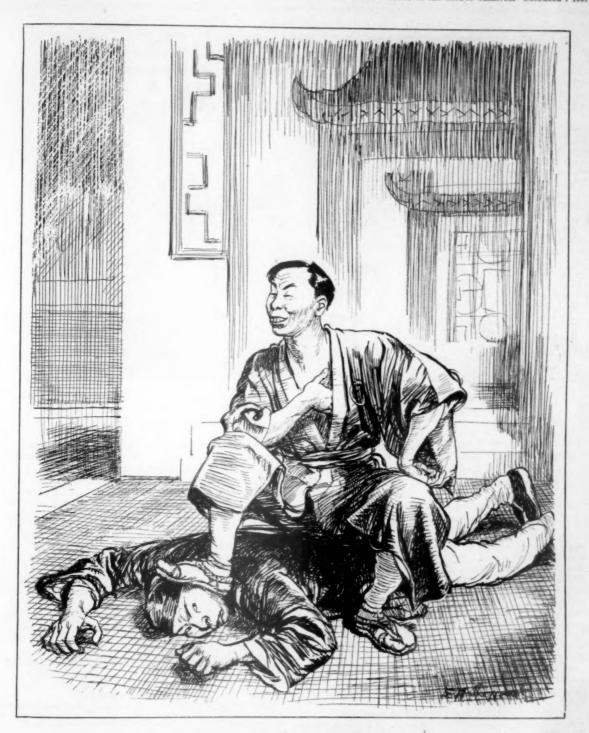
LORD Egg's RETURN
ALLIANCE WITH SOVIET REPORT
The Evening Oboe, 30.11.37.

"JUST A HOLIDAY TRIP."—LORD Egg.

The Clarinet, 30.11.37.

Anglo-Soviet Pact Report Shakes Europe
RIBBENTROP RETURNS TO LONDON
The Saxophone, 30.11.37.

"UTTERLY UNOFFICIAL," SAYS PREMIER
The Birmingham Bassoon, 30.11.37.



### SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

China. "Do you realise that a Conference sitting at Brussels has entirely disapproved of all this?" Japan. "Has it really? Well, I hope they have comfortable chairs."



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

PATIENCE IN ADVERSITY

PRIME MINISTER MAKES FULL STATEMENT TO HOUSE.

"WISER TO SAY NOTHING AT PRESENT"

The Big Drum, 30.11.37.

TITLED MINISTER'S AMAZING OUTBURST "SICK AND TIRED OF ALL THIS"

An extraordinary scene occurred in Park Lane late last night when Lord Egg came to a sudden decision to reveal the facts of his recent much-discussed visit to STALIN. The Minister for Drains, who had been to an entirely private and unofficial party at one of the large Park Lane hostelries, suddenly ran out into the road, leapt on top of a hansom and shouted, "I am sick and tired of all this confidential ballyhoo. I had a little talk with STALIN the other day, and why everybody shouldn't know what we talked about I can't imagine. Anyway, I'm going to tell you. Not that either of us said anything interesting. We didn't. It was dull as hell."

At this point Lord Egg fell off the hansom, but was quickly restored by a dozen willing hands. A young policeman who attempted to arrest him for foul language was roughly handled by the county

roughly handled by the crowd.

"'Hullo, Stalin,' I said," continued Lord Egg. "'So you're Stalin?' I said, 'Yes,' he said, 'and you must be Egg, if I'm not very much mistaken.' 'Lord Egg,' says I, 'even in this benighted country.' 'Ho!' says Stalin, 'and what were you before you took the title Egg, may I ask?' 'I was a Henn,' I told him—'one of the Worcestershire Henns.' 'Well, that settles the old problem which

came first,' he said, and we both laughed immoderately, until Stalin remembered the cigars.

"Then we had a cup of tea, and afterwards I asked STALIN what he wanted, and he said, 'If Great Britain will give us a free hand in Spain we will double the size of our fleet in the Baltic as a guarantee of peace.' 'STALIN,' I replied, 'if you've got nothing better to say than that you can tie a brick round your neck and go and throw yourelf into the nearest pond that isn't frozen over.' Well, that was straight talking, but the interpreter turned to me and said, 'I'm afraid that last bit won't go into Russian.' That's what he said, and I replied, 'In that case of course there's no use prolonging these discussions.' And I came straight back to London."

Lord Egg, who seemed to be in a state of great excitement, then proceeded to relinquish all his titles in the presence of a large crowd, crying out, "I'm a Henn again. Just a private and informal Henn."

Later he began to cluck, and was taken away in a plain van.—The Harp, 1.12.37.

H. F. E.

#### An Impending Apology

"The Rev. T. M. Middleton, the newly-appointed superintendent minister of the Castletown Circuit, made his first appearance in the pulpit at Malew St. Methodist Church, Castletown, on Sunday evening. During the service the choir gave the anthem, 'Who is This, So Weak.' "—Isle of Man Examiner.

"I have an idea that if I used a mask my skin would look better."

Letter to "Good Housekeeping."

Perhaps you are right, dear.

## Letters to Officialdom

III .-- Re Damage

To The Car, Cart & Cab Insurance Corp., Ltd., Play Square, Mayfair, London, W.

Dear Sirs,—I have to report damage to my car, ZZ1423, which was occasioned yesterday (market-day) in Rumborough.

I was driving very cautiously in second gear at about eight miles an hour well in to the left-hand side of Rumborough High Street, blowing the horn continually and keeping a sharp look-out owing to the number of livestock about when (as usually happens when my car goes over a bump) the near-side door flew open.

I immediately braked, changed into reverse, accelerated and pulled up dead within five yards. (N.B.—My brakes are in good order, but I use reverse gear to take any sudden strain. Nothing untoward happens except a cloud of black smoke from the exhaust and sometimes, as on this occasion, a slight explosion.)

Just as I was stopping a herd of full-grown pigs belonging to Mr. Winch, of Upper Farm, Lowerdown, galloped out of the turning on my left—frightened, asserts Mr. Winch, by the explosion. Judge of my consternation and annoyance when, as I was changing into neutral, the largest of them rushed at the open door, leapt heavily into the car and clambered, squealing and kicking, on to the back seat, where it sat on a bag of new-laid eggs, damaging all six. The rest of the herd, checked by a farmer, wheeled round in a body against the open door, which promptly slammed and jammed.

As you will appreciate (especially if you have ever encountered a fullgrown frightened Gloucester Spot at close quarters), my first desire was to get out of the car. Unfortunately I could not open the door on my side owing to the traffic. I therefore did what I could to pacify the animal, which was struggling furiously and had already put one foot through the speedometer and another through the back-window. Not until it had twice tried to bite me, however, was I compelled in self-defence to strike it smartly on the snout with the startinghandle

The consequence was not what I anticipated. I thought it would cow the animal. Actually it caused it to slip sideways, slither on to the front seat, hit the electric horn (which jammed) and fetch up in difficulties on

the floor, thereby shoving the handbrake forward and wedging it there. The car at once started moving down the High Street under its own weight and that of the pig (mine in the circumstances being negligible), with the horn blasting and the animal squealing and myself in imminent danger of being lacerated by its feet.

The movement of the car, however, seemed to soothe the animal, because directly I applied the foot-brake it sensed the diminution of speed and began struggling again. Hoping, therefore, that an increase in speed would keep the animal completely quiet, I put my left foot on the clutch to engage the gears and was instantly bitten very severely on the ankle. Consequently I was forced to let the car free-wheel down the High Street with my knees drawn up under my chin and the pig occupying the entire floorspace. I should like you to note that I had no choice but to do this, as Mr. Winch alleges I was trying to steal his pig.

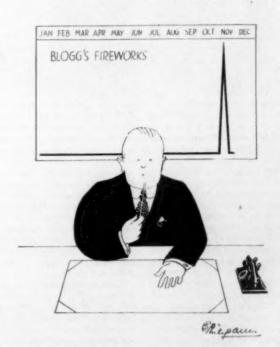
At the bottom of the High Street I turned right into the road alongside the river (the Rum), and in rounding the corner caused the animal to slide up against the near-side door, which opened, precipitating the pig over the bank into about six inches of water. It was quickly rescued by about ten men, and with the help of four others (including myself, when I was bitten on the other ankle) was lifted on to the road and tied to my luggage-grid pending the arrival of Mr. Winch.

The damage done to my car consists of a broken back-window, a broken speedometer, torn upholstery and mats, and a singularly unpleasant odour which still persists despite repeated applications of lavenderwater. The pig was undamaged, but Mr. Winch claims that it is suffering from a form of pig hysteria. Am I liable because my car door swung open, and, if so, does my policy indemnify me against pig hysteria, howsoever caused?

I wish to claim medical expenses for treatment to my left ankle, and should like to know if (since I was not in the car at the time) I can claim for treatment to my other (right) ankle?

Yours faithfully,
Chas. Cursett.

P.S.—Is a pig a third party within the meaning of the Act?



BACK TO NORMAL

### File on Parade

Our Lieutenant Swordfrog, who has been away acting as Adjutant to a Territorial unit, has just returned to our midst with a new respect for the Territorial Army. He also brought back an enormous file which we thought must at very least be complete instructions for every T.F. unit in the British Isles as to action on outbreak of war, riot, civil commotion, usurped power and Act of God, but Swordfrog said, No, that would probably have been a trifle smaller.

"What is it, then?" asked our Captain Bayonet.

"Gather round and I'll tell you," replied Swordfrog, reverently opening the monumental work.

"You remember," he began, "the recent big parade of troops in London on the anniversary of the Battle of Lung-tung-pen or whatever it was? Well, they wanted representatives from Territorial units as well as Regulars to march in it. This is the arrangements for the detachment from the unit I was with." He coughed and, with Holster's help, shifted the file on to a stronger table. "One officer and four men," he added.

We settled down to look at it. It opened of course with a two-page letter from the War Box to a few Very Rare and Selected Generals, stating that there would be a parade in London on the glorious anniversary, etc., and that selected detachments of Territorials from each Divisional Area, etc. . . . It then drew a deep breath and devoted the remainder of the page and all the next to "Financial Arrangements for the Territorial Army," such as the issue of a day's pay for each officer and other rank attending and another one if, owing to long distances. anything more than six hours of the next day were used, the refunding of "actual and necessary expenses" (a neat distinction this) incurred by travelling from residence to entraining station, the authorisation of a special subsistence allowance of 3/- to "personnel who perform a rail journey of six hours or more between entraining station and detraining station," the issue of travelling warrants. . . . Well, in fact it seemed, after the high note of the opening sentence, rather an abrupt descent from the sublime to the pecuniary.

The next letter, embedded in Return Forms, was from the Very Rare and Selected Generals to Rather Rare and Just Ordinary Generals, and this time two-thirds of it was devoted to the question of pay and expenses. So

much so that Captain Bayonet rather rudely remarked that apparently "Terriers" only worked on a strictly cash basis. This letter was dotted with references to the Votes to which expenditure would be chargeable and naturally called for Returns of Expenditure in triplicate. A direct incentive this, we thought, for an astute business private to multiply his expenditure by three!

Some more letters followed, briefly allocating the numbers required from each unit, and then the file as it were squared its shoulders and got down to real business, for which nothing short of a conference of officers at London H.Q. was judged necessary-namely Trains and Meals. The Territorial Army, like other armies, very decidedly marched on its stomach; and as for trains, the D.A.A. & Q.M.G. produced such a list of suggested trains to London from various towns in the area (Restaurant Cars of course pointedly noted, with even a brief mention of Tea-baskets) that Holster said it put him in mind of nothing so much as his Aunt Araminta planning her annual trip to the seaside.

More letters followed asking for reports by next day as to when and where detachments would join their trains, and when this had been presumably got into some sort of order the D.A.A. & Q.M.G., quite in Regular Armystyle, huffed nearly all players by a letter which pointed out that unfortunately certain trains he had suggested only ran on Mondays and that others didn't stop at the station indicated.

He added—rather weakly, we thought—that units had better "make their own arrangements," and refused to play trains any more. D.A.A. & Q.M.G.'s may be able to grapple with intricate movements of units during the fog of war, but they are but human where Bradshaw is concerned. Still, we realised that he had weightier matters on hand, because in later letters we found him saying gravely, "There is a doubt whether Territorial Army personnel will be given free meals in London, a ruling on this will be given later." Practically a crisis!

The next letter of importance, after casually stating the time of the parade, got promptly down to real business with—

"The arrangements for meals are as under: Officers. Piccadilly Barracks Officers' Mess is providing a buffet. Officers will pay cash." We felt this last was rather pointed. Other ranks were catered for elsewhere with dinner 6d. (sixpence)—what sort of a dinner?—and teas 3d. (threepence), "but the Treasury is being asked to pay for their

meals." Further returns were also called for of the "numbers requiring meals..." But by then our mouths were beginning to water and we had to knock off for drinks and sandwiches.

Two days later in the file the question of meals became paramount, and "as it is not yet certain whether the Treasury or the individual will pay for the meals" (we would have taken a bet!) further reports were called for under the headings: "(a) Those requiring meals in the event of the Treasury paying; and (b) Those requiring meals in the event of the individual having to pay." We liked the subtle distinction here: the Treasury paying, the individual having to pay; generally it's the other way round.

And so the file went on, communication after communication (Bayonet even swore he saw a Bill of Fare and a Wine List), some of them urgent and important, like "Major Numnah-Cloth will require lunch at Piccadilly Barracks"; others of no importance at all, like, "Passed to you for immediate action and report by to-morrow morning. Urgent."

Then we came to the *clou* of the whole thing—a final letter to Swordfrog, including practically everything that had been suggested, thought of, or arranged about meals, trains, subsistence allowance, votes, travelling warrants, pay, cost of food, and so on, but omitting to state what the occasion was or where the parade was to be held

"And as a matter of fact," explained Swordfrog, "by the time I'd finished reading the file I found the whole thing had taken place two days before. But still"—he patted the file reverently—"here are the arrangements for very nearly getting one officer and four men to march in London for three-quarters of an hour."

Well, we now share Swordfrog's respect for the Territorial Army. Quite equal to the Regular in some things.

### Le Home-Life de Old England;

ou

Further Guide pour les Foreigners

"THANK you, I shall be delighted to visit with you your friends."

"Of course, we may not find them at home."

"That would indeed be unfortunate. They are not then expecting you?"
"Oh, dear, no. This is simply a call.

"Oh, dear, no. This is simply a call. With any luck they will all be out." "I beg your pardon?"

"I said, 'With any luck they will all be out.' That is why I chose a fine

afternoon. It seemed more likely that they would none of them be at home on a fine afternoon."

"Will they not be disappointed at

missing you?

'No, they will be very thankful." "And you? It will not distress you either?

No, I also shall be very thankful." "You do not any of you, then, wish

to meet one another?

"I should not care to go so far as that. Once I have called upon them and they have returned the call I shall ask them to tea."

"Ah, you will invite them when they

return the call?

No, no! Dear me, how little foreigners know about our ways! It is quite odd. When they return the call I hope that I shall be out.

Again! And what will they hope?"

"The same thing.

"But why, then, visit at all?"

"In order that we may leave cards upon one another. They will have my cards and I shall have theirs.

"Would it not be simpler for each of you to keep your own cards?

That would not be the same thing at all. When the cards have been exchanged we shall feel that we know one another.

How curious!"

"Not at all. Besides, as I said just now, I shall then be able to ask them to tea, which I am most anxious to do.'

"Yes?

"My husband's sister has written to me about them. She says that her uncle and aunt who live at Salisbury are quite near neighbours of some cousins of these people."

"Forgive me, I am not certain that I

quite follow.

"Perhaps it will be simpler if I just say that there is a link.

Ah! A link.

"Yes. A link makes all the difference. So now you understand why I feel that I must call upon the Browns. Though I must say I hope they will be out.

"So you said before. It is a large family?"

"I believe Colonel and Mrs. Brown have only got two daughters, poor things."

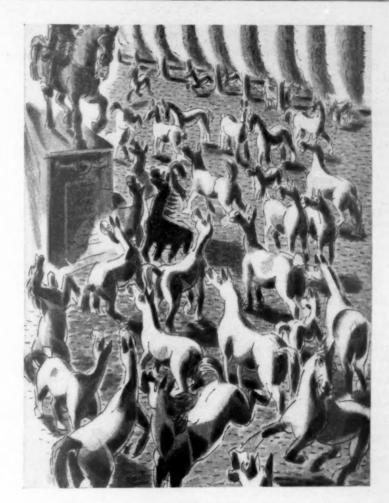
"It is not enough, two?"

"On the contrary, it is too many. Naturally, nobody wants daughters. Besides, I hear that both the Brown girls are quite odd."

Odd?

"Very odd indeed. The elder one draws and the other one does not care about going to dances.

What kind of things does the elder Miss Brown draw?'



THE ART CRITICS

"I believe that she illustrates books, but no one quite likes to ask, and naturally poor Mrs. Brown does not refer to it. It is such a misfortune for a girl to get a reputation for being artistic. Still, it is better than if she wrote books.

'And the younger Miss Brown?"

"I thought I told you about her." "You said only that she does not

like going to dances.

"There is not anything else to say When it became known that she did not care for dances people naturally ceased to be interested."

"She is unfortunate."

"Not at all. If she cannot like the things that every body else likes she must expect to be unpopular. The English do not care for eccentricity at all.

Forgive me if I hint that I have

sometimes-just occasionally-heard it suggested that the English race itself is not wholly devoid of eccentricity.

"Really? It is on the Continent, I imagine, that you have heard such a

"Actually it is on one or two of the continents.

"Ah! There is no other country quite like England. No doubt that is what they feel.'

Yes, it is.

"I have often thought how curious it is that Providence has not yet seen fit to bring the rest of the world into line with England.'

Rule Britannia!"

"'Rule Britannia!' as you say. Here is the home of the Browns.

E. M. D.

### At the Pictures

#### AMERICAN AND BRITISH

WHATEVER else can be said about the Hollywood film-makers, they cannot universally be charged with being publicity-agents for America. Picture after picture makes that a less desirable land, and perhaps Dead End is the most deterrent of all—at any rate, as it applies to the New York waterfront. In New York, it seems, all roads lead to one or other of the two rivers, but not until recently has the East side become fashionable. And even now the rich can live there only if they are willing to be cheek by jowl with the rightful inhabitants, the poor. You thus get the ill-assorted mixture of humanity which Dead End depicts: the wealthy, who want to see the ships go by, and the hooligans at their antisocial antics just outside footmen-guarded doors.

The story of this very unusual and bitter picture falls into two halves, one telling merely of the assault by some of these young gangsters on their neighbour, a patrician boy; his rescue by an outraged parent, who is cut in the wrist during the struggle; and the hunt for the culprit. The other half shows us the return of a crook who once lived there and has travelled far and at constant risk of arrest in order to see once again his old mother and his old flame. But the mother curses him and the girl suggests blackmail; and in his disillusion he plans, as revenge, the kidnapping of the patrician boy and, being discovered in time, is riddled with bullets.

So far as we can gather in the midnight mêlée, the killer is the nominal hero, Joel McCrea, who, among all this seaminess and vice, stands out as nearly seven foot of rectitude and industry; but big Joel, I fear, is an interloper in the film, and very nearly a passenger. After he has been flung into the river he does, however, become memorable among stars of the screen by emerging from it wet.

The real persons of Dead End are the hooligans: Humphrey Bogart as Baby-Face Martin, alias Johnson, the crook; his mother, made terribly real by Marjorie Main; and, very notably, Sylvia Sidney as Drina. It is they who "put" this squalid drama "over." One may get a little tired of Baby-Face Martin's tenacity in hanging round, and one may be a little perplexed by the fidelity of his companion, Hunk; but the end justifies the means. Dead End is a remarkable picture. There is, however, too much repetition of the phrase "O.K."—or will this perhaps help to kill it?

I wish it was possible to say nicer things about Dr. Syn, and not a little because, unlike Dead End, it is a home product. But veracity forbids. It has a poor unconvincing story of running



GETTING A SLANT
Baby-Face Martin . . . . . . . . . Humphrey Bogart
Hunk . . . . . . . . . ALLEN JENKINS

contraband at Dymchurch, on Romney Marsh, in which George Arliss, as the Vicar, smuggles for the good of the community and the glory of God. But for his illicit endeavours and the hood-



A REVEREND SMUGGLER
A MAN OF DUTY AND NO DUTY
Doctor Syn . . . . . George Arliss

winking of the Revenue officers where, he asks, would his parishioners be?

And how, we ask, could the reverend gentleman be anything else but a smuggler, seeing that in his earlier days he was the famous and dreaded Captain Clegg, who (how simple it all is!) was not really killed and buried. as most people thought, but merely pretended to be? Could anything have been more natural than for Clegg to arise again, take Holy Orders, and, unsuspected, resume his old career, this time, however, as the parson, Dr. Syn, always in canonicals? I personally would undertake to recognise the features of George Arliss wherever I saw them; but the Dymchurch folk never put two and two together like that. Nor did Clegg's own daughter.

In the many previous parts in which I have seen George Arliss he has always been telling and incisive and often humorous; but as Dr. Syn—and no wonder!—he has lost definition both as the clergyman with the double life and as a mobile scarcerow. He can believe in the fable no more than we.

I hope that this half-hearted attempt will not dissuade the cinema from smuggling as a theme. I can visualise a very fine animated picture, but there must be more action; we must see the "gentlemen" really at work and not merely hear about them; there must be moonless nights and "hollow roads" and brandy and lace and affrays with the excisemen; while the presence of the mysterious maniac with cropped ears who makes occasional bloodthirsty appearances in Dr. Syn should be omitted. Also, as it would be a reconstruction of the England of a hundred-and-fifty years ago, no one should allude to "Nosey E. V. L. Parkers."

#### Mass Observation

"So without further remark," said the secretary of our Observation Group, "I will proceed to read my report on the results of our first week of observation. You will note that I refer in each case to percentages and not to individuals. That may seem rather curious when there are only a dozen members in our small group all told, but it is done for the convenience of our Parent Body. It will facilitate their work in collating results from a great number of groups such as ours.

"And now for the answers to our first batch of questions. Beginning with number one on the memorandum for male members only, it appears from the reports received that 75 per cent. bathe before breakfast, 16.6 recurring per cent. breakfast before bathing, and 8.3 recurring per cent. breakfast in their baths, at the same time shaving one side of the face only and trolling —I quote the report—a stave of comic opera. Very often, the report adds, the same stave of the same opera.

"As regards the second question, it appears that 66.6 recurring per cent. insert the right leg into the trousers first, 25 per cent. insert the left leg first, while 8.3 recurring per cent. leap in—to quote the report—with both feet together, repeating the operation, if necessary, until a clean leap results in the complete insertion of both legs, when, with a bellow of triumph, the legs are waved three times round the head before inserting the feet in the boots.

"Question number three. 75 per cent. normally have to run to the railway-station or bus-stop, 16.6 recurring per cent. find time to walk, and 8.3 recurring per cent. crawl on hands and knees, sniffing the while at lamp-posts and the legs of passing pedestrians and barking savagely at cyclists and horses.

"Question number four, for bus travellers. 83'3 recurring per cent. make no remark to the bus-conductor except to ask for their tickets, 8'3 recurring per cent. pass the time of day if they recall the conductor's face, and the remaining 8'3 recurring per cent. pull the conductor's hat smartly over his eyes, pop a copper or two down the neck of his tunic, and punch themselves the ticket they require, at the same time rattling the conductor's change-bag and shouting 'Any more fares, please?' into the ear of the nearest nervous old lady.

"Question number five, for travellers by train. 25 per cent. like to have a window open whatever the temperature, and 66.6 recurring per cent. vary the ventilation according to the weather. The remaining 8.3 recurring per cent., on entering a compartment, open one window to its widest extent, breathe deeply thirty-four times, then close the window tightly and puff out clouds of stinking smoke—again I quote the report—from the rankest and bubblingest pipe in the United Kingdom. If, the report continues, any bladder-faced shuffling-seated insignificant cheese-mite of a fellow-passenger has the infernal impudence to want things arranged differently, he is liable to find himself bundled up on to the luggage-rack, if not under the seat or out of the window.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen," continued the secretary, "I think you will have noticed one curious feature of the answers to that set of questions, namely



"YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW I HATED THAT BUNKER."

"INDEED I CAN, DEAR. I'M BEGINNING TO HATE IT TOO."

that 8.3 recurring per cent. of them are always at variance with the remaining 91.6 recurring per cent. Moreover it is always the same 8.3 recurring per cent, that are at variance. In other words, to drop the percentage for a moment, we are faced with the fact or supposition that one member of our group not only succeeds in bathing, breakfasting, shaving and trolling, according to his report, a stave of comic opera at one and the same time, but then proceeds to leap into both legs of his trousers at once, crawl to the station or bus-stop on hands and

knees, and either indulge in reprehensible antics with the bus-conductor or make himself objectionable to his fellow-travellers in the train.

"I think you will agree that all this calls for some corroboration, if not some explanation, from the member responsible. I believe he is here tonight, and I will therefore call upon him to confirm his report in person. The report is signed by——"

But I heard no more. Unobserved by 91.6 recurring per cent. of our group of trained observers, I had stolen swiftly from the room.

### Do You Say Dorn?

In our youth, when, trembling but hopeful, we sent humorous verse to the editors of cultured weeklies, those editors used to write tartly in the margin of the said compositions:

"Do you say 'dorn '?'

For we had committed the then unpardonable offence of rhyming "dawn" with " morn."

The rebuke was just, the answer could only be "No"; yet the question, we felt, was not quite fair.

For if the editors had said—"Do you say 'mawn'?"

the answer would have been, "Well, since you ask, we do. For we are miserable Cockneys and have no 'r's.' And the fact is that when we say 'lawn' and 'forlorn' the sound is very much the same—indeed it is the same."

But that would have been no excuse. For there are people, even in the Southern Counties, who do possess an 'r' or two; and even those who don't are rightly offended when they read

"Upon the lawn A worm was born."



"Now, quick! Shall we say we were kept by a long telephone call as we were leaving home, and knew they'd understand, or shall we pretend we thought they said half-past eight, which is virtually the truth?"

By the way, congratulations to *The Observer* newspaper, which has at last courageously abandoned those full-stops in headings against which we have so often raged. Now the only reputable printer still guilty of this practice is the printer to His Majesty the King, and even he, I cannot think why, confines it to Parliamentary Bills and Papers.

But let us return to rhymes. Mindful of our early mentors, we have all our lives resolutely refused, even on the stage, to rhyme "Malta" with "falter" or "Britannia" with "pannier." And the temptations, believe us, in a lifetime of bardery, have been numerous and powerful. This single self-denying ordinance alone must have added several years to our hours of labour and by so much diminished our total output and earnings.

And who cares? Not many.

The admirers of the late Sir W. S. GILBERT care, we hope, for he played the game always. At least, on the very rare occasions when he transgressed the rule, he did it in such a way as to show that it was a conscious and exceptional piece of naughtiness.

But the authors (and audiences) of this generation do not seem to care two hoots. The great Mr. NOEL COWARD gaily shatters the rules and would falter at Malta without any visible regret, though I cannot recall any actual examples from his work. You may say that to his London audiences the sound is the same; but then his lyrics are sung not to Southerners only. Besides, he afterwards publishes them in books.

You might think that the serious poet would be more severe in such a matter than the mere light-hearted singer for the stage. Not a bit of it! The serious modern poet is much more loose and undisciplined than the base and "commercial" leg-show lyric-monger.

We pick up one of the works of Mr. W. H. AUDEN, who, they tell us, is prince of the new poets.\* On the first page our finger touches we see

"The shutting of a door, The tightening jaw."

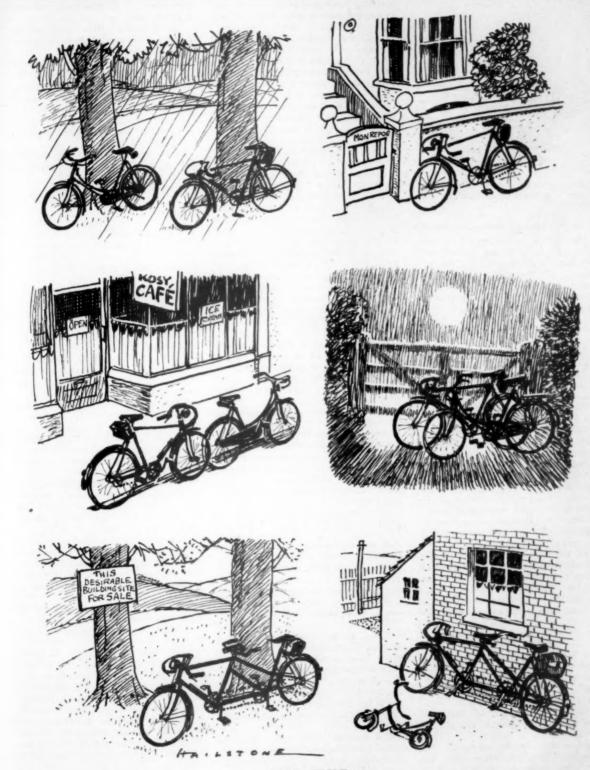
Another poem begins— "On Sunday walks

"On Sunday walks
Past the shut gates of works
The conquerors come
And are handsome,"

and lower down we see— "Pursued by eaters

"Pursued by eaters They clutch at gaiters."

<sup>\*</sup>And, since we wrote this lecture, we see, has received the King's Medal for Poetry. Our congratulations. But the lecture stands.



FULL CYCLE



"THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I REALLY BEGIN TO WONDER IF ALL THIS IS WORTH

Here is another poem of couplets, most of which rhyme in orthodox fashion: "fires — wires," "doors — "girl - whirl," "camp floors," damp," "bad—cad," also, by the way, "canals" and "rails." And suddenly we are confronted with

> "afford abroad.

Do you say "affoad"? Do you say "abrord"?

You and we may, for our diction is deplorable. But surely the sensitive and scholarly Mr. AUDEN does not?

We seem to hear already the hum of the highbrows like hornets round our head. Rhyme, they buzz, is an outworn convention, and the cultivated modern poet will not be the slave of it. He expresses deep psychological mysteries and discovers new aspects of beauty by the use of assonance and dissonance and crashonance and sprung rhythm and split beats and heaven knows what. He has not much use for what we know as metre and he frankly despises the pedantic rhyme.

All this would be more convincing if he did despise rhyme. But he doesn't. Whenever rhyme comes easily he em-. ploys it: whenever it doesn't he gives up. And that, Bobby, is the difference between his generation and ours.

If you really despise rhyme don't put "eaters" next to "gaiters," or "walks" next to "works," or "door" next to "jaw" in a poem the rest of which is founded on correct rhymes like "night" and "fright" and "date" and "gate." If you don't want a rhyme you can put "gate" instead of "jaw" or "leggings" instead of "gaiters." That will be more honest and give no

Mr. JAMES AGATE, reviewing Mr. HUMBERT WOLFE'S verse play the other day, expressed himself in very

sprightly verse; and he too, we're sorry to see, committed many crimes of this kind — "Diana" and "pianner,"
"Zilia" and "sillier," "properer" and "opera." He is entitled to say, like GILBERT, that he was being naughty for a moment and for fun-or perhaps that these offences were an essential part of his parody of Mr. WOLFE.

We hope that that most elegant stylist, impeccable in prose, whether grave or gay, would use one or other of these defences. For, if not, we must conclude that the new doctrine has now prevailed with every generation of English speakers. In other words, all the British race says "dorn."

We will not believe it. For is this not the age of efficiency and thoroughness and precise attention to technique? What should we say of the boxer who, having engaged to fight with his fists, let out with his foot when that became too difficult: of the steeple-chaser who ran round the most formidable obstacles and said that jumping was, after all, an outworn convention? We should say that they did not know their job, and we might say other things as well. And these, we maintain, should be said about the poet, serious or sprightly, who announces by his deeds that he is going to write a rhymed poem according to the ancient rules, and in the middle decides that they do not matter.

We may, upon this question, be in a minority of one; but that has happened before. We raise the standard of the Anti-Dorners, the League for the Prohibition of Faltering at Malta. And, whatever may be the cause of our ultimate demise, we trust that none will be permitted to grave upon our tomb-

> "Here lies Haddock, He died of Médoc.

Yet a couplet like that would be enough to make the reputation of a really modern poet. Heigh-ho!

#### The Omelette Feud

"Nor there," said Mr. Mohican hastily, checking his wife as she was about to enter the restaurant.

The commissionaire who was holding the door open looked startled and aggrieved.

Why not here?" Mrs. Mohican very reasonably asked. "It looks quite nice.

Her husband bent stiffly sideways from the hips, sank his chin into his coat-collar, looked at the commissionaire out of the corner of his eye, and murmured: "I have a feud with one of the waiters.

Is that all!" Mrs. Mohican exclaimed. "We needn't go to his table." She led the way in.

It would be all right, Mr. Mohican was miserably reflecting as he followed, if she didn't want an omelette: but I'm quite certain she'll want an omelette. And the annoying thing is I'd rather like one myself.

When they were inside Mrs. Mohican

said, "Which is it?"
"The one over there, with the sneer. But it won't make any difference whether-

"Is this one of his tables?" "No. But it'll be just the same-

They sat down.

"I think I'll just have an omelette," said Mrs. Mohican, looking about her. "Why, he doesn't look bad at all, except for that—that expression. I wouldn't call it a sneer. It might be

"Are you sure you feel like an omelette?" said her husband anxiously. "Not something more substantial? Not-

"No, just an omelette. What's the

feud about?

"Listen," he said with earnestness. "Before our waiter comes. Don't order anything till I've told you the whole intricate story.

"Do you mean that then I shan't want to have my lovely omelette?" Mrs. Mohican said, distressed.

Mr. Mohican was speaking masterfully to the attentive waiter: "We'll wait a little. I'll call you when we're ready.'

The waiter departed, looking resigned and unobtrusively slapping his book of bills against his thigh. Mr. Mohican watched him go up to the waiter with the sneer.

"There," said Mr. Mohican. "He's having a talk with Herbert nowthat's my opponent's name, Herbertand I know exactly what Herbert's saying. Herbert's laying six to four-

He stopped and swallowed, apparently speechless with indignation.

"Begin at the beginning, darling," said his wife mildly.

"This was it," said Mr. Mohican. His voice was hoarse. "I started coming here about eighteen months ago. I came in one night about this time and I wasn't particularly hungry, so I had an omelette. Herbert was the waiter. I could see he thought an omelette was an extremely foolish thing to have; he did everything but Nevertheless I brazened it say so. out.

"Was it a nice one?"



"SURELY YOU REMEMBER LITTLE DOUGLAS, AUNTIE?"

"I don't know. I came in again two or three times after that, earlier, and hungrier, and didn't have omelettes. Also I wasn't served by Herbert. Then one day I was late again, and there was Herbert, and I ordered an omelette without thinking. He brought it with the utmost contempt."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Mohican. "That was just the way he looked."

"Certainly it was the way he looked. That's what I mean. Well, I resolved to be more careful from then on. Even though I never happened to be at Herbert's table, I didn't order an omelette. For a long time this went on. Then one day circumstances conspired," said Mr. Mohican, "to make me want an omelette, and by good luck Herbert seemed to be away. It was summer, and I supposed he was having his holiday. Without a qualm I ordered my omelette, and instantly Herbert seemed to pop out of the floor. The waiter I'd spoken to was just deputising for him for a minute, and he went up to Herbert and said in a low voice, This gentleman wants—' 'A savoury omelette,' said Herbert contemptuously, and he went off to execute the order, despising me every foot of the way to the kitchen."

Mrs. Mohican said, "I'm sure you misjudge Herbert. He takes a pride in anticipating your wishes."

in anticipating your wishes."
"You can think that," said Mr.
Mohican, "but I'm not taking it lying
down. I've never had an omelette in
here since. I never happen to have been
at his table, but I'm sure he's noticed
it"

"This is perfectly silly," said Mrs. Mohican severely. "If you want an omelette, and I think you do, and I know I do, why should we be deprived of them just because of your old feud? I demand my omelette."

Mr. Mohican rubbed the back of his neck resignedly and said All right. Then he raised his hand in the direction of the waiter, who approached from the kitchen with a laden tray.

"We'll have savoury omelettes," Mr. Mohican said. His instinct was to add excuses, but he stifled it.

With the air of a conjurer the waiter removed the covers from the dishes on his tray.

"I took the liberty, Sir," he said.

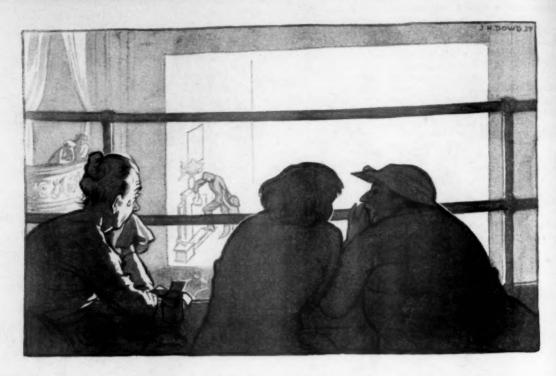
"Herbert said you'd be sure to have them."

Mr. Mohican looked across at Herbert. He appeared to be sneering. R. M.

### The Hospitals' Film Première

For the first time the voluntary Hospitals of London are combining in organising a Film Première, and His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent has consented to be present at the Leicester Square Theatre on December 7th to see The War Without End, which shows the work of the Hospitals and is of supreme interest. The programme also includes a première of the New Universal presentation, Miss Deanna Durbin, in One Hundred Men and a Girl.

The entire proceeds of this performance will be distributed to the Hospitals. Tickets (5 guineas (Royal Circle), 2 guineas, 1 guinea, 10/6 and 5/-) are obtainable from the Organiser, Mr. R. F. MILLARD, 36, Kingsway, W.C.2. Telephone: Holborn 3282; the Box Office, Leicester Square Theatre; the usual Agents and any of the participating Hospitals.



"MRS. 'IGGINS DO GET THE LAST DROP OUT OF A PLAY."

### Jeunesse Dorée

LORD, how I'd like to be in a pram, under a warm blue cover with my monogram in gold upon it.

I should wear a becoming bonnet tied with white ribbon under the chin, and a frilly bib fastened by a christening pin to my chest.

I should have a Shetland shawl of the best quality wound round my waist, and my legs would be encased in the softest angora.

Oh, I would adore a nanny to push me down the street on large black-buttoned feet, while I, with somewhat unjustifiable pride, periodically dropped my toys over the side.

How snug it would be peering out of that tarpaulin canopy, absent-mindedly sucking my fingerless gloves as passers-by cooed like doves at me and probed into my ancestry, commenting on my eyes and my complexion, looking at me with gratifying affection as I bounced aimlessly about!

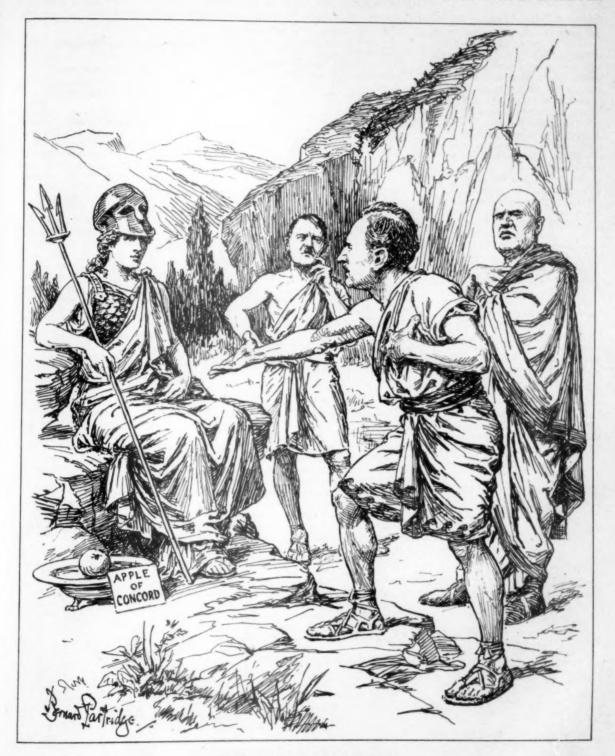
(I would have one yellow snout of duck's down peeping from beneath my hat. That ought to knock them flat!)

Think of the joy these cold winter days of reclining in a mobile chaiselongue, going you do not care where, your mind devoid of all thought;

nothing to be bartered or mended or bought or loved or hated or deplored; no question of feeling bored by the day's routine.

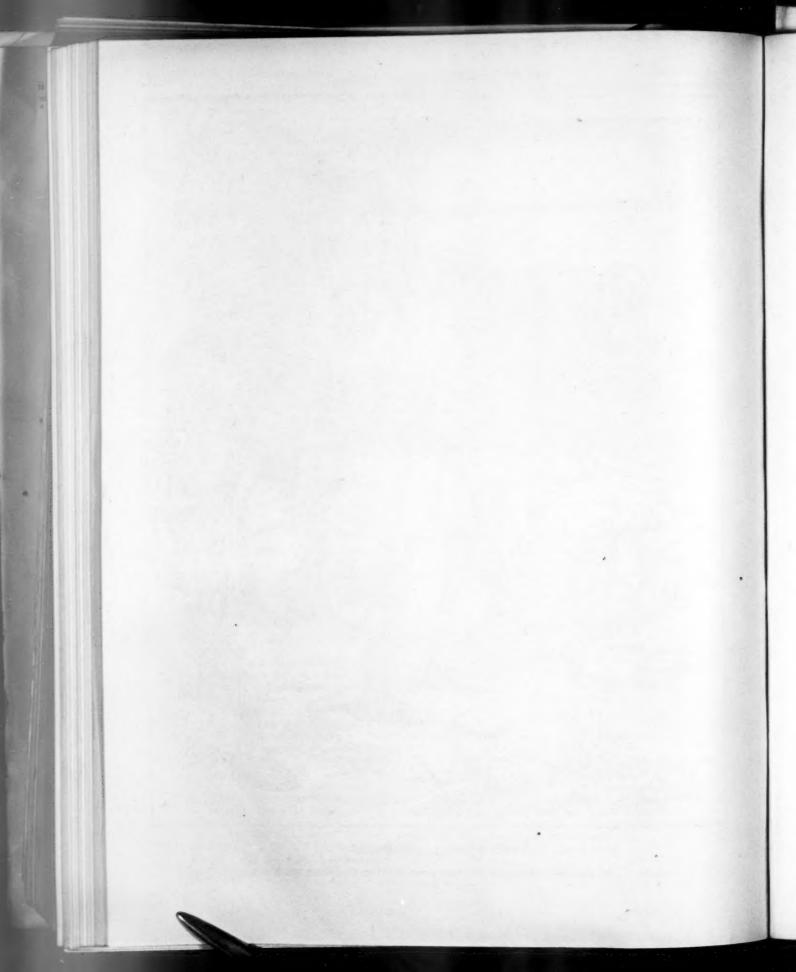
Oh, it makes me green with envy to think of all the babies (the little gabies) being carted like packages from post to post, as warm as bits of hot-buttered toast, as comfy and cosy as hibernating dormice or woolly bears; while I, who am just as nice as they, have more to do, further to go, and am far more tired, podge about in the snow on my two frozen feet, and nobody gives a sweet damn.

Lord, how I'd like to be in a pram! V. G.



THE APPEAL OF PARIS

M. Chautemps. "Surely I still have more attraction than those two?"



### Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week

Monday, November 22nd. -Commons: Debate on Coal

Tuesday, November 23rd.— Lords: Motor Vehicles (Forfeiture) Bill rejected.

Commons : Coal Bill given Second Reading.

Wednesday November 24th.— Lords: Scottish Farm Wage Committees discussed.

Commons: Debates Malnutrition and Socialism.

Monday, November 22nd .-Young men must still remember never, never to put anything in writing, lest the darling of to-day prove the gold-digger of to-morrow. It is a pity, for so dies the loveletter, already fighting for its life against typewriters and telephones; and if Mr. VYVYAN ADAMS had his way he would remove breach of promise from the list of causes. This afternoon at Question-time he asked the Solicitor-General if he would do it for him, but Sir TERENCE O'CONNOR unfortunately made it clear that the Government failed to take the matter seriously.

At its second outing the Coal Bill met with a slightly better reception. Although the Labour Party might have

The Terrier (to Mr. HORE-BELIEBA). THANK YOU, MASTER; I ALMOST THOUGHT I'D BEEN FORGOTTEN!

been expected to welcome a Bill which went so far towards putting their principles into practice, they condemned it as socially inadequate, while mocking the Conservatives for their conversion



"A RED, RED ROSE"

Mr. STANLET. "There's lots in a name."

to reason. Not content for the time being with the miracle that at last the royalty-owners had agreed to an actual figure of compensation (£66,450,000), nothing would satisfy them but State control of the whole industry.

The details of this ponderous measure were lucidly explained by Mr. OLIVER STANLEY, and no more could be asked. It was obviously no occasion for Derby Brights. He told the House how the Bill continued the sellingschemes which had worked so well, approved the compulsory amalgamation of uneconomic collieries, and, most important, arranged for the unification of royalties. Its results would be supervised by a new body called the Coal Commission.

As the Hooded Men or cagoulards of industry was how Mr. GREENWOOD, who has a fine dramatic sense, viewed the royalty-owners. He saw no good coming to the miners themselves from this Bill, which seemed to him like a slow-motion picture in which Mr. STANLEY and Captain CROOKSHANK deputised for Nervo and Knox. That the royalty-owners should do so well was bad enough, but he feared that the new Commission would be nothing but a mine-owners' protection society,

with no regard for the workers displaced by amalgamation.

Tuesday, November 23rd.-In the Commons the Sharepushers' Scourge, Mr. Johnston, returned to the attack

in order to draw from the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE a statement as critical of the security offered by soyabean companies as that which he made the other day about the mushroom-growers. this he succeeded, and Mr. STANLEY even promised to consider the advisability of commandeering the B.B.C. microphone for a few minutes' avuncular warning to credulous investors.

Mr. HORE - BELISHA, who will soon be canonised by the Army as the kindest fairygodfather it has ever had, pulled more presents out of his pocket to-day, this time for the Territorials. Amongst them were arrangements for the rank of brigadier to be obtainable, for two vacancies at the Staff College and one at the Imperial Defence College, and for an inquiry into the administration of the Territorial Army.

The Coal Bill got its Second Reading by a majority of 162 after a more interesting debate



THE FAT BOY OF ABERDEEN IS AGITATED

[" If President ROOSEVELT continued his present policy it was bound to have an adverse effect upon the economic well-being of the people of this country."—Mr. Buarusr during the debate on Malnutrition.



"The fact is my wife's uncle is using his influence with the Governor-General to have an airport established here."

than yesterday's. Mr. Gordon Macdonald saw merits in the Bill where Mr. Greenwood had sneered, though he would have liked it to go much further; Sir John Simon prophesied that it would directly contribute to the welfare of the workers; Sir Hugh Seely described what a poor deal he and his family had had as royalty-owners, and Sir Stafford Cripps, once more Front-Bench, declared that the Bill was simply substituting the industrialists for the old land-owning class.

Wednesday, November 24th .- The little red foxes of Spain have been heartily in favour of the Civil War, for it has interfered with the activities of the Royal Calpe Hunt. Now, however, an agreement has been made with the insurgents, and once more the Hunt sallies out from the Rock. Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON asked if it was true that the Governor, in a message to the President of the Hunt, had suggested that the future of Gibraltar might hang on the relations of the sportsmen with the Franco authorities; but when Mr. EDEN read the message it turned out to be not much more than a reminder that politeness pays.

The natural curiosity of the House as to the results of the Halifax mission to Berlin was left unsatisfied



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO

All We hear of Sir Joseph Nall Shows him as active as an M.P. Should be, by the P.M. All he would say was that the conversations had been of a confidential character and that they had been valuable in furthering the desire for closer understanding.

He seemed quite unprepared for the criticism with which Colonel Muir-Head's announcement of the personnel of the Air Inquiry was met, but after Mr. Attlee had pointed out that what had been promised as an impartial body was to consist of a Government director, a Government official and a gentleman who had been Secretary to the Air Ministry, he said he would discuss the matter with the Air Minister.

The most interesting speech arising from private Members' motions came from Mr. Boothby, who stoutly attacked President Roosevelt's economic policy, which he described as violating every sound principle. He did not deny that in a trade agreement with the United States lay the greatest hope of the world, but what was the use of a trade agreement with a Government which seemed determined to sabotage the present economic system without putting any alternative in its place?

### Sweet Yesterday

"I say, I should adore a really decent autograph - book," sighed Barbara meaningly. "All the girls at school have them now."

Instantly I was in the grip of a sharp uneasy memory. The sturdy defences of twenty years vanished at a twinge of misery and shame. I was ten years old.

"Here, you, do something in my autograph-book!"

My divinity was better at gym. than any girl in the school. Therefore it was but an added charm that a slight scorn of learning kept her in my class, though a glamorous year my senior.

An autograph-book craze was in full swing, but it was more than I expected that she would honour me with hers. My memory, which boggles at the retention of the most important facts, bears the useless image of that autograph-book stamped on it for ever. Reverently then I turned its tinted pages, glorying in my worthiness to add to its contents. At last I decided on my page-pale pink, which looked charming with the gilt edge. For two evenings homework and play were neglected. How strange that it was I, that earnest child, crouching over the hacked and inky table, biting the pencil or breathing hard, tongue between teeth, as that blunt pencil bored laboriously over the virgin page, the india-rubber plying smudgily and unremittingly.

I chose to portray a horse's head, full face, scorning the easier task of drawing one in profile to the left, which I considered too easy. At last it was done, painted and outlined in thunderous purple with what I called an indeliable pencil. Underneath it bore the inexplicable title—

#### "PEACE? NEIGH! NEIGH!"

This seemed to me to be the height of wit and double-entendre.

How would my divinity receive this offering, this result of so many hours' brain-fag, concentration and toil? "Look here—the kid draws quite decently," she might say to the older girls; or, "I say, girls, what about this for a brainy title?" might not be beyond the bounds of possibility. Hot and cold with anticipation of I knew not what, I gave her the book before morning school.

"Oh, thanks awfully, kid," she said with divine condescension as it fell open in her hand at my page (having been hard pressed into that position for so long).

I hung upon her face. I was breathless with suspense. I was a seething crucible of emotions.

She stared at my drawing. Her brow darkened. Oh, horror! She turned over the page and the following pages, frowning. She gave me an inimical glance and moved off with one of the

bigger girls. Clearly, intentionally, horribly, her words came back to me. "I say, don't let her do anything in Your book, mind! She's dug in so hard she's utterly ruined five pages of mine with her stupid drawing, the little beast!"

Ah, well! Thank Heaven we are only young once!



"AND DO YOU GET SINGING IN YOUR EARS?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;ONLY WHEN I 'UM."

### At the Play

"Mourning Becomes Electra"
(Westminster)

THE title of Mr. EUGÈNE O'NEILL's masterpiece, now for the first time being played in England, might mislead people into imagining that this is the stuff of Greek tragedy translated into the America of the 1860's-a story of doom and expiation and fatal necessity. But Mr. O'NEILL has drawn on all the intervening centuries. He writes after and not before the Christian centuries and the new psychology, and in the result the human soul, as it is revealed in this story, is more fully known and studied than in the Greek dramatists. This may seem a high claim, but those who doubt it have but to seat themselves at the Westminster, and with the attention necessary—an attention which soon becomes an absorbed interest-they can watch Miss LAURA COWIE and Miss BEATRIX LEHMANN revealing in the story of the Mannon family the darker places of human life.

"As in Adam All Sin" might be the text. The dramatist has chosen dramatic sins, murder and lust, because they lend themselves to the stage. His theme would have been as valid had he dealt in pride or The sins of the avarice. fathers, the jealousy of General Mannon (Mr. MARK DIGNAM), the egoism and vanity of his wife, Christine (Miss LAURA COWIE)—these things do not bring penalties from without, which are visited on the heads of their daughter, Lavinia (Miss BEATRIX LEHMANN), or their son, Orin (Mr. ROBERT HARRIS).

The evil urges survive, and are more real than the generations; and in the great last part of the play the daughter and the son realise that Satan may come in the robes of an Angel of Light, that what they had believed to be their fine motives, loyalty to a murdered father's memory and a zeal for justice, were in fact only the first tactical advances of something inside themselves working to throw down the obstructive older generation in order to have the world for themselves, a playground in which the same unscrupulous desires that they had witnessed and condemned in their father and mother might reappear.

Lavinia has worn mourning from choice at the beginning. Her mother



AN OBJECTOR TO "SWING" MUSIC The Chantyman . . . Mr. Philip Godfrey Captain Adam Brant . Mr. Reginald Tate



THE HAUNTED SURVIVOR

Brigadier-General Ezra Mannon. Mr. Mark Dignam
Orin Mannon . . . . Mr. Robert Harris
Lavinia Mannon . . . Miss Beatrix Lehmann
Christine Mannon . . . . Miss Laura Cowie

wears colour, for her mother is in command and holds and greedily monopolises the love and life of the home. Lavinia loves her father but has

to take second place. She would love the sea-captain, Brant (Mr. REGINALD TATE), and answer to the romance of his life and the call of distant islands, but he is her mother's lover. She loves her brother, but he too loves his mother more. Nothing in Miss LEHMANN'S beautifully-studied performance is finer than the transition when she appears wearing the colours her mother used to wear, brought to life by adventuring in the islands her mother had longed for and never seen. Slowly she realises that she is manœuvring and contriving death for her brother also, when he threatens to reproduce the shades of the Mannon prison-house and to become his own stern and jealous father. She realises that the light and colour and warmth of life are bought all the time at a fatal price; and at the end, when her brother has destroyed himself, she voluntarily chooses a life of solitary and repressed spinsterhood in the old home.

Much of the action takes place in front of the portico of this Colonial - style house, the Temple where successive sacrifice is performed, and the sailors, singing shanties, and local neighbours play the part of the Greek Chorus. O'NEILL has shown a fine insight in making the America of the 1860's the setting for his universal theme, but his greatness principally lies in his power of showing the different parts of the human personality warring with each other. This is the epic of sin, known for what it is, but too strong for human nature. It is the story of a bondage and a sermon on the natural state of fallen man -a work of art at once beautiful, explicit and profound.

"ROBERT'S WIFE" (GLOBE)

At a guess I should say that Mr. St. John Ervine had long had it in his mind to write a play about the divided opinions of Churchmen on birth control, as shown in the dilemma of a devoted and rising parson whose wife runs a clinic in which this controversial practice has a prominent part. But I imagine that the play never

got itself written until a recent incident, the imprisonment of a clergy-man's son for preaching sedition among the armed forces of the Crown, suggested another clerical theme. Neither subject easily made a three-act play in itself, but a skilful playwright could surely dovetail the two, showing us the varied excitements of a particularly clerical ménage.

The result is an evening taken up with the comings and goings, in and out of the Vicar's study, of his friend the Bishop (Mr. DAVID HORNE), of rich and poor of the parish, of police-men, of rival clergymen. The subplot, the arrest and imprisonment of the Communist son, Bob (Mr. DAVID MARKHAM), stands by itself. Bob is not very clearly differentiated. He is a type of callow undergraduate, and Mr. St. John Ervine is anxious that we shall accept him as an adolescent type, inheriting indeed from his father and his mother an unusual earnestness, but essentially not truly embodied in his present views, and therefore savagely over-punished by a long sentence.

But the play is not called Robert's

Son, but Robert's Wife, and most of the serious conversation between the characters turns on Mrs. Carson's (Miss Edith Evans) ambitions for her clinic—ambitions which conflict with the prospects of an immediate deanery for her husband. By incident even more than by dialogue a number of very real issues are clearly and fairly set out.

Miss Margaret Moffat gives a brilliant sketch of Mrs. Jones, the working-woman whose better judgment is overborne by her social superiors, so that a disastrous mistake is committed from the best motives. Miss Margaret Scudamore is extremely convincing and amusing as a rich woman playing with the idea of making a large benefaction but not in fact making it. Miss Edith Sharpe as Miss Orley, turns up rather premature trumps in the end, producing the money that the clinic needs on condition that Mrs. Carson gives it up and goes with her husband to the deanery; but her cheque is handed over and accepted before there is any certainty that the Rev. Robert Carson is going to blossom out as a dean.

Mr. OWEN NARES gives a realistic picture of a strenuous, clean-jawed, pipe-smoking, sincere and simple parson of the modern school, and he and Miss EDITH EVANS both convey the essential atmosphere of the Vicarage, a place of constant activity and successive minor preoccupations. Perhaps it is because there is so much bustling in and out that the play seemed so immensely long.

By the end of the Second Act we seemed to have known the Vicarage for weeks, but perhaps it is because the situation is insufficient. There is not enough at stake. Robert Carson will do very well whether or no he is made a dean, and Sanchia, who is a good doctor, will find scope, if not in this clinic, in some other way.

The real interest has to be found in the provocative suggestion of different points of view, and many fine arguments rear their heads for a few moments before being suppressed lest they should grow tedious. But very few of the characters have any clearcut or deeply-reasoned convictions, and compromises are easily fixed up.



"BUT I CAN'T ALWAYS BE TIED TO YOUR APRON-STRINGS, FATHER."



"Please, Miss, will the Rev. Peters do baby any 'arm, 'cos she's strong Chapel?"

### Scoop

I'm tough. I got what it takes to get around.

I've ambitions in the local Lowdown, and my headache is this—the Big Guy, my boss, won't go to the movies and see for himself what a Newspaper Girl can do.

Listen. One day I get to cover the Flower Show; the next I get all steamed up over the Boy Scouts. Some days they even tie a can to my tail and I give jam a swell write up.

Kinda gets a girl down, so when the Big Guy says to me, "Listen, blister, there's a Surprise Item attached to the meeting at the Women's Institute; be there on time and give it all you got," or words to that effect, I suddenly see my Big Chance. It shall be no Surprise but a Scoop for me.

I keep this right under my beret, for a girl gets no co-operation on this sheet, and in the local coffee shoppey I go into a heavy think.

Now this meeting is a tough racket run by Wee Peabloke and the Iron Horse, a coupla dames with big ideas in small spaces. We are not much that way about each other since some prize jam I wrote up 'way back and which nobody dared eat on account of.

So I am thinking till I scorch how far those hayseeds would travel to surprise—

> Kitchenware to Lucky Numbers. Free Beer for British Matrons. Ankle Competition.

But I do not get the circle squared. This is too bad, so I go pretty soon to have a look at the tin joint they operate, stopping off to see some local loofahs while going.

One of these carpents.

Hay in his hair and iron in his soul, he does me no good.

"Say, snakebite," I say to him, "you got any surprises around? Orders for unknown purposes? Strange bits of wood, huh?"

He gives no indication he's alive. A girl gets no co-operation around here.

I repeat it.

"Nar," he says.

I see this is where I get off and I beat it, raising enough dust to choke him.

I am no clearer after I see a coupla scrubwomen who wash around the tin joint.

One lets off a crack: "Interferin' as per?"

These words give me no pleasure as I see they refer back to this prize jam about which I heard plenty already. I do not go up in flames, however; I say, "Listen, pinprick, between you and me lies evolution," and I leave before she gets there.

I give Wee Peabloke's workshed a visit, but get no surprise there, knowing she sculpts already. The Iron Horse home gets a once-over for foreign poets, bearded baronets, kitchenware or such, and I am gumshoeing into her tooldump when a fist fastens onto my collar and I find I am with her garden guy who has a load on his mind.

"Welcome, glory," I say, stepping in first, which always pays. "Outa my way, earthworm. I got work to

do."
"Listen," says this guy, or words to
this effect. "Hit the skyline, sister."

"Listen yourself, nightmare," I come back, "you haul off—I don't trust your face."

A nasty smile trickled across it.

"Slide," he ordered, "or I'll throw you out."

I took a firm grip of the emotions, which were nasty, and retreated.

I then arrive at the meeting joint.
All over they got—

#### SURPRISE ITEM ????????

This helps. Newspaper dames don't get scoops falling into their laps around here; and this uncertainty hurts. So what? The door is open and I am inside so quick I don't notice Wee Peabloke around some of that prize jam which gets in my hair where ever I am around here.

When I see her I unchain a smile. It don't look so good but it melts my face.

"Swell day," I say, raking a sharp eye for surprises.

She don't reply, but makes a noise like she may lose control of herself any moment.

I continue: "See you got some jolt or other coming to your next social."

This touches her off. Folk around here just can't take it, but they can dish it out; and while she is trampling on my private feelings and dragging in this jam again, I am collecting clues lying about.

I get plenty. A cigarette-end, piece of blotting-paper, memo-pad and a candy box with something inside.

Soon she lets off a final whistle and I find myself outside. I am used to this treatment, and once back in my den I check up fast.

The box looks like it's got some secret, but, huh, it's her picnic lunch. This is too bad. The memo-pad just got "Fish, ½ butter" written on. I am peeved. A girl gets no co-operation at all. I am not keen on the blotting-paper, but I mirror it and the following hits me:—

Peace and War. Peace and War.

To-day 10th.

Flowers. Stamps. Mrs. Hobbs about chairs.

Surprise conf. home 3.30. Teapot.

I pick out what's good and am on my way. Conference at the Peabloke home, huh. I do the distance there to

I can feel the Scoop in the bag. I am calm, but I take a kinda new interest in things. I know I'm getting places at last.

I take up a strategic squat and look through a window into the Peabloke salon where I reckon to tune in on the conference.

What I see shakes me up plenty.

On the wall is draped a blue banner with—

"Women are Wonderful

An Address

by
The Editor of The Mudleigh News,"

and standing admiring it is my boss. He looks like he's happy.

"Yeah," he croons to Peabloke and

two other dames conferencing around him, "this'll get them."

My Scoop dies. For all I gotta do to get fired is to scoop the boss's own Surprise Item and then sell it to him as hot news

I let it all detonate around me when I find the garden guy is again with me, another load on his mind.

I am in no mood for this, so I

I guess it's just no good. Newspaper women don't get understood around here. No co-operation. Just the usual write-up. No Scoops.

Heck!



"My dear, when I heard what that couple were saying I could hardly believe my headphones,"



"The apple of our eye, Gentlemen—the strong room."

#### Horns of Elfland

I HAVE followed the Unicorn When the dew was on the reeds And the moon was a hunting-horn For the thundering stampedes, And the nights were filled with surprise And the days were rich with loot, And wonder dropped from out the skies Like a gilded parachute. Entreating, beckoning, warning, He leapt in the shadow of the morning, And the hooves of peril beat Down the young world's one-way street, And every pathway was forsworn Save the trodden spoor of the Unicorn. For he was life and the world's ranger, He was Love's image and the body's danger: His trail woke the orchis in the forest thoroughfares, And the prim crocus in London squares, And the kites crying in the desert sun, And the milk-pails rattling at Paddington. His thunder drew the dappled fawns From the mists of their paradisal dawns; They fell for the why and the how of him And the blaze of the crowned gay brow of him. The Unicorn, the Unicorn— His flame was high, his track was worn, And I was once so nigh to him As his own morning sky to him. But the light's now dim and the trace fainter. I have asked poet and player and painter, But they are sorrowful, they are forlorn Because of what has happened to the Unicorn-

Unicorn—
Because of what has happened to all of us,
Losing the glory, missing the bus
It happened to all of us; and you
What do you covet and what pursue

In the jungle glades of Fifth Avenue? Do you remember this busy morn The neat fleet feet of the Unicorn And the secret lore we used to trace The greener paths where he ran his race. And the flushed policeman searching for the Myth Loosed between Harrods and Hammersmith? O liebchen, he was bright as life, He was Love's prodigal, he was War's fife; Shining and magic as a new-drawn sword, He was the Call and he was the Word, He was Rapture upon the Wing, He was the everlasting Spring, Fadeless, flawless as the poppies pinned on The terrace window in Unter den Linden. He was the trumpet of a legion in the pine wood When we lay hidden in the Rhine wood-The deep, the sleepless pine wood, Shrilling, shrilling with urgent breath, "No more Rome—Rome's near to death! No more legions!"—and no more thrifty Idylls in the Bier Haus at four-marks-fifty. O Varus, give me back my trumpet! The sword's putty and the Spring's a strumpet:



" No, No, FIDO-ANTI-CLOCKWISE."



"Wireless says the fog'll be widespread to-day, Mum, so perhaps it won't be so thick."

The battle's lost and the leader's raving. Dancing in his drawers on a crazy-paving. No more pickets, no more Rome; The long note on the horn says "Home!" And hounds go by, sterns waving.

And the golden bowl is broken, broken,
And the bedford cords are loose,
And the silver spurs that were once a token
Are blackened with disuse.
And Time, the grim Adapter,
All handy with the starch,
Has made the fetters apter
For dinner with the Dean and Chapter
And the feel of a season-ticket from the Pines to
Marble Arch.

### Good Cause Cards

ONCE more this year "Peter Rabbit" Christmas-cards are being sold to help the Invalid Children's Aid Association. All who buy these attractive cards, which cost only twopence each, will be helping to endow beds at the Heart Home for Children at West Wickham. The cards may be had from the Hon. Angela Baring, Itchen Stoke Manor, Alresford, Hants.

"FAT STOCK SHOW FEAR."—Daily Mail.
Who can blame them with all this Foot-and-Mouth about?

"Mr. R. H. Carless and Miss M. Walker."—Wedding Report. Did anyone think of giving them a lift?



"Aha! 102-5! I've won the sweepstake!"

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### More Lords and Ladies

THE second and last volume of the Chronicles of Holland House, 1820-1900 (MURRAY, 18/-) is strikingly pervaded by the third and fourth lords and their respective wives; or, to put it more accurately, by the third and fourth ladies and their respective husbands. Never, outside the pages of Pride and Prejudice, has there been, one imagines, a châtelaine like ELIZABETH HOLLAND, for whom WORDS-WORTH was "the man who wrote about caps and pinafores," and off whose superb snobbery the wittiest ripostes of SYDNEY SMITH, Count D'ORSAY and MACAULAY glanced unnoticed. Her large-minded husband follows uneasily in her wake; and their son HENRY and his wife AUGUSTA devote themselves, in Italy, to diplomacy and the patronage of the arts until the curtain falls on Act I. Act II. sees "the social despotism of this strange house," as GREVILLE put it, developed under HENRY and AUGUSTA on more cultured and cosmopolitan lines; and to this period belong the Watts portraits which so notably grace the book's striking illustrations. Lord Ilchester, sympathetic annalist of "the dear old russet brick building," is to be congratulated on his tactful, generous and scholarly handling of the ancestral shades and their literary and artistic satellites.

#### **Baghdad Sketches**

Envy is not an attractive emotion. Nevertheless Miss Freya Stark must take it as a compliment if her brilliant Baghdad Sketches (John Murray, 12/6) arouse it by their beauty of line and colour. No writer on the Middle East excels her in a seemingly effortless power of conjuring up a scene in a few deft strokes. Her portraits, like those of her Armenian maid and Nasir Effendiand Shaikh Ajil of the Shammar, are as clear-cut and memorable as are her superb photographs. Men, women and children stand out

from her pages alive against the multicoloured Eastern background. A single phrase, as in the case of Yusuf al Mutawwaa (who spoke of his former slave-dealing, "out of regard for modern convention," as a "trade in dates"), suffices to reveal the character of a man. Good-humour, courtly manners and an art of conversation lost to Western people have survived in Iraq from Haroun Al Raschin's days. Miss Freya Stark is nevertheless far from being the sentimental traveller whose faults she justly lays under the lash of her reprobation. A heavier stroke of her pen from time to time serves to expose the cruelty and human misery that are veiled from less keen eyes by the outward graces of Eastern life. An unforgettable book.

#### **Beyond Horatio's Dreams**

To most of her readers perhaps EDITH WHARTON was preeminently the accomplished and subtle chronicler of her time: but there were probably some who cherished her chiefly for her excursions into the regions beyond time and place. To these the dozen stories which she collected and arranged into a single volume may well seem the best of her achievement. Ghosts (APPLETON, 7/6) was the title which she chose for the book containing them; but she allowed that terse and portentous word a large connotation. In "A Bottle of Perrier," for instance, there is no ghost at all, though one is not only potential but imminent; while in two other tales, "Eyes" and "The Triumph of Night," the root of the matter lies in the duplication of personality or in the temporary supersession, for those with eyes to see, of bland appearance by sinister reality. In one story the ghost, though never seen, is substantial enough to write letters. In another it not only walks but talks. But for the most part Mrs. Wharton avoided the explicit: what became of Ned Boyne and Kenneth Ashby is left to the reader's imagination. In a preface which goes to the root of an intriguing matter she writes that if a ghost story "sends a cold shiver down one's spine it has done its job and done it well." There is a shiver in most of these stories, but it does not make us insensible to their exquisite construction nor to the style, so crystal-clear yet infinitely suggestive, in which they are written.

#### World Politics in Ancient Greece

Mr. Compton Mackenzie is sadly fretted in *Pericles* (Hodder and Stoughton, 18/-) by dearth of material in trying to piece together the life-story of his hero of two thousand four hundred years ago; yet if he has to apologise



"THEY 'D NEVER 'AVE GOT IT IN OTHERWISE."

for gaps in the biography, his picture of Athens-her people, her festivals, her constitution, her way of life-in the days of her greatest glory is admirable. While PERICLES, with no hold over the Athenian democracy even from one hour to the next beyond that afforded him by the magic of his oratory yet controlled the state for half a lifetime. Athens remained secure and prosperous, assured of food and commerce by her matchless fleet. In those days the Parthenon was rising on the Acropolis under the hands of CALLICRATES and PHEIDIAS, while EURIPIDES, SOPHOCLES and Socrates walked the streets like common mortals. None the less the eternal battle between liberty and oligarchy was already engaged, and with the death of PERICLES amid the tragedies of the Peloponnesian War a glorious chapter in history was closing. The writer without perpetually pointing a moral yet conveys comparisons appropriate to our own exigencies, and without personal intrusion he enriches his narrative with detail won by his own intimate and affectionate knowledge of Greece.

#### River Rosary

River to River, by Stephen Gwynn,
Is a fisherman's pilgrimage;
Here by pool and by plunging linn
Goes many a pleasant stage:
Now we speed to ayont the Tweed,
Now to a march of Wales,
Now we gammon a silver salmon
In the land of the Galway Gaels.

Now we travel another road
Where rivers, the names are gems—
Colne and Windrush and Evenlode—
Pay tribute to Father Thames;
Or we steal a day where young EDWARD
GREY
Took trout, at Winchester,
Which in Itchen haven, and come to
Avon
Or Test, as we best prefer.

This beautiful book's from COUNTRY
. LIFE,
And there's pictures all the way

And there's pictures all the way
Of the chalk-stream's peace, or the
roaring strife
Of the Don and the thundering Spey

Of the Don and the thundering Spey; Roy Beddington has made each one, And to him and the author who

Led from bank to bank you will now say "Thank you," And I'll say "Thank you" too.

#### Bali-Mow

It is time that someone broke it kindly to the peasants of Asia that no private detail of their modest existence remains any longer hidden from the gaping library-subscribers of the West. The latest recruit to the Eastern-Earth school is,





#### THRIFT

Peebles Body (to Townsman who was supposed to be in London on a visit). "E-EH, MAC! YE 'RE SUNE HAME AGAIN!"

Mac. "E-eh, it's just a ruinous Place, that! Mun, a had na' been the erre abune Twa Hoours when—Bang—went Saxpence / / / "

Charles Keene, December 5th, 1868.

rather surprisingly, Miss Vicki Baum, and Bali is her field. While there she had the luck to make friends with an old Dutch doctor who had spent a lifetime studying the island and who showed her the life of the natives as no tourist could hope to see it. When he died he left her a pile of manuscripts, asking that she should put it into shape, and the result is A Tale from Bali (Bles, 8/6), a novel in which a clear picture of manners and customs does not interfere with a story gripping enough in itself. On

the one hand is a thorough introduction to a small group of families, proud, peaceful people, fine craftsmen, patient labourers, the men fiercely addicted to gambling; on the other are described the political manœuvrings between their feudal leaders and the Dutch viceroys which ended in the ghastly puputans or mass ritual suicides. It is a long book and Miss Baum is to be congratulated on a very neat piece of literary welding.

#### Hunting with a Sketch-Book

Mr. G. D. Armour, from the record of his life which he has put together in *Bridle and Brush* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 25/-), would appear to have found its seventy-three years mainly happy ones. He loves his art—readers of *Punch* have long known his work in black-and-white—and he loves horse and hound, and these two interests have been principal factors in his life. That has given

him material for a very cheerful, easy-going book which it has obviously given him no trouble to write, full of such good stories as win the tribute of a chuckle from the reader, and packed with memories of huntin', fishin' and shootin'and soldierin' in Salonikawhich all whose experiences have marched with his, and many others, will enjoy. He seems to like and have been liked by everyone save editors, for whom his only harsh judgments - in one case at least admittedly founded on scant knowledge - are reserved. The book is plentifully and delightfully illustrated with drawings by the author, PHIL MAY, MAURICE GREIFF-ENHAGEN, JOSEPH CRAWHALL and others.

#### North Sea Adventure

The young people whose doings Mr. ARTHUR RANSOME chronicles so delightfully each Christmas have already crammed into a few years as many exciting happenings as fall to the lot of less fortunate folk in the course of a long lifetime. Their latest adventure, as recorded in We Didn't Mean to Go to Sea (Jonathan Cape, 7/6), is perhaps the best of all. The redoubtable Walker family—John, Susan, Titty and Roger (too bad of Mr. RANSOME to leave Captain Nancy and the D's out of such a good show as this)—are invited to spend a few days on board the yacht Goblin pottering about Harwich Harbour. "Nothing can possibly happen," their host assures them when he goes ashore for a can of petrol. But with the Walkers on board the reader feels pleasantly assured that something both can and will happen. Just what does is told with all that wealth of practical detail, both nautical and culinary, and satisfying sense of reality which make Mr. RANSOME so unfailingly successful in meeting the requirements of probably the most difficult and exacting of audiences.

#### Official Capacities

If Mr. Henry Wade's The High Sheriff (Constable, 7/6) were considered solely as a detective story it would pass muster, but it would not gain marks of distinction. It is, however, larger in scope and far more significant than the ordinary tale of crime and detection, for it contains clever studies of moral and physical cowardice. Taking the background of a hunting and shooting countryside, Mr. Wade has brought the High Sheriff and the Chief Constable of Brackenshire vividly to life, and with these local magnates and with Peter D'Arcy, the Sheriff's son, it is easy to sympathise. But pity deeper still will be felt for Lady Helen D'Arcy, who, after watching over her husband and son through many anxious years, was left in the end with a terrifying problem to face. An interesting story and in a sense not a little perplexing.

#### "Slumber Suitings"

Elwyn S. Belknap, the American Pyjama King, had the misfortune to offend several fierce and implacable "sportsmen." It was in fact reported that he had shot a fox, and although huntingfolk are no readier than other zealots to see the funny side of themselves, it is to be hoped that they will pardon Mr. H. M. RALEIGH for his ribaldry in Sheikh Stuff (GEOFFREY BLES, 7/6). So conscious was Elwyn of the enormity of his offence that he fled from the English country-house where he was staving and enlisted in the Braggadocian Foreign Legion, whose activities were confined to Northern Africa. Having safely steered him and various friends into the desert, Mr. RALEIGH makes some pretty play with them, and readers

with a taste for farce that is never dull and often genuinely amusing should not hesitate to follow these fantastical adventures.



The latest—the 25th—volume of The Dictionary of National Biography (Oxford University Press, 28/-) deals with a period (1922–1930) which saw the death of an exceptionally large number of eminent British citizens. Haig and Rawlinson, Rosebery, Asquith, Birkenhead, Conrad, Hardy, Bosanquet—these are among the many great names to be found in a book which ranges biographically over more than a hundred years of history. Three of the lives chronicled here actually began in the reign of George IV. As a result the volume, most admirably edited by Mr. J. R. H. Weaver, is not only an invaluable book of reference but an absorbingly interesting study of a great age.



"FANCY, HILDA, A PAVEMENT-ARTIST TURNED FOOTPAD —THAT REALLY IS MOST UNUSUAL."

#### Charivaria

An inventor, it seems, is trying to produce a cycle capable of travelling backwards, forwards and also sideways. Many thousands of errandboys are wishing him luck.

This Side Up—With Care
"China Cabinet Leaves Nanking."
The Observer.

Three instances of intruders being thrashed and thrown out of the house by women were reported in one week recently. Vacuum-cleaner salesmen are now said to be hunting in couples.

An optician says that it is imprudent to read a newspaper while travelling on the Underground. It's worse than that—it's impossible.

A reporter interviewed a Santa Claus in one of the big

stores and found that he had a real beard and an Irish accent. This immediately gave rise to a fantastic rumour that it was Mr. Bernard Shaw.

A caroller has complained that a householder threw vegetables and coal at him as he sang. Everything comes to him who waits.

\* \* \*

Several old Roman medals of hitherto unknown design were recently excavated in Italy. It would be a gracious gesture to present them to General Goering to complete his collection.

The proprietor of a chain of milk-bars has announced a few days ago that he has cancelled an order for ten million Japanese drinking straws. That ought to be sufficient to show which way the wind is blowing.



"The problem of 'overtime' was acute even in the time of the CÆSARS," states an authority on Labour. Rome, it will be recalled, wasn't built in a day.

According to a big-game hunter, the native beaters of East Africa believe that no wild beast will harm them if they carry an Englishman's umbrella. Unfortunately, however, some of them do not realise just how fast it should be carried.

#### Entertainment at Which We Should Like to Assist

"At a meeting of the Control Board to-morrow Mr. R. W. Greene, who manages Wimbledon Speedway, will propose that, in the event of Bristol and Southampton being elected to the illustrious circle, all first division clubs shall retain two riders apiece and push all their others into a pool."—Daily Mail.

SHAKESPEARE'S statue in Leicester Square is now com-

pletely surrounded by supercinemas. It is hoped that the Shakespeare Association will retaliate by surrounding a super-cinema with statues of Shakespeare.

A man who stole a hat from a London shop was chased by a crowd and captured. He hadn't realised that there was a price on his head.



#### A Sudden Doubt

"Can you tell me how to cook brains which, I understand, my ten-months-old son should have?"—Inquiry in Domestic Magazine.

"The big men of rugby must put their heads together," says a sporting writer. And then a small man will attempt to give them the ball to play with, the referee will blow his whistle, and the process will be repeated indefinitely.



### Letters to Officialdom

IV .- Re Passport

To the Passport Office, 1, Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, Dartmouth Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

Ref: AKB/3032/F.O.P./1129/cc/gp.367.

SIRS,-I have received your reply to my second unsuccessful application for

a passport.

Your attitude in this matter is, I consider, inexcusably suspicious and is causing me a great deal of inconvenience. I said in my last letter, and I repeat now, that having to state on the application form "for what purpose" I intended going to Switzerland, I inserted "not decided," because this was the plain absolute truth. Had I said "for winter sports" and then, owing to recent injuries to both my ankles, been unable after all to partake in them and played dominoes instead, my declaration would have been untrue and rendered me liable—as it states in red at the bottom of the form-to serious consequences.

This reply being deemed by you inadequate, I stated on the second application form "for the purpose of enjoying myself." You now give me to understand that this, though strictly

accurate, is also insufficient. Since, therefore, you seem to regard my motives as suspicious, I enclose a copy of my letter to Messrs. Snow & Sun, the travel agents, which, please note, was written over three weeks ago and should not only testify to my integrity but will also indicate quite clearly why and when and how I wish to go to Switzerland.

In conclusion I would point out that I write under another name for certain newspapers and could subtly prejudice opinion against the Passport Office should I choose to do so.

Yours faithfully CHAS. CURSETT.

P.S.-If you would like to write to my doctor about my ankles I will send you his address and some X-ray photographs of the injuries, which were caused by a pig.

#### [ENCLOSURE]

Copy of letter dated November 21st to Messrs. Snow & Sun, World Travel Agents, Piccadilly, London, W.

DEAR SIRS,-Your advertisement in this morning's paper does not give the number of your premises in Piccadilly, but as I remember them to be on the corner leading to Vine Street I have put "Nr. Vine Street" on the envelope and trust this will reach you safely.

Would you kindly send me full particulars about the £12-12-0 14-day Winter Sports party leaving London (Victoria) 2nd Class (1st on boat) at 11 A.M. on December 29th viâ Calais-Paris - Dijon - Vallorbe - Montreux for Friedegg in the Galantine Alps? I realise that the exigencies of space in your advertisement compel you to describe only briefly the tours you arrange, but it does seem to me, if I may say so, that this particular notice cannot greatly assist those (such as my wife and myself) who have never gone abroad for winter sports before.

First of all, what sort of a party would it be? And should we all have to sit at the same table in the pension or gashaus or wherever we stayed? If so, will any of those people photographed "skikjöring at Friedegg" in your advertisement be there ?-because we don't like the look of the gentleman nearest the horse. Should we have to skikjör like that, all in a party, hanging on to each other's braces (or are they reins)? Incident-ally, who decides which of the party shall skikjör immediately behind the horse? I ask because I have just been bitten in both ankles by a pig, and should not like to run the risk of being further injured by a horse should my present disablement permit of my taking any part at all in the winter sports. Should it not permit, would it be inimical to the spirit of the party if I played dominoes instead? (I have my own set.)

As regards the question of equipment, I gather from looking at the advertisements that it will be quite correct (but not for dominoes, of course) to wear riding-breeches, a scrum cap, a béret or a sou'wester as the weather dictates, and two or three ski-ing badges on my breast-pocket (or where my breast-pocket would be if my bicycling cape had one) to show I

am a beginner?

Please inform me on these very necessary points.

Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) CHAS. CURSETT.

P.S.-Why is it so much more expensive for lit wagons? Is there much discomfort attached to travelling in wagons that are not lit? In any case my wife and I would not want to read during the night.



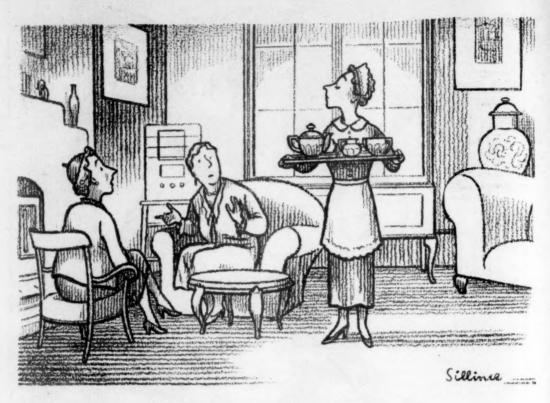
"Now do you see the way I want it done?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;It is the general view that the childless marriage is one of the root causes of divorce. That is not our experience. We find that in a high proportion of cases the parents have families."—Daily Paper.

In approximately 100 per cent., we should have thought.



NUTS AND MAY



"PARDON, MADAME, MOI AUSSI-JE PARLE FRANÇAIS."

### Ignorance

There must be some who do not know
That breakfast brings a gold-rimmed glow
To fields of crystal white;
That there are bonfires here and there
That hover in the icy air
And stay awake at night.

There must be some who do not care
That there's a red November glare
When crimson rivers run,
When earth and sky are red to match
And misty distance waits to catch
And snuff the sleepy sun.

There must be some who cannot hear.
Insistent in the atmosphere,
Leaf whispering to leaf,
Or see the weeping-willows grow
In tea-time's smoky shadow-show,
All ghostly in their grief.

There must be some who cannot see
The still unravished Christmas-tree
New fashioned by a frost
In finer forms than anything
That can be tied to it with string,
However much it cost.

There must be some who do not mind That there'll be aconites to find And flecks of snowdrop green; That dahlias have disappeared But lanes are loud with old-man's-beard And mud is crisp and clean.

There must be some who live in towns, Feasting their eyes on guinea gowns, Imbibing from a bus Choice civic sentiments and sights And rousing smells on Friday nights That are unknown to us.



THE BETURN OF THE PRODIGAL CALF

#### **Features**

As the possessor of perhaps one of the finest receding chins in the country I was horrified to read in a reputable newspaper this morning that at the Royal Dental Hospital they can now cure receding chins, "replacing them with the square jaw and jutting mandible beloved of all fiction writers. Of course, while we have a fairly unsocialistic Government I suppose there is no imminent danger of the operation being made compulsory, but it can only be a matter of time. The Government has taken up the question of the nation's health, and sooner or later it will take up the question of the nation's beauty. Receding chins will be first deplored and then, following a vigorous Press campaign, made illegal.

It will occur to nobody in authority that some people prefer to have receding chins, just as some people prefer to be mildly unhealthy. I have had my receding chin for many years, and I can honestly say that it has always served its purpose admirably. On the few occasions when I have been unwillingly drawn into a fistic en-

counter with a fellow-man it has indeed given me an advantage in that it has presented an extremely small mark for him to aim at. And it presents a much smaller shaving-area than the sort of chin apparently in favour with the Royal Dental Hospital.

But I am not pig-headed, and in time I might become reconciled to the extension of my chin if I did not feel strongly that it would probably be merely the thin end of the wedge. Having messed about with my chin and rebuilt it nearer to their hearts' desire, I can imagine the Government scratching their heads and remarking that there was still plenty of room for improvement. "The chin now looks very well," they will say, "but its perfection only emphasises the monstrous proportions of the nose. Let us also tackle the nose."

Fond as I am of my chin, I am even fonder of my nose. It may not be classical, but it is distinctive, and I should be more pained than I can express to lose it. Starting at the top with every intention of becoming Roman, it changes its mind halfway down and suddenly juts outwards and upwards. People whom I have lost sight of for years come up to me on railway platforms and in the street and greet me cheerily, saying, "You're George Ambleside, aren't you? I should recognise that nose among a million." It is a nose of quiet distinction, a nose of character.

Eyes too would sooner or later claim the Government's attention, and when they had finished their foul work on my nose they would smile

grimly and remark that if I thought I was going to be allowed to spoil their efforts by retaining my old eyes I was very much mistaken. In vain I would plead that I was perfectly satisfied. They are good eyes," I would urge. I can see excellently without glasses They would probably admit that individually they were quite good eyes, but they would point out (with some show of truth) that they are not a pair, and that one of them looks in one direction while the other looks in another direction. It would be in vain for me to argue with them that they were excellent eyes for quelling angry mobs, though I have often said bold things to big men in public-houses and not been knocked down because my adversary could not be quite sure whether I was looking at him or somebody else.

No, the experiments at the Dental Hospital undoubtedly strike a deathblow at the last stronghold of individualism, the human face. In a hundred years we shall all have our faces rebuilt to a standard design and nobody will be able to tell which is him and which is the other fellow.

"Accused Man Had Trombone
Payments."

Heading in "Daily Express."

On a sliding scale!

"Exhibition of Water.
Commencing Monday, October 18. And
for Three Weeks Only, at the Sarjeant
Gallery."—Advt. in New Zealand Paper.
Evaporation permitting.



"WATCH YER CAR, SIR?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;I HAVE SOMEBODY."

<sup>&</sup>quot;WELL, WATCH 'IM, THEN?"



"I KNEW THEY WOULDN'T LIKE BEING PUT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BILL."

### The Past is So Romantic

(Dedicated to anyone who writes anything about anywhere)

Time has laid kindly hands on Widsey. They told me at Snodfield Junction that the Pneumatic would take me direct to Widsey market-place, but it took me further than that. It took me back into the twentieth century. As one steps out into the market-place the spirit of the past comes treading softly at one's heels and one feels oneself back in the age of flannel trousers and old school ties, of "Tweed" suits and "Homburg" hats.

Away in front of one soars the façade of the now-famous Cosy Cinema, the oldest picture-house still surviving in an England that has so wantonly destroyed its graceful heritage from the past. Thanks to the efforts of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Cinemas this beautiful building, which was itself converted from a chapel of yet earlier date, is now safe for all time. Would that the same might be said of the Women's Institute Hut, the fine old timber building which is now the Bicycle Museum. The death-watch beetle is already busy among its beams. and unless the local branch of the Society for the Preservation of Women's Institute Huts can raise the necessary funds it seems that this building too must go the way of so many others. As one passes its sagging doorway one canalmost see in imagination one of those quaint old posters announcing a jumble sale, a parish tea or any of those other countless merrymakings of the past, at which, in the fine phrase of the period, "a goode tyme was had by all."

"A goode tyme"—that is still the pursuit of the younger generation of the twenty-second century; and yet, as I stood in Widsey market-place in the pale gold of the winter sunlight, I wondered how much nearer they get to their goal than did their long-dead forebears whose ghostly laughter still seems to linger among the rafters of the Widsey Women's Institute Hut.

The very homes of Widsey contribute to its air of belonging to another century. From the market-place one looks down long vistas of council houses, their roofs sagging at odd and unexpected angles, their window-frames and doorposts hanging in picturesque confusion. They built for permanence, did those master-builders of the past, and many of the Widsey houses, I was told, had stood through wind and rain for forty years before subsiding, graceful even in death, upon their tranquil tenants.

Some at least of the Widsey houses, it is to be hoped, will be saved for posterity before it is too late. The Society for the Preservation of Ancient Council Houses has been formed for

this very purpose, and in Widsey there is a golden field for their endeavours. Already they have succeeded in rescuing from an outlying farm a genuine twentieth-century council house bath which was discovered fulfilling the humble function of a horse-trough. If only this bath could speak what stories it would have to tell us of the days of long ago!

Perhaps it was in this very bath that Fred Snoot, the young Widsey chemist's assistant, got his idea for "Sylpho," thereby founding the fortunes of the House of Snoot, Barons of Widsey and Lords of the Manor of Cowfoot. Or perhaps it was there that that other great figure of Widsey's past, Lily Culpeper, first acquired that liking for water which was to lead her eventually to swim from Portsmouth to Cowes in a crinoline and poke-bonnet—a deed which rang like a clarion call through the daily papers of the world. Who can tell?

But on this bright November afternoon I had little time to explore the ancient charm of Widsey, for I was embarked upon a labour of love-the tracing of the old and long-abandoned tram-route that led from Widsey to Cowfoot in the days of long ago. "The loveliest tram-route in England," they called it then; but that was not enough to save it from the hand of the vandal in days that had not yet seen the birth of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Tram-Routes. In the early 1940's the fine old iron tram-shelters were ruthlessly torn down and the trams themselves disappeared into the limbo of the knacker's yard. Only here and there, adorning some holiday camp by the seaside, will you still find one of the Widsey trams, its spacious lines and the flowing curve of its stairway standing as a mute reproach to the builders of the present day.

But in Widsey at least they have not forgotten their trams. Alongside the ruined gas-works the last surviving tram-shelter has been turned into a little museum where the passing traveller may steep himself in the romance of the past. Quaint old notices setting out the fines for spitting and smoking adorn its walls; there is a complete tram-conductor's uniform and a wheel off the very tram which brought the Widsey Brass Band home after that triumph in the 1941 Cowfoot Musical Festival which is described so feelingly by Priestley in his Cowfoot Journey. And who can fail to feel a thrill at the sight of the seasonticket used by Iron-Shoe Jack himself, the last of the highwaymen? There is a legend in Widsey that once Iron-Shoe Jack got his foot inside a door he would never take it out until he had sold two vacuum-cleaners and a lifeinsurance policy. Perhaps his spirit still broods over the Widsey tramroute, regretting-like all of us-the days that are gone.

There is a guide at the Museum who will escort visitors along the ancient tram-route; but I preferred to travel alone with naught save my thoughts and the spirit of the past for company.

Traces of the road still show beneath the moss and grass which cover it, and once I thought I detected, very faintly, the very grooves in which the tram-lines had run. But though this is all that remains and though I was alone and on foot, in imagination I was swinging down from Widsey in the 5.30 workmen's tram with a crowd of jovial companions talking of the new play by Master SHAW and the latest achievements of the steam railway. Beyond the clay-pits we should be joined by a merry party from the suburbs, bent on "making a night of it" in Cowfoot; and with them would come perhaps a grand lady who had been opening yet another suburban sale of work. I pictured her wrinkling her nose scornfully as she swept up the narrow stairway. Ah, me!

On the long incline up Glassblower Bank a deep gash in the hillside still testifies to the archæological research carried out last year on the foundations of the old tram depôt. All the world knows now of that romantie discovery of a tram-conductor's pouch, its contents perfectly preserved by some miracle of good fortune. But the importance of this discovery to archæology has only lately been realised. Examination by the Tram Lovers' Association of the tickets found in the pouch has made it possible to prove beyond all shadow of doubt that the

fare from Widsey to Cowfoot was fourpence, and not sixpence, as Kleinschmaltz has so confidently stated. This, and the precise use of the buttons on the upholstery have long been the two most controversial subjects among students of the tram, and it is satisfactory that one at least of them has now been cleared up.

As one approaches Cowfoot along the curve that leads downwards from the other side of Glassblower Bank the road grows fainter and fainter and in the end it disappears altogether. Once in the long-ago it took the traveller straight into the centre of the town, but now the hideous modern buildings of the Cowfoot Pneumatic have risen in its path.

It is impossible to speak without bitterness of a town that could be so heedless of its glorious heritage; but the mischief is now done and it is impossible to bring back to Cowfoot the spirit of its forgotten past. The tramroute is not the only thing that has disappeared. The petrol-pumps have gone and so have the traffic-signs without one voice being raised in protest. Once in its history the town possessed a thriving branch of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Factory Chimneys; but that has long since expired, with disastrous results to all lovers of the past. It is to be hoped that the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Societies for the Preservation of Things and the newly-formed Society for the Preservation of Everything will soon attempt to educate Cowfoot to a sense of its responsibilities; but unless they make haste there will be little left there to preserve.

From the ticket-office of the Cowfoot Pneumatic I cast my eyes back down the way I had come. By some trick of the light I saw, or seemed to see, a

picturesque monster from the past swinging round the curve, its windows ablaze with lights, its seats thronged with the gay and happy crowds of an England that is no more. But even as I looked the vision vanished. The trams have passed away two hundred years ago, and with them has passed something of the old carefree leisurely life of the English countryside.

H. W. M.

#### Meet at Eleven

THEY were here on the side Of the down a few minutes ago . .

Hounds dappled and pied, And riders pink-coated and black, And people on foot holding back Their bobbery pack On leads, All sizes and breeds. The laughter and chatter As neighbour greets neighbour, the sound Of the whip's voice berating a hound-"Hi, Raffle! Hi, Ranger!"-That has straved into danger From the ribbon-tailed kicker; The creaking of leather, The clink of a snaffle, A whiff of cigar-smoke, a whicker From a fidgety mare, then the clatter Of a late-coming rider. And so They moved off and were gone Altogether.

And there's only The lonely And brown Long curve of the down, Rabbit-pitted, sheep-shorn, Crescent-cut where the horses have passed, And anon The distant Insistent Thin blast Of the horn. . . .

C. F. S.



THE BRITISH CHARACTER A DISINCLINATION TO SPARKLE



"WELL, MY DEAR, YOUR LITTLE DAUGHTER'S BREN DANCING WITH GREAT GUSTO."

"WITH WHO?"

# Legal Notes

"Being asked the way to the Workhouse by a needy-looking man, I gave him a shilling. Judge of my surprise, as a local preacher and lifelong teetotaler, when he turned into the next 'pub,' into which I followed in a useless effort to get my money back. What were my legal rights?"

This ghastly story, reprinted by *The New Statesman* from *John Bull*, has sent a wave of indignation through the English-speaking world.

I do not know what answer John Bull gave to the problem, but The New Statesman heartlessly made no attempt to assist the victim—indeed, it exposed his plaint in the pillory column.

Let me, therefore, do what I can for

At first it would seem to any decent Englishman that the suffering tectotaler must receive not only human sympathy but legal relief. He (we will call him A) has given money to a man (who shall be B) on the understanding

that B was so poor that he had no refuge but the workhouse, and did in fact intend to proceed to the workhouse. But what does B do? Not only does he not at once take a taxi to the workhouse (as A presumably intended and hoped), but he enters licensed premises, the very existence of which is odious to A. A follows and endeavours to persuade B to refund the money. B refuses. What is the juridical position?

We should have liked to hear the conversation on the licensed premises between A and B. Indeed, this fragment of the story leaves us inadequately informed at many important points. A, we presume, wants to know if he can prosecute B for obtaining money under false pretences—for a civil action, even if one could be successfully maintained, is unlikely to profit him much.

It is, by statute, an indictable misdemeanour to "obtain from any other person by false pretences any chattel money or valuable security, with intent to defraud."

"Under this enactment," the text-

book\* says, "five points arise for our consideration:—(1) the Right obtained (2) the Thing which is the subject-matter of that right (3) the Pretence (4) its Effect and (5) the Intent."

(1) and (2) I think need not trouble us much. There is no doubt that B did induce A to "make over to him at once the immediate ownership" in a Thing, that is, a shilling, which is eligible for this offence. If it had been a piece of real estate, for example, such a charge would not lie; nor yet if it had been a dog, for a dog was one of those Things or chattels which at common law "were considered of insufficient value for larceny." (I cannot tell you why.) But a shilling is good enough.

But (3), (4) and (5) are more difficult.

What Pretence, exactly, is A going to allege? How was he deceived? And did B intend to deceive him?

It is here that our lack of information is so maddening. We are not told, for example, what B was doing when

<sup>\*</sup> Outlines of Criminal Law (KENNY).

A pursued him on to the licensed premises. Was B (a) drinking beer, (b) eating a pork-pie, (c) playing darts, (d) buying a ticket for the Christmas raffle, (e) playing on the pin-table, (f) paying his subscription to the Loan Club, (g) sheltering from the rain, or (h) simply seeking corroborative evidence concerning the geographical position of the workhouse?

The last, (h), is most important, for B may well have argued that a man of such comfortable means as A might not really know where the workhouse

And then before the Court concluded its examination of B's state of mind it would have to ask itself about A's.

What caused A to part with his shilling? Did he think—

(i) "B is a poor man and needs the money," or

(ii) "B is a teetotaler," or (iii) "B is on his way to the

workhouse," or (iv) "B will at once go to the

workhouse," or
(v) "B will refrain from going

(b) B will retrain from going into a pub," and therefore I will give him a shilling?

And if because of any one of these beliefs the shilling passed, by what false suggestion did B plant that belief in A's mind?

I should inform the student at this point that it is not absolutely necessary for the false representation to be made expressly in words. "It is quite sufficient if it can be even implied from them, or from mere silent conduct. But the words or the conduct must be fairly capable of conveying the false meaning, and must have been intended to convey it."

For example, "without any deceptive words" to go about the city of Oxford in a cap and gown may be a representation that you are a member of the University. And if Lord NUFFIELD dressed up "needy-looking" and asked the way to the workhouse, that, I suppose, might well be interpreted as a false pretence.

But we have no evidence that B was not in fact needy or poor, so we must take it that he was. That cancels A's thought (i).

What about (ii)?

All that B did was to look needy and say, "Where is the workhouse?" I have, as I have said, the warmest sympathy for A, but I really do not see how he, of all people, can maintain that B's appearance and behaviour led him to believe that B was a teetotaler. There is nothing incompatible between

poverty and the consumption of beer; indeed, since A, as we know, is not merely a teetotaler but a preacher, he must often have remarked that the consumption of beer leads inevitably to poverty and the workhouse.

As to (iii), there is nothing to show that B was not in fact on the way to the workhouse and did not in fact go to the workhouse after calling at the pub for information, darts or beer.

(iv) and (v) will do A no good, for this reason: "The pretence must relate to some fact that is either past or present. A statement purely affecting the future will not suffice."

Far off in 1863, in the case of *The Queen against Lee*, the defendant obtained ten pounds on the pretence that he was going to pay his rent to the squire. "In fact," as the Court said, "he had no intention of paying it but meant to appropriate the money to his own purposes. But that is not a false pretence of an existing fact." And Mr. Lee's conviction was quashed.

So even if B had said loud and clear, "I am at once going to the workhouse and I propose to avoid all licensed premises on the way," he would be safe. But, in fact, as we have seen, he did not say that.

My conclusion is, then, that B will successfully survive a prosecution. There is no evidence that he was even begging: and there is so little evidence of fraudulent intent that I do not think that A will have much luck in a civil action. There is no contract. A made a free and, it seems, unsolicited gift, attaching no condition to it. In future, when bestowing a shilling, he should say, "Are you a teetotaler?" and, if the answer is

"Yes," get a receipt. He should then follow the object of his charity into a pub and wait till he has a beer; after which he may put the police on to the wretch; and I hope he will have fun.

But if I am right some further interesting speculation arises. When A entered the pub the property in the shilling had passed to B. Now, what did A say to B in his "useless effort to get his money back"? If, for example, he had threatened legal proceedings of any kind in order to extort the shilling he might have rendered himself liable to a charge of blackmail. If he accused B of a criminal offence B might have proceeded against him for libel; for B (on my interpretation) was innocent of any crime. What a pity that we do not know what A said to B!

A. P. H.

### The Lift

I LIVE upon the seventh floor,
The lift conveys me to my door
A dozen times a day or more,
Yet fear forsakes me never;

Not that the thing will fail and flop

And dump me with a nasty drop,
Nay, rather that it may not stop,
But carry on for ever.

Yet, often though I tempt the Fates, My face no flutter indicates, With fearless hand I shut the gates.

Of calm the perfect pattern.
The seventh button I depress,
I close my eyes and try to guess
What may be my precise address
Should the next stop be Saturn.



"How far to the NEAREST GARAGE?"

# Doggerel's Dictionary

#### XVIII.

TRESPASSERS.—The most thought-provoking trespasser I ever encountered was a man named Cowfinger whom I found leaning against a hedge in the grounds of Doggerel Castle when I was riding round on my bicycle seeing that all was well with the estate. At first I took him for one of the bailiffs, but he said, No, his name was Cowfinger, and he was just looking round. After that joke was safely over (he was a fat man, I forgot to say) we fell into friendly discussion. We began by talking about the prong-horn antelope, about which neither of us (by a curious coincidence) had any new information to impart. This discovery acted as a kind of bond between us, and we got on like a house not exactly afire but at least uncomfortably warm. I often wonder what has become of him. The War Office has now built a fragrant old-world aerodrome over the spot, so I am pretty sure that he isn't still leaning against the same hedge, or that, if he is, he is covered with oil.

TRINITY HOUSE.—I keep finding people who have never heard the story about the famous statesman who, in the uniform of an Elder Brother of Trinity House, sat next to an eminent Frenchman at a public dinner. The interested Frenchman asked what the uniform was, and the Englishman, in careful French, is alleged to have replied, "Je suis un Frère Ainé de la Trinité." His thunderstruck neighbour's comment was, "Mon Dieu, quelle situation!" I quote this story here because everybody should have heard it at least once, and even though it is not my invention it is probably someone else's.

TROMBONE.—About the trombone no less than about the banana the jokes fall thick and fast. Why this should be it is not easy to decide. Of course there is a resemblance;

"NICE AN' QUIET BAHND 'ERE."

both the trombone and the banana are comparatively long, thin and bent, and of a yellowish colour; but it does not go much further than that. Trombones do not grow in bunches on trees; you cannot blow through a banana with any hope of producing a musical note; trombones cannot be peeled; bananas are not made of brass. No, the whole thing is an enigma. (This, by the way, is probably the only existing work of reference in which the essential difference between the banana and the trombone is made quite unmistakably, not to say ineluctably—I never say ineluctably—clear.)

TRUMPET.—The trumpet is a comedian of shorter standing (as well as blowing) than the trombone. One does not laugh, I think, at a solitary trumpet, unblown; one seldom laughs even when it is made to produce forty consecutive high Cs; often one does not laugh even when it is muted vith a small brass bowler-hat, so long as this device stays fixed and in repose; but one laughs as a rule when the brass bowler-hat is manœuvred over and in and out of the bell of the trumpet to aid in the production of those sounds that it so efficaciously helps to produce. (I refer to the oowWAH-ooowWAH family.) Why one laughs I cannot imagine. Something to do with bananas perhaps.

cannot imagine. Something to do with bananas perhaps. Typing.—The legend about the amateur typist is that he never discovers his inability to use a typewriter until his regular typist is away and he cannot get a substitute, and that he is astonished and grieved, when he sets out to type the words "Dear Sir," to find himself typing "ddEA sSiR?"; that instead of trying to rub this out or take a clean sheet of paper he goes straight ahead with his second effort—

### ddEA sSiR? d DEE@4r siI?,,

—and furthermore that he actually wants to add to his difficulties by trying to swear on paper before he has a third go, thus—

## ddEA sSiR? d DEE@4r siI?,, odanmN dEARSIR&.

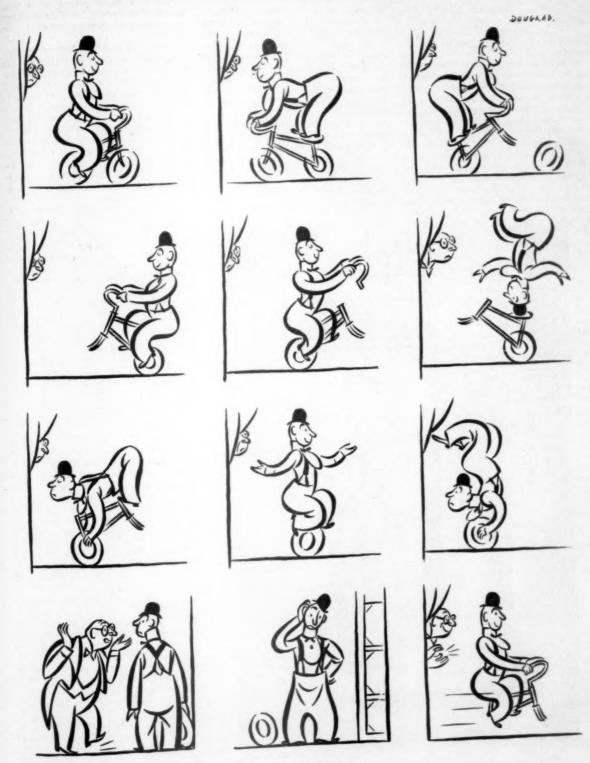
That's the legend. It arose presumably from the idea that the amateur typist begins to batter away briskly in imitation of the professional. Even if he did that he would probably jam all the keys into a bristling lump in the first half-minute; and in fact the average amateur is full of caution, thinks deeply before pressing even the shift key, and rubs out everything he does wrong. So there.

Also plumbers never forget and Scotsmen are generous. UMBRAGE.—In my recollections the umbrage I have taken is very much entangled with the dudgeon I have been in; I have difficulty in separating them and deciding which was which. It is fairly clear to me, however, that I have been in a lot more dudgeon than I have taken umbrage. For some people the activities are complementary and almost inseparable; but that's not the way I'm made. I may spend days in dudgeon and never touch umbrage the whole time.

UNLIMITED .- See VAST.

UPPERS.—So far I have never actually been down on mine, but whenever I hear the phrase I think of the time I saw, on a poster advertising some second-rate variety turns in a provincial town, the name of a friend I hadn't seen for years. He must have been down on his, I thought. That he should have sunk to this! The man who used to say he had saved a famous restaurant firm three thousand pounds a year by getting them to reduce the size of their lumps of sugar!—who was always happy by himself if he had a pound-note to read!—who used to make us laugh by his literal interpretation of the phrase "Efforts are being made to pooh-pooh"!

Well, that's all, except that I went to see the variety turn and found it wasn't the same man. R. M.



EXCELSIOR

#### Snooker

There has been, I believe, not a little delving into the past in order to ascertain if ever there was anyone named Snooker to invent the game that bears his name. As, in full, it is Snooker's Pool, there is a suggestion that one Snooker—a Joe Snooker, I should guess—was the first to discern the marvellous and multitudinous and entrancing possibilities which to ordinary Pool and Pyramids the six coloured balls contribute; but I am doubtful. The name does not sound quite credible enough, not even for a character in DICKENS. And as it

does not exist either in the London Directory or in the Telephone Book, I am disposed to think that, in the flesh, there never was a Snooker at all.

Mr. Eric Parteider, in his new Slang Dictionary, certainly does not think so, citing the word, under nouns, as a freshman at the Royal Military Academy, and, under verbs, saying that, proceeding from the same, it means to delude, trick, best, and to be too much for. This does not go back to the primal roots, but I find it easy to believe that a player once at ordinary Pool, finding that the white ball was blocked by a ball which he might not touch without penalty, exclaimed, "Well, I'm snookered!" and the name

of the new game sprang from that remark. After all, as Tom EMMETT said of the yorker, what else could you call it?

But in any case Snooker can provide inexhaustible entertainment, and I am glad to see that its popularity is increasing night by night. Compared with the exquisite niceties of billiards it may be coarse; but to watch Davis or Horace Lindrum is to realise how much thought directs each "pot"; how perfect—delicately or forcefully—must be the stroke, and what vast stores of tactical skill had to be accumulated before strategy that is almost satanic could be exercised and,

possibly, overcome.

As a game for many players, each with a cue and not improbably a glass and a cigar, Snooker can be merry enough. It lends itself to two things which are as characteristic of the British as any of those traits that "PONT" has been drawing week by week: it lends itself to amiable chaff and to that passion for offering advice which appeals to us all. There is no game exerting such a peculiar attraction to the sympathies and interest of the spectators as Snooker, especially when it is played by many. When the match is between two players only, such as the series now in progress at Thurston's in Leicester Square to decide the championship, the excitement, even although no suggestions are permitted, can become intense.

What would happen if we all shouted counsels at Davis or Lindrum, at Newman or either of the Smiths, I dare not conjecture. It would be worse than brawling in church. But who would dream of disturbing the sacred stillness which prevails on these occasions? Breathless and rapt, the spectators watch every development with an intentness that cannot be paralleled elsewhere. The silence is such—as our own Linley Sambourne, a master of the telescoped phrase, would have said—that you could pick up a pin.

I am not pretending that Snooker is so beautiful a spectacle as billiards or that it is accompanied by such skill. I shall always think of the best billiards such as, say, the billiards, to-day, of WILLIE SMITH—as the highest exemplification of human craftsmanship; but Snooker has this similarity, that after seeing Davis "taking the black" several times in succession and always ending in such a way that the white ball has accurate position behind it, just as after seeing WILLE SMITH at "the top of the table" game, we come away with the reflection, "How easy it looks!" and we continue to think like this until we handle a cue. E. V. L.



"I TELL YER I'M EXPECTED. IT'S A DARTS LESSON."

## Reminiscences of an Ex-Hooded Man

The French Government's revelations about the activities of the Hooded Men has given me a glow of real personal pleasure. Not of course that I approve of plots to overthrow the Republic. On the contrary. I should hate anything violent like that to happen (particularly to that little place off the Rue St. Honoré where they do such marvellous rognons à la Chartres). Vive, in fact, la République!

But at the same time I cannot help having a certain sneaking regard for the Hooded Men—a sort of fellow-feeling, as it were. Because, you see, some years ago, I was a Hooded Man myself, and I understand the appeal of the thing.

I have therefore been very interested in the accounts of the organisation, aims and methods of the Hooded Men and in comparing them with those of the body to which I belonged. The similarity is very striking. Apparently Hooded Manism is fundamental in the human make-up, and its manifestations are much the same all the world over. I agree that Colonel DE LA ROCQUE and his friends seem to have carried the thing a little further than we ever did, but then they had greater resources. They were subsidised by Foreign Powers and Secret Funds, whereas, to the best of my recollection, none of our fraternity had any money, except Horace and I, who both used to get twopence on Saturdays.

Nevertheless in general outline the nature of the two bodies is identical. We too wore hoods and met in secret places. We too were sworn to overthrow certain enemies. We too secreted arms and ammunition. We too were a slightly top-heavy organisation, with rather more executive officers than simple members. In fact we only ever had one ordinary member—a wretched person named Mike, who was both younger than we and had poorer parents. And in the end even he became tired of obscurity and cried until we made him Hereditary Librarian.

But although most of us held sinecure offices of some kind (I myself was Chief Stalker), we followed the proper traditions of Hoodedness and acknowledged only one supreme executive head. And that head was undoubtedly Horace. It was Horace who acquired (I never knew where) the shiny shop-blind material from which our female relatives tolerantly made



"I PICKED IT UP IN PARIS."

our hoods. It was in the stables attached to Horace's home that we met. And it was Horace who planned those terrific descents upon established society that made us feared in the district and gained for us the name of that-gang-of-kids-who-all-want-agood-hiding.

Looking back now, I can see that Horace had his faults as a leader of Hooded Men. He lacked, for example, the settled aim of a DE LA ROCQUE. Whereas our French imitators seem to have known roughly what they wanted to overthrow-viz., the Republicyou could never depend on Horace to stick to anything for five minutes. He would propose that we should Overthrow Choules, our gardener; and then, after a very little preliminary reconnoitring, he would decide that Choules's position in the greenhouse was impregnable and that we should go and lie in wait for the baker's man and Overthrow him by tying a piece of string across the path. Still, the thing usually ended in a satisfactory flight for our lives, which, after all, is as much as Colonel DE LA ROCQUE has accomplished. And in historic detail, having regard to the limitations, he was magnificent. Lacking anything as romantic as the sewers of Paris to operate in, he locked the door of our stable meeting-place and threw away

the key, thus making it impossible to get in unless you

(a) knew that certain boards in the side of the place were loose, and,(b) were not grown-up.

He had a nice feeling for pass-words, secret signs and decorations for distinguished service, and it was typical of the man that whilst the rest of us were armed only with catapults or water-pistols, Horace contrived to steal from his father a perfectly good six-chambered revolver. I have always felt that it was only by the mercy of heaven that he did not manage to conjure up a few cartridges for it as well.

It was only the disbandment of our League of Hooded Men which was rather tragically ordinary. We gave up wearing our hoods before the end. They were abominably hot (I wonder if the French find that?), and Mike used to be sick if he wore his for long. Moreover, on one occasion when we set out to Overthrow an old lady named Miss White and popped up dramatically from behind a wall in all our warpaint, she just looked at us mildly and went away and told my mother she had seen some boys "dressed up as policemen." We never admitted it, but that cut deep.

Then of course, once the hoods were abandoned, there wasn't much point left. One could not really set out to Overthrow anything with Mike, who was pink and chubby, unless he had a hood. . . .

Poor Horace! I've often wondered what has happened to him. I think he felt the collapse of the Hooded Men a lot. Certainly he would have given anything to have had to fly for his life, like DE LA ROCQUE, because All Was Known. But there, who knows? Perhaps Horace was in on the French thing. Perhaps he even is DE LA ROCQUE. After all, he was a born Chief Hooded Man if ever there was one. And the name has the true ring of Horace-invention.

They can then be thrown away when ready to serve.

<sup>&</sup>quot;When cooked, bananas become rather tasteless, and if using them in made-up dishes, it is best to choose recipes which do not involve eating them."—Local Paper.

<sup>&</sup>quot;In a note on the new Liberal pocket diary issued by the Liberal party organisation the price of the cloth-covered diary was given as 1s. 3d.; the price should have been 1s. 3d."—Provincial Paper.

Never mind what it should have been: what was it?



"If only some of those ruddy petrol-stations had had a little initiative instead of all huddling together on the Brighton Road!"

### All In Good Time

Time robs us of so many things—
Teeth, and youthful caperings,
and the certainty that one is always right,
that black is black and not just dirty white.
It robs one of one's hair,
and the ability to stand with one leg in the air
to do up one's shoe-laces;
and a desire to make funny faces
at oneself in the glass;
and a wish to play the silly ass
with cars and aeroplanes and guns;
and a leaning towards cream-buns.

But there are some things which I defy even Time to appropriate. For instance, I possess a small china cat which I purchased at a fête in Morecambe Bay. I know I am perpetually throwing it away, and it always reappears! It has lost its tail and its ears, and I don't like it a bit, but I can't get rid of it.

Then there are two artificial flowers made of felt which I bought in 1929, and a belt in the last stages of decay; and a badly hand-painted tray given me at my confirmation by Aunt Mabel. It has lain on the hall-table ever since,

and I wince
whenever I see the beastly thing.
I have also a ring
made out of an ordinary pebble. It was given to me
by someone on the beach at West Wittering-on-Sea
(in romantic circumstances, I confess,
but nevertheless
I would love to have it mislaid).

No, really, it makes me quite afraid the way things cling to me like ivy to a wall. I can't understand it at all!

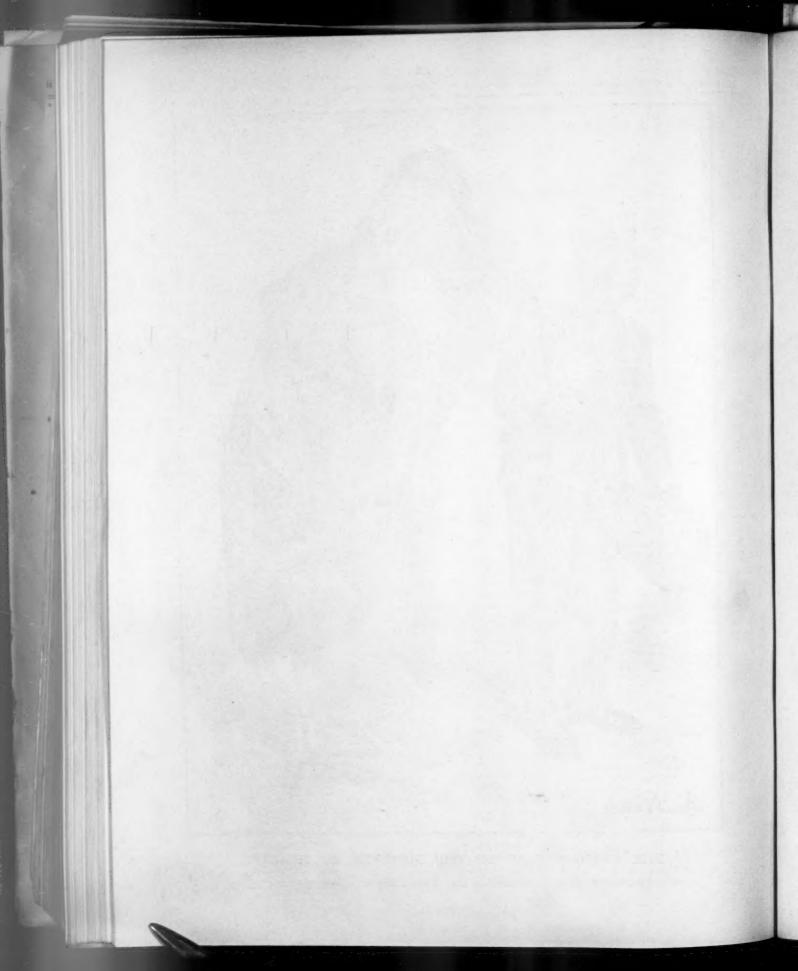
Now I know that if I go and open that drawer, four mahjong rests will be crouching inside, and a bound edition of Time and Tide, and a half-knitted shooting stocking (I bought the wool years ago in Docking). And although I am quite, quite sure that I have given that miniature of Claire's mother back to Claire, you see, it will be there!

Time, they say, is a thief, but it would be such a relief if, instead of robbing me of my teeth and hair, it would steal George's volume of *The Corsair*. Ah! if only it would give me my digestion back in exchange for this intolerable bric-à-brac. V. (



THE CURIOUS CASE OF THE MINISTER OF HEALTH

The Stork. "Are you quite sure, my dear Watson, that we're really popular?"



it may confidently be assumed that

the House has not heard the end of

When Sir KINGSLEY WOOD intro-

the seventh of May.

A.R.P.

## Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week

Monday, November 29th. - Commons: Population (Statistics) Bill given Second Reading.

Tuesday, November 30th.— Lords: National Health Insur-ance (Juvenile Contributors) Bill given Second Reading.

Commons: Air Raid Precautions Bill taken in Com-

Wednesday, December 1st. -Lords: Debate on Cost of Living.

Commons: Debates on Pensions in Industry and Amenities of Glasgow.

Monday, November 29th.— What did the B.B.C. do on the seventh of May? One answer is, obviously, it broadcast; but that there was another and more sinister answer, charged with who knew what blasphemy to the reverend shades of Langham Place, was implicit in the solemn emphasis with which Mr. DE LA BERE, as is his practice, hurled this question not once but twice this afternoon at the P.M.G., who took no notice of it at all. Nothing, however, encourages the Member for Evesham so much as being ignored by the Front

Bench, as he proved last summer during his great eggs-and-milk campaign; and

REHEARSING THE WESTMINSTER PANTOMIME

P. C. Montague. "What's this for? To throw in THE PUBLIC'S EYES?"

> duced the Government's Bill to authorise local registrars to ask intimate questions of those who come to record births and deaths, he may have lacked his customary assurance but he probably had little idea of the hornet's nest which lay in his path.

He defended the aims of the Bill as well as he could. From 1871 to 1933, he explained, the birth-rate in this country had steadily declined; the experts needed fertility-statistics in order to get at the root-cause of the trouble; all but three of the matters specified had already been the subject of Census inquiries, and answers would be treated as confidential.

After Mr. PETHICK-LAWBENCE had opened the attack by condemning the schedule of the Bill as too ambiguous, Mr. KINGSLEY GRIFFITH raked it with a witty speech in which he described it as a typical product of the official and expert mind that wanted to collect facts as some people collected omnibus tickets. And though in a neat maiden speech Lady Davidson spoke up for the value of the data asked for, this was only a small lull before the vials of Mr. A. P. HERBERT'S wrath burst upon a delighted House.

That he viewed the measure as a deplorable instance of bureaucratic desire to invade for no reasonable purpose the privacy of the English

home would have gone without saying, though he said it with point and force; but, having ridiculed many of the scheduled questions and assured the House that those few which were justifiable could much more easily be answered during a Census, he branched out into a survey of comparative fertility and legitimacy which was as wide as it was broad, and finished up by working off thirty-two lines of his own verses on to a weeping Legislature, on the impudent pretext that they were a memorandum.

Several Members later put in a word for the Bill, but the Labour Party took turns in pointing out that there was no need to look further than (a) poverty and (b) lack of security for causes of the drop in population, and it was generally felt that "A. P. H." had dealt the Bill a blow from which it could only recover in a very different

shape.

Tuesday, November 30th .-We were right about Mr. DE LA BERE. It begins to look as if he has something concrete on his mind, for at the end of Questions



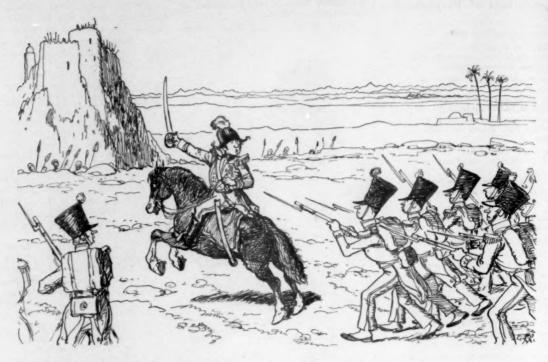
REHEARSING THE WESTMINSTER PANTOMIME

Mr. A. P. HERBERT BRINGS DOWN THE



BELLAHOUSTON PARK PROSPECTS FORECAST-WET

Mr. THOMAS JOHNSTON AND Mr. ELLIOT



"Now then, my lads! The first to reach the top will receive a signed copy of my book 'An Old Campaigner Looks Back.'"

he capped an apparently innocent reply of Mr. Ormsby-Gore's about grants to the widows of deceased inspectors on the Gold Coast with yet another stern demand for information as to the movements of the B.B.C. on the seventh of May. Sooner or later he will have to be told, and the Government may as well give in.

When the Air Raid Precautions Bill was taken in Committee it met with a good many minor criticisms and the awful prophecy from Mr. MONTAGUE that the pantomimes this Christmas would contain Widow Twankeys made up as the UNDER-SECRETARY and equipped with buckets of sand; but Mr. LLOYD made another comforting speech, in which, while heartily agreeing that complete security in air-raids was an impossible ideal, he showed confidence in the gas-proof room and the respirator. Defending trial "blackouts," he told the House how, in the test held recently at Chatham, pilots baulked by a slight mist had been unable to find the Thames. Pleasant hearing.

Wednesday, December 1st.—There was a good little debate in the Lords

this afternoon about the increase in the cost of living, Lord Faringdon, who raised the question, anxiously comparing the  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. which wages had risen since 1933 with the  $12\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. rise in food prices in the same period.

Lord Horne, however, refused to see any cause for alarm in this and cited the Macmillan Committee, which had pointed to low prices as the primary cause of the depression, and the present economic landslide in America, which had its origin in a sharp drop in commodity prices. Prices in this country had not yet gone back, he said, to their 1928–1929 levels, which were regarded by both the Macmillan Committee and Sir Athur Salter as the ideal.

Lord SNELL was naturally quick to suggest that the slump could not have been due to low prices as well as to the Labour Government; and in reply Lord Hutchison agreed that a tenshilling pension was not enough for old people, though it was fixed when the cost of living was much higher than it was to-day.

On the motion of Mr. GORDON MACDONALD pensions were also dis-

cussed in the Commons. He urged that the latest pension scheme of the Labour Party should be adopted. Arranged on a contributory basis, this would allow £1 a week to a man of 65, or thirty-five shillings if his wife was over 55, and the extra cost would be about £85,000,000.

The motion brought several interesting speeches on both sides, but Colonel Colville had to remind the House that the cost of Old Age and Widows' Pensions was already £92,000,000, a little over a quarter of what was spent on the social services, which in themselves absorbed far more than under any previous Administration.

The Empire Exhibition, which is to take place in the "dry" area of Glasgow, is to draw visitors from all over the world, it is hoped, yet the temperance workers of Scotland are furious that temporary licences should be allowed. The comments of intelligent foreigners prevented from buying a glass of beer would have been good to hear, but on the whole it is probably as well for the reputation of Glasgow that the House gave a Second Reading this evening to the Bill sanctioning the licences.

## Publicity

ALIKE for those that top the social scene
To the mere scourings of our human dregs
Tidings: Miss Blanky, famous on the screen,
Has, on this day of days, insured her legs.

From Hollywood the goodly message came; From East to West it flew, from South to North; It cast new glamour on the Blanky fame And on the Agency that put it forth.

Kings heard it, shaken on their public thrones; Dictators paused a moment in disgust; Prelates and politicians made no bones, For once, about the fact that they were dust.

The boxer stayed his punching of the ball; The very football pro, so lately sold And for how many thousands, felt quite small, And some Stage critics went all over cold.

But thinkers of the latest thing in thought, Men of High Art, whom there are few to praise, New teachers in a world that won't be taught, And poets, gravid with unpublished lays,

And persons of a mere inventive mind, Fain of advertisement but faint of hope, Eager, in vain, to palm off some new kind Of fountain-pen, of tonic, or of soap,

To such as these, to all that seek a boom,

The word revived old dreams of fame and dross,
While still they question with increasing gloom

Just how this sort of thing is put across.

From Hollywood, alone from Hollywood Wonders like these get blazoned far and near; To Hollywood, to dauntless Hollywood Let such be left; they'll never work it here.

In that bright spot is nothing done by halves,
But not so here; whate'er the reason be,
A future bishop might insure his calves,
But would it land him nearer to the see?

Dum-Dum.



"Now, Sir, QUICK! THAT'S THE BEST VIEW OF 'ER."

## At the Play

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL'
(QUEEN'S)

THE production of The School for Scandal at the Queen's Theatre makes the famous old comedy go with a swing from first to last. It is enjoyable, meeting that love of the familiar which is one of our marked national characteristics. The assembling of so much talent in the Company and the swiftmoving production have the effect of throwing a powerful light on the structure and substance of the play; and it leaves the impression that there is enough, but only just enough, in the piece to support these high-pressure methods.

Joseph Surface (Mr. John Giel-Gud) suffers as a character from too passive a rôle. His part in the play is to be unmasked firmly and finally, and he goes to his doom struggling feebly. Mr. John Giel-Gud makes him an obviously smooth-spoken and deceitful fellow, who enjoys what success he does enjoy not so much from his cleverness as from the extreme simplicity of his chief dupes, Sir Peter Teazle and Lady Teazle. His subterfuges are not very deep, and Sir Oliver Surface "catches him out" with-

out difficulty or resistance. In appearance Joseph and Charles Surface are admirably contrasted. Mr. GIELGUD's Joseph is pale, tight-lipped, with a gleaming and reserved eye. Mr. MICHAEL REDGRAVE'S Charles is an open-air man, an obviously hard rider whose exercise offsets his nightly gaming and riotous living. Mr. REDGRAVE succeeds completely in realising the dramatist's intention that we should like Charles in spite of the wild courses of a youth which we are meant to take as a prelude to settling down. But the fate of the brothers loses dramatic excitement from the easy good-nature of their rich uncle and the smallness of the society in which they live. All these people have a good deal of money, and while they are small-minded and ill-natured they are so open to flattery that young men of parts have indeed to be unfortunate if they cannot make provision for them-

Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE showed a Sir Peter Teazle with-

out much natural fire, an elderly and disillusioned man, and Miss Peggy Ashcroft makes Lady Teazle very much the over-promoted girl from the country. High society has gone to her



HIS PUPIL FROM THE COUNTRY

Lady Teazle . . . MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT

Joseph Surface . . . MR. JOHN GIELGUD

head in these first few months of marriage and wealth. But they are a far from formidable couple, and they accentuate a note of triviality and silliness which all the time threatens the effectiveness of the satire by the insignificance of the persons satirised. The best parts of the play come

when Miss ATHENE SEYLER is on the stage as Mrs. Candour. She brings with her an exuberance and a gay vigour otherwise rare in the performance. She enjoys herself hugely in the part and communicates her enjoyment. She is admirably supported by Mr. George Howe as Crabtree, and Mr. GLEN BYAM SHAW as Sir Benjamin Backbite. They rush hither and thither, and their dresses very cleverly have just that touch about them which suggests brightlycoloured insects—not very pleasant, perhaps, but immensely vital. Old Crabtree in particular is remarkable for the way in which he gets the very most out of a somewhat limited range of interests. He lives for the gossip of the town and thrives on the diet. In the face of such enjoyment censoriousness is difficult, and scandal seems justified in its old children when Crabtree and Backbite and Mrs. Candour tell each other all the details of the duel they imagine Sir Peter to have fought. The pleasure they get from feeling

that they are in the inner circle which knows is intense. When they find out their mistakes they quickly turn to something else; and meanwhile no one is really the worse.

The hangers-on of this idle society—Moses, the money-lender, Snake, the honest but grubby Rowley—are all drab dogs, but even they become sons of joy at the very end. For the final curtain is made the occasion for an unexpected liveliness on the part of all the Company. They do not stand in a row to bow and smirk, but dance in and out of the wings like fauns in Spring-Curtain-calls need variety like

"PEOPLE AT SEA" (APOLLO)

Pipes have always had a fatal fascination for Mr. PRIESTLEY. Smoked firmly, persistently but without ostentation they have given us, in play after play, an immediate clue to the soundest, the sanest, the most capable man in the piece; they serve as the badge of dependability. Philosophy, which goes so well with tobacco, is a newer growth but it is rapidly making up for lost time. In People at Sea



A LESSON IN USURY

Sir Peter Teazle . . Mr. Leon Quartermaine Sir Oliver Surface . . Mr. Frederick Lloyd Moses . . . . . . Mr. George Devine there is a large pipe and a little philosophy. Professor Pawlet smokes the pipe and puffs out little smokerings about Reality—nothing that would have kept F. H. BRADLEY awake, you understand, but enough

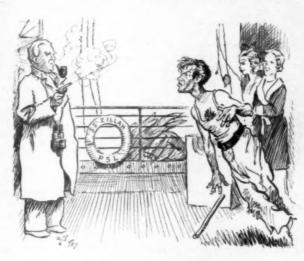
to make the audience feel that down in their intellects something is on the point of stirring. However, the philosophy in this play doesn't matter a farthing one way or the other. This is a nice entertaining piece of melodrama on more or less conventional lines. One feels that Mr. PRIESTLEY probably threw it off one wet afternoon between lunch and tea, or between pipes perhaps-and in doing so achieved a better thing than most playwrights would manage in six months.

Eleven persons find themselves stranded on a derelict ship in the Caribbean—to wit, one Fourth Officer, one stock American financier and daughter, one ditto steward (Cockney and cringing), one elderly lady of excellent family and unruffled

demeanour (Miss MARJORIE FIELDING plays these parts to perfection), one wireless operator, one film actress who drugs, one author who drinks, and the people who really matter-an Irish stoker who also drinks, an exslum orphanage girl, a "man without a country," and a Professor of Philosophy who smokes. That seems to make twelve, but it doesn't matter. (I also see from the programme that the girl I firmly believed to be the American financier's daughter was nothing of the kind, though I cannot for the life of me see why she should not have been. Possibly the man was not married, but it doesn't matter.)

Put this collection together on a partially burnt-out boat, with the propect of certain death if a storm springs up, and observe their reactions. To describe what happens is not my business; Mr. PRIESTLEY has done it quite nicely on his own. There is a lot of excitement. There are biffs. There are bangs. There are, it grieves me to have to report, splashes. There is a plot, which the Professor settles with that quiet efficiency in the face of danger which we have come to expect from our University Dons, in the Caribbean or elsewhere. There is humour, of course, and plenty of excellent dialogue. And in the endwell, it would be wrong to reveal the

end, but one may just note that the actress (who drugs) agrees to marry the author (who drinks), under the impression, which is mutual, that each will help to overcome the other's weakness. Perhaps the idea is that he



PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY

Professor Paulet . . . . Mr. Edward Chapman Boyne . . . . . . . . . . . . Mr. Torin Thatcher

should take to drugs and she to drink. It was not an engagement of which a conscientious hygienist could approve, but one hoped they would be happy and have no children. There are other romances on board. A ship is a ship even in the Caribbean.



FLOTSAM AND JETSAM ON THE CARIBBEAN SEA

Miriam Pick . . MISS VIVIENNE BENNETT Diana Lismore . MISS JEAN MUIR The most interesting characters are Miriam Pick, the slum-girl (maid to the actress and charged with a reasonable hatred for the rotten moneyed classes) and Carlo Velburg, the distressful man whose lack of a passport compels

him to wander always from prison to prison and from ship to ship. Theirs is an affecting story which leaves one indignant without pointing any very obvious moral. No one else aroused (nor, I think, was meant to arouse) any particular sympathy. The play is not to be taken very seriously. Its only defect is the ending, which seemed a little vague and messy. Mr. PRIEST-LEY ought perhaps to have taken another pipe over it.

Miss VIVIENNE BENNETT gave possibly the best performance as Miriam Pick, revealing a really bitter and resolute hatred of the unfair world she had to live in; EDWARD CHAPMAN'S Philosopher was quietly and competently done, though he drank very little for a thinker—(File your libel actions Now, Dons!); and

Carl Jaffe and Frederick Piper did very well with not very easy parts as Carlo Velburg and Ripton the steward, respectively. H. F. E.

### Blackmail

Good King Wencelis Last looked out On ther feast of Steeven, When ther snowlay rounder bout, Deepan thickan eeeven. Brightlay shone ther moon that night, Though the frost was crocell, Whener poorman come in sight Gathering winter few-oo-ell.

HITHER Page an stanby me, Der der der der telling. Yonder pheasant, oo is ee, Were and wot is dwelling? Sir edwellerloongway ence, Underneather founting, Up against the forest fence, Sittingon a mounting.

Bring me bread and bring me wine, Bring me pinelogs ither, You and me shall watch im dine, See im dine too-gee-ee-thur!

(Those are all the words we know— Can't learn any more. Give us tuppence now to go, Or we'll kick the door.)



"DOCTOR, I WANT TO CONSULT YOU ABOUT MY WIFE—SHE KEEPS FANCYING SHE CAN HEAR A TAP RUNNING."

## The Bravo and the Bear

WHENEVER I am in need of inspiration I take down a battered buttered volume labelled on the back;—

#### FRITHIOF'S SAGA

#### TEGNER

This little-known work (I am not trying to sell you my copy of it)—this little-known work, I repeat, is more useful to a writer than Shakespeare, Roger's Thesaurus and the Personal Column of The Times combined. The actual saga is short, terse and Icelandic; you will find a prose translation

of it by the Rev. William Strong near the beginning of the book. Tegner did not write it: what Tegner wrote was an expanded paraphrase of it in metrical Swedish verse. What Mr. Strong did was to translate the Swedish into English verse of a peculiarly exhausting kind. His version abounds in such remarks as this—

"There too saw one the Peacefort, GLITNER, where FORSET' the' Appeaser

Balance in hand grave sat, the' Assize-and-Autumn Judge faultless."

And again-

"'Mongst these happy green vales dwells not Peace? and Remembrance, ah! haunts she not columns so fair?

Like the whisp'rings of lovers soft murmur those springs, and with bridal-songs birds fill the air."

If I were reviewing this poem on the film-and-gramophone-record system I should unhesitatingly award it a single asterisk. But the poem itself is only a small part of this astonishing volume. There is a Preface by Mr. STRONG; a Sketch of the Life and Career of the Author of Frithiof's Saga, by F. M. FRANZEN, then Bishop of Hernösand, Sweden; there is a Description of Ingeborg's Arm-Ring by BROR EM. HILDEBRAND, who was at that time, to quote the title-page, "Royal Antiquarian, etc., etc., of Sweden." There is an Introductory Letter from Bishop TEGNER (yes, he was a bishop) to the Translator dated Östrabo, April 22, 1839. There is a coloured representation of the Arm-Ring so ably described by Mr. HILDEBRAND. There is a Mythological Antiquarian and Explanatory Index; there are Notes by the Translator at the end of the poem, and a little note at the beginning of each canto, with an apology for those cantos which he has translated particularly badly; besides innumerable footnotes. To crown all there is a lithograph of Frithiof's Bauta-Stone, greatly resembling Cleopatra's Needle; another of a Scandinavian Ting-Place (cross my heart, Ting-Place is what it says under the picture), and another, the frontispiece, of Bishop ESAIAS TEGNER himself, wearing the Order of the North Star and gazing happily into space.

Nothing would please me better than to take my readers by the hand and wander with them among the inexhaustible treasures of this book. There we should find an Active Agriculturist, an Intelligent and Persevering Iron-Founder, and a rival poet who "was not less famous for his Northern Minstrelsy than for his System of Scientific Gymnastics." We should visit a University where the enraged students gather outside the house of the Rector and shout denunciations at him in Latin; we should observe a Scald in a sudden transport being carried away to a Dithyrambic Song. But this article is already far spent, and there is no sign yet of either Bravo or Bear. The intelligent reader (yourself, Sir, yourself) is no doubt perfectly contented: but the reader who has accompanied us this far in the hope of hearing a big-game story is becoming restive. Let us therefore pass on, over Bishop TEGNER's poem, to the Notes, for here it is that we shall find our bear.

It appears that there was once a man called Finnbogi. I imagine that even in Iceland the name Finnbogi must have provoked a titter or two whenever it was pronounced; and perhaps this baptismal handicap gave the man an inferiority complex. Either that or he had delusions of grandeur. Whatever the cause, Finnbogi set out to be a hero. He seems to have gone about looking for a chance to be heroic. He had a truculent manner and an intolerably theatrical style of speech. Not content with performing the feats of strength, deeds of valour and sleightof-hand tricks expected of a hero, he invariably prefaced them with a formal challenge, delivered no doubt with one eye on the newspaper reporters who must certainly have followed him around. His encounter with the bear reveals him at his very worst. I quote from Mr. STRONG:-

"Finnbogi, perceiving that a bear which had done considerable injury to the flock of his host, was still reposing beside the mutilated carcase of a sheep, thus addressed the animal: 'Stand up, bear, and try thy strength for once with me; better so than to lie by the fragments of thy wretched prey!'"

One can imagine the feelings of the unfortunate animal. A fight with Finnbogi would obviously be a most arduous and unpleasant business even for a ferocious and hungry bear in the peak of condition; and this bear had just completed a very heavy meal. Nor should we be too ready to condemn the bear for gluttony; he had no doubt eaten more than was strictly necessary for his physical well-being, but in all probability he had gone hungry for some time before. In his position most of us would have fallen into the same error. How many of us, I wonder, having got into this awkward predicament, would have extricated ourselves from it with the polish and tact which this bear now proceeds to display? He does not attempt to answer Finnbogi; he does not appeal to the League of Nations; he does not in point of fact say a word. Actions speak louder than words; and this is what the excellent animal does:-

"The creature raised himself, sur-

veyed his appellant, and resumed his position."

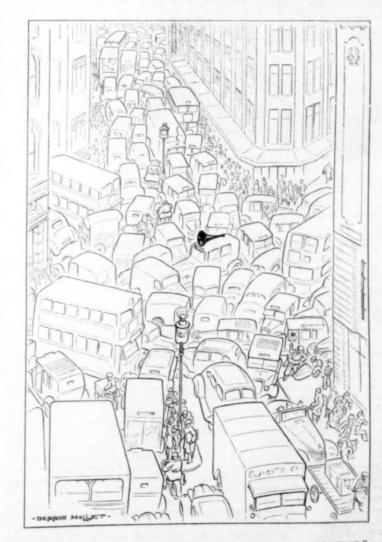
And Finnbogi is now holding the baby. He cannot attack the bear while it is lying down-no hero could. He cannot-even Finnbogi cannot-deliver his ludicrous challenge a second time: the reporters, if not the assembled populace, would undoubtedly burst into raucous laughter. History is silent as to what was actually the conclusion of this incident. I expect Finnbogi turned round and began to pick a quarrel with one of the newspaper men for making a noise with his camera. And the bear, metaphorically, lit a cigarette. I should have liked to know that bear.

### Name Your Dish

Who is the damozel Suzette?
Was it her face or shape
That caused some lovelorn Gallic chef
To couple her with crêpes?
Why are the rather earthy pommes
Honoured by what duchesse?
How sad the pudding called Louise
Is such a nasty mess!
Is it quite fair on these defenceless
dames

To stick comestibles before their names?

I like to be revered for what I am And not as one more way of dressing ham.



". . . so Constable Spratt will now give you a few farmyard imitations."



"I'M DOING IT FOR WORLD PEACE"

## Letter to My Dog, on His Fourth Birthday

MY DEAR HOUND, -Arrangements have been made as usual for a smart new lead and a sixpenny bone with anything but smart adhesions. As, in previous years, there has been an unfortunate confusion between the functions of these gifts, may I take this opportunity of recalling to you that the first has got to last till you are five and that if the second is not completely and permanently buried otherwhere than in my bed within three days we shall be obliged to hold one of those long and unpleasant conferences which inevitably (I do no more than refer to our mutual weight-ratio) hurt you far, far more than they hurt me.

This seems a very suitable moment for me to sum up such limited development as has come your way and to point out a few of the many directions in which you may seek self-improvement during the coming year. A rather pompous egg called Lord ChesTERFIELD once did this to his natural son with poor success, but as you are not my natural son but only a West Highland with a silly trick of missing a beat now and then with your off-rear leg when running, I expect something very much better in the way of attention.

After all, you can't say I've been pompous. You remember how, when I bought you, the first thing I did was to make you sit in your basket while I read you selections from the doganthologies and observed you anxiously lest you turned out to be one of the saccharin monstrosities which litter the pages of English literature? How, on hearing of dogs whose eyes filled with joyous tears at the mere sound of their masters' voices, you laughed till you nearly split your small fat back? How, as we came to those wretched little parasites who creep through the pages of fiction slobbering kisses on the imprints of their absent mistresses' gardening-boots, you yourself crept away and to my great delight and relief were heartily sick? And how, after we had both had a little brandy

to put us right again, we found ourselves in complete agreement over the stupidity of assuming, as so many dogwriters do, that dogs on the one paw are highly intelligent and on the other are imbeciles enough to credit their ridiculous owners with a particularly messy sort of divine right?

The truth is, as I think I have pointed out to you before, you were frightfully lucky to get me.

When all's said and done you're an absurdly urban little beast. If anyone should ever take you to your native Highlands, which I absolutely refuse to do, I can well imagine how monotonously your report would be coloured by the dearth of lamp-posts in those parts. Whenever we've gone to the country together you've always been a terrible failure owing to your chronic inability to remember which animals it's polite to be rude to. Even in town you've quite lost the cunning of the backgarden hunter. You breathe enough fire against cats to heat a cathedral, but don't let us forget what you did last vear when the Thomsons' ginger affair fell off the wall on top of you. Or rather, what you didn't do.

Still, I do grant you that not many dogs, anyway of your size, have your capacity to assay the wisdom of the first leader of The Times. When I read this to you after breakfast—as indeed you insist—I have come to watch closely for the eager pricking of the ears which carries your support, the emphatic snuffling which demands a stronger pointer to one side or the other, and the bared teeth of unqualified disapproval; for though you listen on your back with your feet in the air and appear to be concentrating only on your tail, your judgments are seldom wrong. A shade too far to the Right, as I hold, but there.

As you have at last overcome the temptation to gnaw which at one time threatened our whole relationship I won't drag all that up again, but I would just remind you that, whereas the Coat-next-door cost us thirty bob at the invisible menders, we have so far got clean away with Uncle Christopher's turn-ups, which you couldn't have severed more adroitly if your budding teeth had been razor-blades. Uncle Christopher has mercifully forgotten you; do nothing, I beg, to refresh his memory.

Now that you are four, which is equivalent, the vets say, to a human twenty-eight, the time has come when you must play your part more conscientiously in the one sphere in which we expect your co-operation. We ask precious little of you, but we do demand that when there is a shy stranger



"I'LL HAE GRAPE-FRUIT AND PORRIDGE, FRIED SOLE, BACON AND EGGS, SAUSAGES, COLD HAM AND COMPÔTE OF FRUIT."

"ANYTHING TO FOLLOW, SIR?"

within our gates you should ease the horror of the situation with one of those carefree gambols, the technique of which you understand so perfectly when you wish. To be honest, I would much prefer that you went away and sat quietly in the coal-cupboard till the emergency was over than adopt either of the courses you favour at the moment. I cannot reiterate too strongly that it is no help at all for you to lie down at the visitors' feet as soon as he arrives and indulge in the endless and very penetrating abdominal rumbling of which only you know the secret; for, far from being melted by

this callow manœuvre, the ice is congealed by it beyond all hope, as nothing will rid the visitor of the impression that he is himself suspected of the disturbance. True, he goes; but at what a cost to the nerves! Nor is your other procedure any better, which is to subject guests' shoes to a nasal investigation of alarming thoroughness, carried out in an atmosphere of the gloomiest foreboding.

I quite understand that where I might claim a palate you are justified in claiming a nose, and that therefore a strange pair of crusted shoes may arouse in you the same feelings that a

bottle of pre-phylloxera Latour would arouse in a connoisseur of claret. But is it too much to ask that occasionally you should abjure the gourmet's ecstasies for the common good?

ERIC.

#### Not Bad for a Novice

"A trolleybus, labelled 'L' at the back, jumped the overhead wires in Garratt-lane, Tooting, to-day."—Evening Standard.

## First-Aid for the Wounded

"The party consisted of eight guns. Many of the birds shot will be sent to hospitals." Nottingham Guardian.



"FOR WE'RE TOUGH, MIGHTY TOUGH, IN THE WEST."

## Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Portrait of James Anon

"JAMES Anon" is the BARRIE of twenty-five sympathetically scrutinised by a BARRIE of seventy. This forgotten self was actually recaptured when a hat-box which had held his first top-hat (assumed to impress Frederick Greenwood of The St. James's Gazette) turned up forty years later full of anonymous articles. The Greenwood Hat (Davies, 8/6) was privately printed in 1930. George Moore praised its style then. Lord Baldwin praises its matter now. Here, thanks to retrieved press-cutting and reminiscent comment, you see the youthful Scot arrive at St. Pancras to find his first article placarded upon the platform. You envy his terrible ability to subsist on "buns, scones and penny tarts." You commiserate with him on the loss of his first play, Bandelero the Bandit, and regret the non-production of Bohemia, which opened in "a glade in Brighton." Cricket at Broadway, heroically celebrated by O.S., is the sole non-professional activity of those strenuous days-days that end when "James Anon" opens a banking account and can afford to dispense with the top-hat. And so we leave him, crowned with a billycock, flourishing a blue cheque-book, as engaging a little ghost as his chronicler's notorious magic has ever materialised.

# Mr. Sitwell and the Story-Tellers

It is hard to imagine a more timely excursion into the phantasmagoric world of art criticism than Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's Narrative Pictures (Batsford, 21/-). Yet a critic who holds that the picture that tells a story is "our native predilection" and that the romantic movement (its highest

inspiration) was "as far-reaching in its scope as the Renaissance" ought to have produced a closer piece of argument than this accomplished but all too easy-going volume. Mr. SITWELL fathers the Narrative School on HOGARTH, decides that even the pre-Raphaelites were primarily devotees of scientific realism, and maintains that there is no great art without "poetry or sense of beauty"—which seems hard on the Rossetti of "Bonifazio's Mistress," the MILLAIS of "Autumn Leaves" and the HOLMAN HUNT of the South Kensington "Ponte Vecchio." Actually the P.R.B. derived its narrative technique mainly from prints of the frescoes in the Pisan Campo Santo. No English strain without cross-fertilisation could have produced it. Mr. SITWELL'S "straight" Hogarthian derivatives are handled with refreshing independence of research and judgment. For this and for a profusion of characteristic and often rare illustrations he has made us all his debtors.

## Everyday Life at Eton

"Twelve years ago I was a boy, A happy boy at Drury's."

Mr. Bernard Fergusson has not waited quite so long as Praed to pay his tribute—Eton Portrait (John Miles, 15/-)-for it is but nine years since he left. He has chosen his time well-when he is old enough to look back and appraise with grown-up eyes and young enough to have forgotten nothing. He remembers vividly, but his is not one of those reminiscent books on Eton of which there are all too many-in light-blue bindings. Those who can read between the lines will here breathe again the airs of their youth; but the author's main object is rather to explain Eton to those who were at other schools; to show them the everyday life of the ordinary boy from his first half when he is excited by the possession of a burry, an ottoman and a seug cap, to the time when he is getting on in the world, has a colour or two to hang on his pictures, and may aspire to stick-ups and the highest glories. He has done it admirably, racing along at a pleasant pace, giving plenty of detail when it is needed, not analysing overmuch that elusive and abstract thing, the spirit of the school, but conveying it skilfully by concrete instances. Very wisely too he has realised that only a Colleger comprehends the mystery of College, and has prayed in aid a contemporary,



"I'M NOT SURE, SIR, BUT I BELIEVE I'VE SPLIT THE ATOM."

Mr. PHILIP BROWNRIGG, for an understanding chapter on it. Mr. FERGUSSON has been well served by his illustrator: Mr. Moholy-Nagy's photographs are in themselves an exposition of Eton. This is not the Eton of the Fourth or of those other events on which the reporter and his camera seize with unerring instinct. We are not shown the winner of the steeplechase struggling through School Jump into the Field. We see the Field on an ordinary winter half-holiday, when the light is fading, the poplars are growing misty in the background and in the foreground are two boys in tall hats and greatcoats watching a dimly-suggested bully. Mr. FERGUSSON'S writing cannot be more highly praised than by saying that this charming and familiar picture is its perfect complement. "Ecoutez les Gascons, c'est toute la Gascogne."

### Putting the Horse Before the Cart

Mr. Aldous Huxley has felt the need to link together current problems of war and peace, of economics, ethics, art, education and whatever makes up the sum-total of civilisation's stream of consciousness, with a theory of final underlying reality. In a passage that comes movingly near to personal confession he accepts the existence of a centralising transcendental unity behind the visible scheme of things, and joins with saints and mystics of all the ages in declaring that what is good is true. From this basis he deduces, in Ends and Means (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 8/6), a theory of personal and collective action. Seeing that all the dictator states to-day are regressing towards disastrous idolatries, he would organise a considered scheme of resistance while there is still left to the world some power of thinking not controlled by the drill-sergeant. He lays it down as an axiom that no end can be better than the means taken to procure it, since violent opposition even to tyranny can bring forth nothing but further violence. Though touched at times with pedantry and at times with an element of credulousness, this book is profoundly studied and vitally impressive.

#### Wesley from Without

You have to be something of a theologian, a mystic or a psychologist to determine with any success the ap-

proximate amount of inspiration in any great religious movement; and it is an insuperable handicap to the enjoyment of Miss Marjorie Bowen's book on John Wesley that she has little of the requisite insight for her task. Her promising Foreword—with its tribute to the man who for good or evil stemmed the spread of the French Revolution in England—the acrimonious economy with which she describes the





Sadie. "Well, I guess she's beautiful; but there are others quite as beautiful. I reckon she's just had the luck to be taken up."

F. H. Townsend, December 9th, 1908.

ménage of Wesley père at Epworth, both promise a far better book than her only too obvious prejudices and limitations allow her to produce. Of the core of the Wesleyan movement she has not the remotest idea. Wesley's God, she reiterates, was "John's own creation"; and she seems to be more interested in the hysterical by-products of his apostolate than in the converted hearts at which it aimed. The soundest aspect of Wrestling Jacob (Heinemann, 15/-) is an appreciative enthusiasm for its hero's prison exploits. Its most vivacious passages recount his adventures in America and the Pickwickian efforts of Colonel Oglethorpe to preserve him from martyrdom and "widders."

#### AE

Macmillan publishes, and Punch commends With perfect confidence the book he sends, A Memoir of A E, writ by a friend, John Eglinton—a lifelong friend, but free From egotism or idolatry. Here you may learn how in a world of strife George Russell led a blameless double life—Dreamer and mystic, who in wondrous wise Could pierce the veil enshrouding sensual eyes. Yet turning with indomitable zeal To further Ireland's economic weal,

To banish hate and faction from the scene

And ease the sorrows of Dark Rosaleen;

Always—to end this varied catalogue—

The champion of the Irish under-dog.

And so he lived and laboured, poor by choice,

Rich in the magic of his verse and voice;

A follower of the gleam of fairy lamps,

Loved and revered by friends in many camps

For his untiring efforts to restore

Peace and content "all on the Irish shore."

#### Light Law

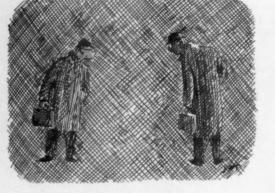
With You, Mr. Hilary, by FREDERICK OSWALD (MULLER,

7/6), is a most entertaining bit of work. It narrates the early progress of John Hilary, a young barrister who is unserupulously shoved on by agreeable feminine influence, and regales us with some of his more vital cases. Putting aside a murder trial, which itself is lightened, albeit with discretion, by the admirable Mr. Justice May, the most important are those of the child, Wuzzie, and the Man-Eater. The former was strangled just when it promised well by casual word of advice from a tactless girl who ought to have known better; but Betty, the Man-Eater, gave fine sport to the lawyers engaged, and both she and Wuzzie (who had earache) show how, in judicious hands, an apparent trifle may be cultured, developed and expanded to bear rich and constant fruit at the expense of the "unfortunates who finance the display." The happy ingenuity by which the Case of the Man-Eater was resuscitated when in danger of collapse merely by turning it round and starting afresh, is particularly worthy of study by anyone who is ass enough voluntarily to contemplate going to law. Not that there is anything serious in the book. Mr. Oswald is consistently light-hearted; he even manages to make use of the scandalous way in which people are kept hanging about a court for days on end on the off-chance of their case coming up to build an amusing climax. His comedy is excellent; his people and details are capitally described; and readers are advised not to swallow too much of the book at once but to take it in moderate doses, from time to time.

#### A Double Event

Cases of importance were being investigated by Superintendent Hanslet and Inspector Waghorn at the outset of Proceed With Caution (Collins, 7/6), the Superintendent's job being to discover by whom some valuable diamonds had been stolen, while Waghorn was soon baffled by a murder that was obviously both ingenious and brutal. In his previous stories Mr. John Rhode has shown himself an adept in disposing of corpses, but it is to be doubted whether a more tantalising place from a police point of view than a tar-boiler has ever been used. Neither the Inspector nor the

Superintendent were, for one reason or another, at all happy about their cases until Dr. Priestley came to their assistance and dispersed their gloom. This uncanny deducer concluded that the one case was inextricably mixed up with the other, and as usual his arrow penetrated the absolute eye of the bull. A yarn that keeps one guessing from start to finish.



" NASTY MORNING, SMITH."

"YES, JONES, BUT THIS IS ROBINSON."

"WELL, THIS IS BROWN."

## The Missing Jewel

The Tiny Diamond (THE MASTER THRILLER LIBRARY, 7/6) is another "Jane Amanda Edwards story," and, amusing though it is, Mrs. CHARLOTTE MURRAY RUSSELL will be wise to abstain from placing too heavy a weight of responsibility upon her energetic detective's shoulders. The humour that

goes to the successful making of Jane Edwards is of a special and peculiar brand, and even those who digest it quite happily may easily be over-dosed. In this tale Jane, accompanied of course by her long-suffering sister and brother, went to Chicago to study criminal psychology, and almost at once was mixed up in a cold-blooded murder. Indeed she was presently so deeply involved that on the list of suspects her name stood perilously near the top. But not for a moment did she mean to stand nonsense of that kind, and by taking various liberties, which often required a certain thickness of skin, she emerged undefeated and, what is more curious, unfatigued.

#### Mr. Punch on Tour

THE Exhibition of the original work of Living "Punch" Artists will be on view at the Public Art Gallery, Hereford, from December 13th till January 29th, 1938.

Invitations to visit this Exhibition will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Office, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

### Charivaria

An American visitor asks in a daily if it is possible to make a tour of London's underworld. Tickets may be obtained at any tube station.

## An Impending Apology

"Mr. Williams said that with the exception of Mr. Troup's client, Mr. Beaumont was the only tripe boiled in Northampton."—Local Paper.

The new German helicopter, which has so impressed Colonel LINDBERGH, can actually fly back-

wards. The great advantage of this of course is that you can see where you are coming from.



In view of the War Office changes, are we to understand that every soldier will now carry a fieldmarshal's baton in his napkin?

"On October 7, at Huia, Otahuhu, to Mr. and Mrs. L. — a bonny son. Both well. No visitors for seven days. (Praise the Lord.)"—N.Z. Paper.

There's always a bright side.

Whitehall, says The Evening News, should be winning the next war now. But one of the snags

would be that we should have to start putting up with the next peace so very much earlier.

"Knife-play over wives during quarrel at cards," runs a headline in a French newspaper. It is feared that they were cutting for partners.



"Forthcoming Marriage
Engagement.—For the Lord's sake,
urse W. —— and Rev. B. ——."

Hants Paper.
Heavens, yes! What next?

Herr HITLER recently made his first public appearance in a tophat. The German Youth Movement, however, decided against snowballing.

"A comfortable bedroom, near Pond; business gentleman; partial board."—Advt. in Local Paper.

With full board he might make a raft.

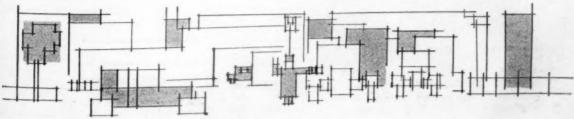
A man told a London magistrate that the Sunday joint his wife bought could have been wrapped in a tram-ticket. But surely it might have fallen through the hole punched by the conductor? Mr. Justice Du Parco suggested during a recent case that most people object more to the noise of a howling cat than to that of a passing train. At any rate, comparatively few people have been known to hurl boots at passing trains.

"What makes a horse shy more than anything else?" asks an opponent of motorcyclists. Would it be an inferiority complex?

A retired police-officer says he must have wasted thousands of hours trying to serve summonses. They also wait who only stand and serve.

A man appearing on the American music-hall stage swallows every description of metal wire. He is particularly fond of a mixed grille.

An artist suggests that London should be rebuilt entirely in squares and rectangles, thus eliminating all curves. A start could be made by straightening out the Serpentine.



## **Familiar Occasions**

"No, dear, you can help me best by doing nothing whatever. I have my own little system. Just clear the table, darling, and we'll put the things for the School there and sort them, and the big armchair for the crackers, and put those boxes with the Christmas-tree decorations on the piano out of harm's way, and give me those lists from my writing-desk-oh, and hand me my glasses, dear. No, not the ones over there, but the ones over therethose are my reading-ones.'

"I quite understand, Aunt Moggie. Now, what about

brown-paper and string?

"Dear, please, please don't fuss. I know you mean to be very kind, but the only way you can help me is by simply sitting perfectly still in a corner without stirring or breathing. Just see whether the scissors have got behind those boxes.'

"Here they are."

"I thought so. Now, shall we take Boys over Twelve to start with? There are only five of them anyway, and I know I found exactly the thing for them.'

"There are five painting-books here, Aunt Moggie. I suppose it couldn't be those?"

Darling, would you mind not touching anything? I've arranged everything systematically, so that I know where everything is, and the moment you move anything we shall

" ALBERT, DON'T KEEP LOOKING AT THINGS OR WE'LL NEVER GET ROUND.

get into the most dreadful muddle. I know there are five painting-books, but those are Girls under Ten-quite a different thing. Perhaps I'd better write it down while I think of it-Girls under Ten, painting-books. If you pile them all up under the piano, darling, we shall remember them.'

"You do know, don't you, that there are some parcels

under the piano already?

"I dare say, but those have nothing to do with the school. They're just family. I hope there's a little surprise for your dear mother amongst them. No, don't touch, darling. Just give your attention to my list for a very few minutes. We shan't be long now. Infants under Five, luckily, aren't either boys or girls. They're all just green rubber balls and packets of sweets. Put the Infants on the sofa, dear, then they're out of the way. Have you found those Boys over Twelve yet?

Could they be knives?"

Yes, that's right. Knives. We really are getting on now. What are those two little cardboard boxes in the armchair?'

They were with the boxes of crackers. I thought they

had something to do with them."

Certainly not. The crackers were entirely alone in the bottom drawer of the wardrobe in the Blue Room. I put them there myself."

"Well, there's a label on one box and it says: 'With best wishes for a Happy Christmas'; and the other one says: 'A Merry Christmas and a Bright New Year.'

Then something's gone wrong, dear. Those sound to me like friends or relations, and they've no business whatever amongst the schoolchildren.

Shall I put them somewhere else?"

"On the mantelpiece, dear. Or perhaps better leave them where they are. Girls over Twelve are half pencil-boxes and half necklaces. There ought to be eighteen of them altogether."

Yes. Eighteen."

"That's what I said, dear. Eighteen. Under the piano, then. But not on the top of friends and relations, please. In fact I think friends and relations had better come out altogether, and we can just run through them. We've done the school, haven't we?'

"Except for six dolls and four monkeys on sticks.

"Those would be Girls from Ten to Twelve and Boys under Ten. Quite all right. Now this is the relations listand you can easily tell by the look of the parcel if it's the right one. Cardcase, Aunt Alice; cigarettes, Uncle John; gloves for each of the twins; a sponge for Cicely-she never seems to have one when she comes to stay; and that nice piece of embroidery I picked up in Switzerland for old Mademoiselle. Are they all there?

"I think so, Aunt Moggie.

"And Uncle Herbert's fountain-pen?"

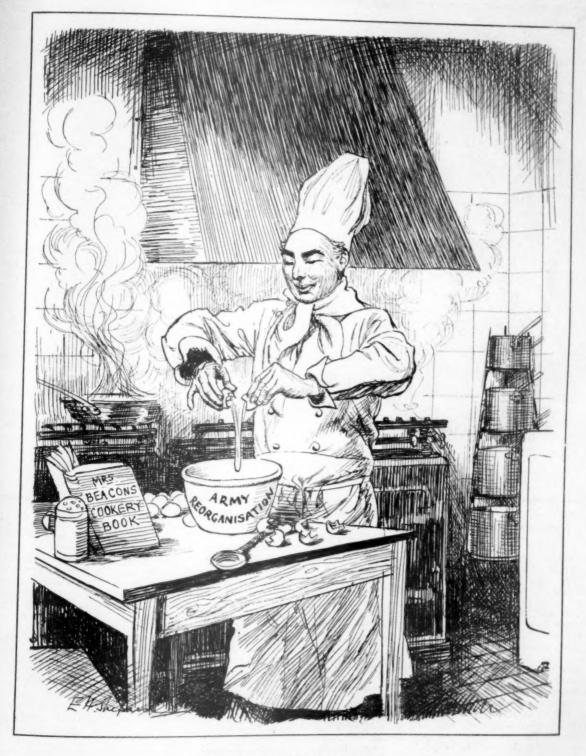
"Fountain-pen?

"Yes, dear. Uncle Herbert is a fountain-pen."
"I'm dreadfully sorry, but I'm afraid—I'm almost certain—that if this is Uncle Herbert he's a rubber ball and a packet of sweets. Like the infants."

"Then, dear, all I can say is that there's been a mistake and we'd better begin all over again.' E. M. D.

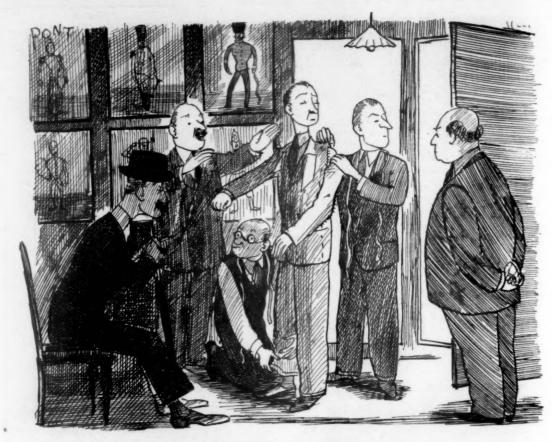
#### Lines Written Standing Up

How doth the little busy hornet Inspire this sad recital? He took my chair, and sat upon it. . . . The rest is in the title.



THE WAR-HOUSE CHEF

"The proof of the omelette is in the eating, but of course you can't make one without . . ."



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

A REGARD FOR GOOD TAILORING

## Marshalling the Facts

They're THERE goes the gong. coming out of their corners now. Flipper is a huge blond hulk of a man with a shock of yellow hair. Flapper is a huge blond hulk of a man with short hair. I should say Flipper is a bigger hulk of a man than Flapper. Yes, I should definitely say he is the bigger hulk of a man. Flapper is a big man too. Flapper is nearly as big a man as Flipper. From where I'm sitting I should say Flapper might be almost as big as Flipper. Now they're crouching in the middle of the ring. I can see them crouching from here. Flapper shoots out his left. He's changed his mind. He's brought it back again. Flipper flicks a left into Flapper's face. Flipper's left is like the flicker of a snake's tongue. Definitely a snake's tongue from here. Flipper is going to bring his right over. He's brought it over. No, he's brushing the hair out of his eyes instead. Lovely blond hair this man Flipper's got. A great blond shock of hair like a lion's mane. Definitely like a lion's mane from here. There's the gong for the end of the round.

The seconds in Flapper's corner are working on their man. Flapper's swallowed his gum-shield. Flapper looks very unconcerned though he's swallowed his gum-shield. Very unconcerned man this Flapper.

Now they're in the ring again. Flapper, a great big hulk of a man. Flipper is hulkier, if anything, than Flapper. They're measuring each other in the centre of the ring. Flipper measures six feet two-and-a-half; Flapper, six feet two-and-three-eighths. Very little between these two men. Half-aninch at the most, I should say. They're knitting and weaving there in the centre of the ring. They're both knit-

ting and weaving extremely well. Flapper has dropped his knitting. Yes, Flapper has definitely dropped his knitting. Flipper is standing back waiting for him to pick it up. A couple of fine sporting lads, these. It's a clean fight. It's a very clean fight. Everything is very clean. Perhaps Flapper's shorts are, if anything, a little cleaner than Flipper's. There goes the gong for the end of the round.

I saw Flapper in his dressing-room just before the fight commenced. He was full of confidence. He told me he felt chockful of confidence. Remarkable the confidence this young lad Flapper possesses. Flipper is bursting with confidence too. He told me he never felt more confident. Fine to have two such confident lads in the ring to-night.

They're in the ring again now. They're wrestling in the centre of the ring. Flipper has got his back to me, but I'm sure it's Flapper he's wrestling



"HURRY UP, PORTER, THERE GOES THE WHISTLE!"

with. Yes, I can see both men now. Very fit they both look. Not a bit tired. Magnificent, the physique of these two men. Flipper's a great blond giant of a man. Flapper is a great blond giant too. There's nothing to choose between them. Great blond giants both. Flapper has got his head under Flipper's arm. Flipper doesn't like it. You can see he doesn't like it by the way he's trying to hit Flapper in the solar plexus. Magnificent solar plexus this lad Flapper's got. Now Flapper is kissing Flipper. A beautiful clean straightforward kiss right on the nose. An inch lower and who knows what might have happened? referee is telling them to break. The referee has flicked Flipper on the elbow warning him to break. I can see the ugly red mark on Flipper's elbow where the referee flicked him. Flipper doesn't like it. He's measuring the referee. The referee's a small dry husk of a man, about five feet three-and-a-quarter, I should say. Both men are measuring the referee. (Not more than five feet five at the most.) The referee is looking worried. Yes, he's looking definitely disturbed. (He used to take in lodgers before he took up refereeing.) Both men are advancing upon the referee now. They mean business. Flipper is measuring his man. (Not more than five feet six-and-a-half, I should say. Thin husk of a man, with hair greying at the temples.) The referee doesn't like it. I can see he doesn't like it from here. They're forcing him onto the (Great long twisted cables, these ropes.) He's against the ropes now. Flipper has brought his right up. Flipper is going to use his right. (A lovely right-hand punch this lad 's got. In his last fight he knocked out sixteen teeth with it. Used to be a dentist's assistant before he took to boxing.)

Now Flapper is bringing back his left. There's dynamite in this left of Flapper's. The referee is covering up well. He's guarding his teeth. Flipper is going to bring his right over. Flapper is going to bring over his left. They've brought them over. Both men have brought their punches over. They've hit the referee on the nose. Right on the end of the nose. Two good solid punches. (Thin dry brittle nose the referee's got.) The referee is down. He's through the ropes. They're

counting him out. Both men are counting him out. Flipper and Flapper have won. Both men have won. You can hear the crowd applauding Flipper and Flapper. Flipper and Flapper have won the fight. It has been a magnificent display. Both men are shaking hands and smiling in the centre of the ring. The referee isn't smiling. The referee doesn't like it at all. What a grand fight it's been! A magnificent display of crisp clean fighting. Now it's "Good-bye" from the Stadium. Flipper and Flapper have won. Both these big blond fellows have won. Flipper, a great blond hulk of a man. Flapper, a great blond . . .

"Eight persons, victims of food poisoning, were recently removed to the Tanta hospital, after having returned from a wedding. It is believed that the cause of the poisoning was rusty utensils which the guests had caten at the wedding. They all recovered."

Egyptian Paper.

Moral: Don't eat the wedding-presents.

"Can you guess who strangled Edward Barber earlier than Inspector Cheviot Burmann did?"

Publisher's Advt.

Frankly, no. But whoever it was can't have been very good at strangling.



"FASTER, HOPKINS, FASTER! YOU'RE MAKING IT TOO BASY FOR HIM."



"IT WAS NAUGHTY OF YOU TO PULL OUT DOLLY'S EYES."

"BUT I DIDN'T, MUMMY. I PUSHED THEM IN."

#### Child's Guide to Politics

(With apologies to everyone)

By REPEATER FLOWARD

Who is the Prime Minister? He is Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. Where does he live? In Downing Street.

But next Thursday he will not be in Downing Street. Why do I say that? Because he will be speaking at Carcaster.

Where will he sleep that night? At Blazes. That is the home of Captain Reggie Moole. Who is he? He is the Member for Carcaster. He has £30,000 a year. He keeps dogs. He is a bachelor. He has influence. That is why the PRIME MINISTER will stay with him.

But last week Captain Moole voted

against the Government's Dogs Bill. So did another Member. Who was he? I will give you three guesses.

The other Member who voted against the Dogs Bill has a short name too. It is Rush. He is a baronet. What is his constituency? It is Wandle Boroughs.

Watch this legislator. He keeps dogs too. But he keeps more dogs than Captain Moole. For he is a Master of Fox-Hounds. He has £20,000 a year.

He is different from Captain Moole in another way. What is that? He is married. His wife is dark-brown. She has only £15,000 a year. She collects stamps. Her father makes matches.

The Government Whips were angry with those who voted against the Dogs Bill. But the Members are angry with the Government for introducing the Dogs Bill.

So do not be surprised if the Rushes are staying at Blazes too. This will be denied. Almost everything I say is denied by somebody. Why is that? Because it is true. And our legislators do not like the truth.

"Except when it suits them." Who said that? Major Cholme. He is a wit. He sits for East Kensington. He has £27,000 a year. He does not keep dogs. Why not? Because he lives in a flat.

He drinks beer. He did not like me once, because I told the truth. What did I say? I said he was the director of a brewery. Was he? He was.

Now he is the director of two. But he has forgiven me. He gave me a glass of beer in his flat. He likes Japanese prints.

So Major Cholme will not be at Blazes on Thursday, He voted for the Dogs Bill. He is not a rebel. He is bald.

One of the rebels is not bald. That is Sir Reginald Flake. They call him George. Why? Because he is the Member for St. George's, Stokington. He has £53,000 a year. He is ambitious. He was an airman. Now he plays golf.

I prophesy that he will not vote against the Dogs Bill again. Why do I say that? Because he would like a job. All the Members would like a job. They are not content with the £600 we pay them. But there are not enough jobs to go round.

What will happen after the meeting at Blazes? I will tell you. Nothing will happen. The PRIME MINISTER will talk to the rebels and the PRIME MINISTER will win. He is the strong man of the time. He likes fishing.

So you will see the Dogs Bill go through. Your dogs will be taxed. That is the way we are governed.

How many words have I written? Six hundred. How many more must I write? Four hundred. But my style will carry me through.

What do the Members want now? Not content with £600 a year, they want



"LOOK CASUAL; I THINK THERE'S A POLICEMAN COMING."

a clock. Do they want a clock to clock them into Westminster in the morning? No. For most of them do not arrive till the afternoon. What do they do then? They go away.

Where do I look for a live Member who does not go away? To East Wessex. Who is the Member for East Wessex? He is Tom Jones. He has not £20,000 a year. He has a pair of braces. He is a Socialist. At the age of three he worked in a blast furnace. When he was five he sold newspapers at Leeds. He had no braces.

One day a man gave him a pair of braces. What did Tom do? He came to London. He is still here. Whenever he speaks in the House he wears the same pair of braces. They bring him luck. Last week Tom was unsuccessful in the ballot for motions. He had left the braces at home.

What has this to do with the clock? I will tell you. Some Members want a new clock over the SPEAKER'S Chair. Why? Because their speeches are so long. When they wish to know how

long they have spoken they must turn away from the Speaker. Why? Because there is only one clock in the Chamber. Where is that? At the other end.

But Tom does not want another clock. He has a wrist-watch. His speeches are short. He reads TENNYSON.

Mr. CHURCHILL is not like Tom

Jones. But he is like the PRIME MINISTER. For next Friday he will be in the country. Will he be far away? No. I prophesy that he will be at his home. Where is that? In Kent. He keeps ducks and geese on the lake. He paints pictures. His friends say that they are good.

He will not be at Blazes. For there is nothing about ducks in the Dogs Bill. He writes books.

Another Member will be out of town on Friday. Unlike Mr. Church-IL he will not go by car. He will use a free railway pass. Who is that? Lord Lavender. He will go to Burborough to face his constituents. They are angry with him. Why? Because he voted for the Dogs Bill? No. Because he said to me that his constituents were dogs.

On Friday he will deny it. They always do. Some think that Lord Lavender will lose his seat. But I do not think so. Why? Because he has £21,000 a year.

A. P. H.

## Old Jests-A Consolation

JESTS of our youth, stiff-jointed raddled clowns

That make your bow upon our modern stage,

You get no laugh but only puzzled frowns,

Orthat distressing silence paid to age.

Fly hence and rest beneath your chestnut shade,

With memory's balm your dignity repair;

Of loneliness you need not be afraid— Our latest jests will soon be with you there.



"YOU QUITE UNDERSTAND. FOR PROFESSIONAL PURPOSES."

WE ARE ONLY HAVING THIS TAKEN

### At the Pictures

#### LESLIE AND DEANNA.

I SHOULD like to say at once that Stand In is one of the best humorous films I can recall, and that LESLIE Howard unexpectedly proves to be

a comedian with the nicest precision and completest power of winning sympathy. I cannot remember ever having been more pleased with the ultimate success of a hero-and of course, when the acting is right, there is nothing that we want more.

Four moments in particular in Stand In stand out (I am sorry, but the phrase cannot be avoided) as memorable, and especially perhaps the first, which is when, after acute differences with HUMPHREY BOGART, the director of the new picture, LESLIE HOWARD, as Atterbury Dodd, is reconciled and asks if he may call him by his Christian name. The other three are (a) when Dodd knocks down the chief of the rioters; (b) when Nassau goes over the wall; and (c) when we read on the agenda paper of Miss Plum (JOAN BLONDELL) that the last item for consideration by Dodd, her employer, is proposal to herself. Simple effects, you will say, but they all had to be skilfully led up to. And that is where the excellence of the

director of the film comes in, for not only has he cast it in the happiest manner, but he has made his happy team combine.

The story has a welcome originality in describing the difficulties which, inside a Hollywood studio, can confront a purely business man, despatched thither from without to concentrate on economy and reform. To me, at any rate, this is a novel idea. As we proceed we fall, of course, into the old ruts, and there are two drunken scenes; but a certain new cheeriness persists.

The chief honours belong to LESLIE HOWARD, who is almost never off the stage; but such a part as his needs the best backing, and he gets it from his associates, especially from Joan BLON-DELL and HUMPHREY BOGART, at Hollywood, and, in distant New York (in the offices of the millionaire who owns the film), from TULLY MARSHALL as the aged financier.

The heroine of 100 Men and a Girl, DEANNA DURBIN, as Patricia Cardwell, is going to be, or possibly already is, a

menace to many a Hollywood star, because not only can she sing as well as act, but she seems to have no tricks. She is fresh and impulsively natural where others that could be mentioned (but whose names, by me, will continue to be wrapt in mystery) have all the screen conventions; and, above all, DEANNA is young. Some day, no doubt,



FINANCIAL EXPERT EXAMINES THE BOOKS

Lester Plum . JOAN BLONDELL Atterbury Dodd . LESLIE HOWARD



LEADING AN ORCHESTRA Patricia Cardwell . . . DEANNA DURBIN

these blemishes will be corrected: but at the moment she is gay and spontaneous and little more than a child, and an excellent film has been built around her. I will not go so far as to say that it is convincing, or, indeed, even for an instant credible -particularly when the hundred men. who are musicians out of work, find

their way into a house which has just been locked against any caller, but it serves: we may not believe, but we are delighted by the attempts to

persuade us.

But DEANNA, with her torrents of unaffected song and the impetuosities of her youthfulness, is not all; there are also Adolphe Menjou as a neglected trombonist, and ALICE BRADY as a forgetful patroness, and EUGÈNE PALLETTE as her husband, a radio king with a very pretty taste in practical jokes; and there is the whole of the Philadelphian Symphony Orchestra who, with their admirable conductor, LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, have been engaged to assist in the conspiracy. The result is some good fun and some good music, with glimpses of true emotional drama.

I must confess to disappointment with The Last Gangster. To begin with, like all good filmgoers, I was naturally shocked to think that this was to be the end of those playful if sinister

entertainers; and then, when the time came and EDWARD G. ROBINSON, one of my favourite tough guys, went to prison for ten years, it was another shock to find that he did not break out. It must be seldom that, on the screen, a gangster serves his full sentence.

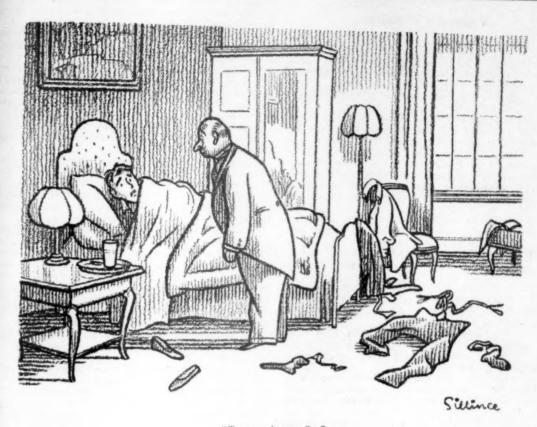
And later, when he is released and meets the man who, while EDWARD was a prisoner, married his wife and fathered his child, he neither slogs him nor shoots him, as we expect a last gangster to do.

In short, the devisers of this picture have not done justice to the merits of ROBINSON of America at all. E. V. L.

"Hilda's face fell as she noticed the letter on the floor. He stooped casually and picked it up."-Novelette.

He might as well have picked both up while he was about it.

"Found, in Fitzherbert Terrace, Yellow Canary, no collar; answers to no name.' Advt. in New Zealand Paper. Sure? Did you try "Stanislaus"?



"TWELVE O'CLOCK, SIR."

### Conversation Piece

It was a sherry-party and very crowded. In the doorway I met Jane's

"So Jane is engaged?" I said. "Are you pleased?"

"No mother is ever officially pleased," she answered. "It would look as if the daughter had been so

very trying at home."
"Which I daresay Jane has been," I said. "Are you unofficially pleased?"

"Yes, quite." "Is Jane here?"

"Yes, over there somewhere. She's in brown."

I pushed my way through the scrum and found myself behind a brown dress. I said over its shoulder, "So you are engaged and I'm too late? It's terrible news, but I suppose I must be brave about it."

The brown dress turned round. I had never seen its occupant before. She had quite wonderful blue eyes. They were—but let's get on.

"I am sorry," I stammered.
"So it seems," she said. "I had no idea you would be. You never gave me a hint.'

"No," I said. "You see"-somehow this conversation had to be prolonged—"you see, I understood that you were rich, while I-

"Who told you I was rich?" she asked.

'A little bird, as they say."

"It must have been a lyre bird." "Rather a bad joke," I said. "But

I am glad to hear it. As a struggling barrister-"Arising barrister, from what I hear."

"That lyre bird's been at it again. 'Struggling' 's the word."

"Well, it's possible to be both struggling and rising, I suppose. Possibly you're that."

"No. Something has been left out of me which would have made me rise. Baking-powder or yeast or something. A beautiful and ambitious wife would have been a help, no doubt."

"And Jane's engaged to someone else. It was Jane you took me for?" "To be quite truthful, yes. How

did you know? "I've seen you about with her. It's

all very sad. "I'm getting over it well, thank

There was a pause.

"Funny you're just engaged too," I said.

"Yes."

Another pause.

"Only I'm not," she added.

"Come into a less crowded place," I said, "and I will tell you of my struggles and you shall tell me who you are." A. W. B.

<sup>&</sup>quot; To-DAY?

# Doggerel's Dictionary

XIX.

Use.—Among things I have never succeeded in finding any use for are those little tin or bone study that sprout in one's shirt when it comes back from the laundry. I have found some sweet uses for adversity in my time (oh, boy!), but for those little study, no.

VANILLA.—Some time ago in an essay ROBERT LYND, if I remember rightly (and I occasionally do), had some harsh things to say about vanilla. It was a flavour that nobody liked, he suggested: given the choice between a vanilla and a strawberry ice any person of sense would choose strawberry. Now I could understand this point of view better if I had ever been able to detect any flavour at all in the socalled vanilla ice. I'm sure I should have the greatest difficulty in noticing any difference between a vanilla ice and an ice that was just frozen cream and sugar. And I believe that many people-not including Mr. LYND, who of course feels strongly on the subject-would fail to taste the vanilla in a vanilla ice that had been tinged with pink and stippled with the small tasteless wooden pips that often diversify and lend a spurious fruitiness to the socalled strawberry ice. I don't believe that this experiment would do any particular good, but as a matter of curiosity I should like to see it made. I am not prepared to pay for the ices, however.

VAST.—See WONDERS OF SCIENCE. (No, there is no particular connection that I know of; but I can tell you to see what I like, can't I?—and I have in my far-sighted mind a plausible way of bringing in X.)

Vegetables.—Another thing Mr. Lynd mentioned in that essay, placing it on a par, unless I am mistaken (and I am frequently not), with vanilla, was cabbage. Now I am willing to go the whole way with him about cabbage. Such is the state of the English vegetable situation that whenever I hear the word "vegetables" what I first think of is cabbage. For this affliction of mine nothing, I fear, can be done.

Voices .- I once declaimed

"Two Voices are there; one is of the sea, One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice"



"DEAR SIRS,—MY COMPLAINT IS THAT THE MOMENT I PUT ON ONE OF YOUR FROCKS IT LOSES ITS SHAPE."

to a man whose reply was, "Okay, you sing the foist voise, I'll sing the second voise and little Oozy'll sing the chorus. Okay, Oozy?"

We then did that. If we had been indoors we should have raised the roof. As it was, rain began to fall almost

immediately.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—If we go into this we get just as good results as we got under Money. I can't pretend to have gone into it very thoroughly, but again I have my favourites: they are nearly all the weights and measures of what my 1847 Dictionary of Commerce calls Petersburg. There, in 1847, the principal corn measure was the chetwert, which was divided into two osmins, four pajocks, eight chetwericks or sixty-four garnitz.

(It is possible, though I suppose not very probable, that the pajock that *Hamlet* used in the second verse of "Why, let the strucken deer go weep"—the one he used in order not to rhyme with "was"—was a quarter of a chetwert. If so, it was also of course two chetwericks or sixteen garnitz.

I find this a very interesting thought.)

Next in my affections comes Constantinople, where a hundred-and-seventy-six drams made one rottolo, and 2·272 rottoli made one oke (I can just see a purchaser counting out his rottoli: he has put down two, and now he is setting aside the extra thousandths: "... two-seventy, two-seventy-one, two-seventy-two—" "Oke!" cries the vendor, holding up one hand); where, moreover, six okes made one batman, and seven and one-third batmen—I beg your pardon, batmans—made one quintal or cantaro.

I have enough data to work out how many pajocks go to the batman or how many batmans to the pajock, but

not enough energy.

We now come to the weights and measures in use in Canton. What I like about them is that there were, though perhaps there are not now, "four different measures answering to a foot." They are all between twelve-and-a-half and thirteen-and-a-half English inches, and they are listed thus:

The foot of the mathematical tribunal.
The builders' foot, called congpu.
The tailors' and tradesmen's foot.
The foot used by engineers.

I don't take much stock in the feet of builders, tailors, tradesmen and engineers, but I will swear any time you care to name by the foot of the mathematical tribunal.

Will.—In the days when my verse used to be didactic and even inspirational I read a little book about Physiological Psychology, and as a result wrote a number of poems about the law of psycho-neural parallelism. The question of will came into them a lot, chiefly for the reason that there are more rhymes to "will" than there are to most other physio-psychological words. I also got in a rather neat reminiscence of Keats, using "cerebral cortex" instead of "stout Cortez" and "psychic" for "Pacific." So much for Will.

WINNINGS OF A DOVE.—The more usual word is "wings," but I have set forth above what the pigeon-racer sighed for. They were not particularly large. As for the wings of a dove, I'd rather have the foot of the mathematical tribunal any day.

[Literary Executor's Note,—One more instalment should bring us to the end of this, at last.] R. M.

<sup>&</sup>quot;The issue of the Parish Magazine contained indecent photos on nearly every page, and sometimes indecent sketches."—Daily Paper. The Bishop shall be told of this.

# Ploughing



Y father's father ploughed this land;

his father's father thought and planned to get increase upon the yield of his forefathers from this field.

I yoke my team
in long gears worn
and break the stubble
fresh from corn.
The shining blade
skims through the
earth
that fruitfulness
may have rebirth
after snow
and the sun's rays
as it used to do
in my father's
days.

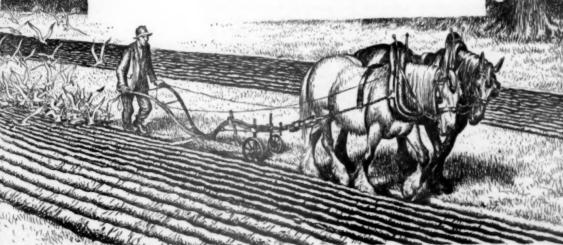
The good earth needs
my care and so
to distant lands
I shall not go.
The seagulls wheel
before my track
and settle swiftly
at my back
and know that ploughing
will go on
when all is said
and all is done.

The clouds hang over bearing rain; I crest the rise, then down again. The shining blade skims through the earth that fruitfulness may have rebirth. Each solid horse pulls, as he walks, upon the chains, upon the baulks. At headlands' turn the heeltrees swing then, hitching over, straightening.

I think each furrow means a year: when eighty's done I'll not be here. And I'll be bound before I came my father's father thought the same.

The seagulls wheel
before my track
and settle swiftly
at my back—
the hissing blade
cuts straight and true.
And this I want:
my son's son too
to plough this field
and give rebirth
to fruitfulness
upon the earth.







"PLEASE, SIR, MAY I SING YOU A CAROL?"

### Christmas Cheer

Some Novel Yuletide Amusements

We all get a little tired, do we not, of the endless rounds of charades and things that are imposed upon us towards the end of December in the name of entertainment. Is there not room for a spice of originality in our Christmas games? Anyway, here are some really novel suggestions; and if there isn't room for them after all, you can do the other thing. In fact that looks like a good way of opening our party.

## Doing the Other Thing

For this game all that is required is two things. Or should it be all that are required are two things? But that sounds so Japanese. Having obtained your two things—the local carpenter will knock you up a couple for a few pence—the object is to do the other one before you have done the first. This is really very difficult indeed and will cause endless amusement with young and old alike.

The next game is called

## EATING YOUR CAKE AND HAVING IT

Some people call this "Having your cake and eating it," but it seems to us that there is a certain element of simplicity inherent in that title which might damn the game in the eyes of those who like their Christmas games difficult. This version of the game, however, can be strongly recommended to folk who are fond of cake.

"Eating your cake and having it" is really quite easy when you have mastered one little catch. Lots of people think that it means having your cake in your hand after you have eaten it, and try to get over the difficulty by eating half the cake and having the other half. However, the rules of the game state clearly that whole cakes are referred to and fractions will not count. The real trick is quite simple: after you have eaten your cake you have it, not in your hand, but in your st—in your b—in your inside. Endless

roars of laughter will be caused when you explain this; and what is more, you will probably have got rid of most of yesterday's cakes to boot.

#### GETTING BLOOD OUT OF A STONE

Phi m sc W sc Gi fin fa

ca

m

pl

This is really a very simple little game. One player is elected as "he" or "it" (or "she" if it is that sort of party), and one of the other players hands him (her or it) a small stone. The object is to get blood out of it. When everybody in the room has tried unsuccessfully the host becomes "it," and to everyone's surprise produces a small flint, squeezes it, and extracts about a gill of blood. (Red ink will do.) The secret is to have a second flint concealed up the sleeve; the first, which is quite genuine, is passed round the players, but before the trick is performed the second flint, which is a hollow dummy made of rubber and previously filled with blood, is deftly substituted.

This seems to have become more of a conjuring-trick than a game, but we can't help that.



"I SHALL BE GLAD WHEN YOU HAVE THE OVEN SEEN TO, JOHN."

#### Making a Silk Purse out of a Sow's Ear

For this game everyone is provided with a sow's ear—either ear will do and told to make a silk purse out of it. The first player to succeed in doing so is elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

When the game is over the host should carefully collect any silk purses that have been completed and send them to the next jumble-sale. Left-oversows' ears should be sewn carefully back on the sows.

# BURNING THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS

This is a very jolly game suggested by the well-known lines of the modern poetess, Edna St. Vincent Millay, who has been aptly described as the only modern American poetess whose name scans as the last half of a pentameter. We don't mind going further and describing her as the only modern American poetess whose name scans as the first half of a pentameter as well. In fact if Miss Gertrude Stein ever took to writing elegiacs, which Heaven forfend, she could not do much better for a pentameter than the line—

# Edna St. Vincent Millay; Edna St. Vincent Millay.

But let us return to our muttons (see below).

The game is played as follows: Every one is given (or at any rate lent) a candle with two ends to it and a box of matches. On the word "Go," all the players—but really we need hardly go any farther into it than that, need we? All that remains is to advise the use of two very necessary precautions. Firstly, make sure that your fire insur-

ance policy is in order; and, secondly, don't play this game in a room where there is a floor, as the wax will almost certainly drip on to it and spoil the carpet.

We observe that we have forgotten to quote the well-known lines of the pentametric poetess; but it is too late now.

FACING THE MUSIC
All that is required for this game is

a few grand pianos. If these are not obtainable we will pass on to the next game, which is called

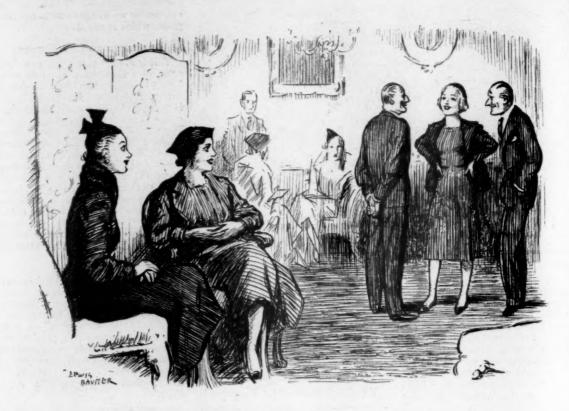
#### RETURNING TO OUR MUTTONS

This is always very popular a week or so after Christmas. It seems to us hardly necessary to go into the details as to how it is played; but let us observe in passing that it is a regular feature of the annual Christmas Romp of the Wine and Food Society. How well we recollect M. André L. Bouillabaisse huffing M. X.M. Peters's mutton last Christmas! And how the rafters rang when, the year before, the Dowager Lady Cosham recounted to Mr. Boris Dooley how once upon a time she had become completely bottled in the château: "Parceque," as she said, "j'étais trop revenu à nos Moutons d'Armailhacq." (It sounds better in French.)

Of course this is not an exhaustive list of novel Christmas games. Great fun can be obtained from "Crossing the Cheque," "Moaning at the Bar" and "Stiffening the Crows"—a very jolly game for grown-ups' parties. On the other hand we have never seen the slightest necessity for playing anything more strenuous at Christmas—of all times!—than "Bagging the Armchair."

"HE INSISTS IT IS WE WHO LIVE UPSIDE-DOWN."





"YES, ISN'T SHE? YOU SEE SHE TOOK UP HEALTH AND BEAUTY AS SOON AS IT CAME IN."

#### Ballade of Professorial Achievements

SEE with what hordes the busy kerbs are lined,
To cheer the victor through the market square!
Aflame with joy the exuberant minstrels wind
The sounding horn and bid the trumpet blare;
And all who look upon his floating hair
And cast their gaze to mark his flashing eyes
Weave circles round him thrice and cry
"Beware!"

Professor Smart has won the Crooning Prize.

He sang the doubtful doom of humankind;
He sang of Troy and that adulterous fair,
And Substantives and how they are declined,
And which are common, which again are
rare;

Of war he sang, and horror and despair, And palimposts and editorial lies; What should it boot that none discerned the air? Professor Smart has won the Crooning Prize.

O various parts! O multisipient mind!
All other spoils had fallen to his share;
One only prize, while thirty years consigned
Their fires to ashes, mocked his toilsome care;
And now the gods have hearkened to his pray'r,
The risen moon fulfils his spangled skies:
At last (though he has forfeited his Chair)
Professor Smart has won the Crooning Prize.

#### Envoy.

Prince, when you climb the master's private stair

To seek his verdict on your exercise,

Be not depressed by what you find up there.

Professor smart has won the Crooning Prize.



THE FRIGHT THAT FAILED



## Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week

Monday, December 6th.—Commons:
Coal Bill taken in Committee.



THE CROYDON WAG
MR. H. G. WILLIAMS

Tuesday, December 7th.—Lords: Debates on Scottish Divorce and Cost of Living.

Commons: Air Raid Precautions Bill given Third Reading.

Wednesday, December 8th.—Lords: Debate on Road Casualties.

Commons: Debates on Location of Industry and Amenities.

Monday, December 6th .- Mr. VYVYAN ADAMS, having gone to the immense trouble of canvassing the signatures of a clear majority of Members to a protest against the provision of only one clock in the Chamber, was clearly staggered this afternoon when Sir PHILIP SASSOON announced that he was unable to approach Mr. SPEAKER on the subject unless he was informed through the usual channels that there was an overwhelming majority in favour of a second clock. It seemed like asking a man who had just conquered the Himalavas to produce alternative evidence that he could walk. But the betting is that Mr. ADAMS will get his clock and no longer be driven to what he considers the discourtesy of turning his back on Mr. SPEAKER whenever he wonders if it is time to

Sir ALFRED KNOX's complaint that the two eminent soldiers who have retired had been dismissed at a few hours' notice fell rather flat in a House which cheered Mr. Sandys' assertion that the entire country welcomed the new policy at the War Office. Mr. Hore-Belisha, always imperturbable, referred Sir Alfred to the public statement authorised by the officers, and paid them warm tribute for their public spirit

Mr. DE LA BEBE, still happily on the war-path, demanded information, this time à propos of car-parking, about the utterances of the B.B.C. on May 7th. He remained unanswered.

When the Coal Bill was taken in Committee a Labour Amendment took up most of the day. It sought to give the new Coal Commission powers to engage in the actual business of coalmining; its sponsors spoke of the rescue of inefficient pits, and Government and Liberal critics declared that they knew nationalisation when they saw it, however it was wrapped up. The only bright spot in the debate was a prolonged scrap between Mr. Herbert Williams and Sir Stafford Reipers, though neither landed a knock-out.

On the adjournment Lieut.-Commander Fletcher not over-politely raised the question of the Air Minister being a member of the Lords and therefore too inaccessible, and the P.M. was able to remind him that in both Socialist Governments the Air Minister had been a peer.

Tuesday, December 7th.-In answer



"'OH, THANK YOU KINDLY, SIR,' SHE SAID."

THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE

to a special question by Private Notice the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE announced the steps he proposed to take to give effect to the price in-



"SATYR, A NATURE DEITY OR DAEMON PARTICULARLY OF MOUNTAIN FORESTS." Dictionary

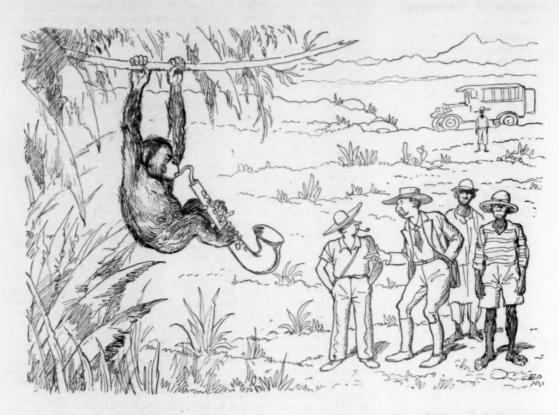
[Sir George Courthops, one of the Forest Commissioners, said that to his mind the one thing that the Lake District lacked was more trees.]

surance plan for the milk industry outlined in paragraph 7 of the White Paper of July. This was to be based on a standard gallonage for butter and cheese, with fixed price levels at which Treasury assistance began to operate.

The Labour Party insistently asked why Mr. Morrison had made this statement in a method which signified urgency, and pretended to misunderstand his reasonable wish to allay the anxiety of the industry as soon as possible. In the middle of it all Mr. DE LA BERE, who had earlier got in his crack about May 7th, infuriated the Opposition by asking, "Where is our wandering boy to-night?" Mr. Attlee is still in Spain.

The Air Raid Precautions Bill was given a Third Reading without a division after Sir Samuel Hoare had announced the appointment of Wing-Commander Hodsoll as Inspector-General in charge of planning, and of Mr. C. W. G. Eady, at present Secretary to the Unemployment Assistance Board, as a Deputy-Under-Secretary controlling the administrative side of the new organisation.

Wednesday, December 8th. — The Bishop of Winchester, calling attention to the high rate of casualties on



"I TELL YOU WHAT—I'LL GIVE HIM A YEAR'S ENGAGEMENT IF YOU CAN TEACH HIM TO PLAY DVORAK'S 'HUMORESQUE.'"

the roads, pointed out to the Lords what a serious position had arisen when the Press and the public made a tremendous fuss over seventeen deaths from typhoid at Croydon and scarcely commented on an average slaughter of twenty people every day and an average injuring of six hundred. He heartily backed Lord Newton's amendment asking for a Select Committee to go into the question.

Subsequent debate produced an interesting variety of views. Lord MOTTISTONE, having treated the House to a further reminiscence of his career (this time a summons from QUEEN VICTORIA), blamed the Ministry. The Duke of RICHMOND asked that the MINISTER should be given almost dictatorial powers. Lord ELITISLEY coined the phrase "road starvation" in connection with the absurdity that only one-third of motor-tax revenue was spent on the roads. Lord CECIL contributed the astounding suggestion that nobody under twenty-five should be allowed to drive unless he had to do so for his living, and Lord ELITON



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO
Mr. CAPE
First breasted the Westminster tape
Nineteen years ago.
This only goes to show
What a lot he must know.

advocated the compulsory adoption of a device, already invented, which switched on a special tail-lamp and limited the speed of a car to 30 m.p.h.

In reply Lord Munster accepted the suggestion of a Select Committee, which will be most welcome, and said the Government felt they had neglected no practical measures. To this Mr. P.'s R. would very humbly ask: What about compulsory tail-lamps for cyclists and making it obligatory on pedestrians in cities to cross only on the dotted line?

There were two good debates in the Commons. Lieut.-Commander Fletcher, referring to the "Minister for the Coagulation of Defence," raised the question of the location of industry and asked that the Commission which is sitting should be short-circuited in view of the urgency of the matter; and Mr. Godfrey Nicholson, on a general motion about amenities, called attention to the menace of advertising and asked that a round-table conference should meet to discuss it—a suggestion which Mr. Lloyd accepted.

## The Sons of the Morning

(An attempt at a popular type of literature)

CHRISTMAS, 1997. London has been wiped out by the Masked Men from the Air, and the only survivor (so far as he knows) is Roger Bagshaw, Bank Clerk. The Masked Men have rendered the situation even more formidable by releasing a number of incubator-bombs filled with the eggs of prehistoric monsters, which now are hatching out and occupying the ruined town. Roger has laken refuge in the Bargain Basement of Messrs. Selmages, the great store, where to his surprise he discovers Deirodre Parkinson, beautiful assistant, lying unconscious behind her counter, menaced by an iguanapod.

Now read on if you dare.

I reeled back as I saw that baleful head swaying ominously above the counter. The monsters had evidently been provided with some special forcing food in the Masked Men's incubating-bombs, so that already they had attained to all but their full size. It was obviously intending an attack on the awoning girl

swooning girl. "Deirdre!" I gasped, my eyes desperately searching for some weapon. Why had I left the death-ray projector, which my friend, Dick Humbelow, the brilliant young Oxford scientist, had given me, in my flat at Earl's Court? I saw nothing but rows of coats upon their hangers, modish hats, and stiff but shapely dressdummies in serried ranks. Suddenly an idea flashed into my head. Hastily I threw a priceless coney-marmot swagger over the monster's grinning head, momentarily blinding it, and ran towards one of the figures, an amplebosomed outsize close at hand. Hurriedly robing it in furs and pulling a Tyrolean hat over its abbreviated neck, I dragged it over to where the unwitting girl lay. In a moment I had snatched her up in my arms and left it in her place. As I raced for the lift I heard a dreadful rending and a muffled curse as the great lizard's teeth met in

Bearing my precious burden, I dashed out into Oxford Street. The setting sun struck me in the face like a bar of gold. I remember thinking how strange a thing it was that this street, so often filled with eager bustling shoppers, now only contained me, Roger Bagshaw, and the lovely girl whom now I held in my arms. Suddenly I felt a terrific heave beneath

the dummy's straw-filled torso.



"I RECKON 'E'S THE BEST ROUND 'ERE, AN' 'E'D BE IN 'ARLEY STREET ONLY 'E 'ATES SOCIETY."

my feet. It seemed as if the whole highway was canting slowly skywards, as a plank tilts from the water when a corpulent bather rests upon one end. A Belisha beacon toppled over and came gyrating and bouncing down the slope towards me. Suddenly a wild figure burst from the shelter of the Marble Arch and came staggering and sliding madly along the street. In a flash I recognised my old friend, Dick Humbelow, the young Oxford professor.

"England's sinking!" he shouted wildly, his face working with deep emotion. "The Masked Men are at the bottom of this! . . ."

Can England be saved? Next week (or possibly not): "THE PEOPLE UNDER THE SEA."

A Step in the Right Direction
"SEMI-PRIVATE BATHS."
From a U.S. Hotel Adve.

## At the Play

## " MACBETH " (OLD VIC)

THE Witches, those "juggling fiends," told Macbeth many things which sounded pleasanter than they were. But they concealed from him some further blows which Time had in store, and he died without knowing how the pale and melancholy Hamlet was going to steal the credit for a great many of his best remarks. But equally they did not tell him how superbly Mr. LAURENCE OLIVIER would appear in the fulness of time to carry on the tradition of the great Macbeths of the stage.

No one can go to the Old Vic without feeling how strange it is that this play, which on so many counts is entitled to pride of place in the whole gamut of Elizabethan drama, is so rarely seen. Lesser plays of SHAKESPEARE are produced over and over again, but this story, which always holds its audiences spellbound from first to last, comes all too rarely. It seldom comes so finely played as in this production.

Mr. OLIVIER'S Macbeth is a striking figure from the first, a man of wildeyed ambition he gathers strength as

his misfortunes multiply and is in the final Act at his very best. The only at all serious criticism to be made of his sustained performance is that in the beginning he shows us a chieftain whom we do not believe will ever have the nerve to commit the murder and gain the crown. The ambition, the strength of character is cast in the shade, and his portrayal does not make intelligible the high esteem Macbeth enjoys or the rewards which Duncan loves to send; and we never get the impression that, if the murder is carried through, the venture will turn out successfully. But once the deed is done the doubts, the failures of nerve, the remorse acquire a heightened value. They are matched by the achievement of a dangerous murder and there is then nothing contemptible about Macbeth, even in his stricken moments when Banquo's ghost appears. He pulls himself together and marches on from cruelty to

cruelty. With great energy and a fine judgment Mr. OLIVIER rings the changes so that we follow at very close quarters the alternation of moods and



#### A HELPFUL WIFE

. . . Mr. LAURENCE OLIVIER Lady Macbeth . . MISS JUDITH ANDERSON

their reflection in policy; and we see what may be called the political situation go from bad to worse as Macbeth



THE UNWELCOME INVITED GUEST

Macbeth . . . . . . MR. LAURENCE OLIVIER Banquo's Ghost . . . MR. PIERRE LEFEVRE

arouses suspicion and fails either to win over or to terrorise the opposition. In the sombre setting the deep majestic language stands out, gleaming like jewelled armour and keeping the

play a high tragedy.

It is a measure of the strength of the production that the Witches can be, and are, depicted with a crude horror which might become ridiculous in any other setting. Here they The production has are right. achieved a most admirable and easy fusion between a normal realism, embodied in men like Macduff (Mr. ELLIS IRVING) and his family, and the darkly supernatural elements.

Macbeth is a particularly satisfying play for the finish that has been given to all the characters. Nothing is more convincing than the obvious limitations of the two sons, notably Malcolm (Mr. NIALL MAC-GINNIS), and Banquo (Mr. ANDREW CRUICKSHANK). We get the whole picture of a society resting on the view of fealty. Banquo is in no way outstanding or formidable except for his royalty of nature, the preeminent degree in which he possesses the essential virtues which the time needed. We are enabled

to see how the central crime in the play was something much more heinous than the crime of a Eugene Aram. It is not

murder for greed, but the worst crime against honour, and neither Macbeth nor his wife can ever look at it as they would like.

Lady Macbeth (Miss Jud-ITH ANDERSON) in her first appearances suggests a kind introspective anxiety which makes her in no way stronger than her husband. They are indeed a nervous pair to have planned and carried through anything so tremendous. Some part of the full tragedy has been lost through this failure to give due weight to their elemental strength. But she is at her best in the sleep-walking scene.

There is a tendency among those who play the minor characters to carry natural conversation to a point where it is difficult to hear the lines. They face each other, sometimes talking face close to face lest the language should seem to be declaimed; but with lines so familiar, so full of echoes and later associations declamation is more appropriate than in a new D. W. verse play.

# "THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS!" (SHAFTESBURY)

One of the best crime-mysteries of English history was the murder in 1678 of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, who was found stabbed in a ditch on

Primrose Hill soon after he had received, in the course of his duties as a magistrate, Trrus OATES' surprising information of a Popish plot against the lives of the King and his brother.

It was never solved, for Mr. PRANCE, who confessed to having done it, was subsequently proved to be a liar, and none of the theories to which it gave rise has ever been found to be conclusive. They were many; but I wonder if there is any historical evidence for the charges which Mr. W. P. LIPSCOMB makes in this play that a bogus accusation was engineered by Shaffesbury and OATES against PEPYS, and that PEPYS defended himself in a tremendous oration to the Oxford Parliament? Mr. LIPSCOMB, says the programme, has based his play on the life

of PEPYS by Mr. ARTHUR BRYANT, who should know; yet it is hard to believe that even OATES would suggest that PEPYS dashed all the way from the Navy Office to Primrose Hill (he was supposed to have been seen standing over the body) in order to knife a respectable magistrate, and surely the Oxford Parliament were out to fry a very much larger fish?

But whatever the accuracy of these incidents, the play has the historical merit of showing Charles as an astute strategist who could see national needs unobscured by religious bias, a side of his character too often ignored for the easier effects of Court scandals, and Peps as that for which he is least remembered, the perfect civil servant who reduced the administration of the Navy to order and had the bravery to speak out against the hopeless corruption of the Navy Board.

The position of MARY SKINNER in his household may have been questioned by the malicious, but this was the sedate Perrs turning more and more after the death of his wife to hard work and the dream of a strong Fleet, tidily controlled from behind a thorough filing-system and manned by sailors whose pay and rations should

be no longer the perquisites of big and little sharks all the way from London to the coast. Charles knew that war could not be very far round the corner, and cherished a similar ambition. He spotted Pepys as a man of drive and integrity and entrusted him with the



A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY
King Charles II. . . . . Mr. Barry K. Barres
Mr. Samuel Pepys . . . Mr. Edmund Gwenn

rapid execution of a rearmament programme which went to the dizzy heights of "ninety sail." This appeared an impossible task, as the King was unable to give more than guarded support, and Perys was up



THE FAITHFUL COMMONS
Stapeley . . . Mr. Charles Groves

against vested interests of the most uncompromising kind; but he succeeded, working himself nearly blind, and the proud day came when he stood on the royal yacht beside his master and dimly saw the great new Fleet sail by. The piece rather lacks continuity,

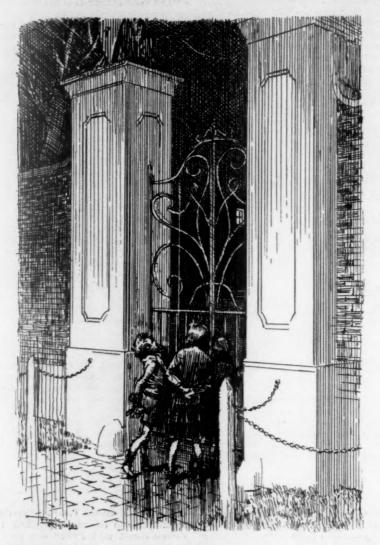
for the strongest thread which binds its numerous scenes together is PEPYS' struggle, and there is only a limited dramatic interest in the making of ships, against whatever odds; some of the episodes, too, suffer from the common weakness of historical plays by giving the impression of being intimate sections from a larger pageant. But when these faults have been discounted there remain to be praised excellent drawing of character, some good acting, and a production which makes the most of a period background (and at the same time a nautical one) without being tiresome.

Mr. EDMUND GWENN'S Pepys is a firm and full portrait of one side of the man, charmingly carried out. Fanatical efficiency is seldom

endearing and can even become a repulsive quality, but here there is too much humanity for its subject to be anything but lovable. There is also imagination, which grasps the size of issues beyond immediate urgency, and there is high courage. I do not say that all these virtues are necessarily possessed by the bowler-hatted gentlemen who are to be seen reluctantly crossing the Horse Guards Parade about three in the afternoon, but I cannot doubt that PEPYS was their real progenitor. The first great desktiger in our history, it seems sheer tragedy to think he never knew the telephone or the electric-bell.

Mr. Barry K. Barres' Charles is an attractive study and demonstrates convincingly how he was most dangerous when he appeared most frivolous. The wit and the cynicism are here, but also the friendly simplicity which won the heart of the Commons of England. This Charles and this Pepys would have understood and respected each other immediately.

Of a number of other good performances the best are Mr. Henry Oscar's intensely Cabalistic Shaftesbury, Miss Marjorie Mars' Nell Gwyn and Mr. CHARLES GROVES' delightful sketch of an old rope-maker. Eric



"LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY."

## Tea Party

I ARRIVED with an apology for the absence of "himself." For he, like others of the breed, abhors tea-parties. I said he was so sorry he couldn't get away from work in time. Mrs. Smith said she was sorry too. The whole roomful looked sorry except Retired Colonel, who looked frankly incredulous. Nobody worked in the afternoon when he was a subaltern, and he suspected they didn't now. I felt he must be the author of bi-annual letters to the Station Commander on aged lives in

the village being shortened by the noise of night-flying, of babies losing their beauty-sleep, and of an aeroplane flying dangerously low and frightening his pheasants. I felt as certain of this as I knew, when I entered the house, that the oak settle in the hall contained an old parasol and mouldy croquet-balls, without lifting the lid.

The young daughter of the house assisted the parlourmaid to hand round plates of microscopic sandwiches.

There was the Parson: Uplift and Boys' Clubs.

Parson's Wife: Fat, rosy-cheeked and cheerful.

Two old maids: Rather nice.

A Masterful Woman, wife of a Don in the neighbouring university town. Of a race apart.

An Even More Masterful Woman, who, I gathered from her conversation, was JOYCE WETHERED at golf, DORотну Round at tennis and perhaps AMIR BEY at squash. I said, Yes, I did play squash; it was so handy having the Mess court in the mornings. No. I didn't have to pay, and any morning next week if she'd care to. I was afraid I wasn't very good, and, Yes, I did play in shorts. She didn't? No, I wouldn't either if I had turned thirtyfive

Mrs. Smith asked me how I liked my house. I couldn't say it was sheer necessity and the scarcity of houses-tolet that drove us into it, so I said I liked it very much. I wasn't certain some of the landlady's relations weren't there. Mrs. Smith said it had been rather a popular house with the Flying Corps, hadn't it? So I asked her if she had known the last tenants. She said she hadn't. They were there only such a short time. (Two years.) And Mollie was still at school then.

I hadn't noticed the Retired Colonel's Wife before. She was entirely obscured by him as he straddled the hearthrug, but she peeked round the side of him and asked: "Have they got many regular soldiers at the aerodrome? I thought they only had the undergraduates learning to fly.'

I said we hadn't got any soldiers there at all, and a chorus asked what they were called.

said, "The ranks are airmen." "Then they all fly? How wonderful!"

I tried to explain.

"Oh, no. The ones that don't flythe men with ground jobs; the troops are airmen.'

'How very confusing! Now why do they call them airmen if they don't

I confessed I didn't know. I said,

Sailors don't all 'sail.'

"But soldiers-"Yes, I know. But cavalry rides in motor-cars now.

What is your husband?" asked one of the old maids.

Mrs. Smith brightly answered this for me: "He's a squadron-leader. That's the same as a major.'

What comes after squadron leader?

"Don't you feel afraid having a husband in the Flying Corps?'

I said "Wing-commander," and left the second question answered by a superior smile that I hoped placed me in the ranks of Stalwart Women. Retired Colonel must have thought I

was of the Stuff that Heroes' Wives and Mothers Were Made, because he now addressed me.

"Lot of activity going on round here lately. I suppose it's the expansion. They seem to get noisier. Scaring all my preserves. See they're buying up land all round the place. Good farming land. Pity they can't find land more suitable. Lots to be had, and cost 'am less"

My suggestion that he should see "them" or write to his M.P. was met by an icy stare.

"Then a flight-lieutenant is the same as a second-lieutenant?"

"Does your husband have to do a lot of flying?"

"Does he fly upside-down?"

"Does he take you up with him?"
"Oh, no. You see, it isn't allowed."
"But in the War my cousin——"

I said I expected a lot of funny things happened in the War, and that was a long time ago.

"What do they do when it is too wet to fly? We have had such a lot of wet and foggy days this year, haven't we?"

I was stymied. I had never given it a thought. But I couldn't let the old firm down, so I said they had lectures on care and maintenance of aeroplanes, and rather wished "himself" could hear me. Then again I didn't. They seemed all very impressed because they said so, and that before they had really thought the boys hadn't to do anything but fly

Somebody then wanted to know if we had enough aeroplanes to go to war with, as her sister was in Germany recently, but the Parson's Wife cut in and said she loved the flying boys, they were so brave and cheerful. But she wouldn't like her daughter to marry one. It was so dangerous. Mrs. Smith looked thoughtful. Was she pondering whether it would be better to have Mollie a widow than never a wife?

The Parson's Wife added hurriedly, "My dear, of course you are used to it, aren't you? I remember in the War—Did you ever know a Captain—? What was his name, Henry? He used to come over to see us at Shorncliffe and he once looped the loop over our house."

Up to then the Masterful Woman had ignored me. She had been talking to the Parson and I caught snatches of their conversation that brought in words: "Tripos . . . Coaching . . . Professor . . Writing a treatise on . . . My husband can't think why he was appointed." She looked at me and said, "Do you know Air Marshal——?"

I said, No, I had never met him.
"Air Vice-Marshal ——?"
I hadn't met him either.

a

ne

"Air Vice-Marshal — ? She's such a charming woman."

She drew a blank from me the third time, but tried again a bit lower down the list.

"But you must know Air-Commodore——? No doubt your husband knows them all?"

I said he might do. He started off in the Navy. That impressed her.

"Oh, then he'll know Admiral—?"
And Admiral—? And Admiral—?"

I thought of telling her he used to play darts with them in all the pubs in Portsmouth, but I didn't. I said soon after he was in the Air Force he went to India. And there weren't many admirals in India, were there?

"Ah!" she said, with a gleam in her eyes, "if he was in India—and you

were there too?— he must know—you both must know General ——?"

I felt it was time I went home. The whole room was by this time clearly of the opinion that we belonged to a lower stratum of society, or else my husband never took me anywhere.

As I was leaving a newcomer arrived, very late and flustered, followed by a little man in spectacles.

"How do you do?" she said. "We have been meaning to call, haven't we, Eustace? You have taken Mrs. Brown's house, haven't you? And your husband is in the Flying Corps?"
"No," I said, "he's not."

"LADY BOWLERS JOIN FORCES."
West Kirby Advertiser.
The spirit of DRAKE is not dead!



"COME IN, GEORGE. WE'VE SHOPPED EARLY AND POSTED EARLY, SO WE JUST THOUGHT WE'D HAVE OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER EARLY AND GET THE WHOLE THING OVER."



"WHAT EXACTLY IS AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS, DADDY?"

#### Christmas Books

No, Horace, a book on Christmas Day does not keep the doctor away—at least, not always. On the other hand, it does help to while away the long, long hours between the moment when we fall away from the groaning board, too full, as Felicia Hemans puts it, for utterance, and that other moment—about three hours later—when consciousness returns and with it the first faint intimations of new ambition, the realisation that we shall after all be able to sit up and nibble a muffin or two when the tea-bell rings.

There are those who think you would be better occupied in rolling on the lawn, but the best medical opinion asserts that repose is the natural ally of ingestion. The boaconstrictor, they point out—— But enough of that! Our business is with books, not with boa-constrictors; so do you, Aunt Mary, and you, Uncle George, not to mention all other relations up to the fourteenth degree of consanguinity, as well as godparents, well-wishers, junior partners and others whom it may concern, consider carefully Mr. Punch's timely tips to Christmas book-givers. For it is in your interest that the list is compiled. It is for you that the publishers have lain awake all through the summer in their villas on the Riviera wondering how to fill the Christmas book table with still richer fare, still stranger delights.

And just to show that we are playing no favourites we shall invite them to troop up with their wares in strictly alphabetical order. And since A stands for ALLEN AND UNWIN, let them begin. The Hobbit (J. R. R. TOLKIEN, 7/6) is about-well, we all know what hobbits are and crave more of their company. More About Dan (GEO. WRIGHT, 3/6) is more about Dan, who, to judge by J. F. Carter's illustrations, is some dog, but don't ask me which. EDWARD ARNOLD AND Co. present Your Puppy and Mine (H. V. BEAMISH, 7/6), which tells you how to inculcate deportment into dogs (yours, not mine). ARTHUR BARKER does himself proud with The Tale of The Land of Green Ginger (NOEL LANGLEY, 10/6), this being a story of more than Oriental unbelievability exotically illustrated by the author. The same publisher gives us a jolly little collection of "Buffin Books" (ROBERT HARTMAN) at 2/- (coloured) for the Much Younger Set. A. AND C. BLACK offer Nothing But Horses (K. F. BARKER, 12/6), beautifully drawn by the author and just the stuff for the Young Nobs. From BLACKIE AND SON come Pasha the Pom (Sir James and Lady Frazer, 2/6), and Silver Snaffles (PRIMROSE CUMMING, 5/-), another of those charmingly-illustrated books for the horse-conscious young. A Christmassy lot come from Blackwell's of Oxford, mostly with the right sort of pictures: Uncle Ben's Stories, a "RABIER" book (5/-), Tales of the Taunus Mountains (Miss OLIVE DEHN, 5/-), The Bisoro Stories (H.H. Prince AKIKI K. NYABONGO, 3/6), real African animal stories retold by a real African chieftain; The Enchanted Pool and The Baby Show (MABEL MARLOWE,

2/6 (A (") Ho E (K chi

dit (J. (G.



"WOT A DREADFUL WEEK-END YOU'VE 'AD, MISS-NEVER STOPPED RAINING FROM THE TIME IT STARTED TILL IT LEFT OFF, DID IT?"

2/6 each), books of plays for children; and Isle of Adventure

(A. S. K. Davis, 5]-), a good boys' yarn.

Burns and Oates offer Worzel Gummidge Again
("Euphan," 3/6), The Muddleheaded Postman (Garry
Hogg, 3/6), and Mr. Fuzzy and His Friends (Agnes BlunBell, 3/6). Jonathan Cape send The Far-Distant Oxus
(Katharine Hull and Pam Whitlock, 7/6), written "by
children for children and about children"; Tommy, Tilly and
Mrs. Tubbs (Hugh Loffing, 3/6), for the extremely young;
and Mary Plain on Holiday (Gwynedd Rae, 3/6), which is
ditto. Messis. Collins weigh in with We Met Our Cousins
(J. Cannan, 8/6), more ponies; My Little Nursery Rhymes
(G. Cousland, 3/6), and Diggory Goes to the Never-Never
(Myfanwy Evans, 3/6). Country Life are simply all over
us with The Disappointed Lion (A. N. Tucker, 7/6), which is
not about the League of Nations, as you might expect, but

another real African folk-tale; Rajah the Elephant (M. E. Buckingham, 7/6), which gets full marks as an elephant biography; Golden Knight and Other Stories (Hermione Ratliffe, 3/6), jodhpurs, jodhpurs all the way; Ways of the Veld Dwellers (H. W. D. Longden, 7/6), African animal stories; Just Monkeys (Maurice Wilson, 10/6), beautifully-drawn studies of our simian brothers; and Just Pups (K. F. Barker, 10/6), which you can put in your own stocking as a present from Fido. I finish the "C's" with the Cresset Press's My Friend Mr. Leakey (J. B. S. Haldane, 6/-), which all goes to show that even eminent scientists have their moments.

DENT'S begin the "D's" with Robin Hood (CAROLA OMAN, 3/6), Heron's Island (G. D. Roberts, 5/-), Tennis Shoes (N. Streatfeild, 5/-), for girls; Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights (3/6), and Sabu, The Elephant Boy (5/-),



"WHY MUST YOU PIT YOURSELF AGAINST SOCIETY?"

photos and story taken from the film of that name. Lovat Dickson have What Happened Afterwards (E. and D. Newton Bungey, 5/-), plays ingeniously founded on nursery rhymes, and Teddy's Story (J. D. Prentice, 7/6), in the Puck of Pook's Hill vein. Faber and Faber present The Story of Horace (3/6), Horace being a bear who eats up everybody and should make a big hit in any nursery; This Year, Next Year (7/6), such verses as only Walter De la Mare can write, with Victorian illustrations; The Adventures of No Ordinary Rabbit (Alison Uttley, 5/-); The Magic Poodle (B. G. Williamson, 5/-), and My Best

Story for Boys (5/-), by various authors. VICTOR GOLLANCZ send The Adventures of a Little Pig (F. LE GROS and IDA CLARK, 3/6), and HAMISH HAMILTON The Story of Ferdinand (MUNRO LEAF, 3/6), Ferdy being a bull who just wouldn't fight. GEORGE HARRAP offers Thanks to Claudius (J. F. LEEMING, 5/-); Dumpling (U. M. WILLIAMS, 2/6), ponies again; The Good Master (KATE SEREDY, 5/-), a book about Hungarian children on a farm; Corporal Corey (J. O'BRIEN, 5/-) of the "Mounties"; and The Gunniwolf (5/-), animal stories by various authors. From HODDER AND STOUGHTON come Lady Rose and Mrs. Memmary (RUBY FERGUSON, 5/-), for the fairly grown up; MICHAEL JOSEPH supply Martin Pippin in the Daisy Field (ELEANOR FARJEON, 8/6); and One Hundred Enchanted Tales (compiled by CLEMENCE DANE, 8/6), nearly seven hundred pages of them! JOHN LANE will be glad to furnish stockings with any of the following: From Seven to Eight (M. T. CANDLER, 5/-), nursery stories; Mystery Manor (M. E. ATKINSON, 7/6), complete with ghosts and such; Professor Branestawm's Treasure Hunt (N. HUNTER, 6/-); and The Magic Collar (3/6), all puppies and policemen. Longmans send Moonshine in Candle Street (Constance Savery, \$1.75), pleasantly sentimental. Mac-MILLAN have The Very House (MAZO DE LA ROCHE, 7/6); It's Perfectly True (7/6), Hans Andersen again; and Toomai of the Elephants (2/6), with "Elephant Boy" illus-The child who gets off with only one Elephant Boy this Christmas will be lucky

METHUEN would tempt you with yet another adventure of the immortal Babar, Babar's Friend Zephir (Jean de Brunhoff, 7/6); also Babar's A.B.C. (5/-). Frederick Muller sends The Family From One End Street (Eve Garnett, 5/-), commended by the Junior Book Club, whatever that may be. From John Murray come Mumfie the Admiral (Katherine Tozer, 6/-), Mumfie being now nearly as well known as Babar himself; and Squishy Apples (Cicely Englepheld, 2/-), which concerns pigs and things—Englepheld pigs, than which I cannot say fairer.

NELSON'S little lot include The Dog That Went to Heaven (EVELYN HOWARD, 2/6); My Limerick Book (LANGFORD Reed, 2/6), and very good Limericks too; Felicity Dances (A. L. HASKELL, 3/6), a book about the ballet; and The Schoolboy King (MARK DALLOW, 3/6), a good sound thriller. NESBIT provides The Story of Sambo and the Twins (HELEN BANNERMAN, 2/6) for the toddlers. PUTNAM's offer Scouting Achievements (BERESFORD WEBB, 8/6). RICH AND COWAN'S The Curious Lobster (R. W. HATCH, 6/-) is a curious lobster indeed; and ROUTLEDGE'S My Circus Animals (V. L. DUROV, 5/-) are real circus animals written about by a real animal trainer. The Studio Ltd.'s The Children's Art Book (G. Holme, 6/-) is pictures, fine pictures by all sorts of famous artists; and The Adventures of Chico (PAULINE MORLAND, 2/6), published by SIMPKIN MARSHALL, is about a pet monkey. Tuck send Father Tuck's Annual (3/6) and a pet monkey. The Farmland (2/-). Messrs. WARD contribute Little Goosie-Gosling and The Merry Mouse (H. and A. Evers, 2/-); and Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. offer Mirth by Maybank (3/6), drawings by a once-famous artist; The Broom and Heather Boys (2/6), for schoolboys; and The Wonder Book of Daring Deeds (5/-). Messrs. Warne send so many jolly story-books for girls and boys that we simply haven't room to give the names of all of them. Enough that if it looks frightfully adventurous and has the name WARNE on it it will be just what they want. And so to the last of all, from WILLIAMS AND NORGATE, The Misfortunes of Sophy (2/6), from the French: and if there are any publishers whose names begin with X, Y or Z, we just can't do with them.

So good-bye, Aunt Mary, Uncle George and the rest of you. We regret that we cannot tell you more about these many and delectable works, but you see our difficulty. Off with you, then, to the book-shop, pay your money and, with our expert assistance, take your choice.



"MAY I POINT OUT, LORD PILLOWCASE, THAT IT IS NOT USUAL AT THESE GATHERINGS TO SMOKE BEFORE 'THE RED FLAG'?"

## Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

### Slump in Rusticity

IF Portrait of a Village (HEINEMANN. 8/6) is on the whole a depressing picture, it is due perhaps rather to defects of vision in Mr. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG than to a fundamental lack of vitality in the countryside. Monks Norton in Worcestershire is an imaginary village, but its annalist has equipped it with representative elms and cottages, a post-office, a couple of great houses, a bungalow, a village institute, a school, a pub, shops, farms and a small-holding. He has peopled the scene with "longlived and respectable" cottagers, a wrenlike little postmistress, a decayed aristocrat, a horsey family with an industrial pedigree, and so forth. His portraiture is honest and able; and you are inclined to set down a wet-blanket impression that survives even the grace and gusto of Miss Joan Hassall's wood-engravings, entirely to unsympathetic showmanship. Our author regrets the decline of the village, but has very little idea of what should be salvaged or why. And when he sheds crocodile tears over the cottagers without w.c.'s and bathtaps even the rural intelligentsia-who often manage so capably without these accessories-may be pardoned a shrug of irritation.

## Yorkshire Legacy

Far more than South Riding or the Letters the thirty stray short stories rounded up in Pavements at Anderby (COLLINS, 7/6) exhibit the assets and habilities of Miss WINIFRED HOLTBY'S half-expanded talent. For personality and technique alike were, you feel, on their way to new discoveries when she died; and this volume of tales, essays and fantasies, happily or disastrously tentative, shows far more plainly than work less experimental the strength that was due to strengthen and the weakness that would probably have waned. A sub-acid, rather academic feminism is obviously responsible for the clumsier and less genial portion of the bookthe childish satire of "The Murder of Madame Mollard," the unconvincing inauendo of "The Wronged Woman." On the other hand, an impulse of common human disgust with a caddish adulterer Produces as just a piece of melodrama "Little Man Lost." The book's most memorable campaigns are certainly not

the punitive ones. "Machiavelli in the Sick-Room," most impishly graceful of essays; "The Cow," most touching of War legends, and "The Comforter," most sensitively





Governess. "Now, Linsley, you mustn't have any more Plum-Pudding. It'll make you ill!"

Linsley. "Never mind, it's work it!"

Phil May, December 17th, 1898.

spiritual of meditations, are typical of work that exhibits its own excellences and a common endowment of equanimity and insight.

#### For What We Have Received

The more consciously intelligent of Jane Austen's admirers to-day apparently have their reservations. Great events were shattering the world in her time, and she wrote of love-affairs and tea-tables; sympathy with the sufferings of the poor, any attempt to better the way of the world, were outside her scope—and so forth. Against all this Mrs. (Beatrice) Kean Seymour is at pains to defend her in Jane Austen: Study for a Portrait (Michael Joseph, 8/6), and on the whole defends her ably. Incidentally she does us the service of reminding us how, more than once, tragedy impinged on Miss Austen's life; but for most of us no defence is needed. For what she gave us thousands have been truly thankful, and most of us, could we have her novels

improved to the pattern provided by her most carping critics, would prefer to keep them as they are; for, curiously enough, it is not only her stories, her characters or even her English that win her readers; it is also what they reveal of her satiric wit and intrinsic courage—in fact, JANE AUSTEN herself.

#### Chosen Brevities

Mr. EDWARD J. O'BRIEN continues his good work of anthologising the fictional miniaturists. The Best Short Stories of 1937 (CAPE, 7/6) is as interesting a collection as any in the series. Its mean level is higher than a casual acquaintance with the magazines might have led one to hope; it is sufficiently varied, yet has a coherence given to it by the Zeitgeist. Out of nearly forty pieces about two-thirds are English, but it is the American minority which occupy the larger number of pages. They display themselves not only at greater length but on the whole with greater strength; though sometimes

their virility strikes one as being nothing more substantial than a literary gesture, and perhaps the most arresting of these Transatlantic tales is a quiet and delicate study of youth on the eve of experience, "The Voyage Out," by Mr. Morley Callaghan. Among the English stories Mr. Geraint Goodwin's "Saturday Night" stands out because of its more complex development—though a purist might cavil at the sudden shifting of the focal point—and "Water of Iturrigorri," by Mr. Geoffree Household, for its vivacity. Many of the others are very slight indeed—brief analyses or suggestions of a fleeting moment or mood. But they usually succeed within their limits, and "The Wild Duck's Nest" of Mr. Michael McLaverty has a quite peculiar charm. It is notable how many of them have children at their centre. Is it that in a wicked world it is only the age of innocence which the sensitive can find pleasure in contemplating?

### An Artist Enjoys Himself.

Mr. Frank Reynolds has written and illustrated a book, Off to the Pictures (Collins, 7/6), which shows him to be a friendly and humorous observer of many things. The book, as the title suggests, is mainly concerned with films and their audiences, but it also contains many good anecdotes about cricketers, golfers, actors and others. Mr. Reynolds also has an eye for the life of his riverside village in the outskirts of London. Nothing escapes his notice, and he enjoys everything wholeheartedly. His favourite film-stars are given full measure of friendly appreciation, and in some cases he is enthusiastic in his praises. One almost wishes he had handed out a smack or two, but perhaps this would have marred the impres-

sion of light-hearted enjoyment which is the book's chief attraction.

#### Strained Relations

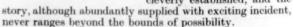
When Lucian Myrand shot a man who ostensibly was his best friend he committed a crime so sensational that it was remembered in Chicago; for Lucian, shut up for life in a penitentiary, refused to explain himself in any way, and readers of The Shield of Silence (Collins, 7/6) will find that Messrs. EDWIN BALMER and PHILIP WYLIE have shown fully how terrible a strain this dumbness placed upon Mrs. Myrand and her daughter. Then after some years another murder, similar to the first in many respects, took place, and to those who loved Lucian it became increasingly evident that the source of trouble could be traced to the years when he had taken a part in the European war. The connection between his adventures as an aviator in France and his later misfortunes is cleverly established, and the

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". . . AND THIS IS ME."

The Christmas cards and calendars which Mr. Punch has had the pleasure of inspecting this year include a number from the Ward Gallery, the Medici Society, Messrs. W. Heffer and Sons, of Cambridge, and the Challenge Galleries. Those who prefer unusual and striking designs or excellent reproductions of water-colour drawings to the usual snow and robins need look no further than these productions. Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Co., too, have a wide selection of attractive cards. Notable among the calendars are those issued by G. Delgado, Ltd., and Messrs. McCaw, Stevenson & Orb., the former containing nearly one hundred illustrated jokes from Punch, the latter a quotation for every day from the same source.

### Charivaria

A BISHOP confesses that he writes articles for the Press on fishing and religion. He gets in by hook or by crook.

"EARL OF MUNSTER.

'FIGURE NOW KEPT TO MORE NORMAL LEVEL.

Glasgow Herald.

We await the after-Christmas bulletin with interest.

A mouse that scuttled on to the Chairman' table caused great amusement in a lecture-hall recently.

Unaccustomed as it was to public squeaking . . .



During a dispute over a bet on a New Zealand racecourse a young man bit a bookmaker's nose. We are not told if the tip came off.

"String Waistcoats are a New Fashion." The Burton Chronicle.

They match the string braces, which have been popular for many years.

"A good football team will often win one week and then lose the next, observes a writer of sports notes. It could of course overcome this handi-

cap by only playing every other week.

"All I could make out on my new radio-set at first was Moscow and atmospherics," writes a listener. We con-

gratulate him on his ability to distinguish between the two.

The best place during a wet winter, declares a reader, is indoors. This is all right so long as the wet winter doesn't get the same idea.

A German scientist is reported to have invented a gas that will dissolve any substance with which it comes into contact. It will be

interesting to learn what he intends to keep it in.

After a concert every scholar in a Surrey Sunday School was given a history-book specially chosen by his teacher. So a good tome was had by all.

A music-critic is said to have attended a concert in London wearing a black starched shirt. Presumably he jotted notes on his cuff with a piece of chalk.

Rats are reported to be nesting in the chimneys of houses near a refuse-dump in

Sussex. Father Christmas would be glad to hear of a good terrier.

"If the average man were granted a dozen wishes, it is doubtful if he could formulate anything to his advantage on the spot," declares a psychologist. He seems to have completely overlooked the

football pool coupon.

go through Parliament is a Noisy Parkers Bill.

A man in North London who often has his rest disturbed

in the small hours says that what he would like to see

"END OF MR. ATTLEE'S VISIT TO MADRID. VICTORY FOR GOVERNMENT ASSURED.

Manchester Guardian. Whoever called him "ineffective"?

Modern children are reluctant to believe that Father Christmas comes down the chimney. They think he would be bound to suffer from Santa Claustrophobia.



Bargain for Animal-Lovers "One long handled Skunk Duster."

H'm. How long, exactly?

A dental student is the hero of a new film which shows the actual extraction of teeth. This picture has nothing to do with a forthcoming production entitled A Yank at Oxford.





## Form of Apology

BECAUSE we were hemmed in by foes Because we feared the hammer blows

That China's strength might deal,—With humble and with contrite souls
We laid aside our peaceful rôles
We bowed our heads; with one accord
We turned the ploughshare to the sword
Using the latest steel.

Culture and Peace were both at stake, Reluctant we were forced to make

This stern defensive war
Slowly we laid our timid schemes
And now despite all care it seems
That certain deprecating bombs
Have gingered up a few non-com's
They weren't intended for.

With deep, with undisguised concern
The Cabinet at Tokyo learn
Of this absurd mishap;
The Geisha girls have all complained
The EMPEROR himself is pained
Sorrow and groaning rend the air
The tears of generals in despair
Sound like a running tap.

How vast our grief we dare not say For England and the U.S.A.

Who surely understands
We longed to keep her for a friend
Till this life-struggle finds its end,
Oh it was too too bad!

Meanwhile
Pardon a moment if we smile
And wipe our bloody hands.

EVOE.



"THAT PUDDLE'S DECEPTIVE, MR. JONES."

## Victorian Nowell

The coarseness of the period was at its height that Christmas. Under the marble stairs of a palace in Grosvenor Square dwelt whole colonies of rats, spiders and servants, all sleeping together on straw and feeding on such tainted scraps as were flung over the gilded balustrades by the wastefulness of the period.

The scullion, in accordance with the custom of the period, crept out on all fours at three o'clock in the morning of Christmas Day in order to stir the enormous plum-pudding of the period.

In the kitchen an ox had been quietly roasting whole all night, half-a-dozen hogsheads of beer stood ready broached, and a boar lay trussed in a corner, waiting to have its head taken off and sent upstairs for the substantial Christmas breakfast of the period.

The scullion would have rolled up his sleeves and set to work but for the fact that he had no sleeves—nothing but an old leather jerkin that he had walked in from Yorkshire to London and that had belonged to his great-grandfather before him.

"Gosh! What a crashing nuisance this job is!" muttered the lad, adopting the idiom of a period that was yet to come.

The steward, who was still sleeping under the stairs, would appear presently to give him his daily thrashing. Small wonder that the boy, who had been working twenty-three hours and forty minutes a day for the past six months, had no real liking for the man.

He wondered whether he would be strong enough to shoot the steward from behind the kitchen door with the great blunderbuss that hung over the chimney. But the chimneybreast stood twelve feet above his head and he was weakened by having had no food since he had left Yorkshire six months earlier.

"Not a hope," he thought, for his thoughts were strangely in advance of the period.

Moving towards the gigantic plum-pudding of the period, he was preparing to seize the huge Victorian pitchfork used for stirring it when the kitchen door was opened and a man strode in

With all the superstition of the period the boy cried out in terror, "Santa Claus, I'll bet my bottom dollar!"

Flinging a dozen spade guineas into the seething pudding, the stranger in a single look revealed his identity.

PRINCE ALBERT.
Lord CARDIGAN.

DISRAELI

Or anybody else whom you think would film satisfactorily—which is, after all, the main object of the Victorian novel.

E. M. D.

## Tableau

"The toast was acknowledged by the Lord Mayor of Leeds, who said that the corporation would strive to reach the highest standard of beauty."—The Times.

## Culture Marches on.

"The members of the Egham Debating and Literary Society were to have heard a lecture on 'Italy To-day,' by Mr. Gino Gario (of the British-Italian Bureau), at their meeting at the Literary Institute on Monday, but owing to sudden indisposition he was unable to attend. His place was taken by Mr. N. S. Bowes, engineer and surveyor to the Council, who gave a paper on 'The Ethics of Sewage Disposal.' "—Surrey Advertiser.

"Lady R—— said she missed some of the old faces, but was very pleased to see their places were being taken by new ones."

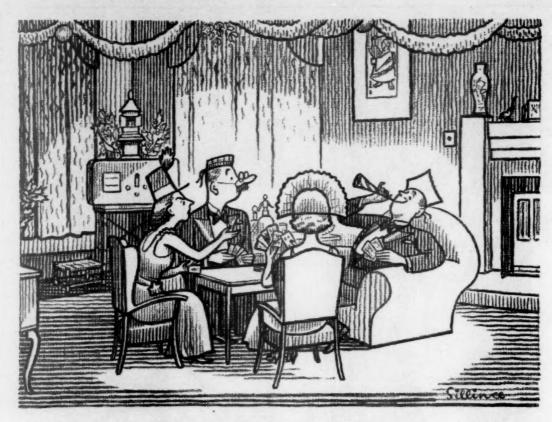
Report of Opening Speech at Bazaar.

She could hardly have spoken more plainly.



THE PARTING GUEST

"Good-bye! You're sure you've not left anything behind?"



"YOU NEVER WILL TAKE THIS GAME SERIOUSLY."

### Uncle Alfred's Armchair

I DON'T think you know my Uncle Alfred, so there can't be any harm in telling you the story of his armchair. He would never tell you because it stirs up such bitter memories.

My uncle had a mania for comfort. "Easy chair, easy conscience," he said. He refused to visit anyone whose seating he considered too Spartan, and consequently, since he set a very high standard, he spent most of his evenings at home. My aunt arranged her time to suit her peculiar circumstances, spending the day in recreation and leaving any housework until the evening. She often had a struggle to finish one day's work before another day began.

Lucy, the maid, took advantage of her unsupervised days to entertain freely, so that my uncle usually discovered several of his cushions in the kitchen. My aunt accepted the ensuing uproar—my uncle shouting, Lucy crying—as part of the ordinary routine, but one evening last winter, after a particularly painful scene, she said quite casually, "You'd better make a chair to fit you if you're so particular."

"Make one?" said my uncle, his eyes suddenly gleaming—"make one? I will." And that's how the trouble began.

He spent several evenings in a designer's delirium and evolved the theory that the even distribution of weight would render springs and cushions unnecessary. "Lie down in newly-mixed concrete and let it harden to your outline and you'll be perfectly comfortable," he said.

My aunt queried the advisability of a concrete chair in a pink-and-grey colour-scheme. However, the concrete chair was only an abstract principle to be applied to wood and padding. On the following Saturday a dozen planks and a Gargantuan roll of felt were delivered by a man who talked vaguely about building a chicken-house.

My uncle shut himself in the toolshed with the planks and the felt, two saws, a plane, six sheets of sand-paper and his plans. He worked feverishly throughout the week-end. My aunt, rather distressed that he should make so much noise on a Sunday, asked him if he couldn't saw quietly. His reply is unrecorded, but he was interrupted no more.

He went to bed on Sunday night apparently in perfect health except for a badly-gashed thumb and two sawnthrough finger-nails. On Monday he complained of "pains all over," and before the week was out he had pneumonia. My aunt spent an anxious month nursing him back to health.

Any ordinary man would have taken this illness as a direct warning from heaven, but my uncle was undaunted. More than ever he was determined to create the perfect chair. An oil-stove was installed in the tool-shed, and the work went on.

There was a noticeable change in my uncle's appearance by the time he was ready to stitch the felt. He seemed to have such strains and stresses within him that had someone struck the right



"LOOK, GEORGE-HE DID GET MY LETTER."

note on a loud instrument he would have shattered into a thousand pieces.

Lucy was sent to buy some long thick needles. She returned with fifty. My uncle lost his temper with her and asked if she thought he was starting a factory. Actually he used sixty-three needles and four pairs of scissors. Refusing all offers of assistance, he went shopping on his own and bought a length of material which my aunt described as imitation goose-flesh. She took the damage he inflicted on her sewing-machine in a very forgiving spirit.

A week later, before the astonished eyes of my aunt and Mrs. Wilson, who had called that evening, my uncle dragged his creation to the fireside. It stood there like a cart-horse among hunters. Its wooden sides were like the sides of some Brobdingnagian cot. The seat, high in front to fit under the knees, dipped towards the centre from all sides. Imagine an ordinary armchair with the centre springs broken and you'll know what I mean. The back, very high and heavily padded, was made remarkable by two bulges: one to fit the small of the back, the other to nestle against the nape of the neck. The goose-flesh material stretched over this agglomeration of dents and bulges gave it the appearance of some monster that had bled to death.

A curved leg-rest jutted from the front of the seat. Fixed to one arm was an adjustable book-holder; on the other arm hung a small tray which could be fixed horizontally when desired.

My uncle lowered himself into the central hollow and sank back, his eyes closed ecstatically. His position made one look instinctively for the dentist's drill.

"Well," said my aunt, "is it comfortable?"

Ignoring this tactless question, my uncle fixed a book in the holder. "You see," he said, "no arm-strain. Perfect relaxation. Give me a cup of coffee and you'll see how handy everything is."

My aunt gave him some coffee. He flipped the tray into position and proudly stood the cup on it. "There," he said, "what more could you want?"

"Is the back adjustable?" asked Mrs. Wilson innocently.

"Of course," said my uncle. "I'll show you."

What happened next is rather confused. My uncle, in leaning over to adjust the back, apparently released a vital catch, for with a dictatorial suddenness the back collapsed completely, taking him with it. The book shot into the fire. My uncle, his legs wedged two feet above his head,

struggled to rise, kicked the tray and received a cupful of very hot coffee in his face. "Get me up! Get me up! Get me up!" he shouted. My aunt caught hold of his feet and tugged vigorously. One of the cot-like sides fell off and she landed heavily on her husband's chest, crushing the cup into his waistcoat.

At that moment Lucy came in. She took one look at the rather unusual scene, dropped the coal-scuttle she was carrying and laughed immoderately. Mrs. Wilson, who had been paralysed with amazement, began to laugh as well. Their amusement proved infectious and my aunt, eleven stone of middle-aged solidity, was soon shaking with laughter on my uncle's chest. My uncle, however, did not respond to the humour of the situation. His facial and verbal expressions were quite unforgettable.

As a result of this unfortunate affair Mrs. Wilson never called again. Lucy, whose levity my uncle declared inexcusable, had to go, leaving my aunt to do all the housework and nurse my uncle during the fortnight he spent in bed with a seriously strained back and a scalded face.

My aunt worked out that the cost—doctor's fees, oil-stove, book, china and cleaning—amounted to nearly eight pounds, not counting the value of my uncle's materials or her extra work.

The ruined masterpiece is now in the attic. The cat has raised several fine families in the central hollow, and recently wood-worms have used the arms for colonial expansion. My uncle continues to sit in his bought chair, surrounded by cushions, but he doesn't grumble so much now. He just has his thoughts, and my aunt has not yet dared to probe them.



PRECAUTION IN THE POULTRY-YARD

"Going shopping? Now no more pattening-pood or we shall never get over Christmas."

## The Film-World

"I know nothing about the filmworld. I do not want to know anything about the film-world, and I never shall know anything about the filmworld."-The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

"His Lordship," said my poor friend Poker, "should thank his stars that he is not a member of the Standing Committee of the House of Commons which is considering the Cinematograph Films

"During the last few weeks I have watched these poor fellows rapidly ageing, greying and dwindling. Each of them, it is calculated, has received five miles of documents explaining what Parliament ought to do for the filmworld. Each has attended five hundred conferences, debates, committee meetings, talks, chats and lunches with different corners of the film-world. To all this toil they would not object, the noble fellows, for it is their duty so to do. What distresses them, they tell me, is that the more they see of the filmworld the less they know of the film-

"After the first fifty chats it seemed that a few things were fairly plain. There were three main species of fauna in the film-jungle-

- (1) the Producer, who makes the films;
- (2) the Renter, who distributes the
- (3) the Exhibitor, who shows it to the public.

And the Renter has a Quota: and the Exhibitor has a Quota. Right.

"But then you discover that all these people are sometimes each other as well. Do you follow? Well, some Producers are Exhibitors as well, and some Renters produce pictures, and some Exhibitors, it seems, are mixed up with some Renters. So it is impossible to jab a pin into any specimen and say confidently, 'Got him! A fine Exhibitor Britannicus!' For he may be crossed with a Renter Americanus.

"But the Bill, of course, speaks simply of Renters and Exhibitors. So nothing ever means what it seems to say. The Bill may say

'British Renters' Quota shall be twice the size of Exhibitors' Quota.'

(It doesn't: though that is the kind of thing it does say, less briefly.)

Well,' you say, 'I've got that. If British Renters' Quota is four, British Exhibitors' Quota will be two.

And then you run into a Producer Britannicus Agitans, who, at the moment (and I do not blame him), is in a high state of anxiety. And this kind of conversation follows:-

" 'Ah, but it's not so simple as that. Don't you see-

"I should mention here that he talks about three hundred words to the minute, that he knows all about the film-jungle and all the fauna thereof, and he assumes that the M.P. knows as much as he knows. He says:

Don't you see that Moss will go to Voss and do a deal-

A deal?' says the legislator. " 'A deal. Moss will say to Voss-" 'Who is Moss? And who, for that

matter, is Voss? " 'Moss is United Electric Magnificent Motion Pictures, of course.

Then he is a Producer? Nominally. But his main interest is studio-renting. So long as he gets his

rents—'
"Then he is a Renter?'

"' No, no. A Renter rents pictures;

Moss keeps studios. He has forty-five at Barnes.

"'I see. Well, tell me, is Moss British, or what?

Moss himself is British to the core. But of course Electric Magnificent have a link-up with United States Stupendous Attractions. So Moss will say to

" 'Who is Voss?'

" 'Voss is the England-for-Ever-Voss-Grootheim Syndicate. You must know that.'

" 'A Producer?'

"'Yes. But of course he owns a large Circuit.'

Circuit?

" 'A chain of picture-houses. Now Moss says to Voss

Then Voss is an Exhibitor?' " 'Partly. Well, chiefly, perhaps. But of course he has contacts with North American Magnificent Films.

" 'My brain reels. However, what

does Moss say to Voss?

"'Moss will go to Voss and say, "Look here, I'll make two quota pictures for you, one costing fifteen thousand pounds under clause 26, and the other costing-

What quota is this?'

" 'This is Renters' Quota. The other picture will cost forty-five thousand pounds and count Double Quota-

My hat! Why?

"' Because that's in the Bill. A film costing three times as much as the other counts twice as much for

" 'That sounds very odd. doesn't it count three times?

'Ah, but see what would happen if it did: Joss would go to Toss-'Good Lord! Who is Joss?'

"'Joss is Perfectly Splendid Pictures, of course. And Joss would say

to Toss—,
"'Oy! Stop! Stand easy! I'm
"'Oy! Stop! Moss says to Voss. By the way, where were we? "'I was telling you how Voss will

get round the Reciprocity Clause.' And what exactly is that?

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" 'Clause 3. You've passed it already.

'Oh, yes, I remember. I never quite understood who reciprocated what.'

"'Nobody reciprocates anything. It's the wrong word. Never mind. Joss makes this picture for Voss-

"'This is the expensive picture counting Double Quota?

"'Yes, but under Clause 3 it counts only once-

Oh, my hat! Why is that?' " 'I was telling you.

" 'You've said nothing at all about it. You said-



"MISS FOTHERINGAY, FOR A LONG TIME I HAVE WOR-SHIPPED YOU FROM AFAR, AND I MOST SINCERELY REGRET THAT THIS WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD THINK OF TO SECURE AN INTRODUCTION."



"I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE CHARGE WAS TWOPENCE TO CLEAR THE PATH?"

" 'Well, this is how it works. Joss says to Voss, "You buy the foreign rights of this picture for twenty thousand pounds. It counts once for quota, and you don't have to make a picture here to fill your quota. So that suits

"'You being who?'
"'Joss. And the idea is that Voss, having paid twenty thousand pounds for that picture, will have an incentive to sell it in America.

"Good. I think I've got that." "'Ah, but what happens? Joss receives his twenty thousand poundsthat is to say, the cheque passes. But Joss, you remember, is an Exhibitor as well as a Producer. So the next time Voss sells a picture to Joss they do a deal-

'Not another?'

" No, the same deal. Voss has three American pictures he wants Joss to take. And Joss agrees to pay twelve thousand pounds more than he would have done in the ordinary way. So that, in fact, Voss pays only eight thousand pounds for the foreign rights of the reciprocity picture.'

" 'Goodness! That's bad. Ought I to put down an amendment?"

It doesn't matter really-" 'Then why upset me so?'

" 'Voss is about the only man who would do it, and it won't really pay him to do it.'

" 'Then why-?'

" 'You see, Voss has broken with Hoss-

" 'Help! Who is Hoss?'

" ' Hoss is Hoss, Britain-and-Beauty American Screeneries. They make A pictures in Hollywood and B pictures at Barnes. They hold fifty-one per cent. of the shares in the Voss Circuit. They've got May Moon and Kid Start tied up, not to mention Roan Saunders and Blonde Banana. So if Voss does a deal with Joss-

"'Stop! Stop! I will not hear another word.

"The legislator then totters away and meets another corner of the filmworld, where he hears that the corner he has just left has a special reason for disliking Voss-or Moss-or Hoss.

"It's all very difficult," said Poker. "One sympathises with the film-world, to whom the film-world is a normal and intelligible place; and it must be agitating to see their world in the hands of legislators who, after great toil and trouble, still find it incomprehensible.

"But then how lucky they are to have Parliament taking trouble to protect the British book-trade, for example. Many of the citizens, again, seem to prefer American to British humour, which is naughty of them. But there is no quota for British humour.

"I wonder what Voss would say to Hoss about that." A. P. H.

"As Signor Mussolini appeared on the balcony and immediately afterwards all the sirens in Rome hooted."—Sunday Times.

Italian papers please don't copy.

"If the weather is close or hot, and it seems unwise to wrap a blanket round the poor, hot child, just hang it over the foot of the pram, as many digestive troubles start when the abdomen and feet are not kept warm."—Adelaide Paper.

Other troubles start otherwise-as you should discover.

<sup>&</sup>quot;WELL, IT WAS TWOPENCE, BUT NOW 'E'S COME."



"CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME UNDERSTAND HOW YOU PEOPLE CAN PRINT SUCH UTTER BALDERDASH!

# American Slang

A Glossary for Elder Readers

Younger readers who catch plenty of pix (i.e., attend the cinema often) have of course little need of the following glossary. It is for readers who are not ardent followers of the cinema and who are perhaps more easily confused by the intricacies of this language within a language that the glossary is principally intended. Among the elder readers there are no doubt numerous old geezers (gentlemen) and not a few tomatoes (ladies) who fall into this class.

The various terms are arranged with relation to one another rather than in alphabetical order. And any punk who beefs about it gets slipped a bust in the snoot. Do I make myself clear? To proceed then-

Scram.-Depart hurriedly. An important and useful verb. I scram, you scram, he, she or it scrams, and so on. The common imperative is simply "Scram!" For special emphasis "you" is often added, viz., "Scram, you!" To express dislike, contempt or hatred. an opprobrious epithet is sometimes added. For example, if the person speaking considers the person spoken to to be a stool pigeon (that is, an informer-one who gossips with the police about underworld doings), then the person speaking, if he is a criminal. may very likely request the person spoken to to depart hurriedly by saying, "Scram, stoolie!" and may lend

added emphasis to his utterance by delivering a well-placed kick in the direction of the hurriedly departing person spoken to. When the person speaking is merely annoved by the presence of the person spoken to and feels it would not be polite to employ the common imperative, he then puts his command in the form of the querulous question, "Scram, will ya?" In such instances it is quite in order for the person spoken to to refer to the person speaking as a

Sourpuss. A person wearing a sour irritable expression. Examples: (a) a man who has just been informed his mother-in-law is dropping in on the morrow for a six-months' visit; (b) his mother-in-law. Syn.: beetlepuss, picklepuss, puckerpuss. A sourpuss should not be confused with a

Mug. A person with an ugly but not

necessarily sour
Squash. Face. When a man has an ugly one it is permissible to mention the fact to him in a joking way; but to tell an old tomato she has an ugly squash is considered in the better circles to be

Dirty Pool. Not cricket; hardly the sporting thing. This expression does not allude to an unsanitary body of water; literally it refers to unsportsmanlike conduct while playing pool or pocket billiards. A person who indulges in dirty pool is considered a heel and a rat, and as often as not is nothing

Hood. A petty gangster. Syn.: hoodlum; mobster or mobbie. Hoods often find it necessary to

Take it on the lam. Flee from the

forces of the law. Sometimes this is shortened simply to "lam." This verb should not be confused with the verb "scram." Some persons use it to signify the same action as "scramming," but purists cannot condone this. You may scram from anywhere and for any reason, but you can only take it on the lam in the true sense when you have reason to believe the police want to have a little chat with you and perhaps put you up in their place for a while. Sometimes a hood is surprised by the police and forced to lam just as he is about to

Roll a stewbum. Lure an inebriate into some dark cul-de-sac and relieve him of his tangible assets. This is just one of those things a man must expect if he allows himself to become a

Rum-pot. An inebriate. speaking, both rum-pot and stewbum refer not merely to inebriates but to habitual drunkards. To say of a man "He's just a lousy stewbum" is the same as saying "That guy's plastered all the time." The terms, however, are often used loosely, although never so loosely as to include persons who get woozy on one snort (become dizzy after one drink). A person who does this is often called, not without some justice, a

Pantywaist. A ninny; a mollycoddle; one who bruises easily. Syn.: sissypriss. A pantywaist is the sort of person who sniffs at a

Screwball. An eccentric person given to doing mad and sometimes merry things. The screwball, needless to say, leads an erratic up-and-down existence. One day he may be penniless and the next be

In the chips. In possession of a goodly amount of money. When a person is in the chips his relatives and friends often try to

Put the bite on. Borrow money. Even if no one successfully puts the bite on him, however, he often falls into conversation with some persuasive nightclub owner whose place is not prospering and who therefore tries to sell the screwball an interest in the place. If the screwball buys he is then said to

Own a piece of the joint. Be partproprietor of the place. One should be careful to use this term in a fitting way. For instance, in speaking of the British Museum, if you were to say, "The Government owns a piece of the joint, people would be rightly disgusted and would probably look upon you as a barbarian who did not know any better. In the circumstances it would be perfectly proper for one of them to correct you by saying, "You're batty as a bedbug, buddy; the Government owns the whole dump.



# Doggerel's Dictionary

WONDERS OF SCIENCE.—See X-RAYS. (You see what I was working up to.)

X.BAYS.—See YTTERBITE.
XYLOPHONE.—This is not an instrument I play, or try to play. It is an instrument I do not mind listening to, but would rather watch. I put it in here because I wish to remark on the odd fact that I always had a vague notion that the word xylophone should "really" come last, absolutely last, in any alphabetical order, tagging on after dear old zymurgy and zythum. Do you understand that? Similarly elevenpence always gives me an impression that it is "more than a shilling. This has nothing to do with bulk: eleven, in a lesser degree, seems "more" than twelve. If this idea seems crazy to you, I may say that it seems crazy to me too, and I have been used to it for twenty years or more.

YARE.—One day in the laboratory when my assistant, Mr. T. J. Anaximander-Turnip, B.Sc. (Hon.), and his assistant, the rather pretty girl called Charlotte whom I have mentioned before, were hard at work with me pulling on a rope—one of the hammers of our senior sextant had jammed, thus of course throwing out of gear every clock in the building-a window-cleaner, who was halfway up his ladder outside sharpening a carving-knife on an ornamental limestone bison, stuck his head in and called out, "Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare!" Needless to say, you may be sure, no more work was done that day (in less time than it takes to tell). It was tea-time

The Rev. A. P. Anaximander-Turnip, elder brother of my assistant, often tells this story against himself. (Inex-

plicably enough.)

YEAH, OH .- I have revealed the whole trouble about so many things that from this apposite peg I may as well suspend my explanation of the whole trouble about the British attitude to American phrases. Like so many other modern phenomena-you say an attitude cannot be a phenomenon, and how right you are-like so many other modern phenomena, it is traceable to the films. I have heard or seen (I forget which) particular American films criticised because certain phrases—say "O.K." and "Oh yeah"; everybody else does—were "overdone" in them. Now this is no better than criticising for instance the film The Thin Man, as I have heard a lady criticise it, on account of the excessive drinking and telephoning among the characters, and it is only one degree better than objecting to Hamlet on the grounds that it contains an absurd amount

The trouble with American phrases is that, since British films and British people introduce them for no other reason than to get a laugh, British audiences and some British critics assume, without thinking, that American films introduce them with a similar aim. The fact is of course that "O.K." and "Oh yeah" pass as unnoticed by the American audience as "I say" and "really" by a British audience. They are natural; they aren't meant as "effects" at all; to object to their frequency is quite irrelevant.

YTTERBITE. -See ZARF.

Yux.—The noun yux means a hiccup, and the verb to yux means to hiccup. Other words I discovered in the course of my researches were yoxe-which means a hiccup-and yex, meaning a hiccup or to hiccup. All these words are Old English and either provincial or obsolete. Another Old English and probably obsolete word is yesk. It means hiccup. Can I get you a glass of water?

ZARF.—A zarf is an ornamental holder for a hot coffee-cup, and the link connecting it with "ytterbite" is possibly the weakest in the whole chain that started (remember?) with Long Day, Many a. However, it seems to me to be fairly climactic and absolutely non-controversial.

Zyz .- So far as I know there is no such word; it is just my way of moving the closure, in order to bring up the question of Progress again. There is a poem of mine called Doors":

> We open doors, proclaiming what we see: doors; and beyond them? Doors. It affords us comfort: we progress, we progress.

Somewhere, we think, at the end of the rabbit-warren, is a door that will open on God-knows-what. We shall shout Hooray! and then doubt will break in.

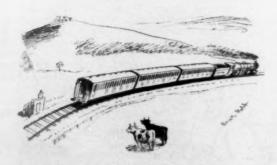
> No more doors, Shades of Eddington! No more doors, Shades of Jeans! No more doors Do you realise What this

means?

But happily the first assumption being unjustified the second therefore does not arise.

A bit pompous, I agree; a bit gently-tilting-at-the-folliesof-the-age (do you know the follies of the age? The fair one second from the right in the back row is-but I digress); a bit wise-and-kindly-fun. But it makes a good note to

Literary Executor's Note .- Here the manuscript which I found, all those months ago, under one leg of a tripod from which was suspended a hatbox full of burrs, comesnone too soon, as you say-to an end. Indeed a decorative device over which my friend has obviously taken considerable pains enlivens the space beneath the words "End of Doggerel's Dictionary." I can now replace the pages in their original position, for I did not, as I at first suggested I might, throw the hatbox or the burrs



"HEAVENS, HOW THEY RUN WHEN THEY SEE US!"

away. I very nearly did, but in the nick of time came a telegram telling me not to. Affection seems to be the emotion with which Elkin Doggerel regards those burrs. I am not printing the telegram because it is obvious to me that only the fact that the Post Office people misread his writing induced them to send it. R. M.

# Moon Stages Come-Back

The monthly catalogues of new gramophone records which arrived this morning bring welcome news. The moon has returned to the list of titles. After a long and weary moon-less period, during which die-hard sentimentalists have been forced to listen to tough Western stuff dealing with ranges and round-ups and dying horses, it is pleasant indeed to find no fewer than seven new moon-songs on the market.

This was inevitable, of course. One has only to glance at The Rhyming Dictionary to see how indispensable is the moon to lyric writers. Why, there are actually 61 (sixty-one) legitimate rhymes to moon, not counting June and tune, and one of those rhymes is croon. Compare this with the thirteen miserable rhymes to cowboy, every one of them badly strained. You and me, which with moon form the three necessary ingredients of the satisfactory love-ditty, possess more than fifty feasible rhymes apiece. Even with love struggling along with a meagre four rhymes, one of which is shove, there is sufficient material here to last all the versifiers until next generation; when of course the same songs are written again by different people.

Small wonder that so many lyricists have exchanged the saddle for a seat in the moonlight. So far as one may judge from the titles all but one of the seven uphold the ancient tradition. This one revolutionary calls his song "Moon or No Moon," a very rank heresy if not absolute iconoclasm. Let Nuts Moroni, Al Pingl and Stomp Stiggins beware. This is not the way to the hearts of the moon-fans. Let your moon be round, red, yellow, blue, but let it be definitely there. "Moon or No Moon" implies a shocking carelessness which we shall not readily forgive.

The most prominent of the six orthodox tunes is called "The Moon Got In My Eyes." This will just do, but we of the stricter school prefer to see the moon figuring rather as a benevolent third party than as an ingenious excuse. "Moonlight On The Waterfall," again, is impersonal and



"GOOD-BYE, SIR."

pretty-pretty. Away with this oblique speech and let us see our moon plainly. The highest form of moon lyric uses the vocative. "Moon, moon, serenely shining," wrote an early moon-singer, "Don't go in too soon!" That is the note to strike.

Let present-day mooners note the word "shining" in the example just quoted. It explains why "Star-dust On The Moon," though pleasing in a Christmas-decoration sort of way, is not true moon-writing. The moon of sentiment must never glitter or sparkle—it must shine. Occasionally it may beam, for there are fourteen excellent rhymes in -eam, but not too often.

"In The Mountains Of The Moon" has a certain Wellsian attraction, but smacks of irreverence. Moons are to be stared at or cried for or kissed under, not to be clambered about on. "Sailboat In The Moonlight" is vaguely

annoying. Perhaps it is that American habit of contraction. Do they say "yachtcap" and "fishsmack" in the States? In any case "schooner" or even "lugger" would have been better.

The most attractive of these first records of the Moon-Renaissance is one called "Moon At Sea." It charms not so much by its Cook's-Tourish title as by the fact that it is played by Felix Mendelsonha and his Orchestra. This is interesting. Is he really a descendant, one wonders, of the man who could conjure moonlight from music as could no other composer?

One doubts it. But it is an intriguing thought.

The remainder of the records on this month's list bear titles beginning with "Whatcha" or "Gonna." But who cares, Moon-fans? Big Lady Moon is back in the heavens. All's right with the world.

## Meets

I no not know whether you have ever been to a Meet? It is one of the oldest of English pastimes, and there is not a host and hostess in the land who, providing of course that they wish to hunt themselves, will not press-gang their guests to a Meet. Not only is this very amusing for the guests, but it has the added advantage of being economical, as no fires need be lit in any of the sitting-rooms until noon.

I cannot count the number of times that I have climbed into a large chauffeur-driven car, my host, resplendent in a pink coat and an aprover his breeches, sitting in front, and my hostess, looking a little pale and smelling deliciously of horse, sitting beside me at the back. Her pallor is probably due to the fact that she is being choked by a starchy stock, her boots feel too small for her, her false bun is skewered to her head with crowbars, her veil prevents her from wiping the drip off the end of her nose, and her fingers hang frozenly immobile in stiff string gloves. Otherwise she feels fine, thanks.

Meets sometimes take place on

village greens or in private parks, and sometimes, but not often, the sun shines. Certainly whenever I'm about the weather is unspeakably drear, and the horses and hounds, the cars, bicycles and lookers-on all congregate on one narrow strip of road. But I never learn. Each time I think, "Oh, well, this time it will be different. The hounds will come over the brow of a green hill and the huntsmen will be silhouetted against the winter blue sky, and they will dip slowly towards us, and it will be lovely."

us, and it will be lovely."

What usually happens is that we clamber out of the car on to the road's grassy verge, and immediately an enormous horse, making loud cannibalistic noises through its nose, bears down upon me with the swiftness of death. I step backwards into the ditch, covering my face with my hands, and remain praying in its icy depths for several minutes. Then, finding myself still alive, I struggle manfully up the other side, clutching maybe a thorn-tree or a bramble-bush for leverage.

When I dare to look round again my host and hostess have disappeared, and, although I should prefer to stay exactly where I am, I deem it my duty to follow them. As a good guest I should see them mount. This is a very

difficult thing to do—not the mounting, I mean (I know nothing about that), but the seeing of it. For one thing the horse usually goes round and round in a circle, while the would-be rider scoots after it with one foot in the stirrup. Since everyone knows it is madness to be anything but tête-à-tête with a horse, it is hard, not to say exhausting, to take up a commanding position.

For another thing, once the rider is mounted he seems to have but the slightest control of his steed. It is always giving little prances to one side, or else stretching out its neck like a swan and sucking one's best tweed coat. It is not easy to carry on a constructive sort of conversation under such circumstances, particularly as one is shouting up at the horseman from somewhere by his knees, while the bays and blacks and chestnuts from every district vie with each other to be the first to trample one underfoot.

However, let us look on the bright side of things. The hounds. They are charming. Some of them indeed are so charming that they come and lean against one's legs and look soulfully up into one's face; and this manœuvre is of course fraught with danger. In



"AR, THIS MUST BE MY HUSBAND. I RECOGNISE SOME OF THE PARCELS."

a winking, before one has had time to say either "Oh, you sweet thing!" or "Get away, blast you!" a Hunt servant on horseback skids through the crowd, and crying "Up, Rodgrow!" or "Hoy there, Redfern!" gives one playful flick with the end of his crop. He and the recalcitrant hound then skid away again, and one is left cowering behind a Morris Eight rubbing

the injured part.

I have had a vast experience of hunting by car, and, providing the chauffeur is friendly and the car airtight, this can be a reasonably pleasant way of getting through a cold morning. After the hounds have moved off to a neighbouring coppice and you have waved enthusiastically to your host and hostess as they ambled crabwise past you, you rush to the car and make therein a furry nest of rugs. It may take a little time for you to thaw out completely, but then you have timevery little else, in fact. When the chauffeur says, "His Lordship told me they'd be drawing towards Hamp-shire Gorse, Miss," you can answer "Hurray!" and then shut your eyes and go to sleep, because wherever the chauffeur takes you you can be sure that there the Hunt will not be.

I doubt if there is a lane left in England at the corners of which various chauffeurs and myself have not stopped, turned off the engine, and listened with pricking ears.

"Ah, Miss," says Harris or Braithwaite or George, "they've gone the

other way, I reckon."
"Sssh!" I plead. "I thought I heard

something."

We listen again, and in the distance we faintly hear the baying of dogs. Oh, but it is so far away—quite the other side of the county.

"Shall we go there, Miss?" sighs Harris. "Might try Ponder's Farm

way."

By all means. One must, after all, constantly be going somewhere in this world, and mercifully I am not paying for the petrol.

"Have you seen the Hunt?" we inquire of a yokel leaning on a gate at Ponder's Farm, although I am well aware what his reply will be.

"'Arf-'our back, going t'other

way," he says.

There—I knew it! It is useless; we shall never find them. I can't imagine

why we want to either.

Sometimes I have been very lucky and have met a lost hound. For a moment, before I have realised that it is a lost hound, my heart has leaped with excitement in my breast, and only the inclemency of the weather outside has prevented me from opening



"YES, I PATRONISE THE ARTS IN A SMALL WAY."

the window and screaming "Tally-ho!" or "Tantivy!" Once I met two lost hounds and one lost fox, but they were in quite different parts of the country, and, although I retraced my drive, I was unable to find the hounds again to tell them about the fox, although of course I warned the fox about the hounds. (Yes, yes, I know; but you must let me be whimsical sometimes.)

After I have covered about twenty square miles and it is still only half-past twelve, I generally draw up by the side of the road, light a cigarette, and talk to the chauffeur about magnetos or hydraulic brakes or love—it doesn't matter what. This is just a pre-

cautionary measure so that if by some unheard-of chance my hostess should appear through the woods, having mislaid hounds or her sandwich-case or her bun, I will at least look as though I were trying.

At ten minutes to one, nearly an hour, I calculate, after the drawing-room fire has been lit, I go home to recline in front of it, and as my toes unfreeze I dream of the day when I shall see the huntsmen silhouetted against the winter sky, and hounds dipping towards me over the green grass, and it will be lovely.

Next time, perhaps, next time.
Thus do I "hunt half a day for a forgotten dream."

V. G.



"BUT OF COURSE, DARLING, ANY PIANCE OF YOURS IS MORE THAN WELCOME."

# Sugar-Uncle

I know of one who owns a niece;
A girl of modern tone;
She gives the wretched man no peace
And rules him to the bone;
A single man, he ought to be
By every law of nature free,
But owing to this demon he
Can't call his soul his own.

Say there's a dance for which she's bent
With some young man in tow,
He must provide, by precedent,
Dinner before the show;
Say that she yearns towards a frock
And other hopes are dim,
He'll find, before he feels the shock,
She's wangled it from him.

His flat lies open at her will;
His door provides no bar;
And she betrays uncanny skill
At borrowing his car,
Though, when he'd paid her second fine,
He did, for one bold flash, incline
To hint that she might draw the line
And not push things too far.

She's an attractive girl, no doubt,
And pleasing to behold,
And when she wants an evening out
He does as he is told;
What's more, she openly avers
The benefit is his, not hers,
Because it digs him out and stirs
Him up from getting old.

But when that man was down with flu
Then she was at her worst;
It would have torn a heart of glue
To see how he was nursed;
With dope and slops and nauseous draught
She pestered him till he was daft,
And when the patient groaned she laughed,
And fed him if he cursed.

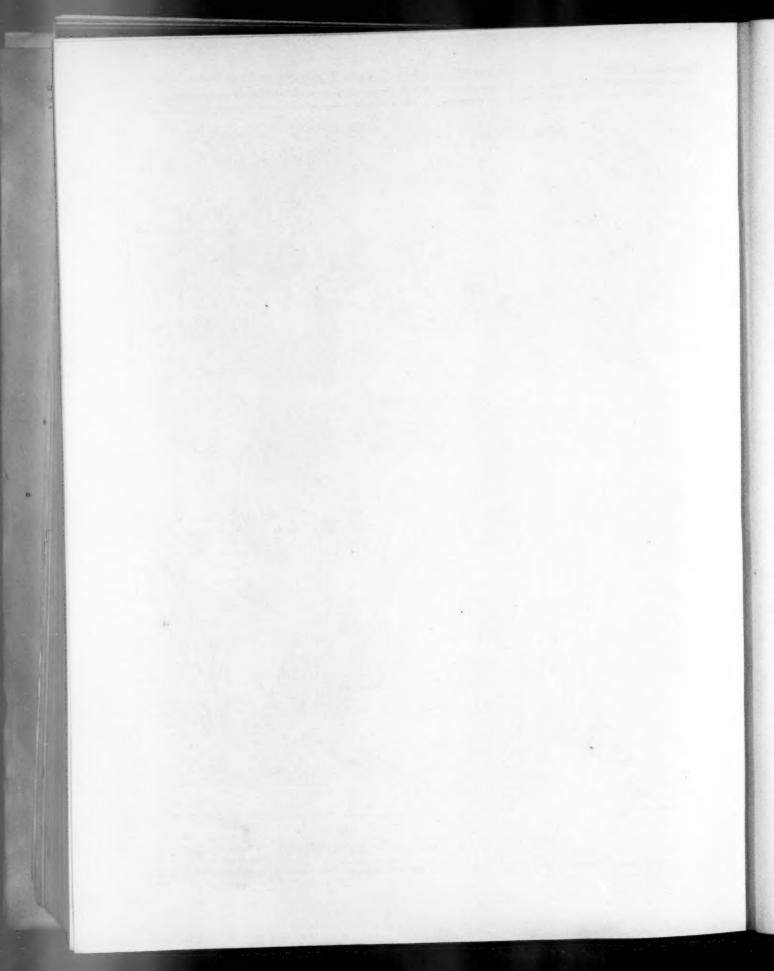
So she goes on all undeterred,
Nor will his burden cease
Till she gets caught, a liméd bird,
And he'll have found release,
And when the knot is safely tied,
And out she goes, a pretty bride,
To run the young man at her side,
How I shall miss my niece.

Dum-Dum.



'UMBLE PIE OR THE JAPANESE URIAH

Uncle Sam (in the words of David Copperfield). "I am not fond of professions of humility, or professions of anything else."





A. R. P., ALTERNATIVE STYLE

"If people realised the horrors of air warfare they would turn against war altogether."

LOBD ARNOLD.

## Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week

Monday, December 13th.— Lords: Air Raid Precautions Bill given Second Reading. Commons: Coal Bill taken in Committee.

Tuesday, December 14th.— Lords: Various Bills advanced a stage.

Commons: Coal Bill taken in Committee.

Wednesday, December 15th.— Lords: Statement about Oil Supplies.

Commons: Debates on Company Reform and Civic Liberties.

Monday, December 13th .--Piloted by Lord SWINTON, the Air Raid Precautions Bill got its Second Reading fairly easily in the Upper House. From the Socialist Benches it drew two speeches from very different angles. Lord STRA-BOLGI, who as an old salt cannot resist technical problems to do with the Services, chivvied the Government for half-measures and criticised the decision not to turn tube-stations into safe refuges; but Lord ARNOLD condemned the introduction of the Bill as

tactless at a time when friendly talks were being undertaken with Germany, and regretted that a postponement had not been arranged. It remains a little difficult to understand how A.R.P., which are essentially defensive, can be offensive to any particular country.

Supposing there should be a war (which he thought was unlikely), we should win provided we could hold out for ten weeks, Lord Thenchard prophesied. The panic resulting from bombs, he thought, would be much more dangerous than the effects of gas, on which too much emphasis was perhaps being laid.

The Italian Press, not notably reliable, has been excelling itself by entertaining its readers with the exciting information that England is about to annex the Azores, which happen to belong to Portugal. At Question-Time Mr. Eden naturally described the suggestion as fantastic. Now that Italy has an Empire on which, so some observers say, the moon never sets, we had hoped for more adult conduct.

After Questions Mr. ATTLEE defended himself against the motion which Mr. Liddall had put down criticising him for his utterances while visiting the Spanish Government. He was quite impenitent, and declared



Miss Wilkisson to Mr. Hors-Belisha. "Can the Minister say why, if the Army is to appeal only to celibates, he spends so much money dressing them up in nice uniforms?" (Laughter.) (After B.P., Now. 6, 1901.)



FOR MEMBERS' STOCKINGS

MR. BURGIN ANNOUNCED THAT THE ELECTRICITY SUPPLY BILL WOULD BE ISSUED DURING THE CHRISTMAS RECESS.

that the undertaking which he had signed, promising to avoid intervention, could not possibly mean that he

was not to give verbal encouragement to the side which he had always publicly supported. He had gone as a private Member and he had abstained from criticising the British Government's policy. When he had finished the P.M. briefly advised the House to leave the matter there; and Mr. LIDDALL later withdrew his motion.

The Coal Bill went a few steps further on its highly complicated journey. The Labour Party's attempt to reduce the compensation due to the royalty owners by one-third was defeated. The sum therefore stands at £66,450,000. A comfortable figure

Tuesday, December 14th.—Another attempt to turn next year's Empire Exhibition at Glasgow into a drought area was made in the Upper House this afternoon by Lord Clwyd, but the Bill permitting the temporary installation of bars in what is technically a dry part of the city was eventually taken a stage further. On what grounds, Mr. P's. 2.



"I DON'T REALLY MAKE MUCH OUT OF THIS CLUB. I STARTED IT BECAUSE I SUFFERED FROM INSOMNIA."

wonders, are we supposed to be so much inferior to other races in self-control? The French have just had a most successful Exhibition, the complete wetness of which was never questioned by solemn Commissions or justified by absurd Acts of Parliament as if children were being allowed a little naughtiness as a tremendous treat. The Paris crowds were of course admirably behaved.

The Army, like the Church of England if certain gentlemen get their way, will become more and more monastic while Mr. Hore-Belisha is in command, for he admitted to-day, in answering a question about marriageages, that he was deliberately appealing to celibates. Twenty-six would remain the minimum age. Wives and families have always been an unmitigated nuisance to all War Offices, but what will Professor CARR-SAUNDERS say? Miss Wilkinson got no reply when she asked, very pertinently, why the MINISTER, in view of his statement, bothered to spend so much money in dressing his troops so nicely.

Turning to the Coal Bill, the House discussed a number of amendments,

one of them being Mr. Aethur Henderson's to secure compensation for damage caused by mining subsidence. Many houses in the Black Country had lost their shape, he said, and most of them belonged to miners. Mr. Mander then told an extraordinary story about an inn in his constituency called "The Crooked House," where marbles on a table ran uphill: a defiance of gravity which Mr. Watson declared must depend on the length of time the witnesses had been present.

Wednesday, December 15th.—The Duke of Montrose, anxious to know that the Government were taking seriously the storage of oil and its production from home-sources, received a reassuring reply from Lord De La Warr, who told him that a sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence was studying the whole question under a Cabinet Minister.

In reply to Mr. ATTLEE, Mr. EDEN read out the Japanese apology for the outrages in the Yangtze, and announced that a further Note had been despatched from the Foreign Office emphasising that there must be no

repetition of such incidents. Perhaps it would save everybody time and trouble if a Ministry of Perpetual Repentance were set up in Tokyo.

# Cliché Party

From time to time we all pass under the dominance of words. Take, for instance, "definitely," which, after furiously raging, has now almost, if not quite, disappeared; or take "divine," which raged before it. Some influential leader of Society, I know not who, had to say it first and then had to be imitated. The imitation spread, and very soon everyone was saying "divine" and "definitely," "definitely" and "divine," and for several months these words were kept at the top. But they do not stay there for ever. influential folk think of something new, and that has its reign; and so forth: but what the word-of-themoment is I have not discovered.

So much for the universal; but in addition there are the die-hards, not

very many of them, who cling to phrases that are out of date, such as "umpteen." I am sorry to say that I heard a man say "umpteen" only a week ago. And I heard a man say "donkey's years" (meaning, of course, "donkey's ears," for it is rhyming slang). "Strafe," however, I hope and believe, has passed for ever.

Whether the word or phrase is employed by the many or the individualist, we all have watched the triumphant progress-how it starts, swells and dies, giving way to something new. I remember one man who for two or three months referred to everybody as a "specimen." After two or three months "specimen" was replaced by "citizen." I used to know a man who in the course of even the briefest remarks would continually say "You see"; in fact none of his remarks were brief because he drove them out lengthily with "You see," "You see," "You see." I knew another who used to say "I mean to say" all the time, and another who, all the time, used to say "You see what I mean." How, as I listened, I used to pity their wives. But then pity for wives is the basis of all our feelings in this connection.

Wives, however, can reiterate too. I used to know one who never omitted the phrase "What I always say is." It was then that I pitied the husband. I knew another who used to say "I don'texpect you to believe me, but—," and a third, "So there you are."

The point is (ourselves being guiltless of any conversational mannerisms) should we try to correct these others, or not? Should we urge, "My dear lady, do try not to say 'It's a small world' quite so often," or "My dear Sir, don't bother to say 'It's the same with everything' all the time," or should we silently endure?

Silently endure, I think, for the simple reason that they don't, either of them, know that they ever use these phrases.

In fact, no one need think that I am in danger of wounding susceptibilities by mentioning these cases, because we all are ignorant of employing such locutions and would be very much surprised if the tendency were pointed out. "I?" we should exclaim, not without petulance. "You don't mean to tell me that I am continually saying 'Quite'? Impossible!" or, "How can you suggest that I have made a habit of saying 'That's that'? I make no habits, so that's that."

But when a man, developing an



"AR'M PACKIN' TO GO ENGLAND."

"You on England! WHEN YOU GO?"

"AH'M OFF BY DE VERY FIRST SHIP WHERE DE WATCH AIN'T WATCHIN'."

argument, says "candidly," or "honestly," or "to be quite honest with you," I think interference is justified, because there should be no need of such an assurance. What is the worth of the ordinary unqualified statement of a man who on a special occasion can say, "To be quite honest with you"? Honestly, not much; candidly, very little.

And the worst of all? Thinking it over carefully I have come to the conclusion that the worst of all is the man who says "with all due deference." For one thing, the phrase means nothing; for another, it puts us, the

listeners, into a false position of superiority.

As a new form of Christmas entertainment it occurs to me that a cliché party should be very amusing. In a film by Sacha Guitray which I recently saw, a young woman was instructed to reply to a too-assiduous admirer only in adverbs. Similarly those joining in the cliché party would speak only in the familiar terms. When in doubt they could always spar for time by saying, "As my poor father used to say," or "I couldn't help laughing."

### At the Play

"I KILLED THE COUNT" (WHITEHALL)

LONDON is now full of blocks of high-class residential flats, with dig-

nified names-blocks which are resolved to be proud of their select inhabitants and high tone. Mr. ALEC COPPEL, the author of I Killed the Count, takes his audience to one of these blocks, whose fair fame is besmirched, to the great consternation of the manager, Martin (Mr. FREDER-ICK COOPER), by a murder, and a murder which is an unusually uncomfortable one because of the very low character of the murdered man. Martin is immensely discomforted, and well he might be, for he proves to have the queerest people in his block. There is Miss Renée La Lune (Miss MERIEL FORBES), whose cabaretacthas drawn down on itself a deportation order, which does not, however, weigh very heavily on her delightful transatlantic high spirits. There is Mr. Samuel Diamond

(Mr. ANTONY HOLLES), conducting all through the morning an extraordinary business deal. Mr. Diamond is the best figure in the play, and Mr. Holles has a triumphant success. In his exasperation at the way detective inquiries hold up his business he suggests bringing in the friend with whom he is bargaining, and there is a kind of rustle of hopeful expectation throughout the audience that he is going to do so. This little Jewish deal round the corner has become so real to us and so exciting. because the friend is going to leave for Paris at half-past one, that it is a grave defect in the play that we are never allowed to learn whether Mr. Diamond succeeds in bringing it off. If we are baffled there, the police get into ever deeper water in the main inquiry.

In most detective stories now the two policemen represent the different styles of the older and the younger generation of a detective. Mr. Aleo Clunes, acting a present-day part for a change, is the young product of Hendon, and Mr. George Merrit is his older bulldog type of rule-of-thumb detective. The police have nothing to complain of in this piece. They are credited by the dramatist with an extreme punctiliousness. Given a wide

choice of people to hang, they stand baffled, as chickens are said to do when two equally attractive dishes are placed at equal distances in front of them. Here the dishes are a peer of the realm (Mr. Athole Stewart), a famous American sportsman (Mr. Anthony



TOO MANY MURDERERS

Bernard K. Froy					MR. ANTHONY BUSHELL
Viscount Sorrington					MR. ATHOLE STEWART
Mullet					MR. HUGH E. WRIGHT
Divisional Inspector	De	101	ids	on	MR. GEORGE MERRITT

BUSHELL), and the liftman, an old lag (Mr. Hugh E. Wright).

The plot is highly original, and it would detract from the enjoyment of those who go to see this thriller to be particularly explicit in discussing it. It must be said that it is a plot which has not worked out in the writing as easily and neatly as the dramatist



MARTYRS TO SCOTLAND YARD

Polly . . . . . Miss Kathleen Harrison

Samuel Diamond . Mr. Antony Holles

hoped when he first had the brainwave. But, equally, it is much more successful as an evening sentertainment than any critical analysis of the weaknesses in construction would suggest. Repeatedly the stage grows dark, and we go back, and some part of the

murder is enacted before us, and these darkenings, when confessions merge into a dramatic representation of the acts being confessed, become old and cherished friends of the audience, who come to feel an affection for the play as a play, liking it all the better for its improbabilities. It is emphatically a piece not to be judged on the First Act, which seems alarmingly conventional. The Second Act is more original and surprising, and the Third full of amazement.

The characters all have their points and are neatly contrasted with each other. Polly, the housemaid (Miss KATHLEEN HARRISON), is an original variant. Usually the sort of testimony which the housemaid or the butler gives is unexciting but necessary material to establish fixed points of time for police deduction. But this

Polly is a character in her own right, bored to exasperation by the unsavoury happenings and ready to say so on every occasion. But she and Samuel Diamond are alone in regarding the Count's murder as an unwelcome intrusion in the day's work. The other characters are all deeply involved, and the audience are content to find in the tangled business an agreeable night's play.

D. W.

"OH! YOU LETTY" (PALACE)

I can't see this title decoying anyone in from even the coldest and slushiest street.

On the way to the theatre I decided that "letty" must be a freshly-imported term of abuse which had not come my way, and that the missing exclamation-mark had got mislaid and would turn up in a few days; but when I discovered that it was only the Christian name of a film star who bobbed up in the Second Act to turn life sour for a number of the combatants, I was still no wiser. Given the exclamation-mark, would it be intended to mean "Oh! It's you, Letty!"? If the reason for a title, whether of play or book or film, is to provide an irresistible lure for poor fish by suggesting some-

thing after which the shoal hankersand I suppose it is-this one fails badly in its job. As the bill is headed by Mr. SYDNEY HOWARD, however, whose name is a sure bait, the failure should not prove serious.

The rôle of the biggest bed-maker in Beds suits him well, for the heavy turnover that this implies gives him the prosperous suburban background against which he thrives; and since his Mr. Simmons is a magnate living, if not a double life at least one-and-five-eighths of one, money is needed. All the old accomplishments are embodied here. He crosses the stage as if he were a crippled octopus tip-toeing prudently away from the scene of the accident. In moments of domestic emergency hisarms behave like reciprocating corkscrews before bringing his finger-nails into position for a detailed investigation, while his lips purse pinkly like those of a baby about to lodge a protest with the authorities. So far as I know he is the only man alive who can say "Really!" simply with his hips. Once, as a special treat for his fans, he murmurs that famous old

line, "I mind me when I were a lad!" And yet this is not Mr. Howard at his best. There is a certain lack of invention in the shaping of the piece which handicaps him, so that sometimes when he begins a movement which seems full of promise it rather fizzles out. But I think there is also a reason which goes further than this, and that is the casting of Mr. WYLIE WATSON as his fellowconspirator. No one has a higher opinion than myself of Mr. WATSON, who before now has left my ribs with what felt like lasting damage; but as a harness-mate to Mr. Howard he is out of the wrong stable. They are both comedians who rely on slow effects and whose first string is a childlike pathos. It therefore follows that they each need support from a quick-firing companion of mercurial habit. If I may say so, this is why Mr. HOWARD was at his funniest with Mr. HENSON and why Mr. Warson is never likely to improve on his partnership with Mr. Howes. Together, they provide none of that sharp contrast of personality which lies near the root of comedy.

All the same, they strike a fair number of sparks. In one of their best scenes the modern business-man's

dream of finding an unattended microphone connected with the ether comes true for them and they hasten to relieve the world of any doubt about the merits of their beds (in



SCRAPING ALONG

Chester Binney . . . . . MR, WYLIE WATSON Mr. Simmons . . . . . . MR. SYDNEY HOWARD

which Mr. Watson is a partner). When Mr. Simmons' private orchestra meets at his villa, Mr. Howard's somewhat heady performance on the



THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

Mrs. Simmons . . MISS BERTHA BELMORE

double-bass and Mr. Watson's command of his violin make a deep impression; so does the homily on the benefits of peace which Mr. HOWARD addresses to an infuriated prize-fighter hotting-up for murder.

In these and other exploits the co-operation of Miss BERTHA BELMORE is of the greatest value. Who could resist the moment when, pince-nez aloft and dignity in full sail, this large lady breaks suddenly into a wild cavort, looking as if the Bursar of Girnham had thrown her vice-principles to the wind and taken irrevocable leave of her faculties? And besides being funny, she is a most unselfish worker in any team.

Mr. Simmons' daughter. the apple of his eye and the peach of the garden-suburb where they live, is played by Miss Patricia Leonard. who interprets the part with charm and vivacity. And Miss PHYLLIS STANLEY gives a clever impression of the glamour-oozing visitor from Hollywood who lends her name to the title.

The songs are about average, and so is the capacity to sing them. I was not

much impressed by the dresses, or by the Chorus, who were erratic.

The story? This is a musical comedy. ERIC.

### Winter Morning

FIVE teams at plough, All at plough together . . . Red the beechen bough, Crisp and cold the weather.

Bright shares cleaving Through the frosty clods, Strong flanks heaving While the ploughman plods

Whistling loud and clear Up the field's long shoulder, Starlings flocking near Chilly days make bolder.

Bare the copses now, Brisk and keen the weather: Bright-eyed on the bough Robin puffs a feather . . And there are five teams at plough, All at plough together. C. F. S.

### Machina Ex Deo

"Sir Oswald pointed out a car on his forehead."-Evening Paper Report of Trial.

### Wait For It!

ONCE upon a time there was a hobgoblin who lived in a wood. His name was Snudge and he was married to an Alsatian baroness called Caroline.

Guarantee. This is a genuine fairy-story and goes straight on from beginning to end. No small child or other pests keep interrupting the narrative with futile questions.

People frowned on the alliance, because they thought hobgoblins ought not to marry, or if they did marry, ought to stick to female hobgoblins and not go courting baronesses.

Snudge was a fine figure of a hobgoblin, standing five foot eight or nine in his little red shoes with the curly toes and tipping the scales at a hundred-and-sixty-four pounds, seven ounces—in fact you wouldn't have known he was a hobgoblin at all but for the fact that he lived in a hole in a tree and had a way of disappearing suddenly when the baroness called him. As for the baroness, she had rather pointed ears and was as fond of nuts as he was. It was really quite a suitable match in every way.

But Snudge was worried by the way people frowned on them, and he went along to see Podsnitch, the wise old cobbler whose mother was a fairy, though the less said about that the better. Snudge knew that he would find the wise man at home, because Podsnitch had stuck to his last (the witch Grumbletoby did it, people said) and nothing anybody could do would get him off it.

"Hullo, Snudge!" said Podsnitch.
"Hullo, Podsnitch!" said Snudge.
"I want your help. People are frown-

ing on my alliance with the baroness."
"How do you know that?" asked Podsnitch, hammering away as hard as he could go. (People with jobs in fairy-stories always keep at it pretty hard, you may have noticed.)

"I've seen them," said Snudge.
"They come and sit round our tree
and frown like anything."

"They may be frowning at something else," suggested Podsnitch, who had his off moments, like all wise men; "the dampness of the ground or the view or something."

"Then why sit there?" asked Snudge cleverly.

"Ah!" said Podsnitch, balancing in



"LOOK WHO'S COME TO SEE BABY!"

his hand the tiny shoe he was making for the little Princess Nimbletoes (if anyone cares), "I hadn't thought of that. However, the best thing you can do is to move to another part of the wood and don't let on that you're a hobgoblin. You don't look much like one, you know."

one, you know."

"Oh, don't I!" said Snudge in a temper, and instantly pulled a face so hizarre that Podsnitch flew off his last into the arms of a passing Inspectress of Forests and died happily shortly afterwards.

So Snudge tramped off home and told the baroness what Podsnitch had advised. There were three people round the tree scowling most horribly, but even so Caroline would not hear of moving. "I'm kinda fond of the old tree," she told him in her quaint Alsatian patois. "You're a hobgoblin; surely you can do something?"



"What D'YER MEAN 'IT'S A SMALL WORLD'?"

Next day Snudge pinned a notice on the tree which said—

ALL PERSONS FOUND FROWNING ON THIS ALLIANCE WILL BE CHANGED INTO FROGS

and from that day forward-

("But, Daddy, could the hobgoblin weally change people into fwogs?"

"Get to hell out of here, Bobby. I warned you!")

Sorry, folks; that boy just can't read a guarantee when he sees one. Well, now, from that day forward, as I was saying, the Snudges got left pretty severely alone; but it wasn't long before Snudge had another worry. The baroness started getting moody and going off by herself into the tops of trees and curling up in old drainpipes and such-like asinine tricks, so that ill-natured persons went about

Read on, read on. The youngest child can hear this story without injury, provided he doesn't interrupt.

saying, "Well, well. I wonder if it will be a little hobgoblin or a little baroness?" But Snudge, who, like all hobgoblins, was pretty simple, was quite at a loss, and one day, when he found the baroness asleep under some leaves in a wheelbarrow, he decided to have it out with her.

"Well, you are a silly!" said Caroline when she understood his trouble, and she whispered something in his

"Crikey!" said Snudge, blushing all over, "there'll be some frowning over this before we're through. If only you were a hobgoblin or I were a baron—"

"As a matter of fact," said the baroness with a roguish smile, "there's a good deal more of the gnome in me than you think. At any rate, my father was a Gu-elf and my mother was a Ghobelline!"

You don't get anything as good as that in your Christmas crackers, now do you?

The pity of it is that Snudge, being sadly out of touch with the history of Europe in the Middle Ages, completely missed the joke.

H. F. E.



'WHY DID YOU PROPOSE MRS. WRIGLEY AS PRESIDENT? SHE NEVER GOT A SINGLE VOTE."

"AH, BUT I WANTED TO SHOW THE OLD CAT WHAT WE THINK OF 'ER."

### Once and for All

#### A Letter to any Editor

SIR,—May I heartily endorse the opinion of your correspondent, X.Y.Z. (Lieut.-Col., ret'd.), who, as a mother of seven, aptly points out that while those who rule the nations of the world may not be, in certain circumstances, averse to war, the great mass of the people are undoubtedly in favour of an up-to-date sewage system and an adequate water supply. It is

indeed regrettable that in this day and age our community should stand in need of any service so essential to the general well-being as an efficient football pool, absorbing as it does so large a percentage of the average working-man's wages, which would be better spent on milk or self-improvement. In my opinion there is only one way to put a stop to this legalised gambling, and that is to bring it to the boil, skim off the scum and allow the mixture to cool. This recipe is one that was used for many years by my grandmother, who lived to the age of

ninety-eight and who at the time of her death had just completed inscribing the Communist Manifesto on a grain of rice without the aid of glasses. Do any of your readers know of an achievement to equal this, or is it a record?

As your correspondent says, it cannot be denied that in certain cases there is some justification for capital punishment, but this particular form of retribution entails the death of the individual concerned, who may, however, look forward with some degree of confidence to a life in the hereafter. There is ample evidence for an exist-



"'THAT'S WHAT COMES OF PLAYIN' SOLDIERS,' I SAID."

ence beyond the grave in the works of such eminent authorities as Sir OLIVER LODGE, Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE and Jack Dempsey, who was perhaps the greatest heavyweight of them all, notwithstanding the performances of men like Bob FITZSIMMONS, who in 1882 fought ninety-one rounds against the South Devon Folk-Dancing Society. This organisation has done much to popularise this typically English form of offensiveness which has been going on for weeks past, apparently under the very noses of our police. How much longer, Sir, are peaceful citizens to tolerate this honking of horns and racing of engines which are indulged in at all hours of the night by irresponsible persons whose lack of consideration for the welfare of the British bacon industry permits the dumping on our shores of an inferior Scandinavian product in direct contravention of the Kellogg Pact and international law? What is the British Navy doing, and why does the Foreign Office take no notice of my request for advice as to what may be done to protect my lettuce-crop from the ravages of the wireworm? I may say that I have tried a number of patent insecticides, but

my experience is that only faith and good works are of any avail in the face of such conditions as those to which I refer. See Isaiah xii. 5–8.

Your correspondent has overlooked one point in that he does not appear to have realised that it is impossible to carry on a controversy of this nature without resorting to personalities and the lure of the countryside. If townspeople would only show a little more respect for the rights and property of the farmer there would be fewer accidents, shorter hours, brighter cricket and the end of Western civilisation as we now know it. This was first brought to my attention by my small daughter, Pansy (age 5), overburdened as she is with homework. I give credit where credit is created solely by the banks, as Mr. J. M. KEYNES has often pointed out.

Rather than trespass further upon your valuable space, I will say nothing more on this subject, except to add that it may interest your readers to know that this morning (December 17th) I heard the first notes of the cuckoo and that the rhododendrons in my window-boxes are in full bloom.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

# H'ya, Big Apple!

"The Big Apple is sweeping America." So says my paper, though it might perhaps better have said "The Big Apple is, of course, sweeping America," for America is the most easily swept country I know. Cyclones, the Charleston, Mah-jongg, Democrats, dust-storms, crime-waves, technology, Yo-yo, depressions, anything that happens to be around can sweep America as easily as our charlady sweeps the dining-room on Monday mornings, and without breaking so much either. In short, an eminently sweepable country.

Well, what is this "Big Apple" which has turned up next in the America-sweeping queue? It sounds at first hearing rather like a devastating fungoid disease of fruit-trees; or "Big Apple" might perhaps be the name of a Red Indian chief who, with his squaw, "Little-Gooseberry-Who-Will-Tag-Along-Too," has just launched a new religious cult, combined of course with the sale of an infallible lotion for removing warts, handed down from father to son for



"MY DEAR, WE'RE TERRIBLY EARLY FOR DINNER. WE'D BETTER HANG ABOUT A BIT."

generations;\* or it might be a—well, it sounds like a lot of things, but actually, believe it or not, it's a New Dance.

Glance over my shoulder at the paper, will you, and we'll go further into the matter.

"Proper execution of the Big Apple requires a group of five or six couples, who first join hands in a circle with men and girls alternating. Next they stretch out the right leg and tap the toe to the floor three times before going into a sort of Charleston step"—(I thought we shouldn't get far without a sort of Charlestonstep)—"keepingtimetoswing music as long as the orchestra can be heard. This is called 'vamping.'"

I like that bit—"as long as the

I like that bit—"as long as the orchestra can be heard." It indicates that the whole thing up to now has been merely a preliminary contest between the orchestra and your group of five or six couples—a sort of eliminating round to decide just who's running this dance anyway. It seems to be stated as a foregone conclusion, though, that the orchestra ultimately loses, and at first one is inclined to doubt this. I personally know a hot

team of saxophones in a certain nightclub that I'd back against any bushel of Big Apples you care to pick. But on reading further that "vamping' continues until a 'caller'—the man with the loudest voice—steps out and calls on one of the circle to 'cut a shine,'" you realise that a private competition to determine who has the loudest voice must have been going on in the group during the "vamping"; and if that is so, perhaps even my saxophone team might be up against it.

Having been called on to "eut a shine," "the lucky one then does anything his or her heart desires—trucking, Black Bottom, Suzi-Q or any acrobatics".—This is pretty good. I suppose hand-springs, knees-hup ("'Igher, 'igher, you in the rear rank!"), longarm balances and so on are all permissible—"to the accompaniment of loud hand-clapping and vocal applause"—(so much more encouraging, don't you think, than unvoiced applause?)—"from all other members of the ring." This accompaniment is very necessary, I gather, as the defeated orchestra must by now have given up and gone out to the local for restoratives.

"The specialist carries on until exhausted, when another artist or couple take the floor. The main object "—(so the description naïvely has it)—"is to inject plenty of energy into the dance." I'm glad this point has been mentioned. Up to now it hasn't been quite clear to me what really was the object of the whole sorry business. "Every now and then throughout the Big Apple"—(presumably while each exhausted specialist is in turn being dragged to the touch-line)—"the circle closes, the dancers bend their heads, then throw them back, raising their arms and shout in unison."

The dance ends up like this—and I was wondering, weren't you?—how on earth they were going to get out of it on the right side of the asylum gates: "When everyone has 'shined' to the limit of his or her capacity, the partners swing into one of the more energetic popular dances." More energetic is good.

Such is the Big Apple which is sweeping America and, we are told, will soon sweep England too. Well, there's one little corner of England it won't sweep—and that's me.

I should add you don't have to be darkies to do it. White folk are, I'm afraid, eligible. A. A.

<sup>\*</sup> As warts so often are.



"AND HOW DID YOU LIKE POONA?"

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

### Du Maurier Scrapbook

A GREAT illustrator, a graceful social satirist, a novelist unequalled in his own romantic vein, a playwright (at one remove) who conquered both England and America, George du Maurier deserves (and has never obtained) a biographer of equal stature and kindred sympathies. Mr. C. C. HOYER MILLAR, who married the artist's daughter TRIXIE, makes no pretensions to this part; but his George du Maurier and Others (Cassell, 10/6) is a readable and often fascinating assemblage of material only too likely to have been dissipated. Here—as it involved its intelligentsia-you have the crest of the great wave of metropolitan prosperity that crashed and receded in the welter of 1914. Du Maurier himself is honestly and delightfully recaptured-so French in his industry and frugality, so English in his generosity and humour; and with him the world of Lyceum first-nights, of "Labey" lawsuits, of Show Sundays in St. John's Wood and Tite Street. Artists and critics of to-day may deride the productions and standards of the Victorians, but they cannot help envying a social system in which the artist had a place in the sun instead of a niche in a coterie.

### A See of Troubles

One has little but sympathy with Lord CLONMORE, whose Pope Pius XI. and World Peace (HALE, 12/6) is recommended by Cardinal HINSLEY as a counterblast to the "inaccuracies" of a "youthful journalist"-presumably Mr. WILLIAM TEELING'S recent book on a similar subject. Had Lord CLONMORE dealt with Mr. TEELING point by point he might have proved a more effective champion. Yet his work, "frankly partisan almost all through," has its excellences. It is something for an ardent Catholic to have suggested, however diffidently, that Liberals and anti-Clericals are not necessarily undevout. It is a great thing to have the magnificent possibilities of the Papacy exemplified (as they are here incidentally) by the brief pontificate of BENEDICT XV. As regards the more debatable activities of his successor, Lord CLONMORE tackles Italy, France, Spain, Germany, England, the Americas and Abyssinia with an ingenuous special pleading which is sincere enough to be conscious of each situation's inherent difficulties. His authorities are too often his fellow-partisans; and in the one case where the present reviewer can check

them from personal experience—the condition of Italy on the eve of Mussolini's coup—have let him down rather badly.

### Stranger than Fiction

CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM in much that he wrote Was self-revealed, could clues be known, But he laid small stress on the personal note And the key was held by himself alone, Until at the last he sorted the blend (Which writers of Lives might use or misuse), With A. F. TSCHIFFELY, then his friend, For Don Roberto (which HEINEMANN issues).

Thus the portrait the work provides—
Laird, gaucho, writer of books,
Storekeeper, hero of lonely rides,
Explorer in lands unknown to Cooks,
Member of Parliament, Frontiersman,
Master of smooth or biting diction—
Proves to the hilt, if anything can,
That truth has nothing to learn from fiction.

### Paris Omnibus

Readers cannot say that they are not getting good value for their money if they buy The Pasquier Chronicles (Dent, 10/6), by Georges Duhamel, containing five full-length novels in a single volume. Three of these have already appeared in English; the last two are published here for the first time, translated—and very well translated—by Miss Beatrice de Holthoir. M. Duhamel likes to take a big canvas. In his Salavin he traced the life of an idealist; in these chronicles he takes the whole Pasquier family—



"'ERE Y'ARE, MATE-NOW 'OP IT."



A GENTLE EGOTIST

The only Son (in the Bosom of his Family), "'Punch'! 'Graphic'!! 'Illustrated London News'!!! What ridiculous Waste of Money to set these when I can see them any Day I like at the Club for Nothing!"

George du Maurier, December 23rd, 1876.

father, mother and five children—and follows them through youth to middle-age. The father is a mass of contradictions, selfish and ambitious, but not without his good points; the mother is in direct contrast, loving and unselfish, a "Sainte des petites choses." The motive of the first book is the expectation of a legacy which, when it ultimately comes, is found barely sufficient to pay the debts contracted in advance. Then, in the second book, Laurent, the youngest brother, who tells most of the story in the first person, is shown beginning to understand his parents and attempting, a boy of fourteen, to set things right. Some five years later, in the third book, he is a medical student, and his father has also qualified as a doctor. Then we have the various love-affairs of the family, and finally, in the fifth book, Laurent, with half-a-dozen ill-assorted companions, trying the experiment of a communal life, setting up a printing press in the suburbs. As a picture of domestic life in Paris this mammoth volume deserves a welcome in its English dress.

### Clio in Frills

In Taste and Fashion from the French Revolution until To-day (HARRAP, 12/6) Mr. James Laver has produced another delightful book. It is charmingly written, provides a wealth of curious information on dress and manners, and is illuminated by a series of ingenious deductions which lead up to a most interesting attempt to get at what are the tendencies of the present day and probable developments in the future. Here are some of his more provocative utterances: "Dance mania seems to be a universal result of great catastrophes" (he compares the 1920's with eighteenth-century and mediæval parallels). "Politeness fell out of use [after the French Revolution] as it always does in times of feminine emancipation." "The crinoline was the first great triumph of the machine age—the application to feminine costume of all the principles of steel construction employed in the Forth Bridge and the Crystal Palace." "It

is a curious fact in human history . . . that the disappearance of corsets has always been accompanied by two related phenomena—promiscuity and an inflated currency" (Directoire and 1920's). "It was a stroke of genius to attach suspenders to the bottom edge of the corset." "In times of war and social upheaval the tendency for women to cut off their hair seems to be almost irresistible." The serious may condemn it as superficial, but all others will read it with joy.

### In a Strange Land

The first page of Miss Ann Bridge's novel, Enchanter's Nightshade (Chatto and Windus, 7/6), describes the private chiropody of a Swiss governess in most unnecessary detail; nor is its theme (the seduction of a young and innocent English governess by an Italian count) promising. Yet once she has finished with Fräulein Gelsicher's toilet, the author produces from the material of a "shocker" a wise

and delicate piece of work. She writes about the Italy of thirty years ago, contrasting the Latin mind and all its conventionality and sophistication with the mentality of a girl who had "really been brought up as if she were without a body at all." The ninety - nine - year - old Marchesa, wise from experience, the child Marietta, wise from instinct, the worldly mischievous Elena and her phlegmatic Swiss governess are all champions of Miss Prestwich and teach her more than she learned at the university. Miss Bridge has written a sound and brilliant book; the pity is that it could not have been written earlier and read by mothers of its period.

#### A Royal Life

Mr. HECTOR BOLITHO has had some experience in dealing with royal biographies, and

has established a reputation as a safe man. He is loyal without being fulsome, and his George VI. (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE) is a thoroughly competent piece of work. It may seem early to write the life of a monarch who has only just succeeded to the throne at the age of forty-one, but Mr. Bolitho is no doubt right in thinking that the reading public wishes to know more about the second son of George V., called so suddenly and unexpectedly to be their king. And he has found plenty of interesting material. For here was a young man whose early life had not been haunted by "the shade of monarchy, who could as a boy move more freely than his elder brother; who could even enter for the doubles at Wimbledon with a brother-officer and start the Duke of York's Camp for Boys at Romney. Had he not too been serving with the fleet at Jutland? A letter from his own hand describing the battle is one of the "plums" of this very attractive book, well illustrated and sumptuously apparelled.

### The Ego-into-the-Bag Trick

The Coronation crowds in Hyde Park imagined themselves to be having a good time, but how many of them guessed that they were missing a performance of the Indian rope trick? This was offered, free of all expense, by Mr. Horace Goldin, the magician, who only asked that two hundred feet to right and left of a chosen spot should be guarded for a week; but it was probably enough for the Office of Works that he wrote on April 1st, and the answer was in the negative. Thus London lost a chance of seeing a trick of which, as he tells in It's Fun to be Fooled (Stanley Paul, 18/-), Mr. Goldin was unable to find any direct evidence during a special visit to India. Although this book sheds light here and there on the profession of magic, it naturally gives little away; and eighteen shillings seems a very stiff price for what is in the main a string of anecdotes presumably more interesting to Mr. Goldin's own circle than

to the general reader. Humility is not the dominant note in his writing.

### Wiping a Policeman's Eye

Mr. VAL GIELGUD and Mr. HOLT MARVELL were happily inspired when they decided to place the scene of their latest novel in Budapest, where an International Police Conference was being held. So the sensational murder of a famous prima donna on the stage of the Opera House was not only witnessed by a charming American girl who was anxious to develop her detective powers but also by a picked team of Europe's most famous sleuths. Among the distinguished spectators of Death in Budapest (RICH AND COWAN, 7/6) was Detective-Inspector Spears, who, as readers of these authors' previous work already know, has proved himself pleasantly effi-

cient at his job. He, however, is not destined to take the chief honours in this complicated and unusual case. The tale is told with consistent dexterity, and anyone who reads it and is unacquainted with the fascination of Budapest can be forgiven for wanting immediately to rectify that omission.



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN-'MIND MY OWN BUSINESS'?"

### **Dental Troubles**

In No Mourning in the Family (Collins, 7/6) Mr. R. Philmore maintains his reputation as one of the soundest of detective fiction's deducers. But the theme that he has chosen in this case is unattractive, and the Farrar family, as he presents them, are too highly-strung and on the jump to secure steady attention. It is unfair to divulge by whom and by what means Samson Farrar, a dictator in his own home, was removed from this world, but it must be recorded that these Farrars, although unworthy of Mr. Philmore's time and attention, are most shrewdly revealed.

### Charivaria

HAILSTONES, described as being as big as pigeons' eggs, were reported to have fallen in so many places last week that pigeons are seriously thinking of laying bigger eggs next year.

> "BOMB SHELTERS UNDER WINDSOR"

Daily Mail.

That ought to keep it dry.

"There is room in this country for a central organisation to further the sales of dart-boards," says a

manufacturer. A sort of Board Marketing Board perhaps? same was said of Gunga Din.



"XMAS OFFER SEE OUR £100 HOUSE FOR £50 " Notice in Furnisher's Window.

Thank you, but the pantomime is cheaper.

"Let the spirit of amity and goodwill continue in your house after the festive season," urges a writer. What? No bridge?

A cricket-writer with the English team in India says that the English players frankly admit that on his day the Indian batsman is superior to the English batsman. Much the

Teachers want smaller classes, says The Evening News. Smith minor gladly offers to

stand down.

this country.

An Englishman living in Italy makes a point of going to a dentist in Switzerland. He explains that "it's not safe to open your mouth in

Charged with stopping a train by pulling the communication-cord in a railway-carriage, a foreigner says he thought he was opening the

window. Come, come! Our railway-carriage windows are not made to open so easily as that.

A gardening expert says indoor bulbs will come up much

quicker if small pieces of fish are pushed into the fibre. Particularly if you have a cat in the home.

A wireless enthusiast complains that those who contribute to the B.B.C.'s morning programme sound weary, husky and listless. There is no suggestion, however, that it will ever be officially featured as "In Town Last Night."



"Mr. Jansen, a farmer of this district, fired a shotgun into a bevy of finches. He found that he had killed 300 birds with a single cartridge, containing 140 pullets."-Malay Paper.

We make that 440 in all.

"The keepers have often tried to imitate this rattle by artificial means, but without success. The nearest approach one can get to it is by taking a handful of wheat in the car and shaking it."

Evening Standard.

But we object to a handful of wheat in the ear.

Officers and men on Soviet warships are said to fraternise socially on board when off duty. A popular after-dinner parlour-game among the comrades is "Hunt the Skipper."



# Aunt Tabitha and the Frightful Fiend

As we were all sitting round the incinerator after dinner on Christmas Day my Aunt Tabitha lit a cigar and said to her uncle in a loud voice: "Do you know any ghost stories, pal?"

"Do I know any ghost stories!" my Aunt Tabitha's uncle vociferated. "Do I know any ghost stories! I'll say! Do I! Do I know any ghost stories!" He then added in a quieter tone, "No, I don't."

"That's fine," Aunt Tabitha boomed. She attended to her cigar, which had already begun to unroll with a loud crackling sound, by pegging it fast with a couple of matches. Then she began: "Thirty-seven years ago, when I, at that time quite a young woman—"

Applause broke out among the cousins, but was quickly

suppressed.

"—was walking," continued my Aunt Tabitha, "at dead of night along a country road in the snow, I felt, if you see what I mean, like one that on a lonesome road doth walk in fear and dread, and having once turned round, walks on, and turns no more his head, because he knows a frightful fiend doth close behind him tread (by kind permission of

Mr. P. G. Wodehouse)."
"Why was that?" inquired my Aunt Tabitha's uncle curiously.

"It was," the old lady replied, bellowing at the top of her voice so as to be heard above the noise of her cigar, "because a frightful fiend did close behind me tread. Where the snow lay dinted," she explained, indicating the fiend's approximate position with her thumb.

"Dear me," I said. "Had it anything particular in mind?"
"How should I know what it had in mind, the big
stiff?"



"THE LAST THING I CAN REMEMBER IS MY DINNER-PARTNER WINNING THE BETTER HALF OF A WISH-BONE IN LONDON."

"What did it look like?" piped Aunt Tabitha's greatgrandfather, shuffling his feet in the cinders.

Aunt Tabitha stuck another match in her cigar. "Fellers," she said impressively, "it looked frightful. It wore a check overcoat and an opera-hat with the I Zingari band, and it was continually stroking the ends of its moustache with the stem of a pipe that played tunes, like a musical-box."

"What kind of tunes?" asked my Aunt Tabitha's other

uncle, the thin one.

"Frightful tunes," Aunt Tabitha hoarsely declared.

"Once I swung round and took a swipe at it with the Supplement to Clambake and Zimpany's Gramophone-Record Catalogue for the year 1925, which I happened to be carrying at the time. But all to no avole."

"All to no what?"

"Avole," repeated Aunt Tabitha.

"What's avole?" said one of the bonier cousins.

"A small furry creature," Aunt Tabitha replied. "I often use one instead of avail. Of course they are harder to see through, but everything should be given its chance, and if you want something you can see through you might as well use a window."

"I use a window myself," volunteered another of Aunt Tabitha's great-grandfathers (only three were present, for there was a fight on at the Stadium). Aunt Tabitha, who was sticking matches in her eigar, made no comment, but her fat uncle said, "You do?"

"A casement window," the old gentleman elaborated. "Opening on the foam."

"What foam?" asked Aunt Tabitha's sister-in-law.

"The matter under discussion is a frightful fiend," said Aunt Tabitha's thin uncle in a loud voice. "What did you do then?" he asked her.

"I quickened my pace," Aunt Tabitha said, "but I still heard the strains of the Boccherini minuet behind me, indicating that the frightful fiend had also quickened its. Fellow-men and women, picture to yourselves the eerie scene. The great rolling expanse of snow—the bare twisted trees, their thin branches whipping back and forth against the lowering clouds which were scudding silently across the pale sickly moon—the frightful fiend—and close at hand, nestling in a fold of the hills as if for shelter against the evil forces abroad that night, the dark bulk," said Aunt Tabitha, "of the three-hundred-foot chimney of the local aircraft factory, in every window of which was a light showing that men were hard at work on the Christmas orders. The noise was tremendous. I couldn't hear myself think."

"You didn't miss much—ha! ha! ha! haha! ho! haha! ho! haha! ho! ha!" said Aunt Tabitha's fat uncle with thinly-veiled amusement.

One of the matches in Aunt Tabitha's eigar suddenly flared up and with a twang the eigar half uncoiled like a clock-spring, scattering sparks over her third great-grandfather, who sprang aside with an oath.

"I went up to the watchman," Aunt Tabitha continued when the excitement had died down, "and I said to him, 'Let me say at once that a frightful fiend doth close behind me tread.' The watchman looked at me curiously. I turned round. There was nothing there . . . I afterwards learned that a shocking murder had been committed," Aunt Tabitha said, "at a place of the same name in Oklahoma. Now explain that, with your much-vaunted philosophy."

"Tell me," I said at length, "how was it that there was an aircraft factory working full blast in the middle of the night thirty-seven years ago?"

"That," Aunt Tabitha agreed, poking the coals in the incinerator with her cigar, "is one of the most inexplicable things about the whole affair."

R. M.



THE SAGACIOUS DOG?

(vide "The Pickwick Papers," Chapter II.)



" Just the umbrella I wanted, Uncle Joshua!-- the sort one doesn't mind losing."

# "Darts Just as Pure and Fair"

Darts, I see, is now proclaimed as a royal game, for their Majesties have thrown a dart. Dart-boards are hanging on the walls of Belgravia, and the sons of dukes, they say, are not ashamed to throw a pretty dart at the pub. All this is good, for darts is a good game, though, to my taste, it requires too much arithmetic. I watch with envious astonishment not only the accuracy of the throw but the rapidity and ease of the calculations.

Darts is (? are) played in British public-houses; and the temperance folk should always remember that one effect of darts is to reduce the consumption of beer. For he who is eagerly casting his own darts, watching the flight of his rivals, doing arithmetic, chalking up the score or partaking in the incessant badinage which accompanies this genial game cannot consume so much refreshment as those who are merely discussing the weather, the tides or the Government.

And so, now that darts have (? has) become respectable, I hope that the Licensing Justices in certain parts of

the country will cease to "set their face" against the playing of darts on Sunday. For, as the Licensing Commission pointed out, there is no justification for this in law, and its effect must be to increase the consumption of beer on Sundays.

Public billiards and bagatelle, by the way, are still unlawful on Sunday. Golf, however, is O. (as they say) K.

But darts is not the only amusement of the people which is going up in the social scale. Young bloods and débutantes, I see, are dabbling in the Football Pools, and weekly Pool Parties are seducing the aristocracy from their sherry and sausages.

Again, I shall not follow them, for again here is too much arithmetic and intellectual strain. Even to read the large advertisements of the Pools in the Sunday papers gives me a head-ache—and no hope. I shall never pick a single "away" winner, much less four.

Strange thought, by the way—the habit of filling up forms is now so deeply planted in us that some of our most popular amusements take the form of filling up forms. And let no one ever say again that voting by Proportional Representation will be too complicated for the people. When half

the race spends its leisure doing crossword puzzles and the other half doing football puzzles (not to mention horse and dog puzzles), to put 1, 2, 3, 4 against four candidates' names should not unduly strain their intellectual powers.

Shove-halfpenny, I think, has not yet invaded Mayfair, though I have seen the bourgeois shove a tricky halfpenny or two on licensed premises.

And skittles! I wish the rich would take up skittles and save this noble old game for the nation. For skittles, sad to say, is not what it was in volume, though what is left of it is vigorous. When I first threw "a lovely cheese" there were more than thirty clubs in the Amateur Skittles Association scattered about London. And what fierce excited matches there were between the "Duke's Head" and the "Black Lion," the famous "Freemasons' Arms" (of Hampstead), and many others! How, through round after round, we fought for the Dewar Shield and the Gore Trophy and the others-I now forget their names!

But now, they tell me, there are only about a dozen active clubs left in London. Save here and there—and I know one or two most flourishing

corners—the game is not recruiting itself among the young men as it did. After a day's manual labour it is a somewhat strenuous entertainment, it is true, to pick up and throw through the air (is it twenty-two feet?—I forget) an eleven-pound "cheese" time after time. After a seven-chalk game "one knows one's done something," as they say. Nor is it very kind to the rheumaticky backs which most of us seem to possess.

Also the game costs pennies, demands great skill and patience, and cannot be learned in a day. In short, it is much easier and perhaps less expensive to throw a dart or discuss the Government: and it is certainly more soothing to sit in the cinema.

But the City workers and the West-End dwellers have no such excuses. They need the wholesome exercise of stooping to pick up the cheese (so good for the liver, which we all possess) and the powerful benefit of poising and throwing the said cheese along the

And, by the way, I am not talking of the inferior and, I believe, much later game in which you roll a round ball along the floor-Dutch, German or American skittles (so-called): I am talking of the good old English (as I believe) skittles, in which you throw a flattened "cheese" of lignum vitæ and throw it through the air-at nine solid skittles or pins carved out of hornbeam. These nine great pins it is possible-for an expert-to cast down with a single throw-known as a "floorer," since it clears the floor. There are grand men who have done this feat three times in succession: and their names are placed upon the Roll of Fame. I—we—alas! am not upon that Roll, though years ago we came very near it. Still, the other day, having tottered, after a very long interval, into the arena with a rheumaticky back and failing forces, we did say mildly, "I am now going to do a 'floorer.' We threw, without much effort or thought. But the angels were with us, and duly down the nine pins fell.

There are few more glorious sensations in sport than this. It is as good as a perfect drive through the covers, as a devastating back-hand drive at tennis, or—we suppose, though we have never achieved such things—a proper left to the point, or the most enormous salmon emerging from the

At all events "we done it." And we thought, after we done it, "What a pity if this great sensation and achievement should disappear from the experiences of man!" It would be like



"DAM FINE CELLAR YOU KEEP, BLENNERHASSET."

the final extinction of the sailing-

Well, there is still time. All over London there are the people's skittlealleys, only recently deserted for lack of funds or immediate enthusiasm. If they are deserted for long they will be dismantled, as many have been before. It is a good thing that rich and poor should play the same games, and here is a fine opportunity for the rich not only to find a new entertainment but to preserve an ancient, vigorous and skilful English sport. Before the next Belgravian group adopts darts, Football Pools or shove-halfpenny, let them write to the Amateur Skittles Association and inquire the address of the nearest Skittle Club which last decayed. Let them then get hold of publican, brewer and ex-secretary and say, "This game, this club, this ancient alley ought not to perish. What can we do about it?"

A. P. H.

#### Stranger Than Fiction

"Thousands of pounds' worth of contraband, dope, jewels and tobacco are landed yearly by marshlands of Kent, a high official of the night on the south coast—chiefly on the lonely Kent County Police yesterday told me."—Daily Paper.

#### So Much For Those Rumours.

"Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck, elder daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Titchfield, is the Duke of Portland's grandfather."—Daily Paper.

# The Keep Fits

### A Housewives' Revolu

"And we warn the Prime Minister . . ." I had got so far in the reading of a leader in our local paper when, curiously enough, young Podgy McSumph marched into the room and demanded sharply, "D'ye ken a man called Mr. Chamberlain?"

"Everybody knows Mr. Chamberlain, Podgy," I explained. "He's the Prime Minister."

"Weel, ye've to write to him aboot the Keep Fits."

"The Keep Fits?"

"Ay," said Podgy, "because ma faither an' ma mither's had a terrible row aboot them."

"What was the trouble?"

"Ma faither said ma mither was to stand up an' put her fingers on her toes withoot tum'lin' doon, the same as he was doin' for the Keep Fits. An' it was Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that said that everybody was to do them."

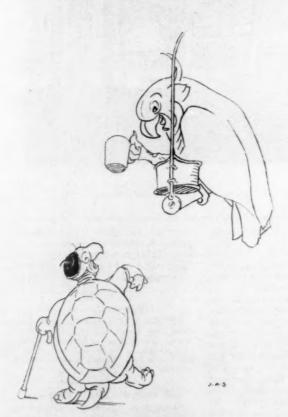
"And what did your mother say?"

Mrs. McSumph, I gathered, had indicated that she would see Mr. CHAMBERLAIN far enough.

"Because," said Podgy, "ma mither said she was too tired wi' mornin' to night for to do the Keep Fits."

"And what-?"

"An' doin' the washin' an' makin' the dinner," added Podgy.



"A HAPPY NEW YEAR, GRANFER."

"And what did your father say?"

"He just went on tryin' no' to tum'le wi' the Keep Fits. But sometimes he did tum'le. An' then Mrs. Dusty came in."

It appeared that the visitor had scoffed at the Keep Fits, making some reference to a circus clown. In reply Mr. McSumph had quoted Mr. Chamberlain and tried apparently to explain the objects of the Government's Keep Fit campaign.

Mrs. Dusty and Mrs. McSumph—in chorus, so far as I could make out—then seemed to have put the case for the housewife with some heat, arguing that mothers had no time for such ridiculous "faldalals," and that they were in any case marked for early death on account of the endless toil involved in preparing thankless men for a ripe old age, special mention being made of Mr. McSumph, Mr. Dusty and Mr. Chamberlain.

"Ma faither got terrible wild," said Podgy, "an' he put

on his bunnet an' walked oot the hoose.

"And what happened after that?"

"Mrs. Dusty tried to do the Keep Fits, but she tum'led because she was that fat. An' then ma mither an' Mrs. Dusty said I was to come an' tell ye to write to Mr. Chamberlain."

"And did they tell you what I was to say?"

"Mrs. Dusty said Mr. Chamberlain was to come here an' see her doin' the Keep Fits in the kitchen an' he would get a right scunner wi' them. An' ye've to tell Mr. Chamberlain he's to make new Keep Fits for the faithers."

"What were the fathers to do?"

"They've to scrub the floors," said Podgy, puckering his brows in an effort to recall his instructions, "an' wash the dishes. An' Mrs. Dusty said they was to stir the jam to make them sweat."

"And have-?"

"An' they've to bath me an' Charlie Dusty an' mend oor troosers."

"And have the mothers not to do Keep Fits?"

"Ay," said Podgy, "an' ye've to say it to Mr. Chamber-LAIN. The mithers is to get lyin' on their backs on their beds—but," emphasising the point, "without kickin' up their legs. An' they've to get watchin' the faithers doin' their Keep Fits."

"Well, that's a wonderful idea, Podgy." Will ye write to Mr. Chamberlain?"

"I wonder what he would say?"

"He better watch oot whit he says," nodding his head grimly, "because ma mither an' Mrs. Dusty's terrible wild at him."

"But we mustn't say rude things to Mr. Chamberlain, Podgy, because he's the greatest man in the country next to the Kino."

"There was something else ye was to tell him," murmured Podgy, looking worried, "but I've forgot it."

"To tell Mr. CHAMBERLAIN?"

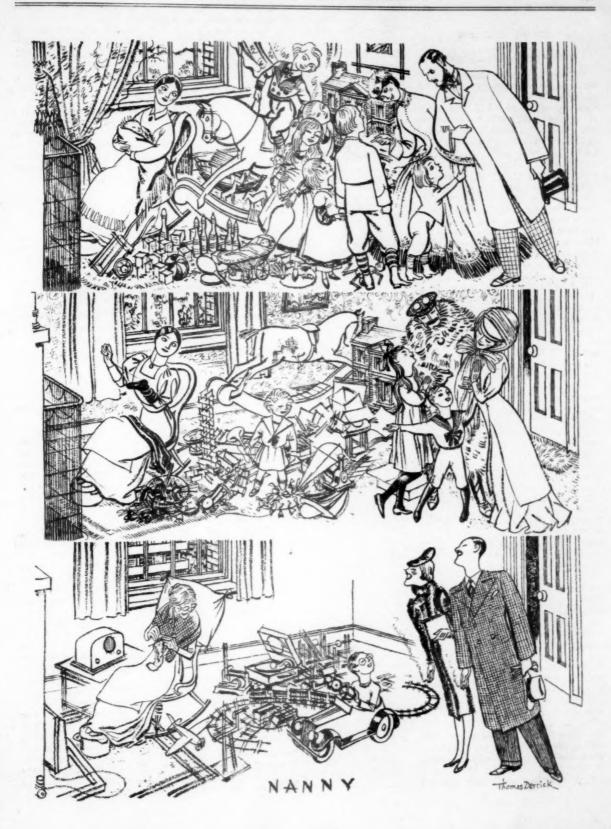
"Ay," said Podgy. "An' I mind noo," his face brightening. "Ye've to tell Mr. Chamberlain he's to come here every Monday mornin' an' help the faithers wi' the big washin's, because that's the best of the Keep Fits." D.

### Desperate Remedy

"In answer to 'Desperate,' I should advise her to take her small son to a doctor. These pests can change a well and happy child into a very miserable one."—From a Domestic Journal.

#### One Ages in the East, by Jove!

"The Emperor, for his position, is a comparatively young man, being now only 36 years old, though he was only 25 when he succeeded his father, the Emperor Yoshihito, on Christmas Day, 1936."—Oxford Paper.



### At the Pictures

"THE DANCE PROGRAMME"

WE have our ups and downs, we film fans. A fortnight ago, with something like rapture, I was able to write about Stand In and 100 Men and a Girl as agreeable Hollywood concoctions; but the cinema theatres to which I have resorted for the purpose of finding kindred pictures worthy to commend to-day, have yielded blanks. I have seen The Singing Marine, with DICK Powell in the principal part; and I was not much entertained and came away with the feeling that there is going to be a close time for crooners and that it won't distress me unduly if there is. I have seen another arrangement of personalities called Life of the Party, and in spite of flashes of smart dialogue I found it very innutritious.

But all Hollywood defections can be forgotten by anyone visiting Studio One and seeing Un Carnet de Bal, the French film directed by JULIEN DUVIVIER, which won the first prize at the Venice Film Congress this year, and which I hope, unlike many Continental films with English captions, will be shown all over the country.

The scheme is very simple. A débutante of sixteen named Christine went to her first dance some twenty years ago and had a delightful time with various partners, among them a medical student, a young lawyer, a

young composer, a young Provençal, and so forth, each of whom promised eternal affection. Twenty years after, widowed and rich, she thinks it would be amusing to hunt up these partners and see how time and chance have dealt with them. We have a similar idea in Monte Cristo, but in that story Edmond's motive was revenge. Here it is curiosity tinged with romanticism.

Little of course but disillusion could attend such a quest, but the French never flinch from disillusion, and so we have the full revelation in each case:

the young Southerner has become the mayor of his Provençal town and when Christine arrives is on the point of marrying his cook; the young lawyer has taken to dishonest ways and

is running a disreputable night-club on Montmartre; the medical student has become an epileptic and illicit practitioner; the composer has become a priest who teaches choir-boys. Thus we have several stories in one: five or



THE MARINE TELLS IT

Bob Brent . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . DICK POWELL

six episodes all strung on the one thread, which is *Christine*, and all diversified so that the pathos of the first melts into the seaminess of the second, and the seaminess of the second into the charm of the third, where HARRY BAUR is

acting or better timing, and it is difficult to say which of the company is the best; but I have no doubt that the performance of Harry Baur, and of Raimu as the mayor, will remain longest in my memory. Yet will they? Why will not Fernandel as the barber-conjurer, and Louis Jouvet as the crook, and Françoise Rosay as Madame Audie? Why not indeed? While there is always Marie Bell as Christine to remember.

I hope I am not protesting too much, but it is difficult to be restrained about this remarkable work of art.

I have not yet seen Marie Walewska, a new glimpse of the alleged amatory life of Napoleon Buonaparte, in which the Garbo plays "Snowdrop," the heroine, and Charles Boyer, the Man of Destiny; but I have read the novel on which the film is based and so am in a position to state that no one who goes to see Marie Walewska is likely to see much of the real Napoleon. Charles Boyer should, however, be an acceptable screen substitute.

E.V.L.

### Chinese Art

The need for medical supplies in China is very great. Chloroform, ether and anti-tetanus serum are among the necessities urgently required for the relief of victims of the Japanese campaign. To provide funds for this purpose (and to remind visitors of the

rare and distinguished character of Chinese culture) an Exhibition of Chinese Art has been arranged at 9. Conduit Street, W.I. The Exhibition, which is under the Chairmanship of the Right Hon. the Earl of LISTOWEL and has many distinguished patrons, including His Grace the Archbishop of YORK, will be opened on January 7th by His Excellency the Chinese Ambassador, and will continue until January 28th. Many collectors are lending pieces never shown to the public before, and the Exhibition is certain to be of outstanding

interest. The price of admission will be 2/6 every weekday, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. On Thursdays and Saturdays there will be a special price of 6d. after 4 p.m. and until 8 p.m.



#### A CALLERY OF BEAUX

				50	6. R. R.	4.84	A.O.A	W W	,	UK	200	25.8	W 24
Joe							,						Louis Jouvet
Father Re	egr	iai	elt					*			5		HARRY BAUR
François													RAIMU
Thierry .		,									,		PIERRE BLANCHAR
Fabien .													FERNANDEL
Christine									2				MARIE RELL

irresistible as Father Regnault, and so on to the rich comedy of the mayor's wedding and the tragic horror of the epileptic's apartment.

I have never seen better all-round







### Extinct

Memorandum from the Prime Minister to his Personal Private Secretary, dated from Downing Street, December 16th, 2037.

Kindly obtain for me a Man in the Street, as I want his opinion on the projected Gooseberry (Compulsory Shaving) Bill before I show it to my colleagues in the Cabinet. As I want to get the thing rushed through before Covent Garden has time to organise opposition, please treat the matter as of the utmost urgency.

Minister of Labour to Prime Minister.

Your request re Man in the Street received. Before dispatching same I should be glad to know in more detail what sort of Man in the Street you desire. Is a moustache essential? Would you like a tall one or a short one? On receipt of your reply I will at once notify all Employment Exchanges of the vacancy, and the first suitable applicant will be dispatched without delay.

Prime Minister to Minister of Labour.

It does not matter whether the Man in the Street is tall or short, moustached or unmoustached, so long as I get him quickly. I hear that a meeting of basket-balancers in Covent Garden has already been called to organise opposition to my Gooseberry (Compulsory Shaving) Bill, and I want to get the opinion of the Man in the Street as soon as possible.

Minister of Labour to Prime Minister.

With further reference to your request for a Man in the Street, I should be glad to know whether you require a Man in the Street with specialised knowledge of the fruit trade, or whether you would prefer a Man in the Street

with no specialised knowledge of the fruit trade.

Prime Minister to Minister of Labour.

Of course I do not want a Man in the Street with specialised knowledge of the fruit trade. I want the sort of Man in the Street that is always being quoted in the newspapers as being dissatisfied with my policy, so that I can make certain of his views on the Gooseberry (Compulsory Shaving) Bill before showing it to the Cabinet.

Minister of Labour to Prime Minister.

As requested, I have notified all Employment Exchanges of the vacancy for a Man in the Street, and replies are now to hand. I regret to say that they are all negative. There are now no Men in the Street registered as unemployed or employed.

Prime Minister to Minister of Labour.

It is ridiculous to say that there are no Men in the Street available, as in this morning's Daily Blare one of them is quoted. The passage runs: "The Man in the Street hears with alarm of the Government's intention to introduce a Gooseberry (Compulsory Shaving) Bill, which, however carefully framed, seems certain to strike a death-blow at the gooseberry trade, which for centuries has been one of the bulwarks of democracy."

Minister of Labour to Prime Minister.

Further to your request for a Man in the Street. We find on investigation that these became extinct some years ago, when the streets fell into disuse owing to the fact that everybody travelled by air and landed direct on the roof-tops. We are, however, dispatching under separate cover a trustworthy Man in the Air, who will no doubt be willing to give you his views on the Gooseberry (Compulsory Shaving) Bill.







ABUNDANCE!



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

A TENDENCY TO CLING TO THE PAST

### Let Me Help You with Your Music

LONG, long ago (or cala cala, as EDGAR WALLACE said the African natives say) Music was a subject about which a gentleman felt pretty sure of himself. There was Opera, Light Opera, Orchestral and Chamber Music, Popular and Dance Music. Given three guesses he could tell which was which, and then he felt he had done his duty. If anyone present felt inclined actually to discuss the stuff he was prepared to listen intelligently. More than that no reasonable hostess could expect.

Tempora mutantur nos et, as the Fifth Form had to chant in unison every morning, mutamur in illis. Music, despite the fact that I cannot recall the Latin for it, also changes. No one knows enough about opera nowadays even to mention it at the

dinner-table, except the young many whose aunt gave him a gramophone record of the "Valkyries" as a birthday present. And he is so obviously cashing in on what he had thought a dead loss that he gets a good many dirty looks from the other male guests there assembled. As for orchestral and chamber music, they have come to be regarded merely as things the B.B.C. put into their programmes to make them go the distance. Popular Music is now Teatime Music and unspeakably bourgeois.

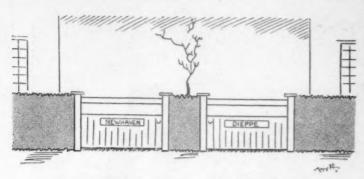
And what of Dance Music? "Aha," you say, "you can't catch me out there. I may not quite have got the hang of the Big Apple yet, but I can tell a tango from a rumba now. And I only take a dozen bars or so to decide whether they're playing a fox-trot or a waltz. You should just see me . . ."

"Hold," I reply. "Hold hard. You are burking the main issue. What I really want to know is whether you

are capable of discussing dance bands frankly with your partner as between man and woman. Can you distinguish the veneered rhythm of OZZIE NELSON from the polished blueness of XAVIER CUGAT? And," I go on, looking you between your now shifty eyes, "do you really know the difference between sweet music and swing?"

"Why, of course," you begin to bluster. But it is no good. You break down, weeping, and admit that girls shun your company because you know nething of MIFF MOLE'S contribution to early jazz or of Teagarden's style of trombone playing.

I can see through you as through the clearest crystal. You are but a novice; you actually think that the noise they make at one end of the room while you are going through you act in the middle is just jazz—like that. Pardon my nasty laugh. Anyone who hopes to cadge even a couple of invitations a week in the Little Season



THE CROSS-CHANNEL STEAMER CAPTAINS RETIRE.

must be prepared to know the difference between sweet music and swing, and the two are as far apart as a snare drum is from a pair of hot cymbals. Let me give you the key to the secret that will make women hang on your lips.

SWEET MUSIC is played by a faultlessly-clad band with a conductor in full evening dress, usually rather rotund and with the air of a dignified butler. He motions to the saxophones with all the reverence of a man decanting the '08 port. He has plenty of violins under his control, and he allows them to stand up to play a few bars every now and then as a reward for having the brass blowing in their ears all the rest of the time. Vocal support is given by a smooth young man with his hands clasped in front of him, or by three ladies in white evening gowns, technically known as croonettes. The bandsmen (or Boys) may not exactly be Aryan, but they are usually white in complexion, with a tendency to olive.

Swing Music is played by a very excitable group of young men who always say "Ha! Cha!" to each other when they have time off from playing their instruments. The conductor may be wearing evening dress, but if so he shows by his contortions that he doesn't think much of it. Periodically a trumpet or trombone advances and blows a few ear-splitting notes that have no apparent connection with the melody the rest of the band is trying to render. In the background one man violently maltreats a double bass. while another hits everything in sight with any implement he can lay his hands on. Vocal support is by four men in white dinner-jackets and diamond-shaped ties. The bandsmen (or Boys) are black, brown or yellow occasionally white.

This will be enough to start with. You may wonder why you are not to

try to distinguish sweet music from swing by the actual thing the band is playing. I fear that this would make the risk of a faux pas too great. You yourself may be able to hum a popular melody straight through, including the verse, but these bands don't believe in playing a thing straight through. Everything is done by arrangement. You will find So-and-So and his Rascals "giving you a new swing arrangement of that lovely sweet melody, 'Lollipop Eyes,'" or something of the sort. This is done deliberately to confuse beginners. However, if even these simple instructions have been too much for you, it is always possible to fall back on the

formula, "I never think jazz has any soul unless it is played by DUKE ELLINGTON." It won't matter your not knowing who he is, provided you remember the name. It is especially useful just now because ELLINGTON is coming back into fashion after being quite too second-rate for a few years.

The only way you can be caught out is by being asked to hear some records and finding yourself unable to tell Ellington from Rubinoff. Solution: Announce that you cannot feel music on the gramophone and never listen to it.

Now I advise you to go out and practise. Start by discussing jazz with old Colonel Briggs at the club and then work up to a next year's débutante who will know a little more about it. Avoid girls who have been out a . year or more, as they are almost certain to know somebody who plays in someone's band. The main thing to realise is that it doesn't matter what the Boys are playing, it's the way they make the noise that counts. Time was when you could just like BEETHOVEN, dislike MOZART and understand or not understand BACH. But that (as ED WALLACE and his African Rhythm Kings would say) was cala cala.

"The Burma XI. beat the home side by 3 goals to nil. Paes deputised for Saw Belly, who is indisposed."—Rangoon Gazette.

For reasons stated.



"MIND YOU, SHE LEARNT TO DRIVE ALL RIGHT IN THE END."



"How is it you never get flu, James?"

"'Cos I was born before them GERMS WAS INVENTED."

# Pig

Twas a little time ago
When attending at a Show
Of the moving things that grow
On the farm
That I heard a person say
That so grand was the display
E'en the pigs, in their own way,
Had a charm.

E'en the pigs. You'll mark that "e'en"; On that memorable scene There were sheep and, well you ween, Fatted kine;

There was horse and there was bird; But however deeply stirred He had but a grudging word For the swine.

He has never known th' appeal Of the litter's happy squeal When it's scrabbling for a meal; I'll be bound He has never felt that pluck
At the heartstrings, or been struck
By a sow enriched with muck
Nosing round.

Yet what joy, to say the least,
'Tis to let one's vision feast
On that countenance when creased
With a smile,
What refreshment to be won
By some quarter of a ton
Of prime porker in the sun
For a while.

If his methods at the trough Are inclined to put one off, Is it just for you to scoff? Think anew; If, when fatted for the mart, He may possibly depart, In his silhouette, from Art, So would you.

There's a spell that men allow (As a mother) to the cow, Who would never to the sow Lift the song, There are some who gaze agog At the horse or at the dog Yet look darkly at the hog; This is wrong.

Then come out, my friend, with me; Let us lean in quiet glee For an hour, or two, or three, O'er the sty; And you'll find the pig, I weet, To the mind a thing complete, And for connoisseurs a treat To the eye. Dum-Dum.

"I should be greatly obliged if any of your readers could give me the source of the aphorism which runs somewhat as follows:—

That which is neither digested nor assimilated is mere obstruction.

That which is digested but not assimilated is waste.

That which is both digested and assimilated is food.

I was under the impression that it was Bacon, but cannot put my finger on it."

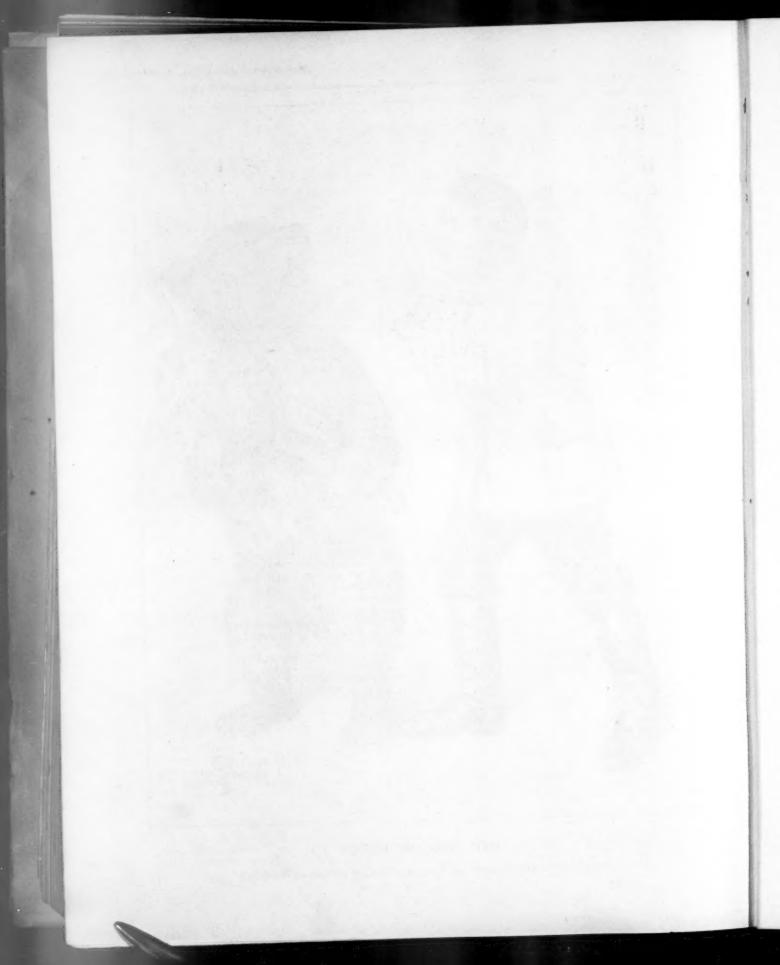
Letter in "The Observer."

Must you go into details?



THE MOSCOW PURGE

Russian Bear. "Must I really take this, after dancing for you so faithfully?"





"I SAY, DON'T BOTHER, IT'S MY AUNT."

### Juvenilia

"Do you know," said Laura, "that if you wanted to, you could collect Juvenilia?"

She not only spoke out of the blue but into the blue as well, and the result was that nearly everybody in the room (or blue) answered her.

Charles said: "For Heaven's sake don't let's collect any more girls for the Trevors' dance; let's try to find some young men for a change. They'd be worth their weight in gold."

Aunt Emma said that any collection that didn't cost money and called for a little enterprise and perseverance was in her opinion a thoroughly good thing. Only it oughtn't to be left about for others to tidy.

Uncle Egbert made a speech too long to quote. It was all about the splendid number, size and variety of the butterflies brought back by his father from Brazil. His father had

been a collector for years. The attitude of the British Museum in 1927 about Uncle Egbert's father's collection had been a most extraordinary one and had led Uncle Egbert to suppose that the people in authority there simply didn't know their job. Only that. They just didn't know their job. The result was that these splendid butterflies—cases upon cases of them—were simply taking up valuable space in the attic with the tank upstairs.

Laura, looking dazed, said she hadn't meant a collection like that; and Uncle Egbert answered at once that there wasn't any collection like that. The whole point of it was that it was unique.

One felt that the moment had come to intervene.

"I know exactly what Laura means," I said soothingly. "The things are always being advertised all over the place, and probably they're quite as good as any other kind of elastic belt. I thought myself that Laura collected every different make, not only just one."

But it turned out that I too was

"Juvenilia," said Laura, "is what the publishers of, call the early things that famous people wrote years and years before, and couldn't get taken at the time, but they're frightfully valuable later, when they die. Like KEATS OF SHELLEY."

"Indeed!" said Charles. And he went straight back behind the newspaper again.

Uncle Egbert was kinder. At least, he said, "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean," and admitted that he could never remember whether that was Keats or Shelley.

Aunt Emma only murmured "Hush, dear!" in belated reference, I think, to the elastic belt.

"Would anything that one had written in one's early days count?" I inquired, perhaps a little wistfully.

"If one was thoroughly famous. Which of course," said Laura hastily, "you will be one of these days. That's why I thought we ought to begin



"WE HAD A LOVELY CRUISE, AND YOUR DEAR UNCLE WAS THE LIFE AND SOUL OF THE PARTY."

collecting now. What's the earliest thing you can remember writing?"

"A, a, B, b, C, c.' After C, c, I fancy I stuck a bit."

"I shouldn't be surprised. I meant something more original. A poem, or a play, or something."

I paused and remembered.
"I know I wrote a good many poems at one time. Between the ages of five and fifteen."

"That's just what I mean. Can you remember any of them?"

"Easily. There was one that began:

I'm flying upwards like a starling."

"Like a what, dear?" said Aunt Emma—and she evidently felt about starlings just as she felt about elastic belts.

"Like a starling. A starling is a well-known bird, Aunt," I said coldly. "It's frightfully good," Laura as-

"It's frightfully good," Laura assured me. "Only why were you flying upwards, like a starling? I mean, what for?"

"Because 'starling' is practically the only rhyme in the whole of the English language for darling, and the poem was to end with 'Good-bye for evermore, my darling.' It was as a matter of fact a dying farewell. No, Aunt Emma, I wasn't really dying; it was just a poem."

"Dear," said Aunt Emma, "it was what I call thoroughly morbid."

"Perhaps you wrote some other ones too," Laura suggested. "One poem wouldn't be enough for a collection of Juvenilia, would it?"

"I wrote a good many others. There was one about

The moon is high In the sky.' That was one of the very earliest ones,

"Well," said Aunt Emma kindly, "I dare say there have been worse. How did it go on, dear?"

"Not at all. That was the poem."
Laura, seeming rather uncertain,
gave it as her opinion that a collection
of Juvenilia had to have all kinds of
things in it. Had I any early prose
fragments?

Memory recalled a procession of little notebooks—two for a penny, ruled for cash, at the post-office: Bluebell's Tragedy—The Revenge of the Abbot of Ribblesdale—Priscilla: A Love Story in Five Acts—Lord Cecil de Lacy: An Historical Novel—Trevellyan of the Veld: A Tragedy, and

many, many more.
"No," I said firmly, "there was nothing else."

E. M. D.

### The Blue Pergian

In spite of the kitten's white-tipped tail, old Mrs. Fitzgerald felt no doubt at all that it was exactly what its donor claimed it to be—a Blue Persian. Neither did Delia nor her assistant in the kitchen. If the mistress said he was a Blue Persian it was quite enough for them, even if, as young Mary said wistfully, he was grey itself. And she relinquished for ever her dream of the sky-blue kitten she had expected to see and welcomed the small newcomer with enthusiasm. "He's not as big as a daisy in a cow's mouth," she said rapturously, "an' the little ould connie face of him!"

On the morning of Mick Doyle's first visit to the garden after the kitten's arrival Delia tried to prepare her junior for his inevitable opposition to anything they might have decided about the animal without the aid of the jobbing gardener. "Isn't he always an' ever the one way?" she said bitterly. "There's nothin' in this world he won't rise a histhory about. The way it is wid him, if you was to confront him wid that little cat an' tell him it was a Blue Pergian, he'd downface you on the minute it was a Mank. An' annyway he's all for dogs."

Having watched the kitten chase some of the leaves he himself was raking together with what he considered to be misplaced energy, Mick carried him to the kitchen door and dropped him inside. "You done enough thravellin' for air," he said severely. He then went back to his thankless job, and realising that, when tea-time came, he would have an opportunity of airing the knowledge absorbed unwillingly



"Now, BOYS! STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE."

enough, from long conversations with the cat-loving Mr. Power, he summoned the half-forgotten facts. And a little later, after the preliminary scraping of boots insisted upon by the house-proud Delia, he went in and took his accustomed place at the kitchen table.

"When I seen that lad first," he said gravely, "I thought be the white on his tail he was one of them Blotched Domesticated Cats; but lookin' at his haughty shnout I very near took him for a Ryal Simamese." Neither of his hearers said anything, and he went on importantly: "The Kings of Simam were always light about them certain cats. Sure they had them goin' around the palace, be all accounts, the same as if they ownded the place an' everything in it. Signs on it they do be terrible elevated in theirselves ever since. They'd survey you the same as if you was dirt if so be you said as much as one unoffensive word to them." He looked more closely at the kitten on Mary's knees. "No," he said firmly, "whatever he is he's not one of them Ryal Simameseses, for they have no white tip to their tails an' they wouldn't make so free."

After a short pause he took up the theme again. "Weren't they nearly worse about cats in Egypt?" he went on. "That I may never lie but when a cat would die finally the people of the house would shave off their eyebrows to signify the state they was in," and he looked defiantly at Delia, who spoke cynically.

"Bedad, they don't wait for the cat to die nowadays to do that," she said. "An' what's more, it isn't to shave them they do at all, but to pluck theirselves like chickens, God forgive them!"

Mick took no notice of this remark, but Mary gave one of the shrill giggles for which she is renowned. Then, in spite of all Delia's warnings on the subject, she too spoke boldly. "He's a Blue Pergian," she said, then clapped her hand to her mouth; but it was too late.

Mick put down his cup. "A Blue Pergian no less nor!" he said pityingly. "Isn't it a great wondher ye don't call him a Mexican Hairless Cat an' be done wid it?—for you might just as well. I seen a lot of quare things in me day, but I never yet seen a Blue Pergian wid a white tip to his tail. Annyway," he said as he prepared to go, "cats is all the very same, no matther what pedigree is put upon them. They're tankarous an' they'd shteal the holes out of a flute, as the saying is; your-self an' your Blue Pergian an' the white tip to his brush!"

He was halfway across the yard



"An' just 'cos I employ a coupla blokes an' a boy, them income tax perishers reckon I come in same clorse as Lord Nuffield."

when Delia reached the door and flung it open. "I know now what class of a breed he is," she shouted after him. "He must be a Tip-Cat;" and the door was slammed again.

Mick said nothing. D. M. L.

#### The "Brides in the Basin" Case

"Half the beauties and belies of to-day are going to be dull, unhappy wives in chunks and put in a basin."

From a Woman's page.

#### The Subaltern's Guide

If you would lead a happy life Be civil to your Colonel's wife; For what if she be old and grim? It must be far, far worse for him.

#### "HAIRDRESSING.

For Sale, Best Quality Turf; inspection invited."—Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Well, we'd prefer some kind of fertiliser...



### Arthur

Arthur is back again.
I had a letter from him this morning
—one of his usual succinct little notes
to inform me of his return:—

Battersea, November 20th, 1935.

DEAR FRED,—This is just to let you know that I got in this morning from Australia and would like to see you and have a chat when you can find time.

Yrs. sincerely, ARTHUR D. BORAGE.

However much change and decay in all around I may see, Arthur at least remains constant. He is using the same typewriter which he used to write to me two years ago when I first got to know him. It apparently has no "6" or "7," or else Arthur has been so preoccupied with some problem that he has failed to notice the passage of the years. He still insists that the "F" in my initials stands for Fred. And he has returned like the proverbial bad penny to the same old address in South-West London that has sheltered him so often in the intervals between his wanderings up and down the earth.

My acquaintance with Arthur began two years ago. He wrote to me out of a clear sky to say that he had returned from California and would like to see me and have a chat when I could find time. Assuming that he had

mistaken me for someone else of the same name, I ignored his letter; but a little while later, when I had wandered into Battersea Park to see how the peacocks were getting on, I decided that I might as well look him up. It was only five minutes' walk to the address given in his letter.

An aged lady opened the door to me and I asked her if Mr. Arthur Borage

She said, "There now! 'E's just gawn out about 'alf a minute ago. If you walk fast you might be able to catch 'im."

Unwilling to confess that I shouldn't recognise him if I saw him, I told her I was going the other way, left my name, and departed. The next day Arthur wrote to me again:—

DEAR FRED,—This is just to let you know that I was sorry to miss you yesterday when you came. Am sailing to-morrow for Canada.

Yrs. sincerely, ARTHUR D. BORAGE.

And presumably he did sail for Canada, for I heard nothing more of him for several months. At the end of that period I had one of the now familiar typewritten missives from Battersea to tell me that he had got in from Canada, and, etc., etc. It arrived when I was in a bad temper, and I wrote him a short note disabusing him

of the illusions that my name was Fred and that I knew anybody called Arthur D. Borage. I'm afraid Arthur must have been a little bit hurt by my shortness, for I heard nothing more from him until the eve of his next departure some months later, when he wrote:—

Dear Fred,—Thanks for your letter. Am sorry I have not had a chance to see you this winter. Am sailing tomorrow for California.

Yrs. sincerely, ARTHUR D. BORAGE.

It seemed a shame that he had to go back to California without seeing his old pal Fred, but by then there was nothing I could do about it. In any case it was barely six weeks before he was back again in Battersea; and this time, aided by the notepaper on which I had written to him, he had a new weapon in his armoury. He began to ring me up on the telephone.

After the preliminary letter to tell me he had just got in, he rang me up regularly once a week, always at the same time on the same day. Fortunately he had chosen a moment when I was quite certain to be out. It became a definite part of my weekly routine to return home on Tuesday evenings and find a message on the pad by the telephone to the effect that Mr. Borage rang up and would like to



"I SAID YOU COULDN'T DO IT."



"FINE OLD FELLOW, THOUGH HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A BIT ECCENTRIC."

see me some time if I could manage it. His importunings never went further than that, and I was almost sorry when one Tuesday the message was missing and a letter arrived by the evening post to let me know that he was sailing in the morning for Australia.

And now he is back once more. My telephone-number has been changed since he rang me last, but I don't suppose that will deter him long. It seems almost inevitable that he will telephone me again next Tuesday, and as a matter of fact I shall be sadly disappointed if he didn't.

But where is it going to end? I dare not encourage him, for if we ever met he would realise at last that I was not his old pal Fred after all, and would probably die of embarrassment at the thought of what he had been doing during the last two years. On the other hand, I don't like to rebuff him, as he is evidently rather a sensitive character and feels these things deeply; and in any case my denials don't seem to convince him.

So if there is anyone called Fred who knows a Mr. Arthur D. Borage who has business in Canada, Australia and particularly California, I appeal to him to come forward and take Arthur off my hands. I don't mind collaborating as far as I can; but frankly I doubt my ability to go on coping with Arthur very much longer.

Another letter has just come: Arthur is flying to Hamburg in the morning. I hope Fred will be encouraged by this indication of rising prosperity.

### News of Interest on the Underground

In the Woman-opposite's paper
"Lone Cook is Shot Dead,"
"Three Barmaids Thought Kidnapped,"
And "Dumb Spinsters Wed,"
And "Fifty Bath Housewives
Seek News of a Draper,"

But there's nothing worth reading To-night in MY paper.

In That-Other-Woman's Paper There's "Duke at a Sale," And "Two Hundred Monkeys Cross Europe by Rail," And "Man Lights Ten Thousand Oil Lamps with One Taper,"

But there's nothing of interest Like that in My paper.

In That-Other-Woman's-Paper
"Dead Peer Comes of Age,"
And "Five Hundred Oysters——"
The cat's turned the page
So I shan't know "Whole Truth
About New York Skyscraper,"

For there's nothing intriguing Like that in MY paper.

So what makes that woman Keep reading MY PAPER?

## At the Play

" ROOM SERVICE" (STRAND)

This struck me as very funny. People being so funny about things being funny, one cannot reasonably ask more than that.

It is American farce, played with the speed, noise and complete absence of compassion peculiar to that convention. Those who saw Three Men on a Horse or Boy Meets Girl can tell instantly how they would feel about it. It is up exactly the same sidewalk.

English farce and its American cousin have drawn very far apart. The accepted basis for the home model is still the endlessly mistaken identity of dolts who number their fiancées in dozens and inhabit architectural freaks composed entirely of doors, and it allows sentimental interludes for their own sake. In the American all that

matters is the irony—sharp as ingenuity can make it—which springs from the interplay of eager innocence and well-dissimulated guile, the mug and the thug alternately the winner; and not a single decent feeling may be expressed unless for the purposes of mockery. I am afraid that English farce is too often only a commentary on the people who can sit through

There is very little plot here, but rather a series of situations in which a victim is as unconscious of impending disaster as the audience is fully aware of it. A theatrical company is stranded in a large New York hotel, living on credit obtained from the manager by his brother-in-law, their Producer, who is meanwhile searching frantically for a backer to finance his show. The hotel board, getting wind of this, puts in an efficiency expert to clean up the position; but even with right on his side and a large debit in the books he is no match for the company's three leaders, resourceful men case-hardened in many a similar jam.

Producer, Director and Business-Manager, these are soon joined, in the Producer's bedroom, by the head of an immense moose and two stuffed owls (all of which have met death at the hand of the *Director*) and by the *Author* of their current play, a nice fresh boy who has come up from Oswego in a haze of illusion doomed to rapid dissipation. For some days they



PACKING THEIR BAGS

Faker Englund . . . . MR, HAROLD WALDRIGE Gordon Miller . . . . MR, HARTLEY POWER Harry Binion . . . . MR, WILLIAM SWETLAND

maintain a state of semi-siege, with supplies officially cut off and eviction hanging, with the moose, over their heads. Whenever it seems dangerously imminent they climb gravely into suit after suit from the *Producer's* well-stocked wardrobe, so that nothing



RIDICULUS MOOSE

should be left behind. That this fate never in fact overtakes them is due to a number of astute manœuvres, such as the discovery, which temporarily bunkers the management, that the Author has contracted St. Vitus' Dance.

In the end they triumph. but it is a very near thing; for, when they have found a backer and a theatre and arrived at their opening night, a last-minute financial collapse makes it essential to keep the hotel's representatives, eager to distrain on the production, mewed up with them in the bedroom while the play establishes itself by completing its first performance. Once again the Author is martyred, this time staging a dramatic suicide. It succeeds in reducing the Efficiency Expert to tears, but leaves an awkward gap which the conspirators are obliged to fill in with wordy testimonies to the departed.

The Second Act slows up a little, but not seriously. The dialogue is witty and has a beautiful irrelevance of

its own. Like the MARX BROTHERS, the cast never pauses for a joke to be laughed out, but defies the audience to keep up if it can. In the acting there is a similiar prodigality, for everyone on the stage appears to be working all the time, particularly with his face, so that there are often more separate absurdities going on than the eye can manage. One never sees one of these actors switching himself off for fear of cutting into the performance of a star, because, although Mr. HARTLEY Power takes the lead as the Producer, and takes it very well, he is the captain of a team which shares the honours generously by the simple expedient of all shining at once.

Both as captain and player he gets full marks. As the *Director*, who views animate objects only as targets for his hunting-rifle in spite of looking like a Senior Wrangler who is thinking of going into the Church, Mr. WILLIAM SWETLAND is extraordinarily funny, and so are Mr. HAROLD WALDRIGE as the *Business-Manager* and Mr. JAMES W. CORNER as the Pride of Oswego. But the cast is good all through.

Anxious parents will be glad to learn that this is an irreproachable addition to the theatre-list.

Eric.

### At the Ballet

"LES BALLETS POLONAIS"
(COVENT GARDEN)

THE Polish Ballet comes to London with the red-and-whire square of its

national colours pinned proudly to its masthead. That it has been formed only within the last few months (it has not yet been seen in Poland) has made no difference to the basic idea behind its programme building, though it must necessarily enter into any consideration of the work of the company.

Dionne-like, it comes to Covent garden with five new creations, all the work of the master-choreographer, Bronislava Ni-Jinska. Polish composers have written the music. The décor is the work of Polish artists. The themes of the ballets are taken from Polish folklore, legend and rite. It will be seen that the national element is the life-pulse of the ballet, and a sturdy rhythmic and refreshing pulse-beat it proves to be.

But between the intention and the execution of the company there lies a wide gap, for they have no dancers of technical

brilliancy such as the established companies rely upon to infuse new life into old ballets. Instead there is a young, enthusiastic and unjaded company presenting works that have been tactfully modelled to their technicallimitations. And though the connoisseur of the dance will find little to detain him by way of choreographic coloratura, The Legend of Cracow at least has a breadth, a rhythmic sweep and strength that brings a welcome freshness to those dusty gladessooften trodden by a collection of swooning sylphs, wan swans or-as in the new "symphony ballets"—mere notations.

The legend—with music by Kondracki and décor by Roszkowska—is a form of Polish Faustus with a vigorous and dramatic score and an intriguing backcloth of tilted turrets. The story is told in mass movements of traditional dance-forms, and soon the legend comes to a rollicking sixteenth-

century life, as an aged philosopher sells his soul to the Devil and spends his pseudo-salad days frolicking with the wenches in the market-place. Obviously Roister-Doister is his name, even though in the programme it is written Twardowski. His descent to hell, besides being thoroughly de-



THE LEGEND OF CRACOW: AGITATO
CON FURIOSO

The Devil . . . . M. Josef Marciniar Master Twardowski . M. Czeslaw Konarski Mistress Twardowski . Mile. Alexandra Glinka



A CHOPIN CONCERTO: ANDANTE CANTABILE
MILE. NINA YOUGHKEVITCH MILE. OLGA SLAWSKA

served, is marked by the best dancing the company can produce.

ALEXANDRA GLINKA, as Mistress Twardowski, gave a spirited performance. Soft arms, impecable rhythm and an infectious gaiety made this the outstanding performance in a ballet that should not be missed.

Now that Choreographic Symphonies are the order of the day it is the fashion to design ballets as a kind of visual commentary to the little life of the orchestra pit. Massine began it with his dancing line to BRAHMS No. 4 and TCHAIROWSKY No. 5. FORING followed with a movement from a Mendelssohn Concerto. At Sadler's Wells Ashton has borrowed the DELIUS tone-poem, Paris, and harnessed it to a forsaken flower-girl. The NI-JINSKA ballet to the B Minor Pianoforte Concerto by CHOPIN was wandering in its statement and entirely lost in its interpret-

NINA YOUCHKEVITCH and OLGA SLAWSKA, who lead the company, both appear in this ballet. Though YOUCHKEVITCH'S work is marred by untidiness, it is illumined by occasional flashes of poetry which will become more evident when she has been groomed, produced, and her mannerisms

have been subdued. Her enemy is heaviness. Slawska combines a lightness with a blonde candour of visage that will stand her in good stead in what have come to be called "Riabouchinska rôles."

NIJINSKA's dancing sequences habitually combine classical purity with pointed wit. Her peasant dances are masterly. She can extend the ballerina to the best possible advantage and her grouping, though it lacks the flow of FOKINE, has an element of perpetual surprise that is most welcome in ballet.

The Song of the Soil (music by Palester, décor by Borowski) is a ballet in three long episodes, based upon peasant rites, of which the Scythe and Sickle section is the most impressive.

Though there is no virtuoso of the dance in the company, it has enthusiasm and vigour to speak for it, and a guiding hand of taste, sophistication and power; in short it has the makings of a sturdy national ballet.

### Letters to Officialdom

V .- RE FOREIGN TOURING

To the Secretary, The Autochthonous Automobile Owners' Club, Camshaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

DEAR SIR, -Thank you for the application-form for foreign touring documents. The preliminaries to be attended to before one can take one's car abroad seem to me to be extraordinarily complicated (we are only going to Switzerland for winter sports), and I should appreciate your guidance on

certain points.

First of all, what do we want a triptyque for? My wife says it is either something you have to wave to show your nationality or something like a long-handled back-scratcher for use when you have a car with a right-hand drive and wish to wave someone past on the left. (As I expect you know, one has to keep to the right on the Continent.) Is my wife correct, or am I correct in thinking it to be the French for triptych and in supposing that some such objet d'art (object of art) must be carried by motorists on the Continent as a form of collateral in case the currency of the country being visited suddenly fails and one finds oneself without any money? If so, I have one. It used to belong to my uncle and was painted by one of the Italian masters Wuzzi, I think, or Potti. It is very valuable, however, and would serve as security for far more than I should ever need, so perhaps I could bring instead what we consider to be the next most valuable object of art in the house? This is a grandfather clock, which incidentally has been keeping bad time lately and could, I expect, be repaired in Switzerland much more cheaply than at home, so we should be killing two birds with one stone, as the saying goes.

Then there is the question of having a carnet. I see I have to apply for one, though I must say I should have thought it possible to hoist the car on board without putting it in a net. Shall my wife and I be allowed to get out of the car while it is being shipped and unshipped? Not only do we both suffer from vertigo when we are any distance off the ground, but without our weight and the grandfather clock I think my raspberry netting, folded twice, would be strong enough to hold the car. If it broke and sank with the car we could put newspapers among the raspberry canes next year to keep

the birds away. I see also that I am advised to have



"IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK IN THE SADDLE."

the engine number stamped on the engine and the chassis number on the chassis, and not on plates affixed to the car. I'm afraid my car, which is rather an old model (1926), had both these numbers on plates and both of them have fallen off, but curiously enough (it was my daughter who discovered this) the engine number is twice the first two figures of the registration number (ZZ1423) multiplied by the last



"Now, I WANT YOU TO BE PARTICULARLY BRAVE ABOUT THIS NEXT PART.

two, and the chassis number is three times the registration number less sixteen. I have stated this on the form as being the simplest way out of the difficulty, because the stamping of numbers on the chassis or engine might crack something. (Not so long ago I caused a leak simply by cleaning the underside of the engine with sand-

Must I have a fire-extinguisher of a proprietary make? I once had one with a knob that had to be banged on the ground, and in doing this I was hit in the eye by the liquid and so blinded that it took me five minutes to recover, by which time the fire had burnt itself out. I now carry four sodawater siphons under the back seat. (Does one have to declare soda-water? If so, should I pass it through the Customs as soda-water or explain that it is required solely for extinguishing fires?)

I note that the premium for insuring against forfeiture of Customs duty is 3/- per cent. for the first £200. My car is not worth more than £10, so I am enclosing fourpence in stamps.

> Yours faithfully, CHAS. CURSETT.

P.S.-What should I put as my occupation? Actually I am a man of letters, but I understand that we writers are looked upon with suspicion abroad. Would it be all right if I just put "gentleman"? Would the meaning of this term be understood on the Continent, or would it result in my being placed under surveillance? (We shall be going to Switzerland via France and shall not touch Germany or Italy.)

# Bengal to the Retiring Governor

John Anderson, my jo, John, When we were first acquent, The Province was a cauldron Of seething discontent. You came and saw and conquered; To thank you as you go, Here's blessings on your massive brow. John Anderson, my jo.

#### Present For a Good Girl

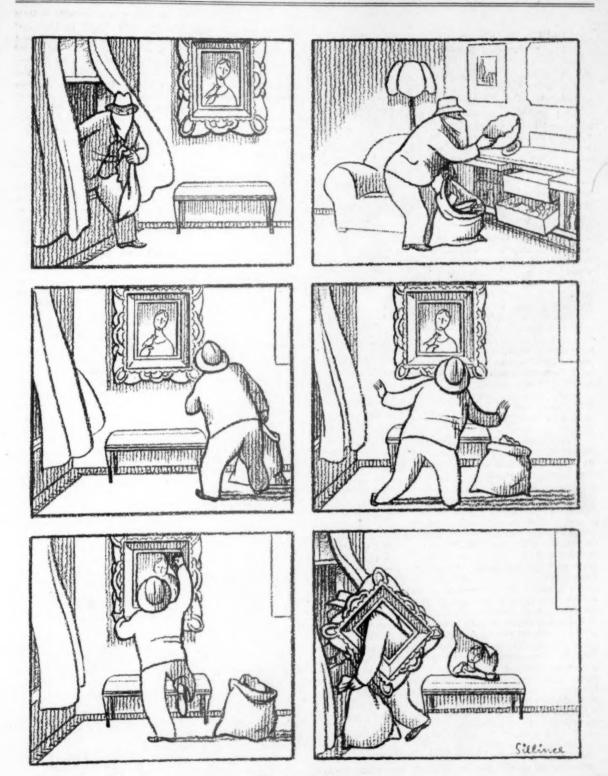
"The best man was Mr. Wm. ----, the gift of the bridegroom."-Local Paper.

> "SKUNK WITH MODERN AIR." Daily Telegraph.

By all means-and the more air the better.

"Meanwhile, Mrs. had left the house intending to alarm the Fire Brigade. Scottish Paper.

Waving her umbrella?



THE CONNOISSEUR



"ACCORDING TO THE BOOK IT'S SUPPOSED TO FALL AT

# Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Out of the Frying-Pan

ENGLAND, on the whole, is not given to revolutions. Sometimes, as in the eighteenth century, we endure conditions that make our Continental neighbours see red. Sometimes we bring about revolutionary ends by our engaging aptitude for compromise. But few though they be, we have had our English Revolts (HERBERT JOSEPH, 7/6); and Professor Bonamy Dobrée has described the conduct of five—less, he admits, to explain them than to offer material for comparison. When you survey the Barons' Revolt, WAT TYLER'S Rebellion, the Civil War, the Chartists and the Great Strike, certain common aspects emerge. Motives are seldom particularly lucid; and, if they are, the ostensible object is usually not obtained. Yet a debauch of bloodshed naturally calls attention to some discrepancy between political forms and social actualities—and the next generation sets things right. In this connection Professor DOBRÉE perhaps underrates the influence of the Chartists and their middle-class well-wishers. His story of the Great Strike does little credit to his Socialist sympathies. Labour was so easily fooled as he pretends by the banking oligarchy and its parliamentary tools, it is hardly competent however much one might regret the fact-to take over the conduct of our fortunes.

### My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, though reminding himself that he can never quite descend from the Bench and its

responsibilities, yet has permitted himself publicly to declare that Pickwick is Charles Dickens at his best, that Huckleberry Finn is immortal, and that it is great good fortune for any man to be born in Bury, Lanes. Many of Lord HEWART'S studies-Not Without Prejudice (HUTCHINson, 10/6)—had form and vitality as after-dinner speeches and addresses on notable occasions before they became essays, and are flavoured with epigram and compliment, felicitous with the unexpectedly twisting phrase that takes a fascinating moment to get home to a listening audience. It is a familiar misfortune that such fine play is a little less exciting when reduced to print. Speaking to companies so varied as the Incorporated Law Society, the Horatian Society or the International Shorthand Congress, he says little beyond reasonable prediction, though he says it well; and it is only occasionally, as when he is referring to the habitual criminal or the young offender, that his real power becomes apparent. Rather surprisingly he is at his best as a writer in a simple description of a visit to South Africa.

### Form in the Garden

Gardener's Choice (ROUTLEDGE, 10/6) is a gardening book with many uncommon excellences. Its method—the detailed discussion of thirty-nine different perennials and one shrub—is the method of Miss Sackville-West's recent book. But EVELYN DUNBAR and CYRIL MAHONEY, being artists, have drawn each plant with the care if not the grace of a Jacobean herbal-a pleasing improvement on the usual photographic illustration. Theirs is a highly individual standard of preference, and among the somewhat sculpturesque qualities which impel their admiration scent is not so much as mentioned. Yet the most communicable grace of a garden is fragrance. Give a town-dweller or an invalid a posy aromatic with box and bay, lemon verbena and lavender, myrtle and lad's-love, and they will thank you for a vivid and enduring pleasure. Our authors, however, have the courage of their convictions and undoubtedly they know their business. You do not feel that you envy them their garden, but (what is more to the point) that you can learn to emulate their successes with Michaelmas-daisies that don't ramp, delphiniums less fleshy and slug-ridden than usual and charming forgotten species of sophisticated things like gladioli.



### **Hunt-Terrier**

By Christopher Morshead is Terrier's Days:

You'll buy it of CAPE and see A working-terrier on his ways

With a pack in the West Countrie.
"Scrapper" we call our hero's name
When we open the kennel door.

And Scrapper is gamest of the game In the country of heath and tor.

Scrapper runs with the Carnmoor Hunt;

He serves it to ground as well; His scars of battle are all in front As badger and fox can tell:

Scrapper lives and Scrapper dies
And is done with scar and scathe;

But I wish that his end had been otherwise

Than a breach of the Carnmoor faith.

Yet this is an excellent book that's yours—

This book of the granite West, Made by a man who knows his moors And tells with love and zest

Of the horse, the hound and a horn's light call;

And the art which he adds thereto (Excellent pictures one and all)
Is the art of CECIL TREW.

#### The Balletomane's Guide

In a brief notice only a rapid statistical survey can in first instance do justice to The Complete Book of Ballets (PUTNAM, 25/-). Mr. CYRIL BEAU-MONT, who has long laboured in the service of the ballet as specialist bookseller, historian, publisher and critic, gives us a large octavo with 1,054 pages of text; an index of 44 pages in double column; references to over six hundred ballets, with the full scenario of over two hundred grouped under the names of forty-six choreographers from Duberval to Lichine (1786-1937), with the names of the composers, decorators and easts; excerpts from contemporary criticism of the earlier ballets and nearly two hundred illustrations. Stories of dead ballets do not make very lively or, even to the expert, highly illuminating reading as, there being no generally intelligible system of dancenotation, the choreography, which is the heart of the business, must be left to the imagination. Stories, however, of ballets which the reader has

himself seen do help to pleasant recollection in tranquillity of past excitements. Where Mr. Beaumont offers his own critical judgments they are shrewd and worthy of respect. Generous space has been given to the history of the development of the ballet in England, and there is a





Margaret (to young brother—coaxingly). "OH, WILLIE, ARE YOU AN ANGEL?" Willie. "NOT IF IT'S ANYTHING UPSTAIRS."

A. S. Boyd, January 1st, 1908.

chapter on the contemporary ballet in the U.S.S.R. It is as an informal encyclopædia for students and critics that this carefully-compiled record and survey will be of most value. It passes triumphantly searching tests of its accuracy and completeness.

### Postscript to Adventure

Those who hold that nomads are made, not born, may draw strength from My Scottish Youth (PUTNAM, 10/6), for it records the compartmented boyhood of what became a compartmented life. Perhaps Mr. R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART'S impulse to roam derived from the proximity of his birthplace to the starting-point of that other wanderer, ALEXANDER SELKIRK (whom, by the way, he shouldn't call "Andrew"), or perhaps from his early migrations, here chronicled, from school to school. But besides the nomad we see emerging a character clearly defined: a Fifer, a Stevensonian, a fireside Jacobite, a Catholic who can still think Thomas Chalmers the best of Fife's famous men, a rugger man, a fisherman, an anti-Campbell, a half-Macgregor who clearly wishes he had been a whole one. Much of this chronicle of early days is of necessity rather small beer; but juniors interested in a typical Scots boyhood of the time and class will find a

wealth of informative detail, while variety and good writing will carry contemporaries merrily acres; the steppingstones of memory. It is well said here, inter alia, that one's first rugger international should be seen at Edinburgh. that Loch an Eilean is much superior to the boosted Katrine. that the intrusive tea-rooms and "souvenirs" of to-day's Culloden are Scotland's disgrace, that the Scottish Nationalist Party is a "useful pin-prick to complacency." By way of criticism, there is perhaps rather too much Fettes, and a genealogical tree would have well sup-

ported the map supplied; and however grateful one may feel for many fond memories cunningly rekindled, it is difficult to forgive a discerning lover of Strathspey for "the pimply crest of Ben Avon." Horresco referens!

# In the Cause of Matrimony

Mr. A. P. Hebbert (the variety of whose virtues need hardly here be enumerated) has written some novels of quite unusual readability. But it is probable that he has never told a better story, and certain that he has never told a story better, than in The Ayes Have It (Methuen, 6/-). It is, moreover, a true story, a morsel of history, and while to the reader of the moment it will be a source of entertainment as well as of enlightenment, to the future historian it will be an invaluable document—to be compared, say, with Disraell's narrative of the great Corn Law battles in his Life of Lord George Bentings. For the Marriage Bill, which became the Matrimonial Causes Act, was (whether you like it or not) as important a measure of reform as any in our time; and who could be better qualified to describe its adventurous passage from inception to

completion than the man who, if not its only begetter (Mr. HERBERT, by the way, is as generous to his allies as he is just to his opponents), was certainly its accoucheur-in-chief—the rather improbable Member for the home of lost causes who set forth to make it easier for his fellows to free themselves from loyalties almost beyond human endurance? For its combination of authority and lucidity, of seriousness and wit, this chapter of political autobiography may be commended to anyone who is interested in the problem of divorce, in parliamentary procedure, or in "A. P. H."

### Accident or Design?

G. D. H. and MARGARET COLE are always to be included among the most considerate of detective-story writers, and in *The Missing Aunt* (Collins, 7/6) they see to it that a map, diagrams and a genealogical tree prevent their admirers

from being confused and confounded. This assistance is all the more welcome because when Miss Mary Latchmere, a lady of great importance locally, disappeared, and almost at the same time her sister died. there were a considerable batch of Latchmeres who might benefit pecuniarily from this havoc among aunts. The only fault that can justifiably be found with this story is that the surviving Latchmeres spent too much time in acrimonious recriminations. But this is a minor annoyance, and both the problems and their solutions



"AND IF ROBERT TAYLOR ACTED THAT WAY IN REAL LIFE, ETHEL, YOU'D BE THE FIRST ONE TO SMACK 'IS FACE!"

are fully up to the standard which the Coles are confidently expected to reach.

#### A Man with a Mission

Mr. John Carroll Daly, in his desire to create an atmosphere of tension and terror, does not believe in half-measures and it is conceivable that some of his readers will find the opening chapters of Mr. Strang (Robert Hale, 7/6) forbiddingly grim and gruesome. When, however, it is explained that Strang was not only bent upon personal revenge but was also waging war against as tough a lot of gangsters as have ever been imagined in the American underworld, it will be recognised that blood was likely to flow freely. Given a digestion that is far from squeamish this story can be guaranteed to provide a prolonged series of thrills, and it is easy to sympathise with the purpose to which Strang had so fearlessly dedicated his life.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Another famous Irish tune is the 'London derrière."

Extract from a Schoolgirl's Essay.

Obviously the counterpart to the Cambridge Backs.



# ETY FIRST

said the familiar figure, his nose gleaming with extraordinary brilliance in the "A Happy New Year teach forming thick wreaths of steam that could have been cut, had it been worth frosty atmosphere and bidinary kitchen knife. "Or, as so many of my Christmas Cards beautifully put it, three anyone's while, with days of Blithesome Jollity."
hundred-and-six and snow," we returned, "fog, blizzard and chilblains, slump, pestilence and rumours of war, death,
"Foot and snow," we returned, "fog, blizzard and chilblains, slump, pestilence and rumours of war, death,
"Foot and a falling birth-rate—a Happy New Year to you!"

destruction, gas-masks and a falling birth-rate—a Happy New Year to you!"

"Come, come," said Mr. Punch, taking our arm, "you mustn't talk like that," and, guided by a common instinct we set off together down the road. The surface had all that glassy volatility associated with hard frost after a partial thaw, and more than once our heels flew up in the air and our head rang merrily against the icy paving stones. But Mr. Punch's geniality was in no way affected by these incidents. "The sudden collapse of paving stones. But Mr. Punch's geniality was in no way affected by these incidents. "The sudden collapse of Homo sapiens," he observed merrily as we picked ourselves up for the third time, "has always been a source of innocent laughter to others of the same race. Indeed some thinkers regard it as lying at the root of all real humour. It has something to do, I believe, with the unexpected surrender to purely mechanical causation of a creature whose bodily movements are ordinarily governed entirely by the will. Dear me, that was a nasty one !

Little else was said on either side until we reached the trim hostelry at the corner which has marked the end

of many a promising walk in this district.

"Hullo!" we exclaimed, looking up at the bright new sign, "there seems to have been a change here. Surely this place used to be called 'The Solid Axis'?

They altered it to 'The Irrevocable Triangle' when they took the new partner in-you know, the inscrutable chap. Care to have a look at him?

We were about to step eagerly through the portals when Mr. Punch, with urgent shakings of the head, drew us aside and led us on tip-toe to a window at the side. "Peep in," he suggested; and we peeped.

Three men were sitting at a table in the bar-parlour, eating nuts in a purposeful way but drinking nothing. There was a clay figure of John Bull on the table, and from time to time as they talked one or other of the men would stick a pin into it with a certain childish enjoyment. It was a bizarre rather than a genial spectacle.

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ported the map supplied; and however grateful one may feel for many fond memories cunningly rekindled, it is difficult to forgive a discerning lover of Strathspey for "the pimply crest of Ben Avon." Horresco referens!

### In the Cause of Matrimony

Mr. A. P. HERBERT (the variety of whose virtues need hardly here be enumerated) has written some novels of quite unusual readability. But it is probable that he has never told a better story, and certain that he has never told a story better, than in The Ayes Have It (METHUEN, 6/-). It is, moreover, a true story, a morsel of history, and while to the reader of the moment it will be a source of entertainment as well as of enlightenment, to the future historian it will be an invaluable document—to be compared, say, with DISRAELI'S narrative of the great Corn Law battles in his Life of Lord GEORGE BENTINCK. For the Marriage Bill, which became the Matrimonial Causes Act, was (whether you like it or not) as important a measure of reform as any in our time; and who could be better qualified to describe its adventurous passage from inception to

completion than the man who, if not its only begetter (Mr. Herbert, by the way, is as generous to his allies as he is just to his opponents), was certainly its accoucheurin-chief-the rather improbable Member for the home of lost causes who set forth to make it easier for his fellows to free themselves from loyalties almost beyond human endurance? For its combination of authority and lucidity, of seriousness and wit, this chapter of political autobiography may be commended to anyone who is interested in the problem of divorce, in parliamentary procedure, or in "A. P. H."

### Accident or Design?

G. D. H. and MARGARET COLE are always to be included among the most considerate of detective-story writers, and in The Missing Aunt (COLLINS, 7/6) they see to it that a map, diagrams and a genealogical tree prevent their admirers

from being confused and confounded. This assistance is all the more welcome because when Miss Mary Latchmere, a lady of great importance locally, disappeared, and almost at the same time her sister died. there were a considerable batch of Latchmeres who might benefit pecuniarily from this havoc among aunts. The only fault that can justifiably be found with this story is that the surviving Latchmeres spent too much time in acrimonious recriminations. But this is a minor annoyance, and both the problems and their solutions



"AND IF ROBERT TAYLOR ACTED THAT WAY IN REAL LIFE, ETHEL, YOU'D BE THE FIRST ONE TO SMACK 'IS FACE!

are fully up to the standard which the Coles are confidently expected to reach.

### A Man with a Mission

Mr. JOHN CARROLL DALY, in his desire to create an atmosphere of tension and terror, does not believe in half-measures and it is conceivable that some of his readers will find the opening chapters of Mr. Strang (ROBERT HALE, 7/6) forbiddingly grim and gruesome. When, however, it is explained that Strang was not only bent upon personal revenge but was also waging war against as tough a lot of gangsters as have ever been imagined in the American underworld, it will be recognised that blood was likely to flow freely. Given a digestion that is far from squeamish this story can be guaranteed to provide a prolonged series of thrills, and it is easy to sympathise with the purpose to which Strang had so fearlessly dedicated his life.

"Another famous Irish tune is the 'London derrière." Extract from a Schoolgirl's Essay. Obviously the counterpart to the Cambridge Backs.



### SAFETY FIRST

"A HAPPY New Year to you!" said the familiar figure, his nose gleaming with extraordinary brilliance in the frosty atmosphere and his breath forming thick wreaths of steam that could have been cut, had it been worth anyone's while, with an ordinary kitchen knife. "Or, as so many of my Christmas Cards beautifully put it, three hundred-and-sixty-five days of Blithesome Jollity."

"Frost and snow," we returned, "fog, blizzard and chilblains, slump, pestilence and rumours of war, death, destruction, gas-masks and a falling birth-rate—a Happy New Year to you!"

"Come, come," said Mr. Punch, taking our arm, "you mustn't talk like that," and, guided by a common instinct we set off together down the road. The surface had all that glassy volatility associated with hard frost after a partial thaw, and more than once our heels flew up in the air and our head rang merrily against the icy paving-stones. But Mr. Punch's geniality was in no way affected by these incidents. "The sudden collapse of Homo sapiens," he observed merrily as we picked ourselves up for the third time, "has always been a source of innocent laughter to others of the same race. Indeed some thinkers regard it as lying at the root of all real humour. It has something to do, I believe, with the unexpected surrender to purely mechanical causation of a creature whose

bodily movements are ordinarily governed entirely by the will. Dear me, that was a nasty one!"

Little else was said on either side until we reached the trim hostelry at the corner which has marked the end of many a promising walk in this district.

Hullo!" we exclaimed, looking up at the bright new sign, "there seems to have been a change here. Surely

this place used to be called 'The Solid Axis'?"

"Yes. They altered it to 'The Irrevocable Triangle' when they took the new partner in—you know, the inscrutable chap. 'Care to have a look at him?"

We were about to step eagerly through the portals when Mr. Punch, with urgent shakings of the head, drew us aside and led us on tip-toe to a window at the side. "Peep in," he suggested; and we peeped.

Three men were sitting at a table in the bar-parlour, eating nuts in a purposeful way but drinking nothing. There was a clay figure of John Bull on the table, and from time to time as they talked one or other of the men would stick a pin into it with a certain childish enjoyment. It was a bizarre rather than a genial spectacle.

"Who's that?" we murmured, "the gentleman with the oriental cast of countenance? Not HIROHITO, surely?"

"The Emperer of Japan." Mr. Punch returned in a whisper, "is not in the habit of frequenting bar-parlours. It's probably that Japanese Spokesman, who says such witty and amusing things. At any rate, he's speaking now."

We strained out ears to hear what Koko (it may have been his name) had to say.

"The trouble with China," he was saying, "is that there are too many of these confounded foreigners about."
"You mean Chinese?" asked Hitler.
"Them among others. The Chinese would be all right, properly protected and looked after; it's these others who annoy me. Why can't they leave us alone to get on with our great humanitarian work?

What have they been doing exactly?" asked HITLER, handing him a pin.

"It's not that they've done anything particularly. It's just that they are there-disapproving. Getting-

in-our-way.

"Exactly what I complain of!" roared Mussolini suddenly, bringing his fist down with a crash on the nut-"Always in the way. Stooping about the Mediterranean-My sea-and daring, yes, by Heaven, daring to disapprove. Lend me that pin, Koko.

"After all, Benito," put in Hitler mildly, "these are minor inconveniences. You've got Abyssinia—and you, my dear Koko, have got, shall we say, a footing in China. But what about me? I want some colonies.

Now, if we all put our heads together-

At this point unfortunately Mr. Punch sneezed loudly and three bland faces were turned in our direction.

"We are met together," shouted HITLER, "for the purpose of saving the world from Communism. The red

tide of Bolshevism that threatens to engulf civilisation in its brutal and barbaric depths—"
"Will beat in vain," thundered Mussolini, "against the bulwarks of the authoritarian countries. If the slumbering and decadent democracies will raise no finger in their own defence the bright sword of Fascism alone must bar the way to the forces of disintegration."

"I should like to associate myself," added Koko, "with everything that these two gentlemen have said."

"Oh, come away," said Mr. Punch. "They will go on like that for hours now. I can't stand it."

"Not feeling so genial now?" we asked maliciously as we slid homewards. "The intentions of those generates the standard of the standard of the second of "The intentions of those gentle-

men struck us as strictly dishonourable."

Mr. Punch made no observation until we halted by his garden-gate. "If we go on with this conversation," he said then, "it won't be long before you ask me, Will there be war in Europe in ten years? and I make a point of not answering stupid questions. I'm naturally optimistic; and I hope not. I can't believe people are quite insane. Still, I think there's no harm in taking precautions. Come in for a moment.

In the back-garden he showed us with pride a beautiful dug-out.

"For yourself and family?" we asked.

"No, no," he smiled. "Toby and I are bomb-proof. This is for the preservation in times of emergency of certain-ah-national treasures.'

"Such as-

"Such," he said, with just a touch of defiance, " as my

# One Hundred and Uinety-Third Volume"

